

The Overweight Hotel, pt. 1

by Cerine Hero

The ceiling in the foyer hall was so high that Cerine almost fell over as she looked all the way up at it. There was a grand, if dusty and ill-maintained, chandelier hanging above their heads, and as she craned her neck back to look up at it, she lost her balance and stumbled backwards. Fortunately, she tumbled onto a hefty belly, and a pair of hooves caught her by the waist. The fox's prodigious bosom bounced on top of her as she got her feet, and she sheepishly pushed herself back upright.

"Sorry," the buxom pink vixen said, turning and smiling at Ceres. The blue and black horse just grinned back at her and rubbed her slender middle. Purring lightly, Cerine looked upwards in the foyer again, now that she was supported by the fat and steady horse. "This foyer is enormous. It has to be five stories up."

"I think it is," he answered, also looking up. The horse had a better center of gravity than she did, and wasn't at as much risk of toppling over.

Cerine slid out of his hooves and dragged her wheeled luggage along behind her as she went further into the hotel. It was a really old, dated place, and had that air of being timeless about it. The dust really helped. Twin wings of a grand staircase swept in front of her, surrounding a large and non-functional fountain. The tiered fountain was topped by a statue of a pleasantly-shaped catfolk of some stripe, holding her paws out to catch some of the raining water. But there wasn't any water, and the fountain looked like it had been dried out for ages. If there were any coins still collected at the bottom of it, they were buried under an inch of dust.

The fox felt the hackles on the nape of her neck stand up as she wandered over to the dated check in counter and ran a finger around the ring in the wood grain where the bell had once sat. The wax finish had been worn away right there. There was nobody at the counter to check her in. There was no one anywhere. Aside from her and Ceres, the big, grandiose hotel was completely empty and uninhabited. Given that, it was actually in pretty nice shape.

"So who built a hotel way out here, anyways?" Cerine asked, turning around and resting her rump on the counter as the horse waddled over in her direction. He left little hoofprints in the elaborate and very plush carpet under his feet, thanks to his weight.

Ceres was enormous. The king-sized horse had blown past seven hundred pounds earlier that month. It wasn't his fault; the pretty dairy fox on the dusty counter, with her breasts nearly resting on her thighs despite the efforts of her bra, produced a *lot* of milk, and it needed to go somewhere. Ceres was happy to serve as that somewhere, and he had gained more than four hundred pounds since. The horse was extremely wide, especially around his middle, which jiggled and rippled oceanically with every step towards the counter. Half of his flabby, heavy, hanging gut spilled out of the bottom of his tight shirt, plunging well past the belt that struggled to keep his pants up. Even his bandanna was half-buried beneath a thick roll of neck fat.

The blue horse pressed his belly against the side of the check in counter, burying the vixen's legs and feet underneath his bulk as he squished himself against it in an attempt to get closer to her. He was lightly out of breath, flicking his cyan tail behind him.

"I dunno," he answered. "The letter just asked if we'd be okay with coming up to keep an eye on the place for a few days." He massaged his neck roll with the heel of a chubby hoof. The fox's fluffy white cleavage was a few inches from his plump face, and it was calling to him like a pair of queen-sized pillows. "Also, don't mind me." Ceres planted his face into the vixen's breasts, and she giggled. The horse was tired not just from the walk across the foyer, but also the climb up the ridiculously long steps. The antique hotel was high up in the foothills below the mountains and seemed, well, pretty inaccessible for a hotel.

"So who sent you that letter?" Cerine asked, laying a paw on top of the horse's head and gently rubbing between his ears as she looked around. Flanking the main foyer were some sitting areas with

chairs and tables in front of the enormous glass windows that spread out a magnificent view of the countryside.

“Also dunno,” Ceres answered, his voice muffled. He was face-deep in fox bust. “It just said we’d be the only living souls here.”

Cerine flicked her white hair back and looked over her shoulder at the hotel's front office behind the counter. “I was kinda noticing that. Seems really eerie, but it’ll be a lot of fun to explore and poke around.” She gave his cheeks a pat. “Like here. Outta the titties, I’m gonna take a look back here.”

