

The trees throughout the Great Forest had turned from their normal, vibrant, green hue to different shades of red, orange and yellow, indicating it was well into Autumn. Throughout the vast, wooded area, all the animals in the forest were busy taking the time to prepare for the approaching Winter. Squirrels were scampering about, gathering acorns for food as well as twigs, leaves, brush, and anything else to act as insulation to help them endure the frigid months to come. Birds gathered into flocks and took off in a V shape as they headed south for warmer weather. Bears stuffed themselves silly on honey, berries, and anything else they could sink their teeth into to fatten themselves up and live off that blubber as they hibernated all the way into Spring.

All the other animals were doing the same to get ready and this included a trio of friends. The first of the three was Bambi, a young deer with a light brown coat of fur. His eyes were also brown and he had a small black nose at the end of his muzzle. Over his rear he had a tiny tail that pointed straight up while he was happy, like he was anytime he was with his two buddies. With the cream-colored marks on his back and no trace of antlers upon his head, he had yet to show any sign that he was maturing into adulthood.

Beside him was a bashful, little skunk. Like other skunks, he had black fur over most of his body with white on the top of his head and down his back. When it reached his tail it the white forked in two, giving it a black and white striped pattern on the top of it. Around his muzzle and blue eyes he had some brownish gray fur. On the end of his muzzle was a small, black nose. This was Flower. As a skunk, he was naturally capable of unleashing a terribly foul odor, something that made the very bashful animal even shier. Fortunately for him, his friends have proven plenty in the past that a little stink wasn't going to be enough to scare them away from his side.

The last was Thumper the rabbit, eagerly leading the trio through the forest. He was a gray-furred rabbit with reddish orange eyes and a pink nose at the end of his tiny muzzle. Like all rabbits, Thumper possessed some bucked teeth for gnawing on this, though, in his case he only had a single tooth after one of them had fallen out some time ago.

Thumper was a very fluffy rabbit, but he possessed just as much pudgy as he did fuzz. He had a bit of a gut and a pair of plump cheeks, both of which were covered in dark cream-hued fur. The rabbit had a thick tuft of white fur covering over his chest and going around his neck. There was also a smaller fluff of white fur that made up his cottontail. Around his muzzle and belly he had some cream-hued fur. As a bunny, he possessed some long ears that he mostly let dangle on the back of his head. Compared to Bambi's ears they were just a bit small while they were very large compared to Flower's tiny nubs on the sides of his head.

"Come on guys," called the little rabbit as he hopped on ahead. Stopping on a log, he turned back to see them trailing behind him. "This isn't time for dillydallying. We need to find some shelter for the Winter." As he waited for them to catch up, his hind leg started to rapidly thump on the ground. It wasn't due to his lack of patience for his friends' slower pace, but a reflex from his own eagerness.

“There’s no need for us to rush,” Flower reminded him as they approached the log he was on. Flower climbed onto it while Bambi walked alongside the fallen tree trunk. “There are always plenty of places for everyone to tough out the cold.”

“Yeah, but last year we were in a cave with water dripping from the ceiling,” the rabbit reminded his friends. “All that drip-drip-dripping made it hard for me to sleep. Didn’t it bother both of you?”

“I really didn’t mind it,” replied Bambi.

“And I find a little gentle noise actually helps me to sleep,” confessed the little skunk.

“Uh, well,” mumbled Thumper as he tried to get them to agree to something he said. “We wouldn’t want to get stuck with a cave that has a bad draft.”

“Of course not,” nodded Bambi. “But it’s not like there really is a cave that doesn’t get a little chilly when it’s windy out.”

“I’m sure there is,” boasted Thumper as he hopped off the log and took the lead of the group again. “We just gotta find the right one. I was also thinking we could try and do what the squirrels do and build a nest around us to help keep us warm.”

“That actually does sound like a good idea,” commented Flower.

“More like a dumb one, if you ask me,” someone else chimed in. At first, Thumper and Flower thought it was Bambi who said that, but the rude words and louder tone was proof enough that it was not their more soft-spoken friend. Rather, it was a perfect match to someone none of them wanted to run into, not now or any time.

Trotting out from behind some bushes came another deer around the age of Bambi, though his fur was a few shades darker and his eyes were green. Despite being born close to the same time as his fellow deer, Ronno was an early bloomer as evident from his back no longer possessing any white spots and his antlers already appearing atop his head and forking. Other things of note were the tear he had in his right ear and the cocky smirk he possessed.

“Why would anyone want to do anything that a squirrel does?” Ronno went on as he approached Bambi and the others, circling around like a predator playing with their food. “They’re just a bunch of dumb rodents that can’t even remember where they bury their nuts. Though, I guess, I shouldn’t expect much from you guys. Two of you are rodents, after all, and Bambi isn’t much better if he enjoys hanging out with you.”

“Hey!” snapped Thumper. “Don’t call us rodents!”

“Oh, yeah?” taunted Ronno as he looked down at Thumper with a look of superiority on his mug. “Why should I?”

“Because it’s not nice,” Bambi chimed in, wanting to back up his friend.

“It’s also wrong,” added Flower. “Rodents, like squirrels, rats, and even beavers, fall under a completely different order of mammals from us.” The others looked at Flower, not sure how to respond to all that. “Uh, mom taught me that.”

“Well, uh, nevermind all that then,” said Ronno, not sure how they talked their way out of his teasing there, but he was far from done having his fun with them. “So, you three are looking for a place to spend the Winter, huh?”

“Not that it’s any of your business, but yes we are!” answered Thumper. “Some place warm, quiet, and, most of all, far away from an obnoxious jerk like you.”

“Good luck with that, bunny boy,” mocked Ronno. “If it’s just the three of you, I doubt you’ll be able to find anything. Apparently, a lot more animals have been coming out here as of late to get away from man so there probably won’t be enough shelters to go around, especially for a couple of shrimps and a coward like Bambi. Any place you even find, you’ll just be chased out of it because you’re just a bunch of little cowards, except for you, Bambi. You’re a big coward.”

Bambi and Flower wanted to shy away from Ronno’s obsessive teasing, but Thumper refused to back down against the bully. “We are not. We’re just as brave as you are, even moreso, in fact.”

“Then why not prove it and go into the forbidden part of the forest?” dared Ronno, getting some worried looks from the three of them. Seeing that, he smirked more, his own attitude improving as he brought their spirits down.

“You know we’re not supposed to go there,” Bambi reminded Ronno. “My father, the Great Prince, always said that it is much too dangerous for anyone to go in there and nobody ever has.”

“If nobody goes into that part of the forest then what danger could there possibly be?” questioned Ronno. “And, just think of all the caves that could be in there that are completely vacant. If anyone was just a little bold, they could go in there and have a whole section of the forest all to themselves, but everyone’s just a bunch of cowards too afraid to disobey the Great Prince.”

“I guess that also includes you too, Ronno,” added Thumper. “After all, you’ve never gone in there either.”

"I-I could if I wanted to," he stuttered, not anticipating such a counterattack and was now trying to save face. "B-But my mother has already found us a cave to spend the Winter in so I don't need to go looking." Hearing what he said, Ronno only realized after the fact that such a flimsy excuse didn't present him in a better light. The smart alec smirk Thumper was giving him was evidence enough of that.

"Well, if your mommy has got a cave for her lil Ronno already then I guess he doesn't have to go with us into the forbidden forest," stated Thumper as he started to hop in the direction of it.

"Uh, Thumper," questioned Bambi as he and Flower followed him. "Are you sure we should go into that part of the forest? If my father said it wasn't safe then we should heed his warning."

"I know, but, admittedly, Ronno did make a few good points," stated Thumper. "There are bound to be plenty of caves available that we could spend the Winter in and if nobody ever goes in there, I can't imagine what kind of danger there could be."

"That just applies to the animals of the forest," argued Flower. "We have no idea what might be in there. For all we know, it could be where man lives and we'd be walking right into their den. It could be something even worse than that too."

"I know," whispered Thumper as he brought his two friends into a huddle. "But it wouldn't hurt if we took a careful look around and if we see anything dangerous we can just turn back right away." Thumper took a quick peek over to Ronno to see what he was doing. He was still waiting to see what the three of them were going to do. The cocky look on his face was still gone after the wound that Thumper gave to his pride. "At the very most, we can find some shelter for the Winter while encountering no signs of danger. At the worst, we'll still have gone in there and proven our bravery. Then Ronno won't ever be able to call us cowards again. What do you two think about that?"

"Honestly, it sounds like a bad idea," replied Flower. "We wouldn't have even considered going there if not for him suggesting it to us."

"And what do you think, Bambi?" wondered Thumper, turning to question him next.

"Well, I don't think it's a good idea to do something we know could be dangerous just to prove we're brave," he confessed. "But I suppose it can't hurt to just look around for a bit. We just have to be careful. It is getting a little late in the day and it'll get dark soon."

"Hear that, Ronno?" taunted Thumper. "Even Bambi is going. Who's the coward now?"

"Not me!" he huffed, getting very defensive to protect his ego. "I'm not afraid of some stupid forest just because it's forbidden. If you guys are going then so am I!"

“Then let’s get going,” announced Thumper as he took the lead and Ronno hurried after him, keeping a pace to not outrun him, but also not too slow to make it appear like he was being cautious in case there was danger.

“Do you really think it’ll be safe to go into the forbidden forest with Ronno?” Flower asked Bambi as they made their way forward too.

“I don’t really know,” he admitted. “My father, the prince, did say that it wasn’t safe to go in here, but he never mentioned anything about why. I can understand if it was because there were dangerous creatures, but why wouldn’t he just say that was the reason. Furthermore, if there were dangerous monsters, why would they only stay on that side of the forest? It’s not like there is anything to keep them from leaving.”

“So then you think that it isn’t any sort of creature that makes that part of the forest so dangerous?” concluded Flower as they caught up to the others at the edge that separated the world they knew from what they didn’t.

“Possibly, but we won’t know for certain till we go,” he breathed, feeling butterflies in his stomach.

“Won’t know what?” asked Ronno, only hearing the tail end of their talk.

“Probably wondering if you’ll run away before you’ll start bawling your eyes out or cry first and then run away,” remarked Thumper.

“Why you-” fumed Ronno, but before he could think of something to say, a look into the forbidden forest silenced them both. It didn’t seem like anything too special from the forest they knew, only there were no trails in it to follow and the coverage of the treetops blocked out much of the sunlight making it appear much darker even with how much of the day still remained. On top of that, their own paranoia and worries served to make them all the more anxious just from what they imagined might be in there waiting for them.

“Well, time to go,” said Ronno, not sounding too eager, but the four took their first steps forward together and slowly entered the forbidden forest.

After several steps in, they turned to see just how far away from the world they knew had become. Breathing heavily, they found themselves still no worse for wear and proceeded to venture even further in, keeping their eyes open for anything that could be dangerous. However, beyond the foliage, they came upon no other signs of life. There were no other animals, no birds either, save for some they spotted through small openings in the treetops that were flying much too high to notice them.

“This is what we were so scared of?” questioned Thumper after they all ventured deep into the unknown and couldn’t see any reason to fear it. “It’s just a big, empty forest.”

“Well, we’ve only explored a small portion of the place,” commented Bami. “We don’t even know if the reason it’s dangerous is because of some other animals.”

“Well, the only animals here are us,” interrupted Ronno, cutting off what Bambi was trying to say. “Ha! That means I’m the most dangerous animal here.”

“You certainly are the most obnoxious animal here,” spoke Thumper under his breath. “You also were in our part of the forest too.”

“What did you say?” growled Rumble.

“This part of the forest is nice and all,” Flower said, interrupting this time. “But, I haven’t seen any good places to stay for the Winter. There haven’t been any caves in sight. There wasn’t a single old, hollowed out oak from what we’ve already passed either.”

“Hmm, the little stinker does have a point,” admitted Ronno. “I haven’t seen any place that’d be good to spend the Winter in either. Just a whole lot of skinny trees and useless bushes.”

“We still haven’t checked everywhere, but it’s getting pretty late,” noted Thumper as he gazed up at the sky and saw it was turning a shade of orange. “If we don’t head back soon we could get stuck in here all night.”

“Then we’d better start heading back,” agreed Flower. “If we hurry, we should be back on our part of the forest before dark. Let’s go, Thumper, Bambi... Bambi?”

“Where did Bambi go?” asked Thumper as all three of them looked around the forest, but didn’t see any trace of him.

“Ha!” laughed Ronno, feeling cocky again. “Even when there’s nothing to be afraid of, Dumbi is still a big coward. He probably ran off when we weren’t looking and is already home.”

“No way!” Thumper argued, refusing to believe that. “Bambi wouldn’t just run off like that and he certainly wouldn’t run off without us either.”

“Guys?” called Bambi as he wandered around nearby looking for them. “Flower? Thumper? Ronno? Where are you?”

“We’re over here!” Thumper called to Bambi as they hurried over to him. “Where were you?”

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I just saw something very strange and went to get a closer look. Before I realized it, I was all by myself."

"What did you see?" wondered Flower.

"It was a cave," answered Bambi, getting confused looks from everyone else.

"You thought a cave was strange?" questioned Ronno.

"Well, I don't know if it actually was a cave," Bambi elaborated. "It certainly wasn't like any cave I've ever seen before. The walls were all smooth and it was all a pale gray." After hearing Bambi's description of the cave, they looked at one another and then back at Bambi, curious to see this place for themselves. With Bambi leading the way, they retraced his steps back to the strange cave he found and soon they were all staring in awe at his discovery.

Like Bambi had said, it was unlike any cave he or any of them had ever seen with the whole thing made out of a smooth, gray stone that was cut into evenly-sized blocks and cemented together. At the top of the steps leading inside the structure there were a pair of decorated pillars in front of the opening inside the strange place.

"Is a place like this really a cave?" asked Flower as they kept their distance from the place, not sure what to make of it.

"I don't think so," replied Thumper. "I remember hearing some birds that have traveled beyond the forest that man lives in strange caves kind of like this."

"Then this is a man's dwelling?" worried Ronno.

"Maybe," replied Bambi as he took a few steps forward and peeked inside the entrance. "But it doesn't look like anyone has been here for years. I think it's been abandoned."

Gaining a little courage from Bambi, Flower and Thumper followed Bambi into the temple and started to explore the insides. Like on the outside, everything was made of smooth, gray stone and had a number of pillars lined up with one another and perfectly symmetrical with the opposing side of the place. In the center of the temple, placed upon a large base was a statue of a circle with two smaller circles protruding out the top of it. The three stared at it curiously, but had no idea what it was supposed to be and quickly lost interest in it.

"You're right," Flower told Bambi as they checked out every last nook and cranny in the temple, but couldn't find any trace of man or any other creature residing in there. After a while they started to grow more excited at this discovery and hurried back together. "This place is deserted."

“Then that means it’s up for grabs,” added Thumper. “It’ll be the perfect place for us to spend the Winter in.”

“You mean the perfect place for me to spend the Winter in,” interrupted Ronno as he walked up to them.

“Right, you’re still here,” sighed Thumper, seeing Ronno waltz in like he owned the place.

“Didn’t your mother already find a cave for the two of you to spend the Winter in?” Thumper reminded him. “You don’t need this place.”

“Well, that’s only if I don’t find a place of my own,” he retorted. “I’m practically a full grown buck already.”

“Well, full grown or not,” stated Flower. “Bambi was the one who found this place and that means it’s his.”

“And ours too,” added Thumper.

“In that case, I’ll just have to fight you for it,” snorted Ronno as he bared his antlers and glared at the three of them. “So, what’s it gonna be? Are you gonna defend this place or run away with your tails between your legs.”

“We aren’t afraid of you!” cried Thumper as he hopped up and down. “We can take ya, right, Flower?”

“Figures it was going to end up like this,” sighed Flower, rubbing his forehead.

“Hey, everyone,” Bambi chimed in as he looked back outside of the temple. “It’s already getting hard to see anything but the shadowy night. Even if we were to fight over the cave, it’s way too dark for any of us to leave.”

“Bambi’s right,” agreed Flower as they all looked outside and couldn’t see more than the darkness past the temple’s front pillars. “We’re all gonna have to spend the night here.”

“Me? Sleep in the same cave with all of you?” gaged Ronno at the thought.

“It’s either that, try to fight us for the cave or leave and find your way in the dark,” Thumper reminded him.

“Urgh!” grumbled the matured deer as he made his way to the far end of the temple. “Fine, I’ll let you three stay in my cave for tonight, but make sure you all stay on the other end of it.”

“Gee, isn’t Ronno just the most generous,” joked Thumper, getting a chuckle from Bambi and Flower as they found a cozy-looking spot to curl up together in and lay down for the night.

“This is a nice place,” yawned Flower, resting his head against Bambi’s side as he slept with his back to Thumper, while making sure his tail was out of the way.

“Too bad we found it with Ronno, of all animals,” replied Thumper, resting against his fluffy cheeks like they were pillows. “Even if we found this place first and he’s already got a place to spend the Winter, he’s not going to make things easy for us. And it’s not like we can tell anyone else about this place. Even if there is no danger, we’re still not supposed to be here.”

“Just because we didn’t find the danger doesn’t mean there isn’t any,” Bambi reminded them, his eyes closed as he slowly started to slumber. “But, at least, it looks like we’ll be safe spending one night here. Then, tomorrow, even if we don’t get to keep this place, we can just keep on looking till we find another one.”

With a couple yawn-filled, “Mmhms,” and some nods, Flower and Thumper agreed with Bambi and soon joined him in sleeping till morning. Ronno remained awake a while longer, waiting till the three of them were sound asleep before he silently snuck over to them. Resting his body on the ground, a short distance away from them, he felt more secure as he closed his eyes to doze off as well.

While the four slept soundly through the night, the strange statue in the middle of the room began to glow with an eerie illumination. None of them noticed it and continued to slumber, completely unaware of what surprises were in store for them tomorrow.

“Rise and shine, everyone,” called Flower as he awoke first and spotted the sunlight leaking in from the outside.

“Mmph... Ahhh!” groaned Thumper as he stretched upon awakening. “That was a pretty good rest if I do say so myself. Once we bring in some soft grass and leaves for proper bedding then we’ll be sleeping like kings through the whole of Winter.”

“If Ronno will let us have this place,” Flower reminded him.

“Well, even if he won’t let us have it, it doesn’t look like he’ll want to keep it for himself,” pointed out Bambi as he stood up to stretch his legs. As he did, he noticed Ronno was still asleep nearby them. “He probably couldn’t sleep in a strange place like this all alone, not that I blame him. I doubt I could have made it through the night without you two by my side.”

“Bambi...” gasped Thumper as he and Flower just stared at him in awe. “What happened to you?”

“What do you mean what happened to me?” he asked before turning back to them and noticed that he had to crane his neck down a lot more to look at them. “Hey, what’s going on? Why does the ground seem so far away? Did I have a growth spurt in my sleep?”

“No,” Flower shook his head. “I don’t think you’re any bigger, but... you’re standing on two legs.”

“On two legs?” questioned Bambi as he looked over his body. “That’s impossible. I’m a deer. We can’t walk on... two... legs...” Bambi’s words trailed off as he saw that indeed he was standing with just two legs, doing so like it was the most natural thing in the world for him. His two friends were still in awe and not sure what to make of this, but Bambi turned pale in the face as he started to run around, doing that on two legs with miraculous ease as well. “Wargh! I’m walking on two legs! How can this be? How is that possible?!?”

“What’s all the racket?” grumbled Ronno as Bambi’s panic awoke him. “Is Dumbi having a nightmare?”

“Probably,” Bambi answered, managing to get over the initial shock of becoming bipedal. “And I’m probably still having it.”

“What the heck happened to your legs?” cried Ronno. “How can you stand on just two like that?”

“How can you?” questioned Thumper, pointing out how Ronno was standing the same as Bambi was.

“How can I?” asked Ronno before he looked down and freaked out just as Bambi did. “What in the forest happened to me? Why am I on two legs and...” Holding up his front legs, where there were once hooves he now had a pair of hands complete with opposable thumbs. “What happened to my hooves?”

“The same thing that’s happened to mine,” answered Bambi as he looked to see his new palms and the digits connected to them. As he manipulated them for a bit, he found them less frightful and more intriguing. Kneeling down, he picked up a stone on the ground and stood back up. “You know, this isn’t all that bad. I have these big paws now so I can actually hold things.” Thinking for a moment, Bambi tightened his stone-holding hand into a fist, pulled it back and gave the rock a gentle toss across the room. “I can probably do a lot of things I couldn’t have before.”

Despite the throw not being all that impressive, they all stared in awe at the new abilities that Bambi possessed in his anthro form. “That’s amazing,” stated Flower. “What else can you do with that body of yours?”

"I'm not entirely sure," Bambi replied. "I guess I'll have to figure that out, but, for now, we should really head back to our part of the forest. If anyone would know about this strange cave and what's happened to us, it'd have to be my father. I just hope he isn't mad about what we did."

"If he is, we can just blame it on Ronno," suggested Thumper, to which the deer retorted with a bothered "Hey!" "So, let's get going. I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm hungry for breakfast."

"Plus our families are probably worried sick about us too," added Flower as the trio started to take their leave of the temple.

"You coming, Ronno?" asked Bambi before he stepped outside.

"Y-Yeah," he answered, still too freaked out by this sudden change in anatomy to remember he was supposed to be a bully. Joining Bambi and the others, they all made their way back to their part of the forest. None of them knew what to expect upon returning, but when a familiar voice caught their attention they turned to see Thumper's mother hopping over, only as she did, the ground shook a bit under the surprising amount of bulk she possessed.

"Oh, my sweet baby, Plumper!" she called out to him, her body about three times as big as it had been the day before and easily five times fatter. Her belly was so huge that it covered over her feet while her thighs and rear were still exposed and full of lard. The four could only stare at the sight of such a fat bunny.

"M-M-M-Mom?!?" stuttered Thumper, unable to say more before she picked him up and hugged him tightly into her fat belly.

"I was so worried," she told him. "Oh, what has happened to my baby? You look like you're just skin and bones."

"I was about to ask you the same thing, mom," Thumper managed to say once he got his muzzle free. "What happened to you? You're huge! I know we're supposed to be putting on weight for Winter, but did you leave anything to eat for everyone else?"

"Well, I'm glad to see your sense of humor hasn't been affected," she smiled and cradled her son in her arms so that she could rub his plump, little belly with her paws. "Don't worry, my little Plumper. I'll get you all nice and round again in no time."

"Plumper?" he asked, getting as confused as he was worried. "Uh, my name is Thumper, mom."

“No, it’s Plumper,” she assured him. “It’s been that since the day you were born, my precious butterball.” She placed a paw on his forehead. “Are you coming down with a fever, dear?”

“What in the world is going on?” asked Ronno, as he and the others witnessed Thumper’s unusual reunion with his mother. “What happened to Mrs. Hare?”

“I don’t think it’s just her that something’s happened to,” stated Flower as he looked around the forest, spotting a number of its other residents already up and starting their day. Bambi and Ronno recognized them too and saw that, just like Mrs. Hare, they were a lot bigger and fatter than they were when they last saw them.

“What is going on here?” wondered Bambi. “Why is everyone so fat?”

“Maybe they found out it was going to be a really cold Winter so they started packing on more padding than usual,” suggested Ronno.

“But some of them, like Mrs. Hare, we only just saw yesterday and she wasn’t anywhere near this big,” stated Flower. “Something must have happened while we were in that cave.”

“Come on, mom,” groaned Thumper, getting embarrassed as his mother cuddled him lovingly. “Not in front of my friends.”

“Sorry, honey,” she smiled at him with her buck-toothed smile squished between a pair of big, chubby cheeks. “I’m just so happy to see you safe and sound. Now, let’s go put some meat on those bones of yours.”

“Um, can I bring my friends, Bambi and Flower?” asked Thumper. “Oh, and might as well bring Ronno with us too.”

“Bambi? Flower? Ronno?” she repeated, looking at her son like what he said didn’t make any sense. “Don’t you mean, Flabby, Blubber, and Blobbo?”

“Uh... yes,” he answered, growing more concerned by this change to their names. “Let me go get them and then we can go eat.”

“Okay, sweetie,” she agreed and let him go back to his friends. “I don’t know what happened to you all, but you’re all so thin and scrawny. I’ve never seen anyone so undernourished as you four, but we can fix all that in a jiffy.”

“Guys!” he called to them. “Did you hear what my mom just said?”

“I think she said my name was ‘Flabby’ or something like that,” replied Bambi.

“And something about helping fatten us up,” added Ronno. “Well, sorry, but I don’t want to be fattened up insanely by Mrs. Lard over there. I’m happy being my sleek, svelte self.”

“Blobbo!” snapped the big mama bunny. “How could you say such a thing? Your mother would be so upset if she knew.”

“N-No,” he cried, attempting to think of how to spin it to fix what he said. “I didn’t mean to call you, ‘Mrs. Lard.’ What I was really saying was...” There was a very long silence as he tried to figure out what to say, but he just drew a big blank. “I’ve got nothing. I’m sorry, I called you, ‘Mrs. Lard.’”

“Why should I feel offended, Blobbo?” she asked him. “That is my name, after all.”

“It is?” he asked, him and the others just getting more and more shocked by all this. “Well, what did I say that upset you?”

“That you like being such a skinny little stick,” she answered, poking at his belly. “Just look at you. I can almost see your ribcage.” She then turned to Bambi. “Flabby looks even thinner than you. Yes, all four of you need a good fattening up, so come with me at once.”

The four were hesitant to do as this overweight version of Thumper’s mother said, but she gave them all her motherly glare that was every bit as effective in getting them to tow the line as the one they were more familiar with. “Yes, mam,” said Bambi, speaking for the group and they followed behind her.

“I don’t know what you boys did yesterday while looking for a place to spend the Winter,” stated Mrs. Lard. “But I’ll fix you all up in a jiffy.”

“I don’t know about the rest of you,” whispered Ronno as he followed the big bunny alongside the others. “But I have no idea what’s going on.”

“So, no different than usual,” commented Thumper, getting an angry snort from the deer.

“Not the best time for that, Thumper,” Bambi told him. “We have to figure out what’s going on. Right now, I’m not sure if this is a dream, a nightmare, or something else entirely.”

“I have an idea,” Flower told them, getting the others to look his way while remaining a couple steps behind the hefty mother bunny. With all six eyes on the little skunk, he couldn’t help but blush and wrap his tail over his face. “Um, keep in mind, this is only a guess based on what little we’ve seen and heard. I could be completely wrong about all this.”

“Well, it’ll be better than any ideas I’ve got,” replied Thumper. “Cause, I don’t have any.”

"I don't think this is our forest," Flower suggested. "In fact, it might not even be the world we come from at all, but some parallel world where everyone is, uh..."

"Insanely obese?" finished Ronno as he looked at a couple of squirrels attempting to climb a tree, the effort extremely difficult while they had to haul around bodies so fat they were like balls with bushy tails sticking out of them.

"Yeah, that," nodded the blue-eyed skunk of the group. "It might even have something to do with that cave we slept in. It certainly wasn't like anything we've ever seen before and it's possible that the versions of ourselves from this world might have ended up in our world in place of us. Of course, with what little we know, it is just a guess at best."

"Here we are," announced Mrs. Lard as she brought the four kids to a field filled with tons of purple flowers that Thumper recognized as his favorite treat. "Now, you kids, eat all you can to help you bulk up and make sure to eat up all the purple petals. They are the best part, after all."

"Oh my," salivated Thumper, his empty belly rumbling as a meal he'd rarely get to partake in in his own world was now spread out before him like it was an all-you-can-eat buffet. Licking his chops, he could barely keep from drooling.

"So, if we go back to that cave and sleep in it, we should be able to end up back in our own world," concluded Bambi.

"Again, it's only a guess," Flower reminded them.

"Nothing to lose," replied Ronno. "And if we stay here, we're only likely to gain weight."

"You're being strangely cooperative," commented Flower.

"Till we get out of this place," he conceded. "So, let's hurry so I don't have to."

"Maybe not quite yet," Thumper spoke up with the most blissful smile any of them ever saw anyone wear on their face. In his paws, he had a couple of the sweet, purple flowers he loved so much. "At least till we have breakfast."

"Thumper, are you okay?" asked Flower. "I know you really like those flowers, but I've never seen you make a face like that before."

"That's because these aren't anything like the flowers from back in our world," he answered before munching up the ones he was holding, rubbing his cheeks as he savored their taste for a bit. "They're much, much better. Even the green parts are so much sweeter and tastier. I seriously wouldn't mind staying around here a while longer if it means getting to have

as many of these as I want. I know my other mother wouldn't let me eat all I wanted and we might as well eat while we've got the chance."

The others were hesitant to agree to Thumper's request, able to see just what was likely to happen to their bodies if they agreed to indulge, just by looking at their fellow woodland creatures who were also out having breakfast. Some that were particularly indulging a lot were visibly getting fatter before their eyes and didn't look the least bit bothered by this as they stuffed even more into their eager maws. Looking at Thumper, just from what he had sampled, he had already gained a bit of pudge on his body that had been fluffy at the least and chubby at the most. Now, with plumper cheeks and a bit of a bulging belly, he was at the start of becoming a chungus like his mother from this world.

"It probably wouldn't be a good idea..." Bambi started to say to the rounder rabbit, only for his ears to droop and the saddest look he could muster appeared on his face. Such a sorrowful expression tugged at their heartstrings and was more than another of them could dare refuse. Bambi had no choice but to adjust what he was about to tell Thumper. "To leave without eating first. So, let's have breakfast everyone."

"Alright!" cheered the boisterous bunny as his foot wildly hit the ground repeating, going a mile a minute. When it stopped, he turned and dove into the grove of tasty, purple flowers. "Time to chow down!"

"Are we really going to do this?" Flower asked Bambi as he took a look at the other animals once more, spotting a rather rotund skunk nearby that was hauling their belly around to get at more flowers to scarf down. "That could happen to us too if we're not careful."

"Then we just have to take this slow and only eat enough to fill us up," Bambi advised. "Anyway, this will still help us put on a good amount of Winter weight for when we get back to our world. All we gotta do is make sure we don't overdo it."

"Too late for Plumper over there," cackled Ronno, a bit of his meanness coming out. "At the rate he's going you guys will have to roll him back to the cave."

"I thought you decided to have a truce with us?" reminded Flower.

"Well, that is technically his name here," he countered before walking off to a patch of the flowers that currently wasn't up for grabs to have his own breakfast.

"It's probably for the best if we do stick to our names in this world for the time being," commented Bambi. "At least to blend in till we're ready to leave. I think I was Flabby."

"And I was Blubber," chuckled Flower. "They are pretty silly names, but they should be easy to remember, at least."

“Oh, so good,” mumbled Plumper as he continued to pig out on all the purple flowers he could cram down his gullet.

“Mmm,” salivated Blobbo as he took his first taste of the flowers and got to see what the big deal was. After just a couple, he was using his newly obtained hands to pluck all the flowers he could out of the ground and devour them as voraciously as any herbivore could. “So sweet and tasty. I don’t know if I can go back to the bland ones in our world after this.”

“We should probably start eating too before there aren’t any left,” suggested Flabby, him and Blubber eager to try the flowers now too.

Wading through the field of purple, Flabby and Blubber found some unclaimed flowers of their own to munch on. After seeing the reaction the other two had to eating them, they didn’t doubt that they had to be tasty, though they still found it hard to believe it was delicious enough to warrant such uncontrollable gluttony. Both taking a purple flower in hand, they brought them to their maws and munched down on them, ready for however tasty they were, at least, that’s what they thought.

The second the flower petals hit their tongue, an intense sweetness that made even fresh honey leaking from a beehive appear bitter by comparison. Eyes widened and lips curled into an unbreakable smile as the taste overwhelmed their senses and caused their saliva glands to kick in. Before they even realized it, they joined the others in grabbing up more and more of those impossibly delicious, purple flowers and gorged themselves without pause.

“So good~” they all thought, feeling the total bliss of a flavor beyond anything they knew was possible and had doubts something like this was available back in their world. Even if there was, they also doubted that they’d be free to binge on all they could want like Mrs. Lard had insisted they do as she watched them pack away the flowers with a smile and a motherly approving nod.

“It does a mother’s heart good to see children with such healthy appetites,” she said, watching as their bellies started to bulge, not just from filling their stomachs with all those flowers, but with fat padding onto it. With how slim they were, it was a very visible and noticeable increase that was quick to spread to the rest of their bodies. From their arms to their legs, to their chest and rear, and on their neck, back, and faces, thin layers of lard began appearing on them, piling on top of one another and pushing them to the point of being plump and then chubby as they were getting closer and closer to becoming truly fat at an astonishing rate. “They’ll all be back to their big, girthy selves in no time. Good thing too, if they want to be in shape to compete.”

“Getting pretty chunky,” thought Flabby, after having the most bountiful breakfast of his life. Bringing his hand to his belly, he gave it a rub and felt the soft blubber he had put on it just beneath his furry coat. Pushing his fingers against it, he watched them sink in and reveal just how fat he had gotten. From what he could guesstimate, he had already put on half the weight

he'd need to procure for the big Winter hibernation. In general, it was great that he had done so well in packing on the pounds. That said, however, to put on that much weight in not even a single day and from one breakfast, no less, that was very alarming.

"I should probably stop now," he considered. "Or I'll end up with fat left over after hibernating. It's probably time we went to find a way back to our world anyway." Flabby started to get to his feet and turned to his friends. He saw Plumper, Blubber, and Blobbo had put on just as much weight as he had, but they were still plucking the flowers from the ground and gobbling them up without pause.

"Uh, hey, guys," Flabby started to call out to them, but realized that with each bouquet of flowers they ate, they were making their way closer to the flowers he had been planning to eat before stopping. At least, he thought he wanted to stop, but with barely more than a minute passing by since his last flower slipped past his lips, the overly plump anthro deer found himself craving more of that sweet floral.

Looking down at his gut bulging bigger than it ever had before in his life, Flabby was debating whether or not to keep on eating to satiate that hunger when he knew full well it'd push his girth further to the levels of obesity that Mrs. Lard and all the other natural inhabitants of the forest possessed. However, before the young deer could even decide what to do, his attention returned once more to his three friends mowing through the flowers around them, their girths surpassing his by a small margin now. They were getting closer to his flowers and that just made him want to eat them all the more.

"J-Just a bit more," he gave in and grabbed at a bushel of the purple flowers, pulling them free of the ground and shoved them into his maw. Getting that sweet taste on his tongue once more, his lips curled into a smile once more as he savored the flavor before plucking even more to eat.

"Mmm, so good," he mumbled as he munched up the purple petals and then swallowed what would soon become more pudge on his figure. "Just gonna eat a couple more." Despite saying that, the chunky deer already had pulled out some more of the flowers with each hand and quickly stuffed his face with them before reaching for more.

"A few more," he told himself again, though it was already clear that he had no intention of stopping till the field was barren. As he and the others worked towards that goal, their bellies continued to expand out and about while the rest of their figures swelled rounder and doughier with more and more lard. Flabby, just like the others now, didn't notice his increasing girth anymore. He was far too addicted to the flowers to think of much else other than eating. Even the thought of returning to their world was becoming less and less significant to them.