The vixen gently lifted Ceres' head up and spun herself around, jumping down behind the check in counter with a bounce. Her long, fluffy tail noodled across the top of the counter to come join her on that side, and Ceres leaned on it with his elbows and forearms as he watched her poke around. Leaning over, the horse's belly wasn't too far off the floor. If he gained any more weight, it would brush the aged carpet.

The front office behind the counter had some old, aluminum filing cabinets in the corners, and a couple desks for the clerks to work at when not attending to customers. No computers to speak of, but there was a vintage typewriter on one desk. This place must have shut down a long time ago. On the separating wall between the office and the front counter, there was the classic lattice box with dozens of compartments to sort the room keys. Cerine picked through it, looping some of the key rings on her fingers.

“Well, since there's no one else about,” she mused, “we’ll have plenty of room. We can have personal rooms. Which floor do you want?”

“First,” the horse said, already imagining the restrictive weight limit on these really old elevators.

“Makes sense.” Cerine smirked and slid a key to one of the first floor rooms across the counter to the horse. It was a really old brass key, with a diamond-shaped tag attached to it on a ring. “Here you go, big boy. Room 102. I’m gonna get something with a view. I hope the elevators work.” She returned to the shelf and reached into the top row, grabbing for herself the key to Room 508. “Hey, I was right. Five stories in all.”

“You could've seen that from outside.”

“Yeah, but I wasn't paying attention.” Cerine thought about vaulting the counter again, but instead unlocked the office door on the side and slipped out that way. She walked around to the front once more and nuzzled the horse, draping her arms around him as he leaned on the counter. “Okay, I’m gonna go check out my room and drop off my luggage, maybe get a shower. Really hope the water is on. I know you're tired, so see you in a bit, okay?”

“Alright, I may look around the grounds some,” Ceres told her, whickering a little and leaning into the fox's embrace. She squeezed his heavy figure and kissed his cheek before grabbing her luggage and heading away towards the bank of elevators.

Fortunately, the elevators *were* working. The electricity was on, and as the sun was setting beyond the windows outside, the interior lights were coming on. Cerine dragged her luggage with her into the very tiny elevator carriage and waited for the wire doors to close in front of her. Even for her, with her huge chest, the elevator was a pretty claustrophobic fit. Poor Ceres. Unless he braved the stairs, he was gonna be stuck on the ground floor. But that was where all the good stuff was, anyways.

Cerine pressed the button for the sixth floor and the elevator dinged before squeaking to life and beginning to ascend. The squeak settled in her stomach as a nice little ball of anxiety. Through the wire front, Cerine could see the foyer dropping away in front of her. She wasn't afraid of heights, usually, but riding the rickety old elevator didn't fill her with a lot of confidence. Once it hit the top, the doors behind her opened, and she turned around to hop onto solid flooring again.

As soon as she did, she stepped into a dark, dimly-lit hallway. The lights – wall sconces with fan shapes that projected the light upwards in cones – were on, but the crimson carpet and dark accents

decorating the walls absorbed it all. The hotel's floor plan was U-shaped, and the far end of the hall turned out of view.

Cerine thought she saw something slip around the corner. It was white and translucent, at least she was pretty sure. She only caught a brief glimpse of it. The fox paused, eyebrows raised over the rims of her glasses. Ceres said that it was just her and him here. And there was *no way* the massively fat horse could've beaten the elevator up five stories.

The elevator doors tried to close around her luggage, and Cerine tugged the suitcase free before quietly walking down the hallway and peeking around the corner. Nothing there. The hallway was long, too. If anyone was there, they would've only been close to the far end by now, even if they ran. And they couldn't have gone into one of the doors, since they were locked – or should've been – and the keys were all in the front office.

It was probably nothing. The creepy old hotel was playing tricks on her, which was part of the fun for the fox. She enjoyed poking around empty buildings, particularly ones where people should have been but weren't. The decrepit hotel was a gold mine. She even got to sleep in it for bonus points! Shaking off the thought of specters and apparitions, Cerine checked the room numbers and found Room 508. The key fit the lock, and she nudged it open. The door was in dire need of oiling, and it opened slowly with a squeal that made Cerine need to flatten her ears down.