"Urrrap!" belched Plumper, a short while later when every last speck of purple was gone from the field. He was resting against a tree beside Blubber while Flabby and Blobbo were

resting on their backs. The two deer reveled in the wonderful feeling of being able to rub their guts with their newly acquired hands while they remained in awe that, after that one flowery feast, their arms were only barely able to wrap completely around their bellies. "I don't think I've ever eaten this much before in my life."

"None of us have," Blubber reminded him. "We must have eaten our weight in those flowers and put on at least three times as much fat somehow. On the plus side, I don't think we have to worry about putting on Winter weight anymore. However, I don't think I have the strength to make it all the way back to that cave while lugging around this gut."

"Me neither," admitted Plumper. "Though, would it be so bad if we stayed here? It's just like our home, but we get to eat tons more and it's all way better too."

"You can't seriously be considering staying, Plumper?" asked Flabby, managing to lift his head up, finding it a bit difficult as his neck fat pressed against a plump pair of moobs on his chest.

"I am and I don't think I'm the only one considering this, Flabby," remarked Plumper, well aware how much his deer friend had put away during their feast. To prove his point, he pressed a paw against his belly to demonstrate just how deep his lard now was.

"Well, I won't say that I didn't find this more enjoyable than once might expect at first glance," he conceded to the bunny.

"And the same goes for you both too, Blubber and Blobbo," Plumper added, pointing at them, specially at their doughy figures.

"This world does seem to be exactly like our own, save for this extra abundance of food, fattening though it might be," stated Blubber. "If nothing else, we don't need to worry about going hungry and after what we've eaten we certainly appear to fit in better here than we would our own world."

"And I don't know about you, Flabby," Blobbo chimed in. "But this walking on two legs thing is not too bad once you get used to it. Plus, it frees up our front legs to do a lot more stuff now. It's a definite improvement and I can't wait for Faline to see me now."

"You mean the one from our world who would probably be in too much shock over how obese you've gotten or the one in this world that's probably even more obese than we've become so far? Either way, I'd say your chances of her preferring you over Bambi is something that'll be consistent no matter the world we end up in."

"Well, why don't we go see her and find out what she thinks," argued Blobbo as he struggled to sit up in spite of his big, full tummy getting in the way. With a bit more effort he was

able to get to his feet and the others joined him, taking care to rub their bellies to prevent any aches in them.

“Where are you boys waddling off to now?” Mrs. Lard questioned her son.

“We’re going to see Faline, uh, I mean that one doe that likes spending her time with Flabby,” the big bunny told his mom, not quite sure what her fatty-based name was in this world.

“Faline?” pondered Mrs. Lard as she tugged at her multichin. “Oh, do you mean Gainline? I saw her over by the stream while I was out looking for you. I don’t know if she’s still there, but that is probably the best place to check first.”

“Thanks, uh, mama,” Plumper replied, attempting to fit into the role of her real corpulent son.

“I’m always happy to help, my adorable lil butterball,” she told him as she hugged him tightly, squeezing into his chub. “Now, go along and play with your friends, dear.”

“Okay,” Plumper nodded, talking through lips squished against his cheeks as his mother nuzzled him. When she finally let him go, he was gasping for breath as he stumbled back over to Flabby and Blubber.

“Are you okay?” asked Flabby, seeing the chubby bunny so winded from that hug.

“Yeah, I’m still trying to decide if I prefer this version of my mother or my regular one,” he told them, being careful she didn’t overhear that.

“Oh, and make sure to be back here in time for lunch,” she told Plumper, her more nagging motherly side coming out again. “I don’t want you wasting away to nothing, like you were this morning.”

“Yes mama,” he answered, lacking enthusiasm in his voice before whispering to his friends again. “But some things are consistent.”

“Well, let’s go over and see Fal- I mean Gainline,” said Blubber.

“Yeah,” agreed Flabby. “Come on, Blobbo.” He didn’t get a response, not even some insulting remark. “Blobbo?”

“Where’d he go?” asked Blubber as he and the others turned to see the other deer was nowhere in sight.

“Three guesses,” replied Plumper as he turned to where the river was and started to hop towards it with his two friends waddling right behind him.

“Hey, you’re looking extra curvy today,” flirted Blobbo to Gainline as she soaked her feet in the cool river water.

“Oh, Blobbo,” she replied, a bit startled to suddenly hear him while she was feeling such calm serenity prior. “I didn’t see you there. You’re looking rather slim.”

“Why thank you for noticing,” he chuckled and flexed the muscles in his new arms, the muscles in them barely visible under all that new venison packed into them.

“That wasn’t a compliment,” she told him, reminding him just what constituted praise in this world. “You were much bigger than this just the other day when you were stuffing yourself to get ready.”

“Ready?” he asked. “Ready for what?”

“Hey, Gainline!” called Plumper as he, Flabby and Blubber hurried over to her. As they drew near, Gainline’s expression changed, showing how much more she was delighted to see them over Blobbo who snorted with irritation.

“Oh, Flabby, Plumper, Blubber,” she greeted them and waddled her abundantly plump self over to them. “You all look so thin too. What happened?”

“You probably wouldn’t believe us if we told you,” Blubber told her.

“Well, maybe if Flabby was the one to tell me,” she replied, giving the plump deer a gentle smile and look that only served to turn Blobbo’s eyes green with jealousy. Flabby blushed and felt around his muzzle, thinking he might have embarrassingly had some purple flower petals around his maw and nobody said anything. Blubber covered his eyes trying not to stare at the touch of romance in the air. Plumper snickered, enjoying the sight of Blobbo seeing that another one of the constants was Faline preferring Bambi over himself.

After a short, awkward pause, Flabby began to divulge everything to Gainline. He told her about the other world they were from and how they got there and even how they were strongly considering staying. All the while she heard all this, the doe listened on intently, never showing any indication that she was having a hard time believing any of it. She merely smiled caringly and nodded her head on occasion till Flabby finished speaking.

“And that’s pretty much everything,” concluded Flabby, taking a few short breaths after being so vocal for so long. “So, what do you think?”

“It’s all so fantastical,” she replied. “I never would have imagined that the secret within the forbidden forest was a cave connecting my world to yours, Flabby, uh, I mean, Bambi.”

“You can call me Flabby,” he assured her. “It’ll probably be easier if we just use our names from this world. We’ll need to get used to it if we do decide to stay here.”

“That does make sense,” she agreed. “But what about the Flabby, Plumper, and Blubber from here?”

“My counterpart is in that other world too,” Blobbo chimed in.

“Oh, your Blobbo came here too?” she asked, sounding surprised. “I didn’t think he did. You just said you and your friends and I didn’t realize that included him as well.”

“It doesn’t,” grumbled Blobbo. “I was looking for a cave to hibernate through the Winter and these losers happened to tag along with me. Then it got dark and they were crying like babies and begging me to protect them till morning. With no other choice and being the nice guy that I am, I had to show them some pity.”

“That doesn’t sound anything like how Flabby said it went,” Gainline commented.

“Cause it wasn’t,” Plumper chimed in.

“Anyway,” added Blubber to Blobbo. “Didn’t we all agree to trying to get along while we’re in this world?”

“Well, if we’re going to stay,” he countered. “Then I don’t see why we aren’t just going back to how things normally are.”

“Fair enough,” agreed Plumper. “I don’t like trying to get along with you any more than you do with us.”

“So, Gainline,” Flabby told the hefty doe. “I hope you won’t mind that these versions of us are here instead of the regular ones from this world.”

“You’re mostly the same, just a few hundred pounds skinnier,” she told him with a gentle smile. “If you really enjoy it here, I don’t doubt you’ll fit in, but what if they decide they want to come back here or if they can’t because you decided to stay here.”

“It’s possible they could want to stay in our world as much as we in yours,” suggested Blubber.

“I suppose,” she considered, rubbing her cheek as she thought about it. “Still, they were all working so hard for the sumo wrestling match coming up. It’s a bit of a shame that they won’t be able to compete now.”

“Sumo wrestling match?” questioned Flabby. “What’s that?”

“Oh, I guess that’s another difference between our worlds if you don’t know about that,” stated Gainline. “It’s a competition in which two enter a ring and wrestle one another, using strength and weight to force the other to their knees or out of the circle boundary.”

“Sounds like a lot of fun,” commented Plumper, attempting to imagine what two huge tubbies would look like doing such a thing and couldn’t help but chuckle. “We never had such a thing in our world. Of course, save for a few rather gluttonous bears back there, nobody was really in much of a sumo shape and animals like Flabby and Blobbo weren’t exactly bipedal as they are now.”

“Yeah, I can’t imagine doing it skinny,” replied Gainline. “No folds to grab at or blubber throw around. You wouldn’t even have big enough bottoms to wear your mawashis.”

“Mawashis?” asked Flabby, the group hearing something else that they had no idea what it was.

“It’s traditional sumo garb,” she explained. “You wear it around your waist. It actually would probably be a lot easier to show you. Come on, follow me to the arena.” Though none of them knew what an arena was, the word alone excited them enough to quicken their pulses. Looking at one another, the boys nodded and followed the doe.

After a brief walk, they arrived at another meadow in the forest they recognized as one they often walked through in their lighter-weighted world, but found it had been changed to become the “arena” that Gainline told them about. The center of the meadow had been cleared away of all grass and plant life, leaving it nothing but firm dirt. There was a large ring of stones neatly, half-buried in the ground as well as two lines of stones within the circle towards the center. Also within the circle was a beaver with a green cloth with a log drawn on the front of it as well as a chipmunk with an orange cloth hugging his buttocks with a couple acorns scribbled on the crotch area of his. Both were incredibly fat, easily outweighing anyone in Flabby’s group by at least a couple hundred pounds, though while most of it was in flab, it was also evident they had to have plenty of muscle too to be able to heft it about as they circled about one another with a steely gaze in their eyes.

“So, those are mawashis,” noted Flabby as they all watched the two animals grappling one another, hands locked together as they attempted to overpower the other. “And this is what a sumo wrestling match is.”

“Mmhm,” the doe nodded as she remained mostly quiet so that they could watch, adding some brief commentary to help them better understand. “The match takes place within the ring of stones and neither competitor is allowed to take a single step out of it or that’s considered a defeat. A match begins when both participants stand with their feet on one of

those lines while they face each other. Once they are signaled to begin, the two then do everything they can to force the other to the ground or out of the ring.”

Panting and huffing, the two sumos kept on grappling with one another till the chipmunk’s legs grew wobbly and he slowly dropped down to his knee in defeat. Slowly they loosened their grip on one another and the beaver helped his fellow rodent up and back to the lines in the center of the ring as they squatted with their paws on their legs. Counting to three, they began to wrestle once again.

“So, the beaver won there?” asked Blobbo as he and the others were bit by bit getting the idea behind sumo.

“I think they are just sparring with one another for practice,” Gainline answered. “But, that would have been one point for him. In a sumo match, you gain one point for dropping an opponent to their knees and two if any part of their body other than their feet or knees or tail, if they are longer than a stub, touch the ground. Lastly, you get five points if you force your opponent out of the ring. Once a point is gained, the sumos return to their starting positions in the stance you just saw them in and they wrestle again for the next point. Whoever wins five points wins the match.”

“So it’s more than just a battle of strength,” concluded Blubber. “Endurance can be just as important if a match goes on by trading single points with your opponent.”

“And it’d probably be better to know when you are in a bad position and take a knee loss than keep struggling and waste more stamina while possibly getting a two point loss or even a ring out instead.”

“You guys are catching on pretty quickly,” Gainline smiled.

“Heheh,” snickered Blobbo as he watched the beaver and chipmunk at it again, this time slapping at one another’s blubber, making it bounce and wobble about. “And that’s allowed too?”

“Yeah,” she nodded. “Grappling and slapping are both allowed, along with pushing and pulling. Punching, the use of claws, teeth, or any other form of violence are prohibited and will lead to immediate disqualification. It’s not only an important rule to follow, but it’s taboo and worthy of stripping one of their mawashi.”

“And that’s considered a bad thing?” asked Plumper.

“It’s about the greatest disgrace anyone in the forest can achieve,” she explained. “Without a mawashi one is never allowed to sumo again, meaning they can never hope to earn the title and position of Weight Prince.”

“Weight Prince?” questioned Blobbo. “Is that anything like the Great Prince from our world?”

“The Weight Prince is the sumo champ and the one who rules and protects the forest with their unrivaled girth and might. As of right now, the residing Weight Prince is actually Flabby’s father.”

“Then it’s the same as in our world,” stated Blubber. “But, Flabby’s father inherited the title from his father before him and it will go to Flabby here once he comes of age. However, here it sounds like anyone can earn that title.”

“Anyone can,” the doe confirmed, watching as a bear and a possum took their turns in the arena, the former with a honey pot symbol on his crotch while the possum’s had a long swirly line on his. “All they have to do is win the Royal Sumo Slam, a special competition that is only held once every five years to deem who will be the Prince or Princess of the Forest.”

“And anyone is allowed to enter the competition to become the Weight Prince?” asked Blobbo, eager to hear the answer for one very obvious reason. “Even me despite being from another world?”

“Well, I’m not too sure,” admitted Gainline. “Such a scenario has never come up before, but that also means that there probably isn’t a rule against you participating. With the four versions of you from this world no longer here, I suppose that means you all could compete in their stead.”

“So one can only be the Weight Prince for five years?” wondered Flabby as he listened.

“Even the current prince can compete if he wants to retain the title. Your father has actually won the last few competitions and has held the title for quite a while, but I’ve heard he has decided not to compete this time around and let another achieve the title.”

“And that’s going to be me,” boasted Blobbo, wearing a fat, smug grin on his face. “I’m going to enter and become the Prince of the Forest just like I always should have been in our world.”

“Aren’t you getting a little ahead of yourself, Blobbo?” said Plumper, prodding at the deer’s gut with his paw. “You aren’t even half as big as that bear and possum sumoing now, not to mention you’ve never even done this before. You don’t even have one of those mawashi things to be able to sumo and you think you can become the Weight Prince just like that?”

“Well, maybe not right now, but I’ll train and get a lot bigger before the competition,” he argued. “How long till this Royal Sumo thing is even supposed to take place?”

“It takes place just before Winter,” Gainline answered. “As soon as the last leaves fall from the trees, that is the signal for the competition.”

Hearing this, Flabby and the others turned their gaze to the trees. They were all still very leafy, but, save for the pines, all the trees were a fiery mix of reds, oranges, and yellows. As a strong wind blew past them, a number of leaves were plucked free from the branches and danced on the breeze before landing on the ground where lots more leaves had already ended up.

“That’s not very long from now then,” noted Blubber. “It’s already well into fall so we only have a month till the competition, maybe a month and a half depending on how quick the cold comes. I can’t imagine that being enough time for anyone to start preparing for such a competition and being able to win.”

“Just because you couldn’t doesn’t mean I can’t,” bragged Blobbo as he patted his gut with enough force to make it wobble. “I put on all this weight from one meal so if I keep stuffing myself every day till the competition I’ll have plenty of bigness.”

“We did gain a lot of weight very fast,” admitted Flabby as he looked down to cup his plump moobs in his hands. “The food here is very different from the food in our world. We went from being so skinny to looking more than ready to begin hibernating.”

“Did you really put on that much weight from a single meal?” questioned Gainline, surprised to hear that.

“Yeah, we gained all this clearing away a field of those tasty purple flowers,” explained Plumper as he looked around, spotting a nearby apple tree. Hopping over to it, he spotted one of the ripe, red fruits had fallen to the ground. Picking it up, he started to munch on it, reducing it to nothing but the core before finding even that was possible for him to eat as well. With each swallow of the incredibly sweet apple, Plump’s figure swelled little by little with fresh lard, making him look a tiny bit fatter, but Gainline looked absolutely dumbfounded by him getting bigger before her eyes.

“That’s incredible,” she gasped, approaching the gray rabbit to feel his chub to make certain it wasn’t merely thick fur. “You put on weight like it was nothing. I mean, it’s no surprise that the food here helps us pack on the pounds with ease, but it’s never been this potent.”

“Perhaps it’s because we are not from this world and our regular food is not nearly this sweet or fattening,” suggested Blubber. “Since our bodies aren’t used to it, it might be several times more effective on us than those naturally from this world.”

Hearing this, Gainline closed her eyes to think. “Well, it does sound like a plausible explanation and I cannot deny what I’ve seen with my own eyes. In that case, it would be very possible for all of you to put on enough weight to be able to compete and even win.”

“We still lack mawashis or any sumo training,” Plumper reminded her.

“I can arrange for the mawashis to be made easily enough,” she assured them. “And, though I’m not much into participating in sumo matches myself, the sport is such a big, important part of our lives that you’d be hard pressed to find anyone who doesn’t know all the ins and outs of it. I could help you all get started by teaching you the basics. After that, you’ll have to train and practice yourselves, to finish preparing for the tournament.”

“You shouldn’t waste your time on these chumps, Gainline,” Blobbo stated smugly. “Cause there’s no way these small fries are gonna stand a chance against the other competitors, let alone myself. Just train me. That way you can show me a thing or two and then I can show you some things too.”

“I’m not sure if I wanna hurl after hearing that or roll around on the ground in hysterics,” commented Plumper, agitating Blobbo yet again.

“You know what,” sneered Blobbo as he stared at the chubby bunny with loathing in his eyes. “Train and compete and then win till you face me. I want the pleasure of pummeling you in the ring while the entire forest watches.”

“Go ahead and try,” dared Plumper, hopping about on his hind legs as he held up his paws, ready to punch and jab with them. “I’ll take you on and win. Then I’ll be the Weight Prince.”

“Uh, there is no punching allowed in sumo,” Blubber reminded Plumper as he leaned over to tap his shoulder.

“Oh, right,” he recalled. “Well, I still need to go through training. How about you, Blubber. Do you want to compete?”

“Well, I don’t know how well I would do,” admitted the stout skunk, blushing bashfully as he thought about it. “I’m not nearly as aggressive as Blobbo or as feisty as you can be, Plumper. I doubt I’d do very well at it.”

“There’s more to sumo than just throwing weight around,” Gainline assured the white-striped critter. One can be evasive or defensive and still obtain victory that way too. It wouldn’t hurt to at least try before deciding if you can sumo or not.”

Rubbing at his chubby chin, Blubber considered Gainline’s advice before he nodded to her. “Okay. I’ll give it a shot. I don’t know if I’m going to still compete in the actual sumo brawl, but I’ll worry about that later.”

“Then all that’s left is Flabby,” stated Plumper as he turned to the male deer that he liked. “You’re eager to learn sumo and compete too, aren’t you?”

“It does look like fun,” agreed Flabby. “I don’t know if I’d be any good at it, but it wouldn’t hurt to try.”

“You’ll definitely be great at it,” Plumper assured Flabby. “Your father was so good that he held his title for years. I bet you could do that too. You were always meant to be the Prince of the Forest in our world, so that practically guarantees that you will be the Weight Prince here.”

“Maybe, but it’s not like I’m the same Flabby of this world. Anyone could become the Weight Prince besides just me, even you guys.”

“Then let’s give it our all and try to each earn the title,” suggested Plumper.

“Sounds good to me,” smiled Blubber as he looked at his two friends.”

“Okay,” nodded Flabby. “Not like we have nothing to lose and plenty to gain.” As the deer said that last part he hefted up his great big fatty belly to let it drop and bounce.

“Whatever,” scoffed Blobbo. “I plan on wrecking all of you. Then you’ll gain a new prince of the forest.”

“You might as well start hibernating now,” taunted Plumper. “Because that’s only ever going to happen in your dreams.”

“Maybe we should reinstate our truce for a while longer,” suggested Blubber. “At least till Gainline gets through teaching us the basics and getting us our mawashis. Otherwise we’ll just be wasting what little time we have to get ourselves ready for the competition.”

Glaring at one another, with sparks in their eyes, Plumper and Blobbo huffed and turned away from one another. Crossing their arms, they both said, “Fine” in a dull tone and the truce was on once more.

“At least they’re excited to compete,” smiled Flabby, his innocent positivity shining through as much as ever.

“That’s one way of looking at it,” chuckled Gainline. “Well, there’s no better time to start than now. So, to begin, you should all decide on what symbol you would like for your mawashis, as well as what color. It will be what represents you every time you step into the ring, so you want it to be something that not only represents you, but for it to be something you are proud to wear.” The four of them rubbed their chins as they tried to think. They looked back at the bear and possum nearing the end of their match, staring mainly at the garb wrapped around their tight waists as they considered what they wanted.

"It's okay if you don't know yet," she told them. "Just take some time to think about it and I'll have them made for you. Now, we'll begin your training. To start, I'll show you some of the basic stances a sumo takes during a match."

And so training began for the four of them. Starting off, the overweight doe taught them the proper stances and etiquette when taking part in an official sumo match from first casting salt into the arena as a means of purifying the ring to the haunched stance with their knuckles on the ground or on their thighs as they awaited their bout to begin. The lessons continued as she showed them how to raise up one leg high and stomp it down and how to properly thrust their palms forward in an attempt to push back their opponent and knock them off balance.

These lessons and more were drilled into the boys till the sky turned a golden orange and Gainline decided that was enough for today. "Those are the essentials any beginner should learn and memorize before even setting foot into the ring," she explained. "We'll practice some more tomorrow, after breakfast. Till then, you should practice anything you don't think you've completely grasped yet and get plenty to eat. You've all got a lot of experience and pounds to gain if you are going to stand any chance competing for the title of the Weight Prince."

"No sweat," bragged Plumper. "This sumo stuff isn't too hard to pick up on. I think I've got most of it down already and will be ready to actually wrestle in no time."

"Well, I feel like I could win the whole thing right now," boasted Blobbo. "I even know what I want on my moowooshi."

"You can't even say it right," corrected Plumper. "It's mawashi not moowooshi. Are you sure you were even paying attention?"

"I paid attention to this," he countered, showing off a few palm thrusts directed right at the lardy bunny, but he stood back just far enough to ensure his reach didn't hit him.

"Whoa!" cried Plumper, stumbling backwards in shock as he reflexively backed off and lost his balance, falling onto his back.

"And that'd be my victory!" laughed Blobbo, raising his arms in triumph.

"Actually that's just a three-point gain," corrected Blubber. "You knocked him down, but not necessarily out of the ring. Not like this was even a real match."

"Pfft. Whatever," scoffed Blobbo. "I'm going to eat and do more training. You losers can do whatever you want, just don't get in my way."

"Oh, I really hope I get to fight him," groaned Plumper. "So that I can put him in his place once and for all."

“You should be careful,” warned Gainline. “The regular Blobbo from this world was cocky, but he was easily one of the top contenders to win during the competition this year. Your Blobbo, though skinny and inexperienced, is otherwise just like him. He could end up being a contender too if he trains himself hard enough and eats hoggish enough too.”

“Well, how were the other uses?” wondered Blubber. “Were we any good at sumo?”

“You were all great,” smiled Gainline. “Despite being so young you all had tons of spirit to truly shine in the ring, Flabby especially.”

“Me?” asked the chunky deer, blushing a little.

“You were always so gentle, even in a sumo match,” she reminisced. “Because of that, you often lost, never wanting to be forceful or aggressive, but you’d still find a way to win when it really counted. Because of that, I think you are the one who should be the next Weight Prince.”

“I can try,” replied Flabby. “I mean, I’m doing this to compete and have fun with my friends, but like you said we lack the size and practice compared to everyone else. With the time we have we probably won’t be able to be ready enough to make it very far. So, I’m not going to worry about winning and just try to enjoy myself.”

“And that’s just what the Flabby of this world would say too, if he was here,” stated Gainline. “So, I have faith that when the time comes you’ll be there to defeat Blobbo and take the title that belongs to you.”

“You make it sound like Blobbo is a villain,” chuckled Flabby, amused by the notion.

“Because he is,” confirmed Plumper.

“He’s an antagonizing bully that is a constant obstacle in our lives while also yearning to claim dominion over the entire forest,” analyzed Blubber. “So, yeah, he really is.”

“I mean, he can be rather bull-headed for a deer,” commented Flabby. “But he isn’t that bad.”

“Hey! Those are my berries!” snapped Blobbo, shouting loud enough for them to hear him even in the distance. “Don’t you know who I am? I’m the soon-to-be Weight Prince of the forest and that means I’ll be ruling over you all with an iron fist and a golden gut so you’d better learn to bow before me now!”

Blubber, Plumper, and Gainline looked at Flabby to see if he could still say that after such a maniacal rant. “But maybe we should work hard and get ourselves ready too... just in case.”

With that said, the three friends made their way back to their respective homes for dinner, one that they hoped would offer just as much of a weight gain as the feast they had for breakfast. To their chubby-cheeked delight, it was. They were treated to huge towering piles of berries, flowers, and many other things that they had never seen before in their world.

“What is this thing?” asked a curious Plumper, looking at the flat, round object in his paws that had darker brown bits embedded into it. Sniffing it, the aroma it gave off was like nothing he had ever experienced before. It made the chubby bunny’s mouth water and only his curiosity for an answer held him back from cramming it and many more down his gullet.

“That’s a cookie,” his mother told him, looking surprised that he would have to ask such a thing. “It’s a baked good, one of your favorites, in fact. You like it even more than those purple flowers.”

“A cookie, huh?” he pondered before taking a bite out of what he could already tell was going to be beyond delicious. When he did take that first bite, the flavor on his tongue hit him like an explosion. Eyes widened, muscles tightened and time seemed to freeze to let him enjoy bliss so overpowering it hurt. All the bunny could think about at that time was where these wonderful confections had been all his life and was brought to tears of joy at how glad he was to eat them now, all while stuffing the one in his paws and many more in his reach into his maw, immediately after. “Shooooo goooooo~”

“I still have no idea what’s gotten into you, Plumper,” chuckled his mother as she rubbed his tummy and enjoyed watching glut himself like a good boy. “You look just like a newborn that’s eaten sweets for the first time.”

“Well, I guess it’s been a while since I’ve had them,” he said, not exactly lying. “Uh, what kind of plant even grows these things?”

“They aren’t grown, silly,” said, wiping away some crumbs and chocolate stains from his lips before offering him a slice of blueberry pie to try next. “Heft Owl goes into town with some of the other fliers to deliver them back here.” Looking down at her pudgy, little hare, she smiled warmly at his blueberry-stained muzzle. She then rubbed the top of his head, feeling around for anything out of the ordinary. “Did you bump your head and knock a few of your memories loose or something? You act like this is the first time you’ve ever eaten anything and you suddenly seem to not know things today that you did just a day prior. On top of that, you’ve somehow lost enough weight to be the runt of the litter when you were the fattest one by far just the other day. Tell me, are you really feeling okay?”

“I’m feeling just fine,” he told her. “Though, I guess I wasn’t quite feeling like myself earlier, but I can promise you I’ll put back all that weight I lost and then some.”

“Oh, that’s my lil chubster,” she cooed, groping at some of his belly pudge. “You’ll have some real meat on those bones before you know it. Ready to try some brownies next and then cake?”

“Yes, please, mama,” he nodded, wobbling his increasingly chubby cheeks, after finishing the slice of pie and only craving more. With his maw wide open, his mother happily pushed the first of many brownies into it.

Flabby and the others got to experience a similar feast to what Plumper got, scarfing down tons of sweets on top of their regular eats modified to be extra sweet and just as fattening as their breakfast earlier. By the time the four other worlders had managed to satisfy their appetites they were all a great deal girthier with guts that hung down to their thickened knees and with just as much lard in the rest of their frames to swell them that much closer to proper sumo proportions.

When the next day rolled around they had another hearty and blubber-increasing meal that served to broaden their horizons and everything else even more. As Gainline saw them wobbling and jiggling to her, eager for their training for today, she could barely believe her eyes. Not even a full twenty-four hours had elapsed since they all departed and yet in that short span of time they had each surpassed her own obesity.

“W-Wow,” she said, trying to find words through all her shock. “You’ve all gotten... gotten so big. And it’s only been one day.”

“Looks that way,” said Blubber looking down at his own bigger belly and then everyone else’s before comparing it all to Gainline’s. “You did say we needed to put on weight for the competition, but I didn’t think we’d put on this much weight. It’s even more than we put on just before we met you yesterday.”

“It wasn’t all that hard, not with how good everything is,” commented Plumper. “And did any of you get a chance to try any of those baked goods?” Flabby and the others replied with some lips smacking and nodding as they recalled the feast they had for breakfast and the one from last night too. “I just ate and ate and didn’t even think about being full till everything was already in my belly. After that, I just closed my eyes and dozed off for a little nap. When I got up later to practice, I was bigger than ever and, after having breakfast, I had gone up a few more sizes again.”

“Yeah, you all have,” stated Gainline, walking to each one of them to poke and grope at some of their blubber, still barely able to believe it wasn’t simply solid from being crammed full of food, but soft from digesting all those calories into plush layers of lard. When she came close to Blobbo who was eager to have her feel up his girth she stopped and turned back around. “And with all we eat, gaining quickly is hardly a surprise, but to go from chubby to downright fat in the

span of hours is simply incredible. Nobody has ever gained that fast, not even yourselves from this world.”

“Maybe that’s why,” Flabby chimed in, drawing everyone’s attention to him. “Because we aren’t from this world, we aren’t used to this super fattening food and it affects us far more than it does anyone else here.”

“That could very well be the case,” agreed Blubber. “And if we keep gaining at the rate we have been, we could end up as some of the largest sumos around by the time the competition starts.”

“Then it was meant to be!” boasted Blobbo, hefting his gut up and letting it drop and jiggle. The others did their best to ignore him, already certain where his ranting was leading. “Everything is in favor of me winning the competition and becoming the Weight Prince. I’ll gain till I’m bigger than anyone else. That on top of how much I’ll train till the day of the competition, there won’t be anyone in the forest who can stand up against me.”

“Don’t forget about us,” snapped Plumper. “We’re gaining as fast as you are. If nobody else, we can match you pound for pound.”

“Keep telling yourself that, small fry,” he taunted. “But it won’t take long before I leave you way behind. Come on now, Gainline, let’s get back to training.”

“Very well,” she nodded. “Let’s pick up where we left off yesterday…”

The days came and went as Flabby, Plumper, Blubber, and Blobbo trained under Gainline, learning the rest of the basics from her till they knew them all by heart and could perform any from muscle memory alone. With their crash course completed, each was ready to go out and start training on their own. They were also able to begin participating in sumo matches once Gainline presented each with their custom made mawashis.

Bambi’s was golden orange with a butterfly marking on the front. Plumper’s was red with the image of a cookie with a bite mark in it. Blubber requested a blue mawashii. The symbol he wanted was that of a daisy flower. Lastly, Blobbo slipped into his black mawashi and brandished the deer antlers emblazoned upon it.

With each one properly adorned on their respective waistlines, Gainline gave a little tug and tuck to make sure they were properly worn. When she was happy with the four boys she took a few steps back to admire them all together. Smiling, she told them, “I must say, you all look really good in those. You’re officially sumos now.”

“Heheh, this is pretty neat,” chuckled Plumper, enjoying how the mawashi hugged the lard around his waist. “I don’t think I’ll ever take mine off.”

“They are pretty comfy,” noted Flabby. “And even as big as we are they still fit perfectly, though what if we get even fatter than we are now?”

“Just bring them back to me and I’ll have them resized,” answered Gainline. “Honestly, I’m surprised they fit you as well as they do. I told them a few sizes bigger seeing how you all have been gaining like crazy.”

“There’s still no telling if there will be a limit to how big we can get,” noted Blubber, craning his neck around, over his multichin to see his rear big, fluffy tail resting over his posterior. “Though at the rate we’re going we’ll be among the largest in the forest by the time of the competition. That’s hardly a bad thing, but, maybe, we should try not to overdo our gaining. After all, who knows how big we could end up.”

“If you’re scared of a little Winter weight,” mocked Blobbo. “You should just drop out now. As for me, I’m not going to stop pushing my limits to ensure I win this whole thing without a doubt. So, if training with Gainline is done, I’m gonna go and do my own preparations and leave you all in the dust.”

“I don’t know what that guy is more full of,” grumbled Plumper. “Fat or hot air.”

“I don’t know,” commented Flabby. “Blobbo has been doing really well with the sumo lessons. We all were on the receiving end of his slaps and palm thrusts so we all know just what he’s capable of.”

“Yeah, he is easily the most aggressive out of us all and that does give him an edge in regards to brute force,” figured Blubber. “As much as I hate to admit it, none of us would probably stand a chance against him in a head on sumo match.”

“I really hate to hear you say that,” stated a very annoyed Plumper, crossing his doughy arms. “He really could win this whole thing, couldn’t he?”

“If he is even half as determined as he appeared then I have no doubt that he could be unstoppable. He could sweep the whole tournament, provided everyone else doesn’t forfeit before it even begins,” admitted Gainline, looking very worried. “And if that happens, then you three really will be our only hope. So, I’ll ask you all one last time, can you please help us?”

“Of course we will,” nodded the chubby-cheeked Flabby with a smile. “Well, do the best that we can. Now, let’s hurry. Blobbo’s already got a head start on us so we don’t have a moment to waste.”

“You can count on me,” replied Plumper, drumming on his belly to pump himself up. “No matter how much Blobbo prepares for the battle, we’ll just have to prepare ourselves even harder.”

“Then let’s all train on our own and meet up again for the competition,” suggested Blubber. “And then we can all see which of us is meant to be the next Weight Prince.”

Looking at one another and giving their friends a nod, the trio turned and went their separate ways to ready themselves for the battle to come. “Good luck,” whispered Gainline as she watched them all walk off. “Especially to you, Flabby.”

And so the four displaced sumos began their training for the tournament and the chance to be crowned the next Weight Prince of the forest. On their own, they reviewed and practiced everything Gainline had taught them and then moved on to put it to use in the ring. They wrestled against any of the other overweight denizens of the forest who would agree to face them. With every match in the sumo ring, the four youths took every bit of experience to heart and quickly learned what it felt like to pit one’s bulk against another and absorbed it into their bodies like they had so many countless calories.

Flabby and the others endured countless slaps to their bodies that stung their flesh and made them sore all over. The four experienced the embarrassing and distracting sensation of sudden gropes at any folds on their body as their opponents searched for somewhere to grab and give them some much needed leverage to lift them up and toss out of bounds. Finally, they all ached as they were forced out of the ring and made to taste one of many teaching defeats.

They all suffered a lot of losses during their earlier sumo matches as they tried to get a feel for it. Emotionally, the quartet remained strong, never letting the difference in size or experience discourage them from moving forward and getting stronger. They just kept trying again and again till they found themselves sweaty and far too worn out to even squat down properly in the ring. When they reached such a state, they then retreated to their homes to feed their famished selves on all the fattening and delectable food that was available. In doing so, they further increased their girth greatly for the next time the matches they would participate on the following day.

Getting larger, fatter and more determined with every sunrise, the young sumos in training finally managed to see their hard work pay off. First it was by Blobbo, then by Plumper, Blubber, and finally Flabby. They each won a round in the sumo and it was all the proof they needed to keep walking down the path they had each set before themselves. With increased self-confidence in their own abilities, the forest friends continued to train, eager for more wins against stronger and more obese opponents that were still dozens if not hundreds of pounds out of their weight class. After testing their might against their larger opponents, it once more served to draw out even greater determination in them to polish their skills even more. It also caused an even greater rumble in their bellies as they found their hunger and desire to break into the domain of obesity had increased exponentially as well.