Ugh, she was just going to leave it open.

The room was pretty nice, for something probably fifty years out of date. Cerine pulled the chain on the table lamp opposite the beds. The translucent green shade over the lamp glowed with warm incandescent light. Beside it was a big, boxy, and outdated analog television. Even if it had signal, it wouldn't work anymore since everything had changed to digital. On the far wall was a thick blackout curtain pulled across a slightly foggy window that showed the mountain slopes going up into the sky behind the hotel. The ruins of a ski lift lay tangled upwards along one of the shallower inclines.

Overall the room was... well, livable. A bit of dusting and it would be fine. But for now Cerine wanted to hop in to the shower after trekking up the hills. Leaving her luggage on the second bed, she slid the rolling bathroom door open and began to disrobe.

The hotel was bigger than he anticipated. After Cerine went to check out the rooms, Ceres waddled around the ground floor, checking out the various offerings. Some, obviously, weren't available, and others seemed like they'd been prepared just this morning. The obese horse cracked open a frosted glass door and was immediately assailed by acrid pool smell. The pool was dry as a bone, of course, but the smell of chlorine lingered. But the horse found clean linens ready to go in the laundry room, all stacked neatly on top of one another on carts. The scent of fabric softener and detergent still clung to them.

Ceres roamed around a bit before his hooves got tired. He hadn't even gotten *that* far! He needed somewhere to sit and rest for a while. The foyer had couches, but they were pretty far away now. And he wasn't sure they'd be able to hold up under his weight. Instead, the horse kept down the hallways a bit more until he found the hotel's grand dining hall and lounge. Squeezing through the double doors, Ceres lumbered inside.

It was even weirder and lonelier in here than it was at the front of the hotel. In a room where there should have been sounds of eating and conversation and even some jazz from the stage on the far end, it was just dead silent save for Ceres's breathing. White sheets covered the tables like short, flat ghosts, and the chairs around them were old and their upholstery faded. The dining area made up most of the hall, with some curved booths along the inside wall and huge, towering windows on the other, showing the mountains in their sunset drapery.

There was a bar opposite the hall from the stage. It took up the whole wall, and featured a curved bartop with movable stools. The wall had shelves of alcohol bottles stacked high, with a big, slightly warped mirror in the center so the patrons at the bar could see the band behind them as they

drank. Looking for a place to sit, Ceres wobbled his way past the bar, tapping his hooftips on the old, polished wood to a beat in his head.

He heard the thick, resonant tunes of a bass cello playing along to his beat. Perking his ears, the humongous horse turned about as quickly as his body could and peered towards the stage. There was no one there. The bass line faded from his ears, but he could still pick out the notes in his head. Before he could even finish processing what he heard, a gentle *clink* of glass from the bar drew his attention back the other way. Ceres almost knocked the stools beside him over with his gut and ass as he turned to see what had happened.

There was a glass right in front of him. It definitely hadn't been there before, but it most certainly was set down right before he looked, because the amber liquid and ice inside of it was still swirling slightly. Ceres whinnied nervously and looked around. He stood on his tippy-hooves and tried to peer past the bar to see if Cerine was hiding just out of view. The vixen couldn't hide – not with that enormous tail, amongst other things. So there was absolutely no one in sight. Blinking, the horse picked up the glass from the bar and gave it a sip. It was good.

Ceres felt someone touch him on his flanks and hips, but there was no one there. Still holding his drink, he swore he could feel hands grabbing his fat-laden ass and hefting it up. Stools slid from their places at the bar to underneath the horse's rump – three in total – and gave him a place to rest his hooves. Shocked and confused but grateful, Ceres settled back on the stools. They groaned lightly underneath his seven-hundred-plus frame, but with three of them, they weren't in danger of collapsing. The horse's hips smothered the round seats completely, with flanks of blubber hanging over the sides and his belly resting like a tub of lard atop his chunky thighs.

Still not sure what was happening but not feeling in any danger, Ceres finished his drink and set the glass back down on the bar. Then, a spectral, disembodied hand wrapped its wispy fingers around the glass and picked it up. Another hand grasped a tall, slender bottle from the shelves on the wall and brought it over to fill another round up in the glass.