Their efforts to put on fatter and heftier sumo figures had them devouring all the sugary greenery away from larger and larger sections of the forest. To many of the other forest dwellers who were big eaters too, they could only describe their monstrous binging like that of a swarm of locusts passing by to consume everything in sight. With every meal to follow, the four found themselves scarfing down more and more, leaving even the most gluttonous of forest critters staring, mouth agape at how two deer, a skunk, and a rabbit could practically pick a forest clean of over half the greenery and the vast majority of flowers and still have room left over for desserts.

It was a fortunate occurrence that all the edibles of the forest were quick to grow back by the next day and that plenty of extra food was flown in to help counteract the sudden food shortage. If not, the other animals living there would have found themselves the ones undereating and slimming down, not that the unmitigated display of such pure, gluttonous behaviour upset them. If anything, they were simply amazed at how those four who had started out so small and skinny, by their standards, were moving to the heaviest of weight classes in practically the blink of an eye. None of them could get in the way of such resolve, only encourage and support it.

“Now that’s the Plumper I know,” praised Mrs. Lard, hugging her son’s tummy, the massive thing too much for her own doughy body to reach around and cover more than the front of it. “You’re looking more like you’re old, obese self, even bigger in fact!”

“Heheh, well, I’ve gotta get as large as possible,” he chuckled, feeling his mother snuggle against a small portion of his belly fat. “The big sumo tournament is getting closer and I’ve got to be ready for it.”

“And you’re gonna win it, big bro,” one of Plumper’s siblings told him, helping stuff a pie slice into his muzzle to help him pack on some extra pudge. Plumper’s other siblings were there too with plenty of sweets in their paws to help him bulk up as much as possible, even if it meant not getting to eat the tasty treats themselves.

“Yeah, then a bunny will be the Weight Prince,” added another of the chubby buns. “There’s never been a bunny who’s been the sumo champ before. It’s always been one of the larger animals because, well, they’re just so large from the get go.”

“I don’t think this forest has ever had a bunny as big as you and with all the time you’ve got left, you can probably get way bigger!”

“I’ll certainly give it my all,” he replied after munching on some cookies. “But there are a lot of other tough sumos out there. I’ve wrestled plenty, including a few of you and I’m still far from good enough. Flabby and Blubber, and Blobbo have also been improving a lot from what I’ve seen of them. I’m not saying that I won’t win, but, right now, it’s still very possible for anyone to win it all.”

“And we believe it’ll be you!” his siblings declared. “We know you can do it and we’ll do all we can to help you be as blubberous as possible for the day of the tournament.”

“Sounds good to me,” Plumper told them, much to their delight. A triple fudge brownie was shoved into his maw like he had answered a question correctly and this was his reward. Smiling, he munched it up before adding, “Tastes even better. So, after we finish adding a few dozen more pounds to this big, fat bod of mine, how about we do some sumo training so I can better learn to throw this bulk around and all of yours too?”

“Yeah!” they all cheered, holding up more food they planned to cram down their big brother’s gullet and further supplement his girth. “Let’s do it!”

“I’m afraid training is going to have to wait a bit,” their mother chimed in, the litter of bunnies momentarily forgetting she was partially buried in Plumper’s blubber from hugging him. “After you are done eating, it’s bath time.”

“Awe, mom!” moaned the bunny bunch. “Do we gotta?”

“You all know full well you do,” she continued. “And I wanna see you wash in all your folds as well and since you are all eager to help Plumper get sumosized for the tournament, I’m sure you’ll be just as willing to help him with his hard to reach places.”

“Yes, mama,” they sighed, looking over Plumper’s body with far less content now, knowing with all the dozens of folds his girth possessed, that was a project in of itself.

Like with Plumper, his friends, Flabby, Blubber, and Blobbo were also showing great leaps in size with every meal they finished and they weren’t the only ones to notice this. All the other sumos they trained and sparred with saw them start out as the skinniest of them all and day by day they had managed to surpass more and more of them in overall mass. In response, the other sumos redoubled their own efforts to try and match their pace of blubbering up, even glutting as fast as their maws could chew. However, the rate in which those four fattened their figures made the rest of them feel like they were losing weight by comparison.

Save for Gainline, none of them knew about their other worldly origins and could only accept that they were just incredibly talented at gaining. “You are so huge and round,” the sumos would say to one of the four, once their girth had been surpassed to a point they knew they could never close the gap. “If you keep growing at this rate, there is no way I could hope to stand a chance against you for the tournament to be the Weight Prince. So, I’ve decided to drop out.”

“Drop out? Just because I gain faster than most?” they’d all reply, though Blobbo’s version was far more cocky and belittling. “You should still compete. You’ve got as much of a chance of winning as anybody else.”

“Normally, I wouldn’t drop out just because I’m not the biggest sumo around,” they would say or something like that. “I wasn’t the biggest here to begin with, but, in you, I see something special. Which is why I want to support you.”

“And just what could someone like you do to help a great sumo like me?” mocked Blobbo, the others curious too, but far less rude in their remarks.

“You don’t seem to have any trouble bulking up on your own, but your sumo moves still need further polishing and refinement. If you need help with your form or sparring in general, just come to me. I’ll be more than happy to help you get stronger and become the Weight Prince.”

“I still don’t understand,” admitted Flabby. “It’s not like you’ll get anything out of helping me out.”

“I don’t quite know it myself,” they admitted. “Maybe it’s just one of the qualities of someone with the potential to be the next Weight Prince to have others want to follow behind them and I don’t seem to be the only one to feel this way. A few others appear to have sided with your friends and I’m sure more will follow suit as you all grow larger and the tournament draws nearer. So, what do you say? Will you accept my help?”

“Of course,” nodded Blubber. “If I am going to have any hope of winning, I’m going to need all the help I can get my paws on.”

“Now, let’s get to training!” announced Plumper eagerly. “I’ve got to keep on getting stronger! A lot stronger!”

“Cause when the tournament arrives, I plan to crush anyone who foolishly thinks they can stand in the same ring as myself,” smirked Blobbo.

“As you wish, my prince,” their followers bowed before them, pledging their loyalty to one of the four.

Their skill as sumos improved, each move and pose becoming more refined and swift, despite all the encumbering girth that continued to anchor them down on every inch of their body. Training with all that increasingly heavy bulk, however, helped them more than hinder as it became the weights to help them all build up much more muscle mass that enabled them to heft it around and be that much more powerful sumos. In the span of several weeks, these complete novices soon found themselves possessing both the bodies and the skills that rivaled and even surpassed the more masterful sumo wrestlers of the forest. With time still remaining for them to further improve, there was nothing stopping them from going beyond their current limits and push into a realm of sumo nobody before them had ever imagined was even possible.

With fall nearing its end and the remaining dried up and brown leaves slowly fell from the trees, tons more food slipped past through the quartet's lips. The four sumos-in-training found themselves draped in obese proportions far greater than anyone else in the forest by a massive margin. They were now standing atop a plateau that was more than they or anyone else imagined their species could reach or even that of the naturally more massive animals of the forest. The fact that not even a full season had passed since they started to pack the lard onto their small and scrawny frames made this accomplishment of thickening and widening their everything all that much more extraordinary. Yet, even as they broke beyond the one ton mark, there still was no indication that they were going to stop getting fatter or heavier any time soon.

Their figures continued to expand outwards in both height and obesity. Even the bears and moose who were born huge and managed to become downright massive with their own hard work suddenly found themselves downright puny compared to how titanically massive Flabby and the others were and with each meal they finished, they only widened that gap to an even more outstanding degree.

It was surprising enough to see a pair of deer bulk up enough to get that large, but to have to crane their neck back to meet the eyes of a bunny and skunk too just made their jaws go slack with awe. "How's the weather down there?" snickered Plumper, usually asking that question to animals larger than himself and found it even more satisfying under these circumstances.

"F-Fine," they whimpered, feeling a mixture of fear and awe at these four that were redefining what it meant to be big. Those that hadn't already dropped out for the tournament to be the next Weight King were strongly considering it. "Kinda cloudy though."

"Heh, those aren't clouds," laughed Blobbo, swinging his hips to let his gut lurch forward. The massive, doughy wrecking ball slammed into one of the bears and knocked him onto his keister almost effortlessly. "That's my shadow you're standing in, both literally and figuratively." Lifting up one of his arms, extra thick with lard, he flexed it showing off the big muscles he had that could still be viewed despite his obesity. "And if you don't believe me, just take a closer look at this bod I've been working on for the last couple of months. It makes all the years of training you all put into this seem like a joke."

"That's enough, Blobbo," Flabby told his fellow cervine.

"Yeah!" added Plumper. "Just because you have a big butt doesn't mean you need to be one too, though that's probably asking too much of you."

"I'm only speaking facts," he argued. "I'm already way bigger and stronger than anyone else in this forest and there's still a full week before the tournament to get way bigger still. Also, I've got plenty of sumo experience under my mawashi now so there's no way I will ever lose another match to anyone ever again. I might as well be made the Weight Prince right now."

Looking at all these lightweights, I can tell they've already given up on participating. There won't be anyone for me to wrestle against, so why delay the inevitable?"

"Aren't you forgetting about something?" pointed out Blubber. "The three of us have been working just as hard as you in both eating and training. One of us could end up winning and become the Weight Prince instead."

"Yeah!" agreed Plumper. "So, don't talk like you've won cause we're still in this and every bit as large as you."

"Oh, I didn't know you three were still going to compete," he mocked them. "It'd be a waste of time, since there's no way any of you could stand a chance against me." A big smirk then spread across his chunky face. Bringing a hand to his chin, he tugged on it a little. "Actually, it really would be even more satisfying to become the Weight Prince if I did so by beating you first, Flabby. You know... considering the circumstances."

"You bet Flabby will-" Plumper started to say, but Flabby stepped forward to speak on his own behalf.

"Yeah," agreed Flabby. "With all the hard work we've been doing for the tournament it wouldn't be right to not sumo each other. So, let's work hard this last week and give the whole forest a great tournament to watch."

"Then it looks like that's all decided," smiled Blubber. "The four of us will sumo in a week and see which of us will be the Weight Prince."

"Me, of course," stated Blobbo as he started to walk off to resume his own preparations. "But, if my current size is any indication, the sumo ring should be made a lot bigger. It barely has enough room in there for just me. If I'm going to show off just what I'm capable of, I'm going to need a whole lot more space to do so."

With the fateful day of the sumo match finally just around the bend, the three friends and Blobbo trained harder than ever to prepare themselves. They ate, exercised, and practiced almost nonstop, only pausing to get some rest and then barely managed to let out a yawn as they awoke before getting back to work to become even bigger and stronger than they were the day prior.

As word spread about the epic, upcoming bout, the other animals of the Weight Forest didn't stand idly by and do nothing. They wanted to offer their aid, allying themselves with the one they felt had the chance of winning and offered all the support they could provide, from feedings to practice matches and everything else in between, they did their all to help their sumo improve and, hopefully, end up as the last sumo standing and be crowned at the one and only, "Weight Prince." Before the week's time ended, Flabby, Plumper, Blubber, and Blobbo

were all recognized Master's of Sumo among the forest folk and to everyone, it became more than a battle to decide the next Weight Prince. It was now also a tournament to determine who, among the masters, was the greatest one of all.

Food from all over the forest was gathered, all for the purpose of feeding their champion, to help them push to an even bigger, fatter, and greater weight class. Flocks of avians worked round the clock to go from forest to town and back to forest again to bring back all the baked goods and confections they could carry. Then, barely stopping for a breather, they were off again to gather even more.

With such a ridiculous amount of food, the forest animals felt confident that they could easily help their champion continually fill their belly up to max to ensure millions of calories were being processed into new layers of blubber on top of the ones they already possessed. However, shortly after this final binge push began, they started to question if such a thing even existed for those four as everything they threw in their maws was chewed and swallowed before they had the doorway to their bottomless pits of stomachs opened for whatever was next.

Shocked to the point of being a bit frightened at such infinite appetites, the forest animals just kept on feeding the four, feeding them daily just about every edible thing in the forest and enough extra food from town to more than satisfy everyone else in the forest several times over. It was a huge relief that their food resources replenished as quickly as they did, otherwise they had no idea how they'd have been able to feed their champions so much, let alone have anything for themselves to nibble on and satiate their own neglected appetites.

When it came to sumo practice, most of the forest folk who partook in the sport were already much too small to give the four a proper challenge. Even the largest ones hardly needed more than a swift belly swing to force them out of the wrestling ring that had to keep growing in diameter to allow both sumos to comfortably stand in it. By the third day of the final training week, it was already clear that these four, who had started out as blank slates, had already greatly surpassed any other sumo the forest had to offer and possibly any sumo that ever existed or would exist with that gap between them and whoever was considered the fifth best was getting increasingly wider with every swallow of more calorie-packed edible. The only ones who could even challenge them anymore in the ring were clearly just each other.

"I've done all I can do to get ready for the tournament," yawned a sleepy Flabby, on the last night of training and ready to use what time was left to sleep and allow his body to be well-rested for the tournament. "And I bet the others are ready too."

To say Flabby was huge was easily an understatement as he had grown to ridiculous proportions, able to see over the trees while he was sitting. That he was able to move about as freely as he could in spite of his mountainous girth was a testament to how well he balanced strength training with stuffing himself.

The mawashi around his waist was not the one he started out in, but the tenth replacement to fit around his meters long waist. All his previous mawashis had been made into flags that flapped proudly in the breeze in his corner of the forest.

“I don’t think you have to guess that when you can see them from here,” chuckled Gainline, able to sit comfortably atop Flabby’s moobs. She had put on a bit more weight herself since her friends began their training, but it was hardly a drop in the ocean of what they put on.

The two gazed out into the distance, able to clearly see the other three mountains that had poked out of the forest a few days ago as well and had grown along with him. “I still can hardly believe how big you’ve all become,” she added. “I had expected you would all grow huge if you kept up with your sumo training, but even this is beyond what any of us imagined. You’re all more like Sumo Gods rather than simple woodland critters anymore.”

“I don’t know if we’re anything that great, especially since we didn’t achieve all this on our own. We got more than a little help from everyone here. They were so kind to aid us in getting this big and strong for the tournament tomorrow,” smiled Flabby, as sweet and innocent sounding as ever. “I actually thought that I might have the advantage with how big I got, but as soon as my head reached up high enough to see over even the tallest trees I could see the others were still keeping pace with me. The winner could still be any of us.”

“It could indeed,” she agreed, reaching up to rub at a small section of Flabby’s soft, doughy cheek, feeling very safe and comfortable in his presence. Despite being so massive, easily able to crush anything flat with any part of his body, accidentally or otherwise, he always moved around with the greatest of care, even making sure to tread lightly to keep tremors from his footsteps to a minimum. “And, while I have been trying to remain impartial, even with Blobbo, I do hope that you will be the one to win.”

“I’ll certainly give it my all,” he nodded, letting out a yawn that made the trees ahead of him rustle like they were being hit by a powerful gust of wind. “But I know Plumper and the others are just as eager and prepared as I am.”

Looking in the distance, Flabby was able to see the others and what they were doing for their last minute prep work. Blubber, letting out a big yawn of his own, curled up to start getting his shuteye. Resting on his side, he let his white-striped tail wrap around his body to help keep his blubber warm during the cool night time.

Plumper was hardly ready to turn in for the night. He was still eating, getting fed some specially ordered, massive confections by his brothers and sisters. Eagerly, the chungus bunny gobbled it up while the next one was carried up his gut to stuff down his gullet next. Though the four sumo friends were all massive in their own rights, it was clear that Plumper’s even more than excessive feasting had provided him with a fair amount of chub over Flabby, Blubber, and Blobbo. With this last, late night snack, it was clear he was trying to push his weight advantage even more before the tournament.

Lastly, Blobbo was still finishing up with some training of his own. "Come on now, more weight," he ordered, raising and lowering his arms while a number of his supporters held onto them to help him train his muscles. Unlike the other three, even with all the layers of lard his body was covered with, the muscles on his limbs were large enough to be viewed against his softness. As he lowered one arm and raised the other, a few more of his followers climbed onto it to make raising it more of a challenge. Even with them added, however, he still succeeded in lifting that arm up over his head while his other arm lowered to take on several hundred more pounds of sumo too. "Yeah, that's better. I'm already stronger and better than any of them and come tomorrow I will win and be declared the Weight Prince and rule over the whole forest, no, the whole world!"

He bellowed haughtily at his premature declaration of victory. At his size and volume, he was easily heard clear across the forest. Blubber squirmed a bit, attempting to block out the noise so that it didn't disturb his sleep. Plumper just rolled his eyes as he ate more. Flabby simply smiled.

"Seems like he's enjoying himself a lot," commented Flabby, unaffected by the villainous gloating.

"With how big you all are," warn Gainline. "Tomorrow will be a battle like none the forest has ever seen. The fate of not just the forest could very well be decided with the tournament tomorrow."

"And to think," chuckled Flabby. "This all started because we were looking for a place to sleep through the Winter."

In preparation for the sumo match to end all sumo matches, no time had been wasted to expand the main sumo ring to be large enough for the four contestants to properly wrestle in. Trees were cleared away from all sides around it, creating a huge bald spot in the forest. Easily, a couple dozen sumo rings could have fit into this giant one, yet, to those who had worked on it to exhaustion they continued to wonder if it was indeed enough to contain a one-on-one match between sumos of such gigantic calibre.

The first to arrive was the Weight Prince, taking a seat on his throne (that had to also be moved to make space for the larger ring) and waited stoically for the event to begin. Soon after him, the other forest animals gathered, eager to get a good viewing spot, though with how large the four sumos were, they would have a decent view of them from just about anywhere. Finally, as the hour drew near for the tournament to start, Flabby and the others, well rested and as prepared as they could hope to be, arose from their slumber and started to make their way towards the same location, lumbering their gigantic bulk forward, one quake-causing step at a time.

All the forest folk grabbed onto whatever they could as the force of their combined footsteps shook everything around them. A path had been cleared away to allow them to proceed to the ring while causing as little destruction to the forest as possible, but plenty was still unintentionally made. Swinging guts and thick-thighed waddles hit against trees as they walked forward, snapping them in two as if they were flimsy twigs. The ground cracked and splintered around the huge pawprints they left in the ground with each step they took. Once they all converged on their destination, their large, looming figures slowly went down into a sitting position as they awaited for the sumo matches to start like everyone else.

“Attention!” spoke the Weight Prince, slowly rising his obese self from his throne to address everyone. It was a rare opportunity to hear from the heavysset deer and his voice was both powerful and gentle at the same time. “The tournament to decide who will be crowned the next Weight Prince is about to begin. Now, due to the number of participants dropping out, only four remain. But I think I speak for us all when neither numbers or mawashis sizes need be taken into consideration that this will be the biggest tournament this forest has ever seen.” The big prince paused to allow an applause to start and end before continuing. “To decide the matchups, I have had four donuts prepared, two with cherry filling and two filled with blueberry. They will each select one to eat and those with cherry will sumo first. Once both sides fight, the victors will battle it out to decide who will be crowned the next Weight Prince of the Forest.”

“And the world,” Blobbo slipped in with a quiet chuckle.

With the Weight Prince’s speech and instructions concluded, a hushed silence soon filled the air. Moments later, the grunts and groans of a heavysset brown bear broke the silence. Upon a large plate rested the four donuts and the bear was tasked with carrying them to the center of the ring, the midpoint between the four sumos. By simply looking at the four pastries they were perfectly identical. The scent of their fillings was strong, but with their close proximity to one another it was impossible for any of them to be certain which was which.

Taking his time, the bear made his way to Plumper first, rotating the plate slowly as he walked to help ensure it was as difficult as possible to tell which donut was which. Coming mere feet from the chungus bunny, he stopped to offer him a donut to pick from. Licking his chops, eager to eat it, Plumper shoved the huge pastry into his maw and bit into it, tasting the tart flavor of blueberries as they stained his muzzle.

“I got blueberry,” he mumbled through a full mouth and quickly finished it up in a couple more bites.

The bear came to Blubber next, offering him one of the three remaining donuts. Reaching down, the skunk chose the donut furthest from himself and took a bite, revealing the red goo inside. “It’s cherry,” he announced. “Looks like we’re not fighting against one another, Plumper.”

“At least not in the first round,” added the big bunny as they looked at the two deer, one their best friend and the other Blobbo.

Next in line was Blobbo that the hefty bear began to waddle towards. Not patient enough to wait a few more seconds for his donut, the monstrously obese deer leaned in to snatch up his donut and savagely bit into it, getting dark blue stains on his muzzle and fingers. “Well, well, well,” he smirked as he ate. “Looks like we finally get to sumo one another, bunny boy. Ohohoh, I can’t wait for our turn to come.”

“I can’t wait either,” smirked Plumper. “I’m gonna finally put you in your place, squashed flat under my big, fluffy buns.”

“Mmm, I do prefer cherry to blueberry,” smiled Flabby as he got his donut and took a bite of it despite the bracket already set up. He just enjoyed his little treat while Blobbo and Plumper continued to taunt one another.

“Maybe in your dreams,” flexed Blobbo. “But only in your dreams.”

“Would the sumos who chose the blueberry donuts please leave the sumo ring,” instructed the Weight Prince. “We will then conduct the first match of this competition.”

“I’m sure you’re both thinking of the best way to lose without making it look obvious,” teased Blobbo as he waddled his girthy self off. “Not that I can blame you. I’d be terrified to fight me too. Just remember, you won’t get a greater honor than sumoing against the future Weight Prince.”

“Even if we don’t win, we could always have a match later on too,” pointed out Flabby, waddling his tons of venison into position in the middle of the ring. Blobbo just snorted, not happy that his intimidation tactics merely bounced off Flabby’s bulk.

“Uh, before we start,” Blubber spoke to Flabby as he squatted across from his friend and pressed his knuckles to the ground. “I want to know for sure, are you going to sumo for real?”

“Yeah,” the super obese deer nodded. “Why wouldn’t I?”

“It just seems like something you might do,” he explained. “I mean, let me win, just to be nice, but you can’t, not for this. We have to give this our all to ensure Blobbo doesn’t win cause if he does, then I don’t doubt we’re all in a lot of trouble.”

“I don’t think he’d be all that bad,” confessed Flabby, looking at his fellow gargantuan deer as he worked on his arms by lifting a pair of smaller sumos in each one. “But, the way he looks right now, he might be unstoppable no matter what we try against him. But, yeah, I think more than fat has gone to his head while he’s been here.”

“He will be tough to beat,” agreed the pachydermic skunk, tugging at his chins as he pondered. “But, we have two chances to beat him, first with Plumper and then with one of us. If Plumper can’t manage to beat him then, hopefully, he can wear him down enough to allow us a better chance in the final round. For this match, we need to come at each other with all we’ve got to decide who is the stronger sumo, but we can’t tire ourselves out fighting or we’d lose our advantage, so let’s decide our match with a single ring out win to conserve our strength.”

“One round, all or nothing,” replied Flabby, smiling as best he could on his blobby-cheeked face. “If that’s our best recourse, then I’m up for it and may the best sumo win.”

“May the best sumo win,” repeated Blubber, just as eager to see if he had what it takes to be the Weight Prince as he was to make sure that Blobbo wasn’t.

“The first match in the coronation tournament is about to begin,” announced the Weight Prince, all eyes on him and all ears alert and up to his every word. “On the south side, adorned with the orange mawashi and a butterfly is Flabbi.” The audience of animals cheered, the majority of it coming from behind the overweight deer sumo in the ring. “On the north side, garbed in a blue mawashi emblazoned with a daisy flower... Blubber.” There was another burst of cheering, this one centered around the gargantuan skunk’s corner of followers.

“The rules set are the standard rules for a sumo bout,” the Weight Prince continued. “Whoever wins five points against his opponent or manages a ring out will win the match and move on to the final round. May you two fight with both courage and honor.”

“Courage,” they both spoke, slapping their left paws into their guts, making their blubber wobble about.

“Honor,” they said next, this time slapping their guts with their right paws.

Overhead, a flock of birds flew over the ring, dropping salt down around them, purifying the ring and setting the stage for their match to begin. Both lifted up their left legs and stomped it on the ground, the force causing slight tremors as they did so. More shaking occurred as they stomped their right feet. All the onlookers were in awe, not sure how crazy a sumo match between such titanic competitors would be if just getting into their starting stances could shake the Earth this much.

“Let the match commence!” announced the Weight King and at once the two sumos sprang forward at once another, guts crashing into each other before they could even reach forward to grab at once another with their paws. The impact of all that blubberous fat was as loud and intense as a boom of thunder directly overhead.

“Gotya!” cried Blubber, managing to get a grip on Flabby before the deer could do the same. With all the might he could muster, he tugged on his folds to force him off balance. As Flabby was tilted backwards, he flailed his arms to keep from falling onto his expansive rear.

Taking advantage of the state of his foe, the sumo skunk pushed forward, forcing Flabby to stammer clumsily backwards, each step shaking the ground and leaving imprints of their heavy stomping as they back stepped towards the edge of the ring.

“Don’t tell me this is how it’ll end,” stated Blubber, surprised he was forcing his deer friend back as easily as he was.

A few short steps away from a ring out, Flabby managed to regain his footing and dig in, stopping the skunk’s charge to knock him out of bounds. Blubber ended up getting a face full of deer belly in his face as his own body remained in motion and then got bounced back a couple of feet from the recoil of that elastic flab.

“You don’t have to worry about me,” panted Flabby. “I tend to start slow, but I’m quick to get into my groove.”

“Glad to hear it,” smiled Blubber, getting ready to charge forward and push Flabby all the way out of the ring this time. “I know the plan’s to conserve our energy for the finals, but I still wanna try to enjoy our match a little.”

“My thoughts exactly,” nodded Flabby, his breathing slowed once he felt ready to continue.

In a flash, the two charged at one another again, their leading guts slamming into one another first. After the impact, the two dug their feet into the ground, doing all they could to keep their wildly shifting weight from throwing them off balance. Blubber then leaned in to try and grab at Flabby’s fat folds and force him off balance yet again, however, this time it was the deer who acted swiftly. He swatted at the skunk’s gut to make his lard bound and wobble about more, forcing him to steady himself once more. Over and over, Flabby slapped at that gut, showing off the great strength he had hidden underneath all those thick, soft layers of fat.

Against the relentless assault of Flabby’s swinging palms, Blubber found himself unable to push forward, not while the weight of his swaying gut threatened to force him off balance. Instead, he stood his ground and attempted to block Flabby’s slaps and counterattack with some of his own. This proved ineffective against the deer too as he refused to let up and didn’t tire as he kept his polecat opponent wobbling about and unable to do much more than try to keep himself steady.

“How did things turn out like this?” questioned Blubber, seeing the predicament he now found himself in. “I can’t push Flabby out of bounds while he’s attacking and...” Looking to either side of him, there wasn’t enough space for him to try and attack the deer from his side, not without the risk of stumbling out of bounds in the midst of all those belly slaps he was receiving. “At this size, moving around too much by the edge of the ring is too risky. I’m struggling to keep my balance while my gut is bouncing about to and fro. The effort to just maintain myself in this spot is plenty taxing on me already.”

“How are you holding up, Blubber?” wondered Flabby, the deer making sure to keep up with his belly strikes as he spoke. “If you’re still thinking of what to do next, I don’t mind waiting. Playing with your belly is a lot of fun after all. Just tell me if this is too much for you.”

In truth, the slaps hardly did more than sting his thick, blubbery frame. That was hardly a cause for concern for the skunk, especially while his legs were growing weary from holding up all his ever shifting lard. Already his knees were starting to buckle as his legs struggled to hold him up.

“Oh, I’m just fine,” Blubber replied, not sure if his deer friend was truly concerned for him or if he was taunting him very subtly. Either way, he refused to show weakness during the match.

“Looks like I’ve got no choice,” admitted Blubber to himself. “I’ll have to back off and get out of Flabby’s reach. After that, I’ll lunge at him full force and push him the rest of the way out of bounds. That’ll be my best chance to get a ring out and win this match.”

With a deep breath, Blubber leapt backwards, jumping away from his opponent. Before his feet even touched the ground again, he was already prepared to push his way forward again and crash into his lardy friend, however, Flabby didn’t simply stay in place to allow this. Instead, he charged forward with his own impressive waddling speed, grabbing at Blubber while he was still airborne. Gripping his blubber tightly and using his momentum to pull him forward, the deer hauled his massive self across the ring, towards the other side, all while carrying his black and white-striped friend. With their combined weight, Flabby’s stomps shook the ground even more violently, creating cracks on the ground underfoot.

“H-He’s trying to throw me out of the ring,” groaned Blubber, barely able to turn his head enough to look behind him and see them slowly, but surely making their way to the other end of the ring. Even while carrying so many tons of skunk fat on top of hefting his own, Flabby kept on moving forward, showing that he had plenty of muscle beneath all that soft flab of his.

“I’ve gotta stop him,” panted Blubber as he found himself now the one in danger of ending up out of the ring. Flailing about, Blubber tried to break free of the deer’s hold on him, but he just couldn’t seem to escape. Flabby just gripped him tighter, getting his chest and head buried deep in the skunk’s blobby belly.

Switching to a more forceful approach, Blubber began to thrust his palms down at Flabby, hoping his strikes would stop him. Unfortunately, while he was being carried away, the skunk’s reach was limited. Buried in his own belly, it became the perfect safe haven for Flabby to avoid palm thrusts. Anywhere Blubber did manage to hit did little to nothing to halt his advance. What did slow him down, however, was the end of the ring getting closer.

As his foot stomped down and felt the stones that lined the edge, Flabby was able to tell he had reached his destination even while his vision was obscured. Coming to a complete stop while he thrust his arms out to launch Blubber forward, he sent the skunk flying out of the ring and to the ground.

Any spectators that had been in that general vicinity were quick to flee to avoid getting flattened by the mountainous skunk. Everyone else simply braced for the impact, certain that even a short drop of a few feet was going to have a meteoric impact from a creature of his tremendous girth.

BOOM!!!

They were very right. The skunk hit the ground with enough force that it caused the greatest quake they felt yet. Everyone found the ground beneath their feet shaking about, disrupting their balance and causing them to fall and tumble about while the tremors continued. This went on for only a few short seconds, but even that was an astounding accomplishment. Sadly for the skunk, the epicness of his impact with the ground was already overshadowed by the victor of the match.

“And the winner,” announced the Weight Prince, standing up as he bellowed for all to hear. “The winner of the first round is Flabby!”

“Flabby! Flabby! Flabby!” everyone cheered. Even those who had supported Blubber celebrated his opponent’s victory. Blubber didn’t mind them doing that, accepting his defeat with the grace and dignity of a good sport. He simply sighed, feeling a bit disappointed, but quickly came to accept the reality of the situation. Sitting up, he clapped a bit for the deer who had bested him as well.

“Guess I’m out,” he admitted with a gentle smile on his face.

“Yeah, but that was a fun match,” Flabby told him, waddling around to help Blubber up. Offering his hand, he helped the skunk back onto his feet. “You did great. Almost had me there at the start.”

“Yeah, but I didn’t and you managed to take being cornered and turn it to your advantage,” Blubber pointed out.

“I did?” the deer replied, scratching his head in confusion. “I was just desperate to keep you from pushing me out.”

“Well, I wasn’t able to do much against you after that,” commented Blubber. “I couldn’t attack you head on and if I tried to attack you from the sides you’d have just knocked me off balance and out of the ring that way.”

"I could have?" replied Flabby, his face showing true surprise over this revelation. "I was just desperate to keep you back. I had no idea what I'd do if you tried to fake me out, but, instead you jumped back and I just ran forward with all my might to throw you outside the ring. I was actually really surprised that that worked."

"Guess we both still have a lot to learn about sumo wrestling, especially in a weight class all our own. It's a shame that it's all the practice we could get in, but it'll have to be enough to help you pull through in the finals."

"Not like the others have had any more experience wrestling in these conditions either," Flabby pointed out as they moved away from the ring while Plumper and Blobbo took their spots in the center of the ring and got ready for their turn.

"Nice match you guys," Plumper told his friends as he squatted down and turned to face the big, buff deer in front of him. "Once I clean the ring with Blobbo's fat face, I guess I'll be seeing you in the finals, Flabby."

"Hey, wake of carrot breath," mocked Blobbo. "You're still dreaming that you actually have a chance of winning."

"I have more than a chance," argued Plumper. "I can beat you and I will."

"Like your skunk friend tried to beat Flabby?" he taunted. "Even that runt of a deer won, but that's just because he's that much above rodents like the two of you as I am above him. The fact that he almost lost just makes me feel ashamed that we're the same species."

"I didn't think I could like you any less than I already did," glared Plumper, not happy in the least by what Blobbo was telling him. "But it seems you've outdone yourself. Congratulations, you jerk."

"Call me what you want, but the title of Weight Prince is already as good as mine," he bragged.

"The second match will now begin," called out the Weight Prince. "On the north side, we have Plumper, sporting the red, cookie bitten mawashi. His opponent on the south end, with a black mawashi and deer antlers is Blobbo. Maybe you both fight this match with honor and courage."

"Honor... Courage..." the two spoke as they slapped their guts, similar to what Flabby and Blubber had done. Overhead, the birds dropped more purifying salt, signalling everything was good to go for the second round of the competition.

"I'm gonna score an early lead and keep it up till I win. That'll deflate Blobbo's ego a few sizes so it'll only be as fast as the rest of his body," smirked Plumper, building up the power in

his legs to leap at the mean deer. "Let's just see what he thinks of my speed compared to Blubber's. He was fast, but I'm even faster."

Springing forward, Plumper flew at the deer opposite him, doing so with agility that betrayed what one would have anticipated of a sumo of such a great weight class. Even Blobbo wasn't ready for such speed and soon found himself flat on his back with a big bunny belly pinned down on top of him.

"Body on ground," announced Gainline. "Two points for Plumper!" The supporters for the big bun cheered and applauded, all of them ecstatic at him for managing such an effortless point advantage when the match had barely begun. On the other end of the spectrum, Blobbo's supporters were murmuring amongst themselves after seeing the big brute they were aligned with squashed flat.

"I can't believe that just happened to Blobbo."

"Yeah, the way he was going on, he made it sound like he was going to be untouchable for the entire tournament, but two seconds in and he's already losing."

"I guess that big, bulky body of his is just for show."

"Yeah. When it comes down to it, he couldn't even beat an overgrown rabbit."

More jokes and laughter continued to radiate from Blobbo's corner while the huge muscular deer remained on the ground, seemingly still, but, in reality, his body was actually starting to shake and tremble as his rage peaked. Clenching his fists and gritting his teeth, he allowed his muscles to tense up to their max, making his body look more muscular than fat. Rising up, he glared at his supposed supporters. "You'd all best cut that out unless you all want to be my next meal," he threatened them and those words alone silenced them all. The only one still laughing at him for getting knocked down so quickly was the bunny who did it.