“Well, thank you,” Ceres said, taking the glass again and having another drink. “Exactly what I needed.”

As he talked, he felt more relaxed, and he settled into his seat. More hands appeared around him and pressed their fingers and palms against his enormous body, poking and jiggling the exposed rolls of fat spilling out of his slightly undersized clothes. A couple of hands teased his mountain of belly fat nearly overflowing his knees, making the wobbly flesh ripple and bounce, while others squeezed the heavy saddlebags on his back or gave his moobs a playful squeeze. The horse blushed as the very friendly hands started tugging on his shirt, pulling it up and letting more of his milk-fattened body burst free. His love handles slapped down onto waiting palms, and the fingers kneaded the soft, dough-like fat. Slowly, his top came up enough that his huge moobs spilled free, nearly hitting the bar in front of him as they flopped over his gigantic stomach. The hands seized on the freed assets, bouncing and jiggling them eagerly as the rest continued to enjoy the rest of his heavy figure.

While the horse's heavy weight was teased and kneaded, the doors to the kitchen behind the bar opened and hands brought out several platters of food, setting them on the bar in front of Ceres. It was a number of savory meals and sweet treats, but before Ceres could decide what he wanted, it was decided for him. Hands carrying forks, knives, and spoons fed the food to the horse, who didn't question his good fortune as he gobbled up every single bite. He was being teased and stuffed, and didn't mind it at all. He ate happily, swishing his tail across his fat ass cheeks. The hands fed him at least two full meals before fetching a proper dessert to go with it, in addition to the sweets they apparently couldn't resist already stuffing him with. As Ceres munched down on warm apple pie right out of an oven, he only thought in his blissful brain was that Cerine was missing all the fun. He wouldn't mind if she ate a little extra, after all...

“Hey,” he mumbled, swallowing a mouthful of pie, “can you all do me a favor..”

Cerine climbed out of the shower stall with a towel somewhat draped around her. The hotel's towels were too small for her chest. She could wrap them around her middle, of course, but that would leave her bust exposed. The vixen opted to just carry the towel in front of her. Not like anyone was going to see anything.

Of course, that made her wonder who would be doing laundry around here...

After brushing her hair, Cerine stepped out of the bathroom. The door was right next to her hotel room door, which she had stopped open, so she had a clear view of the hallway beyond – and the room service cart sitting right outside the doorway. The pink fox paused, staring dumbfounded at the cart and its silver food tray.

Where on earth did that come from?

After a minute, her confused brain finally realized that someone had to have *put it there*. Hiking up the towel in her paws, Cerine leaned slightly through the doorway and peered left and right. Nope, not anyone in sight. She even checked for hoof prints, since Ceres definitely wouldn't have been able to avoid leaving those at his weight. In fact, the only markings she could see in the carpet, at least as far as possible without her glasses on, were from the wheels of the cart itself. There were no tracks left behind by hooves or paws or shoes.

Well, she wasn't going to let it go cold. Grabbing the handle, she wheeled it into the room with her and positioned it next to her bed, where she could sit down on the edge of it, toss her towel aside, and pick up her phone and her glasses. With her damp tail stretching behind her across the mattress in a wiggly shape before hanging off the edge by the pillows, Cerine tried to text Ceres on her phone. Her messaging app blinked red and popped up a whinging text box telling her that she had no service.

“Ah, damn,” she sighed. “Out in a hotel of the damned in the middle of nowhere.”

As she put the phone down by her pink thigh, she heard a bit of a clatter from the serving cart in front of her. The fox looked up, glasses hanging down low on her muzzle, and bore witness to an incorporeal, disembodied hand as it gingerly grasped the handle on the covered dish atop the cart. The ghostly paw lifted the silver dome up and revealed a lavish feast underneath. Steak, a baked potato, macaroni and cheese... a very hearty, heavy meal. A cloud of steam expanded from the warmed dish, rolling upwards into the air like the food had a ghostly soul of its own. Cerine's lenses fogged up and she wiped them clean on her breast fur before placing them back atop her muzzle.