"I hardly think that you're in any position to make threats," commented Plumper, not showing the least bit of worry at the sight of the muscular deer turning his gaze to the source of his embarrassing moment. "Not after I knocked you down so easily."

"I'll admit," conceded Blobbo, calming himself as he brushed the dust off his body and returned to his spot in the ring, squatting in preparation for the next round of their match. "You were a lot faster than I expected you to be, but if that was really the best you could pull off then I've really got nothing to worry about going forward."

"And how do you figure that?" mocked Plumper, getting into position too.

"Just try that move again... or not," taunted the adonis of a deer. "It makes no difference to me. You won't be scoring against me again."

“Just try that move again,” imitating Plumper as he squatted down and prepared to leap at Blobbo again, this time aiming to lunge at him even faster than before.

“He thinks he’s seen my best, but I’ll show him how much quicker I can be on my feet despite all these tons I gotta lug around,” thought Plumper, in position for the next round with his legs squatted and his knuckles on the ground. Looking at the ire of his and his friends’ lives, the bunny couldn’t wait to take him down a peg for all the grief and annoyance he’s caused no matter what size he was. “If I knock him down a second time it’ll be four to nothing and I’ll just need one more round to finish him off flawlessly. After that, he’ll never be able to give us grief ever again.”

“The second round of the second match of the semi-finals is about to start!” announced Gainline, allowing both the sumos and everyone else to prepare themselves. Raising her arm up high, she watched both Plumper and Blobbo, observing them breath and lock gazes with one another. She made certain nothing was distracting them before dropping her hand down to her waist. “Begin!”

Just like before, Plumper sprang forward, ready to tackle the huge deer flat on his back and leave him stunned and speechless. As planned, the big bunny launched himself far faster than the first time, his body like a large gray blurr once he started moving. Everyone watching from the sidelines was in awe at the explosive power Plumper had in his legs to move himself so fast from a stationary position. Just the thought of what it’d be like to be tackled by all those massive tons of lapine lard had everyone bracing themselves reflexively as if the attack was coming right at them.

The only one who was an exception to this was the one who was actually being attacked, Blobbo himself. He didn’t flinch or try to avoid getting hit. Instead, he chose to play offensively and countered Plumper’s attack by shoving both his palms forward to slam into the sumo’s paunch. Blobbo’s attack sent a ripple through the bunny’s belly. In return, the deer felt his own body getting pushed back. To deal with this, he dug his hooved feed into the ground to gain some traction even as they slid across the floor a few feet back.

“Wow, their attacks canceled each other out,” said Flabby in awe, unable to look away from this battle of titans.”

“You sure about that?” replied Blubber, observing the smirk on the deer sporting the black mawashi. He took a step forward with his right foot while his left arm pulled back, preparing to thrust it forward with all his might. Seeing this, Plumper attempted to move to avoid the attack at such a close distance, but found himself unable to touch the ground with his feet.

“W-What’s going on?!?” Plumper sweated, desperately attempting to move out of the way, but no matter how hard he tried he couldn’t feel the ground against his feet. Desperately, he kicked and flailed about, but only air brushed against the soles of his hoppers. “I’m one of

the four fattest creatures in this forest, maybe even the world. It shouldn't be possible for me to be off the ground, at least for more than a moment.

Before Plumper could ponder this mystery any longer, he found his answer. With his hand that wasn't preparing to strike, Blobbo used it to grip at Plumper's fat to hold him up. It was an effort that didn't seem possible to do with two hands, let alone one, but with how Blobbo's arm was quivering from the strain of holding the bunny, it was clear that he couldn't keep it up for very long. Just a few short seconds, not much, but enough to thrust his palm forward and knock him onto his back to tie their match.

"You were heavier than I expected too, but just having a sumo body and some decent speed isn't going to be enough to beat me," lectured Blobbo as he walked to his spot in the ring once more. "And take all the time you need to get back up. I know you three are plotting to do whatever it takes to beat me, including wear me down before the finals. Trust me when I say that it won't do you guys any good. I've trained myself many times harder than all of you put together to ensure there isn't any possible way you can beat me. Not now or ever again."

"Is that so?" questioned the heffer of a hare as he got to his feet, groaning and rubbing his sore gut. The wind had been knocked out of him from that powerful palm thrust, but other than that, he was still in fine shape to fight more.

Being given the chance to take the time to rest did sound appealing to the bun, however, he rejected the offer and got into position once more. "To be completely honest," he confessed. "Yeah, we didn't want you to win. You're nothing but a bully to us and if we let you become the Weight Prince you'll only be worse, no doubt about that. So, of course we'll do anything to stop you. That being said, I really wanted to try and go for the title myself, but you're probably right. There's not much I can do if my speed and weight aren't enough. Still, I don't intend to just give up. I've still got plenty of fight left in me."

"It'd save us all a lot of time if you did give up," mocked Blobbo, waiting for Plumper to make his way back into the middle of the ring. "Still, by all means make me work for this victory. I won't feel like I've earned it otherwise."

With a snort, Plumper moved back to his starting position and waited for the start of the third round. As Gainline announced it, everyone expected another quick leap from the big bun at Blobbo, but neither budged an inch at the start of the match. "Too tired to use your full speed on me again or were you trying to fake me out this time?" questioned Blobbo, making Plumper's blood boil.

"Shut up," he snapped before doing short, quick leaps to the side, attempting to quickly work his way around his opponent. Blobbo remained in place, moving only his head as he tracked the bounding bunny. Several times Plumper circled around Blobbo, but not once did he make an attempt to actually attack him and only managed to cause himself to pant and gasp for breath.

“What’s going on with Plumper?” worried Flabby, not used to seeing his friend act so cautious, particularly around Blobbo.

“Blobbo just proved he can react to his fastest,” pointed out Blubber. “He’s also proven himself to be even stronger than, well, any of us. He probably has no idea how he’s gonna win and I can’t think of how we can beat him, even if we do manage to wear him down before your match.” With barely any hope in his eyes, Blubber asked his deer friend the question he was most fearful to get an answer for. “Do you have any ideas for what you can do?”

“No idea at all,” confessed Flabby, a bit of worry in his tone, though it paled in comparison to the dread Plumper was currently going through..

“Come on now,” yawned Blobbo. “Was your plan to bore me into falling asleep or something? Cause I think it’s working.”

“You’re just trying to goad me into attacking you,” huffed Plumper, not sure how long he could keep hopping around Blobbo, but he was determined to find that hole in his defense.

“And you’re going in circles by... going in circles,” he countered. “Now, are you gonna make a move or should I just end all this before you bore everyone to death... or was that your big plan, you oversized, carrot-breathed, mama’s boy?”

“Hey!” snapped Plumper, that insult hitting a nerve. “Even you should know that kind of trash-talking is not allowed in a sumo match, especially for a tournament like this one.”

“It’s not like I’m saying anything that isn’t true,” he pointed out. “You’re bigger than big and your breath reeks of carrots. Oh, yeah, and you’re a wuss that’ll probably run home crying for your mommy after you lose.”

“Blobbo...” fumed Plumper, his muscled tightening and the ground shook as his light-footed hopping turned into heavy stomps.

“Awe, is someone getting upset?” Blobbo continued to tease. “Well, if you want, you can waddle home to your mommy. I bet she’s got a nice, yummy cake ready for her big, strong sumo to gobble up whether he wins or not.”

“That’s enough!” roared Plumper, unable to restrain himself any longer at the bully deer’s mocking words. He catapulted himself right at the large slab of venison from behind. With rage behind his actions, Plumper was moving even faster than he had been before.

“Plumper, don’t!” cried Blubber, well aware that anything he tried was certain to fail if he was provoked into it.

“Too late,” worried Flabby, biting his lip as all they could do was watch the match unfold.

“Heheheh,” snickered Blobbo, managing to turn a full one-eighty in the blink of an eye. Stomping his foot down next, he cracked the ground around him as he readied himself for the bunny blob bounding at him, belly first. “That’s right, cottontail. Show me what you’ve got!”

“Just try and hold me off this time!” he dared the deer. “I’ll squash you flat under my belly!”

“Even this ticked off, I still doubt you have nearly enough strength to take me on in a battle of brute strength,” he explained. “Besides, I think doing this will be a lot more fun.”

What do you mean?” questioned Plumper, but he was too close already to be given a verbal answer. Instead, he was shown what Blobbo meant as he gripped at the bunny’s mawashi with one hand and then a thick fold of his fat with the other. He then swiftly side-stepped around Plumper to avoid getting caught in his attack and let him continue to fly forward. With all that momentum pulling him along, Plumper didn’t doubt he’d end up falling on his face as a result of his mistake, however, the next thing he realized, he was gripped upon by Blobbo.

“What are you doing?” he cried, not sure what the deer had in mind as he clenched firmly to the side of his mawashi and over his moob. Doing so helped keep the bunny from crashing to the ground and letting Blobbo score an additional two points. This confused not just Blubber but the entire crowd, though not as much as when he proceeded to turn his body round and round while he held firmly to the still stammering rabbit who suddenly found himself not only unable to fall, but also unable to stop moving as well. In fact, Blobbo just kept rotating round and round faster and faster, going from being pulled along by Plumper’s momentum to pulling him along at his own rapid pace.

Plumper’s belly and rear bounced and jiggled as he was forced to move so quickly against his will. The lard on his face, neck, and moobs also jostled about as well, pulling and stretching his body to and fro. To him, it all felt like a dozen anchors were attempting to pull him down to the ground, but even that wasn’t enough to free him from Blobbo’s sadistic treatment. He just continued to keep him upright and made him waddle about, his thighs rubbing and chaffing together to the point they were feeling sore and burning.

“Poor Plumper,” said Blubber, watching him stumble about, barely able to keep up with Blobbo’s pace to the point his feet were being dragged around. “This is going too far, even for Blobbo.”

“Can’t we stop the match?” asked Flabby. “It’s already clear that Plumper is outmatched. There’s no sense in continuing.”

“If that was the case,” sighed the sumo skunk, looking at the overweight doe as she bit her thumb in frustration over the spectacle before her. “Gainline would have done so already. As far as we can all see, no part of Plumper has touched the ground to indicate he has lost the match. Also, while this is clearly going too far, technically Blobbo is still staying within the regulations.”

“Then we just have to sit here and let this happen?” whimpered Flabby, his body shaking a bit as he watched the spinning accelerate more, to the point that Plumper couldn’t keep up anymore and he was actually no longer touching the ground. It was hard to tell, but from the lack of flailing or any other verbal noises from the lapine, it was evident that he had lost consciousness.

“I’m afraid so,” the skunk nodded. “And I’m afraid I might have an idea of what Blobbo intends to do.”

Flabby wasn’t sure if he wanted to ask and find out, but that became a moot point when Blobbo called out to him. “Hey, Flabby!” he shouted. “You better get ready. This is gonna be you during the finals.”

Blobbo’s rapid turning came to an abrupt end as he took one big step forward and proceeded to toss Plumper. With all that momentum built up from spinning, his titanic body felt even lighter in his grip. Throwing him felt even easier and to everyone’s shock and horror, the sumo rabbit was sent flying high, out of the ring, over the trees and a great distance into the forest. When he landed, the impact was incredible. Plumper landed with a BOOM! that was easily audible from one end of the forest to the other. Everyone felt the ground below their feet suddenly drop down a couple of feet like the planet had been pushed slightly from the impact.

Truly, it was a jaw-dropping experience, but while the shock at what Plumper’s mass had managed to do only lasted for a few moments, the refined terror of Blobbo and his monstrous strength refused to leave anyone. Those who were still on the wall about who to support quickly made up their mind to join Blobbo’s side. Even those who had been certain who they wanted to support jumped ship just as easily. Only a handful remained to side with the deer in the orange butterfly mawashi, however, they quickly grew worried as they saw the overweight sumo skunk and deer run off, making their right over to where their friend had crash-landed.

“I knew Blobbo was strong,” panted Blubber as the two hurried to their friend’s crash sight. The further each of their fat-wobbling steps took them the more concerned they became of the foe Flabby was set to face. “But I never imagined he’d be capable of this.”

“Me neither,” nodded the sumo deer as they finally reached the bunny-shaped crater that Plumper created upon his rough landing. To their relief, he was already sitting up and seemed only dazed and winded.

"I've always wondered what it was like to fly," groaned Plumper as he attempted to pry himself out of the ground. "After that, I think I'm more than happy to keep myself planted to the ground."

"Are you okay?" asked Flabby, crouching down to offer his bunny bud a hand.

"I'm in better shape than the chunk of forest I just crushed," joked the hefty hair, attempting to use humor to null the stinging pain of his loss. Seeing Flabby offering to help him up, Plumper took him up on his helping hand. "Careful now. I'm far from the skinny, little ball of fluff I used to be." He expected it to be a struggle to get his rear unwedged from the Earth, but, with surprising strength, Flabby pulled him out almost effortlessly.

"Whoa, you've got some muscle on you too," commented Blubber in just as much surprise as Plumper was.

"Yeah," the rabbit nodded. "You've put on quite a lot more than just chub. You might actually be able to go toe-to-toe against Blobbo after all."

"Thanks," smiled Flabby, happy at the praise. "I guess I am pretty strong, but not nearly as strong as Blobbo. If it comes to a battle of brawn then I don't stand a chance."

"Then there isn't anything we can do to beat Blobbo," sighed Blubber, recalling the beatdown he just provided the lapine member of their trio. "Plumper was easily the heaviest of us all and yet he threw him all the way out here. All he'd have to do is just get his hands on Flabby once and he could easily get a ring out and win instantly."

"Well, if I could force him from the ring first, then I could still win," replied Flabby, attempting to offer a potential solution.

"But that'll be easier said than done," pointed out Plumper, shaking the lower half of his body that was dripping wet from his waist down to his feet. "You can trust me on that. He's a lot quicker than you might expect and not afraid of being aggressive. No offense to you, Flabby, but he'll eat you for breakfast if you sumo against him."

"He'd probably view me more as an in-between snack," replied Flabby, kneeling down as he inspected the bunny's dripping wet lower half.

"Uh, what are you looking at?" wondered the bunny as he and Blubber observed Flabby as he next turned his attention to the hole he pulled Plumper out of.

"You're all wet," he explained, looking into the hole and saw it was partially filled with water. "And there's water in this hole too, but where did it all come from?"

"That's from an aquifer," explained Plumper. "It's water stored deep underground."

“So there’s water right underneath our feet?” he asked.

“Yeah,” nodded Blubber. “Sometimes when digging a burrow we might end up finding one and getting flooded out. It wasn’t too hard to avoid them back in our old world, but, given how big we are in this one, we pretty much can’t dig anywhere unless we’re certain there isn’t one around.”

“Well, looks like there’s one around here,” stated Flabby as he stood back up.

“Yeah, but why are you even interested in some underground water at all?” asked the sumo skunk.

“Who cares about all that?” interrupted Plumper. “You have to get back to the ring to sumo Blobbo. You might get disqualified if you take too long to return.”

“It might actually be better if that happens,” sighed Blubber, gripping his fat folds in frustration.

“How can you even say that?” cried the bunny, bouncing up and down, shaking the ground and his blubber as he did so. “If Flabby gives up then Blobbo will be the new Weight Prince.”

“And he’ll probably win even if Flabby does face him,” he pointed out. “It would be better if we just let him have it. At least this way, Flabby won’t get hurt, because, from what that bully of a deer’s been saying, he plans to do even worse to him than what he just did to you, Plumper.”

“Ugh!” groaned an equally frustrated bunny, unable to argue with what his skunk friend had said. The truth of his words stung, but it was only bothersome pain compared to having to accept Blobbo as the new ruler of the forest. He struggled to accept such an idea and after taking a deep breath, he lowered his head in defeat. “I hate to admit it, but you’re right. It might be best to just know when to call it quits, right Flabby?” He didn’t get an answer. He tried speaking to his doughy deer buddy again. “Flabby?”

Looking to where the deer had been a moment ago, he was gone. Blubber realized this too, causing his mouth to become agape, wondering how that huge sumo could have slipped out of sight without them noticing. “Where did he go?” questioned Blubber.

“Are you guys coming or not?” called Flabby, already making his way towards the battle ring.

“You’re actually going to sumo wrestle with Blobbo?” questioned Plumper frantically as he waddled his partially dry keister over to his friend.

“Yup,” he nodded, jiggling his fat face. “You two better hurry back too, if you wanna watch.”

“But, do you have a plan or something?” wondered Blubber as he and an equally curious Plumper trailed after him.

“You have to have one,” stated the big bunny. “I mean, why else would you be going to wrestle against Blobbo? You must have figured something out. Some way to beat him.”

“Nope,” he confessed. “All I can do is to try my best and hope I can win.”

“That’s it?” asked Plumper, growing increasingly worried for his friend, but he couldn’t come up with anything better to help him win. Looking at Blubber, he was at a loss for what to do as well.

“That’s it,” nodded Flabby as they neared the ring once more and saw things had changed a bit since the three had been gone. Nearly everyone had gone over to Blobbo’s corner, certain this battle was already over. Gainline remained impartially in the center of the ring, awaiting for Flabby’s return, though there was still very obvious concern on her face. Flabby’s father, the current Weight Prince remained on his throne, still as stoic as ever.

“Well, well, well,” chuckled Blobbo, seeing Flabby and the others return. “You found the bunny boy. I’m surprised he was so willing to show his face here again after the defeat I just gave him.”

“Yeah, you beat me, but so what?” retorted Plumper. “I’m here to support Flabby now and I can’t wait to see him kick your butt!”

“Oh, don’t make me laugh,” he taunted. “After seeing that first match of his, I already know just what he’s capable of and I’m not impressed. Still, I won’t complain if he wants to try. It’ll make my victory all the more official.”

Rising back up to his feet, Blobbo stomped into the ring, his footsteps causing quakes with every stomp. Flabby proceeded into the ring too, his steps light as a feather by comparison. When the two reached the center of the ring, they crouched to prepare for the final round.

Gainline watched Flabby take his position, the worry in her eyes very apparent as she wondered what Flabby was thinking to come and face this brute in the ring. “Th-The final round of the Royal Sumo will now begin,” Gainline announced, hesitating a bit at first due to her concern for the friendlier fatty. “The rules are the same as always. May both Flabby and Blobbo give this their all and provide us with a match to remember for years to come.”

“You don’t have to worry about that,” cackled Blobbo, muscles bulging with his eagerness to go all out from the start. “With how badly I’ll beat him, nobody will ever forget this match. Heck, nobody will ever dare challenge me again, knowing what I’m capable of and the title of Weight Prince will remain mine forever.”

“Good luck... to both of you,” she said before heading out of the ring, her words meant for both of them, but her gaze remained fixed upon Flabby. Once she was out of the ring, both sumo got into their crouched stances and waited for the match to begin. Both Flabby and Blobbo were breathing hard, the former due to his nerves while the latter from increasing impatience to begin.

“You’re gonna regret so many things after today,” cackled Blobbo to Flabby. “But nothing more than stepping into this ring with me.”

“I’ll still try my best,” he replied, neither backing down from Blobbo’s threats or fighting back with his own and that seemed to aggravate the muscular sumo deer the more than the other two options.

“The final round of the Royal Sumo will now commence!” called Gainline, making everyone’s ears perk up to listen to her words. “Ready! Go!!!”

Blobbo, charging at Flabby sounded more like an explosion as he rushed forward with all his might, cracking the ground beneath his feet. Everyone watching outside of the ring stumbled about from the violent ground shakes that were becoming far too common around there. Flabby, still managing to maintain his balance, barely had time to bring up his arms to thrust at Blobbo. Doing so, however, didn’t stop him and only served to knock Flabby right onto his rear. Seeing his opponent was off his feet and the points were his, Blobbo stopped just short of slamming into Flabby and looked down at him with a smug grin.

“Was that the best you could do to defend against me?” laughed Blobbo proudly. “Because if it was then you won’t even be able to delay my victory.”

“I saw it against Plumper and now I got to experience it firsthand,” he nodded, simply impressed by his opponent. “You really are the strongest.”

“Too strong for my own good if I do say so myself,” he bragged and made a muscle to smooch it.

“Too strong for even this forest,” added Flabby as he looked at the shattered ground Blobbo had stomped around. “You better watch your step or else-”

“Or else what?” mocked Blobbo with a rude snort. “The last thing I need is advice from a deer whose antlers haven’t even come in yet. Now, if this forest can’t handle all this then that

isn't my problem. I don't care if the whole world can't take all my girth. I'll stomp around as hard as I want, whenever and wherever I want."

"But-" Flabby attempted to warn him again, but Blobbo merely stomped his foot down hard, smashing through the ground and creating an ankle-deep hole.

"I've got this tournament practically in my right front fat fold," he bellowed with agitation. "That means I'm the new Weight Prince and I can do whatever I want in the forest, even if I wanna level it under my feet!"

"If that's what you plan to do," breathed Flabby, sounding very nervous and even his body was shaking. "Then I'll really have to beat you."

"Then go ahead," he taunted. "Give it your best shot, but everyone already knows who the main character in this story is."

Blobbo stomped back to his spot in the center of the ring and squatted down. Flabby joined him, treading carefully over the crumbled up ground. Just trying to squat down where he was supposed to was difficult with his girth and the uneven ground below him. Once he managed to find some stable footing, the sumo deer nodded to the doe outside the ring to begin the next round of their match.

"The score is 2 to nothing in favor of Blobbo," announced Gainline. "The next round of the match shall now commence. Sumos, get ready! And... begin!"

The ground crumbled once more beneath the brawny deer as he leaned forward to grab at Flabby. Quick to react, the deer narrowly avoided getting caught by his hulking opponent. Thinking back to what happened to Plumper a short while ago, the obese deer didn't doubt he'd be sent flying in the same manner if his fat folds had been gripped.

"Darn it. I just missed ya," stated a disappointed Blobbo as he snapped his fingers. "Well, you can't escape me for too long. I'll grab that blubbery bod of yours and toss you out of this ring and out of this forest too!"

"Sorry, but if you wanna throw me anywhere then you're gonna have to catch me first," Flabby dared Blobbo as the gentle deer waddled away from the far more aggressive one.

"Running scared?" mocked Blobbo, stomping his way after him. "No matter your size, no matter the world we live in, you never change. You're still the same coward who can't do anything but run away with his tail between his legs."

"Between my legs?" questioned the deer in the orange mawashi. "That lil stub got lost between my butt cheeks a long time ago. Even if it wasn't, there isn't any space for it between my thunder thighs."

“That’s not the point,” Blobbo argued as he stomped after Flabby, the ground in the ring breaking to bits underneath his heavy, hooved feet. “Just give up cause it’ll be a million times better than what’ll happen when I catch you.”

“Well, you haven’t caught me yet,” pointed out Flabby as he kept himself out of range of Blobbo and his hands. “And as you said, I’m really good at running away.”

“That’s just delaying things, but if you wanna go down showing everyone what a coward you are, then be my guest. Maybe this will be what finally lets Gainline see who she should really pursue.”

“Maybe you’re just not good at getting a doe to chase after you,” commented Flabby, turning his head back to his foe while still waddling ahead of him. He looked at him with the same kind, expression on his face that lacked any trace of ill intent. “I could give you some pointers. After all, I got you always following after me without even trying.”

“That’s it!” snapped Blobbo, fuming mad from what he heard and just how innocently Flabby said it to him. “You are dead venison, buster!”

“Does Flabby have a death wish or something?” cried Plumper as he and everyone else watched as one deer chased another around the sumo ring. The ground shook violently, forcing everyone to brace themselves or end up falling on their butts. “Upsetting Blobbo is only going to make things worse.”

“I don’t think he’s doing it on purpose,” commented Blubber. “Anything Flabby says just seems to set him off.”

“You can run, but you can’t escape me!” roared Blobbo, running round and around the ring, close to catching Flabby, but their huge bodies did make grabbing a fleeing target much harder to accomplish. Already, they had gone full circle around the sumo arena three times and the mounting damage their heavy footsteps caused transformed the flat ground into rocky, cracked, and hazardous terrain. Despite the damage they were causing, they didn’t stop moving, they just did so a little slower and a lot more careful, making sure not to allow themselves to trip and fall face first onto ground. “Not unless you leave the ring and surrender, but even if you do, I’ll just chase you down to the ends of the world, though I doubt I’ll need to wait more than five or ten minutes before your chafing thighs finally tire out.”

“Uh, do you think you two could try and not totally wreck the ring,” suggested Gainline, her voice barely even audible against the booming of their feet on the Earth. “It’s disrespectful to simply mess up the sumo arena. To completely destroy it like you are would be grounds to strip you of your mawashis for good.”

“Oh, sorry,” Flabby apologized, stopping in his tracks to tell her this. Seeing him standing in place made everyone’s jaw drop in shock, barely able to believe he would do that when he was still being angrily pursued by Blobbo. “I’ll help fix it after our match is ov-whoa!”

“Hahahah!!!” laughed Blobbo, grinning big as he could feel his victory was finally in his clutches as was Flabby. He gripped onto his blubber tightly, refusing to let him go till he was ready to toss him out of the ring and out of the running to be the next Weight Prince. “Oh, this definitely took a bit more effort than I expected to defeat you, but, to nobody’s surprise, I have won.”

Struggling and squirming desperately, Flabby attempted to slip free of Blobbo’s grip, but the brawny deer held firm, refusing to let his near at hand victory escape him for even a second longer. Quickly, he reached around the obese deer’s gut to hug him tightly, getting an even stronger hold on him while he further restricted his ability to resist.

“No way I’m letting you go,” he cackled before stomping his foot down. He then reached deep into his reserves of strength, making his muscles bulge as he proceeded to lift up Flabby off the ground and into the air, over his head. “At least not yet. Not till I toss you clear out of this forest and maybe off this planet as well.”

“Oh, it’s over!” cried Plumper, burying his face in his big, fluffy chest. His siblings hid their heads in his blubber too, not eager to see what was about to happen to their deer friend. “I can’t watch.”

“Flabby,” whimpered Blubber, struggling to keep looking, himself. He gripped at Plumper’s paw for the emotional support he needed.

Groaning and grunting a little as he held up his fellow obese deer, Blobbo displayed Flabby overhead, letting everyone in the forest get a good look at the extent of his might.

Just seeing all those tons of venison in one place was as awe-inducing as it was intimidating. Many of those closest to the edge of the ring backed off a few extra meters, to where they believed they wouldn’t be in danger. “Mom, where are we going?” a young, chubby beaver asked as his mother led him and his siblings out of the shadow of Flabby and Blobbo.

“Further back where it’s safe,” she explained. “Cause if something goes wrong and they fall, we’ll all end up flatter than our tails.”

Many of the other adults muttered similar things to their children as they hurried to where they felt they would be out of range of getting smothered under hundreds of pounds of lard. Seeing this, Blobbo smirked and waited till they all settled down, reveling in the sensation of this overwhelming power he possessed just from being as large as he was.

“Oh, it’s so good to be the Weight Prince,” he sighed blissfully.

“You haven’t won yet,” Flabby pointed out, though Blobbo just looked up at him with a raised eyebrow.

“Seriously?” he questioned him. “You’re caught in my grasp, stuck over my head, and about to be thrown out of the ring. If there is still a way for you to beat me you’d better do it now cause I’m more than ready to bring this to a close.”

“Uh, okay,” groaned Flabby, squirming and struggling in the air over Blobbo, but he couldn’t even do enough to loosen the grip he had on him. “Just give me a moment.”

“Sorry, but I don’t even need a moment to claim my victory,” Blobbo declared before he called out for all to hear. “You all better get a good look right now because you’ll never want to forget what you’re about to see.”

Taking in a big breath to fill his lungs, the buff deer took one big, heavy step forward as he prepared to toss Flabby out of the ring. The sheer might of two enormously overweight deer all concentrated onto one spot was the most intense impact with the ground yet. It shook the ground so hard that everyone felt the forest’s floor drop a few feet and caused them all to fumble to the ground. The cracked Earth all around the two deers was sent flying in all directions as well. It was fortunate that many chose to move further back, sparing them from remaining in range of getting hit by the debris.

Still, all of this was hardly the most shocking thing they saw in this one instance in time. What truly made their eyes bug out was that as Blobbo’s foot came crashing down, the ground and him crumbled and he dropped deep into the Earth. However, due to his body being so large, even falling as far as he did, his body, from part way up his chest and above, remained above ground. This also included his raised arms and Flabby who was still safely held up in them. To all who saw this, they couldn’t find the words for what to say. Blobbo’s promise that they would never forget what they were about to see rang true for them all.

“I don’t believe it,” uttered Blubber, the first to break the silence.

“What?” asked Plumper, still covering his eyes with his fluffy, blubbery moobs. “Is it over? How far did Blobbo throw Flabby?”

“He didn’t throw him,” he explained. “The ground was already weakened from all their running around and with that last step from Blobbo the Earth underneath him gave way and I think he fell into an underground cavern or, at least, he mostly fell in.”

“I don’t believe it either,” replied Plumper, taking a look for himself and found he couldn’t help from staring. “It’s just like when I crashed into the ground earlier, but... do you think... No, he couldn’t have.”

“Who couldn’t have?” wondered the sumo skunk.

“Could our buddy, Flabby, have planned for this to happen?” the big bunny suggested. “I mean, he had Blobbo chase him around while stomping his feet.”

“It was weird he came back to wrestle Blobbo despite knowing he stood no chance,” nodded Blubber, looking over at Flabby as he carefully got free from Blobbo’s grasp now that he couldn’t budge an inch from where he was trapped.. “I suppose he could have, but it’s certainly never something I’d expect him to do.”

“Yeah, it must have just been a crazy coincidence,” decided Plumper.

“Wow, I didn’t expect that to happen,” commented Flabby as he looked down at Blobbo who now only came up to about where his navel rested on his gut. “Are you okay, Blobbo?”

“I will be once I get out of here,” he groaned and grunted, as he tried to wedge himself free. He didn’t use his hands to help him up, despite them still being available to him. “This is still not a defeat for me. My body was standing perfectly upright. I did not fall to my knees or my butt or whatever because of this, so just give me a minute to get out of here and then I’ll throw you out of the ring.”

“Well, let me give you a hand,” offered Flabby, reaching down to grip at Blobbo’s shoulders and proceeded to help lift him up in a similar manner that he did with Plumper. Once more, everyone was silent and speechless, not due to the more timid deer’s own impressive strength, but due to him helping his opponent when he was helplessly trapped and his potential victory was at hand. Nobody said anything as Blobbo was helped all the way out of the ground and his feet were planted back onto the ground.

“You really helped me out there,” Blobbo told Flabby.

“Well, I was happy to,” chuckled Flabby happily. “I’m a nice guy after all.”

“I can’t disagree with you there,” conceded the buffer deer. “You are nice...” He smirked, pulling back his arm as he aimed to strike while his opponent’s guard was down. “And far too soft to be the Weight Prince!”

“I don’t think that’s possible,” Flabby replied, not seeing Blobbo’s strike, however, at that very same moment, the crumbled ground beneath his feet shifted, making the deer stumble back without warning. It wasn’t much, but it was enough to make Blobbo whiff at the air and lumber forward on the uneven ground. Seeing him coming at them, and ready to fall, everyone in his way quickly evacuated. Blobbo didn’t pay them any mind, not with the edge of the ring ring in front of him. Desperately, he tried to stop himself from moving forward, swinging his arms and even blowing air out his mouth to try and steady himself, but none of that did any good.

Finally, his footing gave out completely and he crashed down hard, half his body out of bounds as he did so.

“That’s...” Gainline spoke, struggling to do her job while she was still processing all of it herself. Clearing her throat, she managed to finally find the words. “That’s a ring out! Blobbo has fallen out of the ring. That means that the winner and champion of the Royal Sumo and new holder of the title of ‘Weight Prince’ is Flabby!”

“N-No,” grumbled Blobbo, rolling off his gut as he attempted to stand. “This can’t be. I won’t accept this. This was all a fluke! Flabby didn’t beat me. I do not concede! I do not-”

“Hey, Blobbo, are you okay?” asked Flabby, waddling his fat butt over to him. As he did, his foot got caught on a rock, tripping him up and sending him falling right onto his fellow buck. Once more, everyone was lost in awe of the sight as the hugely overweight blob of venison plummeted onto the other one. In response, Blobbo raised his arms up to catch him, but, when he came in contact with all that soft, doughy flesh, his hands just sank into the blubber, doing nothing to stop the deer from belly flopping onto him.

BOOM!!!

Blobbo was squashed flat underneath Flabby.

“I think I’ve sumoed enough for one day,” Blobbo moaned, speaking while his muzzle was muffled by Flabby’s moobs.

“Oh, sorry,” apologized Flabby. “My bad.”

“Uh, still think that all of this was just dumb luck that worked in Flabby’s favor?” Plumper questioned Blubber.

“The jury’s still out on that one,” he admitted, not sure what was the truth. “Let’s just take the win and call it a day.”

With Flabby crowned as the new Weight Prince of the forest, things quieted down as everyone stuffed themselves as much as ever as the time for Winter Hibernation drew ever closer. Blubber, Plumper, and Flabby were together as per usual, stuffing themselves with some sweet, purple flowers, as well as all the pies and cakes they could cram down their gullets.

“Looking plumper than ever, Plumper,” chuckled Flabby as he admired the bunny’s enormous paunch. “Are you itching to have a match against me or do you wanna try to get back at Blobbo?”

“Maybe a bit of both,” he answered. “Though, I do like the idea of being the biggest bunny around and I gotta keep my weight up in case another floppy-eared friend tries to challenge me for it.”

“Well, considering nobody else in this world gains as quickly as we do, I doubt you have much to worry about,” Blubber assured him.

“That’s just it,” replied Plumper. “What if another rabbit from our world manages to find their way over here? I know it’s a long shot, but if we did it, so can anyone else, especially if our friends and family meet our overweight doppelgangers and learn about that strange cave in the forbidden part of the forest.”

“Actually, I’ve been thinking about that for a while now,” Blubber commented, rubbing his multichins. “The us from this world might not have actually gone to our world after all. I mean it’s possible they did, but we never really considered that there might be more than the two worlds connected by that cave.”

“So, you think they could have ended up in some other world entirely?” pondered Flabby.

“For all we know, all the versions of us could have swapped worlds with one another,” he nodded. “Of course, this is just a theory. We might never know, especially since we are much too huge to ever fit in that cave ever again.”

“I wonder where our naturally obese counterparts ended up,” said Flabby, looking up at the sky as he pushed any entire cake between his lips.

“Welcome to Zootopia,” read Plumper as he and his friends squeezed their fat figures out of the massive bus they had woken up to find themselves in after sleeping in that strange cave. Just as bizarre, they were all dressed like all the other anthro animals on the huge motor vehicle and all the countless others that were walking around the bus depot.

“Guess we’re not in the forest anymore,” commented Flabby as they all looked around in awe. That only lasted, however, till their guts began to rumble. Then all their attention turned to their empty bellies.”

“Well, guess we better do the one thing that’s on all of our minds right now,” stated Plumper, rubbing his gut to quell his hunger a little.

“Time to see if this place has any decent grub,” answered Blobbo, licking his chops eager to eat as was the rest of them. Together they waddled forward, hungry for whatever adventures awaited them in this new world.