“Is that for me?” she asked, although on further thought she wasn't sure if the hand could hear her, or if it could respond at all. Strangely enough, the shock of seeing a ghostly paw in midair was completely stifled by her sudden urge to eat, and she was practically salivating over the warm, moist meal in front of her. She'd only had trail mix and dried foods on the way up to the hotel, and was expecting to eat microwaved, shelf-stable stuff for days at best. This was a... surprise.

More ghostly paws appeared around the food, gracefully picking up the silverware and cutting the steak into bite-sized pieces. Others got forks and loaded them with potato and butter, or pasta smothered in stretching cheese. The translucent hands brought the food to the naked vixen's muzzle and she happily ate, leaning her weight back onto her dark paws as she gulped down the food that was pushed into her mouth. It all tasted absolutely perfect, and her teeth sank through the steak like it was no tougher than the potatoes. Cerine gobbled up every bite, with the end of her tail swishing back and forth. She crossed her bare legs over her lap, feeling her breasts rest heavily atop her left thigh. She panted between bites, feeling a genuine shiver of thrill in her spine as she awaited each next bite. The fox was going to start recreating a movie scene if this kept up.

As the meal began to run out, some of the shimmering, wispy paws set the utensils down and floated over to the buxom fox. Cerine's tail swelled in volume and her eyebrows went up as fingertips, slightly cold to the touch, brushed upwards along her sides, starting with her hips – the flanks of her butt, really – and gliding upwards along her waistline to her ribs. Her foreclaws extended from her fingers as she sank them into the mattress, squeezing in tight as her muscles tensed in pleasure. The fox whined between bites as the hands began to tease and stroke her bare figure. Panting softly, she opened

her muzzle for more, but none came. She looked down and saw that the plate and bowl were empty of every single bite.

“Do you have any more?” she asked, feeling the ghost paws tease her tummy and the base of her spine, just above her tail. One was drawing little circles in her belly fur right around her navel, with its knuckles squished against the fat of her boobs.

The hand that had originally opened the serving dish motioned for others to come in from the hallway, and in floated several more paws – four of them, all holding up a massive bowl of chocolate pudding and whipped cream with a cherry on top. Cerine's eyes went wide. Despite the meal she just ate, her stomach growled hungrily. The lead ghostly paw grabbed a serving spoon and dipped it into the pudding, getting the perfect amount of whipped cream to go with it. It held it in front of Cerine's nose, and her fangs clacked against the spoon as she lunged forward to gulp it up. Chocolate dream rolled down her tongue and she purred in ecstasy as she swallowed. Two ghostly fingers, icy cold, went underneath her long hair and traveled up the length of her spine.

Before she even realized it, Cerine had gulped down three-quarters of the bowl of chocolate pudding. By then, her stomach was so stuffed that it was bulging and round underneath her boobs, and the hands were helpfully lifting her heavy tits up and off her stomach so she could manage to squeeze in the last bites without their added weight bearing down on her tummy. Cerine licked chocolate and whipped cream from her muzzle before biting down on the stem of the cherry and pulling it off, biting it once before swallowing it down to join the rest.

Completely stuffed and satisfied, the fox stretched herself out on her back, her hair laying in a halo around her head and ghostly paws teasing at her big breasts and her thighs and hips as her figure slowly thickened and swelled with fat. Her enormous meal was digesting, and she was blissfully unaware of her slow and steady weight gain. The fullness and heaviness of dinner was making her incredibly sleepy, and she let her eyes drift closed as the translucent paws squished and kneaded at her plump body.

“Sorry, I literally passed out after my shower last night,” Cerine told Ceres as she joined him in the dining hall the next morning.

As she padded over to the table in the middle of the hall, the horse's eyes were glued to her significantly heavier frame. Cerine had squeezed herself back into her clothes. Mostly. Her pants were unbuttoned, and a pot belly jiggled like a bowl of gelatin over her open fly, with little bit of black undergarments showing under her tummy roll. Love handles hung over her tight waistband, and her thighs and hips were straining the stitches on the jeans until they looked fit to burst. The added chubbiness on her figure complemented her big bust very well, the horse thought. And the boobs were bigger, too, for that matter. The outline of Cerine's bra was visible through her shirt everywhere that fatter, milk-filled flesh wasn't straining to escape.

Of course, the way Ceres's clothes were fitting on him, it wasn't like he was in much position to judge. On his already heavy frame, the added pounds from last night's ghost-made meal were like a drop in the ocean, but even so, he was sitting with his shirt riding halfway up his prodigious stomach and his backside braced on three seats so they only had to handle two hundred and fifty or so pounds apiece. The horse was going to do the polite thing and stand before his date arrived at the table, but before he could even get to his hooves, the chubby vixen was already sitting down across from him. Ceres blushed and then settled back onto his chairs, making them creak.

Cerine's tits bounced and almost whacked the edge of the table in front of her as she sat down and pulled her chair closer to it. Ceres noticed the former and Cerine was more focused on the latter. Curling her tail around her seat, she pulled her plate laden with sausage, bacon, eggs, and hashbrowns into reach and got her fork.

“I had the weirdest dream, too,” she began explaining. “I ate, like, the biggest meal of steak up in my room. And then I had this giant bowl of chocolate pudding for dessert. I guess I swallowed a

whole pillow or something while I was sleeping, because I feel huge today.”

“Sounds heavenly,” Ceres replied, his thoughts still picturing that soft fox belly, now just out of sight behind the table. He ate a big bite of hashbrowns from his own plate.

Cerine pinched a strip of bacon between her claws and was about to push it into her muzzle when she blinked, looking at it like she was seeing it for the first time. She held the crisp piece of meat up and asked, “Did you make this?”

The food had already been prepared and sitting out for them when Ceres got here a few minutes ago. Just as he was about to answer, a pair of ghostly hands emerged from the kitchen on the other side of the dining hall with mugs of steaming coffee in tow, setting them down in front of each of the two softened diners. One hand gave Ceres's flank a playful pat and the other scratched at Cerine's developing double-chin in a way that made her both purr and realize she hadn't really been dreaming before. Then the hands politely took their leave.

“Ah,” the vixen said. “Explains why I've gotten so fat.”

Ceres blushed, flicking his tail between two of the seats under him. “I noticed.”

“Not like I can hide it,” Cerine said, munching on some eggs as she sat back in her seat and grabbed her belly with both paws to shake it. “I barely got dressed. And since I didn't have a chance to milk yet, my bra is squeezing me to death.”

“Well, take it off, then,” Ceres told her, his tail continuing to flutter behind him, well out of sight.

The pink-furred fox balked at first and then instinctively looked around the dining hall, like she was expecting the rest of the tables to have guests. Nope – it was just the two of them sitting there, along with, presumably, their affable and incorporeal hosts. Cerine let her ears fan out sideways and she licked her nose, but then a small grin curled across her muzzle and she looked at Ceres over her glasses. “Still feels a bit weird... You go first.”

With the prospect of topless fox on the table, Ceres immediately put his fork down on his plate and grabbed his shirt. It was difficult getting it up over his fattened body, and he jiggled heavily atop his seats as he did. Moobs burst free onto his shelf of stomach as he sat, and his underarm rolls came next before he got the shirt over his chins and down his sandbag-sized arms. The horse sat shirtless in the middle of the dining hall, drumming his hooves on top of his substantial gut with a modest smile.

Cerine watched him wobble and wiggle his way out of his top and then she made good on her promise, sliding her top up and over her head, letting her hair fall back onto her shoulders. Her black bra, hanging low and struggling with the size and weight of her breasts, was looking fit to burst open, with cleavage bouncing heavily as she reached behind her wider back and fumbled with the clasp. Ceres couldn't help but notice, in addition to the volume of her milk-swollen boobs, her bra was sinking tightly into the fat on the sides of her torso. She unhooked the bra and pulled it loose from her breasts, letting them spill down onto her lap, jiggling like water balloons. Not as much as usual, though; like she said, they were very bloated and sitting on top of her thighs like watermelons.

“I don't think I've ever watched you eat topless,” Ceres mused, blushing a bit and whickering under his breath as Cerine rubbed her paws along the sides of her breasts and bounced them against each other.

“Really?” she asked, leaning forward and putting her elbows on the table so her chest was out of her way. She picked up a link of sausage and idly chewed on it. “I've never thought about it. Seen you do it plenty of times.”

Ceres patted at his enormous flanks, making his oceanic belly ripple with thick waves that crashed together across the front of his gut. “Well, yeah. It's getting harder and harder for me to even get into clothes now.”

“You've definitely gotten fatter, too,” Cerine observed, pulling her plate closer to herself and shoveling her eggs into her muzzle. “And I mean just like, today.”

The huge horse blushed and drummed his fingers on his stomach. “I had a lot to eat last night,

yeah.” As he talked, he let his eyes wander downwards some, behind the fox's chin and forearms, where he could admire the wiggle of her long line of cleavage as her bare breasts bounced and swayed as she ate. He could tell how fat and heavy with sweet strawberry milk they were. A nice, sweet complement to this heavy, savory breakfast would be delicious. And as he watched her stuff herself, he pictured the belly he'd have all to his hooves while he drank, kneading and squeezing it.

As if they sensed his thoughts, the ghostly hands brought out another pair of plates laden with breakfast for the two of them. Apparently surprised to see them both topless, the hands playfully caressed the vixen's breasts, making her blush and smile, before flying over to admire the curve of the horse's heavy gut, giving it some hearty smacks from underneath the table. The horse grunted as he leaned forward, reaching with fat arms towards his second plate. When it seemed like too much of a struggle, the hands picked up the plate and gingerly laid it on top of the shelf of his gut, right in front of his moobs. The massive horse whickered and took the offered fork before beginning to eat again.

He and Cerine enjoyed their second rounds of breakfast, with both of them eating quietly in the spacious dining hall. Of course, it was getting incrementally less spacious as they ate and the ghostly cooking padded their figures. The overindulgence was no surprise from Ceres, as the horse would eat himself spherical if he had the means – and was already on the way to doing it, assistance or not – but such stuffing was a bit out of character for Cerine. Something about the food and the gentle prodding and coaxing from the ghostly hands as they kneaded her love handles and played with her heavy udders encouraged her to eat and expand, and before long the hands retrieved a second chair to wedge underneath the fox's growing butt. That didn't escape Ceres' notice as he munched on his hashbrowns, feeling his own body swell and stretch out his poor, barely fitting trousers. Pound-for-pound, the fox was growing faster than him, since she had less body to blow up, but Ceres could definitely see a difference in her arms and cheeks, not to mention the width of her shoulders and the heavy weight of her bare breasts.

Cerine burped and pushed her empty plate away from her. Panting lightly with her tongue hanging out, the fox heft her massive melons up on her paws and – with some extra help from curious floating hands – dropped them onto the table in front of her. The table shook with the excess weight on it, and Cerine sighed in relief as she ran her paw through her hair, her big tits looking like oversized snowballs under her pink torso.

“Well, I feel like a balloon,” she said, giggling. Looking over her plumper shoulder, the fox peered back at her heavier, rounder backside and gave her ass a smack. It was quickly echoed by one of the playful ghost paws floating over to offer one itself. Ceres gulped as the shockwave from both spanks shook her tits. The fox gave him a look, eyebrows raised. “These things love us being big, don't they? I think they're getting friskier.”

“I can't blame them,” the horse replied. “You look like a goddess.”

Cerine purred and winked at him. “Well, if this is any indication, I think I'll go up and get my stuff and relocate to the first floor.” She stood up, and Ceres got a good look at her. Bigger tits were now resting atop a swollen belly, now hanging fully over the front of the fox's waistband. Her pants were drooping down over her backside as her well-fattened ass billowed out of the top of it. The fox flicked her long tail out from between her two chairs and cupped her paws underneath her fat and swollen breasts. “I also need to fetch my pump.”

Ceres whinnied softly. “Do you?”

She looked at him with a grin and licked her muzzle. “Are you not full yet? Alright, I'll see you back at your room in a minute, big boy...”

* * * * *

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