

## Scaling Mt. Tubby

by Cerine Hero  
for Ceres

The shrill blaring of a truck reversing up the narrow road broke the morning silence. It was an enormous dump truck, suitable more for large hauls of rock and rubble than stacks of donuts. Wouldn't a delivery truck be better suited for this? The driver was filling in for someone else this morning, and the work order was just... odd. Pick up sixty tons of donuts and deliver them out to a campsite in the foothills. Well, it was paid for, so that's where they were going.

The antelope watched in his side mirror as the pink furred vixen helped to guide him while he reversed the truck. She was a bit... distracting, but he was a pro, and he kept his mind on driving. Slowly, the dump truck made its way up to the open space in the campsite. There were lots of tire treads in the packed dirt to line up with. The vixen finally held out her paws to stop. He shifted the gears to park and idled the engine, hopping out to go talk to her and hopefully figure out why on earth he was out here.

The vixen was kneeling down behind the truck, fiddling with some kind of white, cylindrical canister with lights on the top. It had two shoulder straps and looked like some kind of sci-fi backpack. As she was kneeling down to press the buttons on the top of the device, she was inadvertently giving the driver a full view of her full cleavage down her tank top. The antelope's eyes bulged for a moment and then he turned away respectfully, clearing his throat. He'd been around, but damn. She was a very well-endowed fox.

"Just a second," she told him, not looking up from the device. "Uh, can you go ahead and tip the bed for me? I'm almost ready here."

She sure sounded confident, so the antelope nodded and went to press the button on the side of the truck. The hydraulics kicked to life and started to raise up the bed, tilting the head of it upwards and sliding the donuts towards the rear. He was just about to rush out and grab the vixen to pull her out of the way of the avalanche of donuts when she stood and darted aside on her own, coming over to join him at the side of the truck. Boxes upon boxes of donuts poured into a small hill behind the truck, completely covering the white canister she had been working on.

"Why did you want me to-" the antelope started to say, but when he glanced towards the vixen she was fitting a pair of earmuffs over her black-furred ears. She stepped close to him and reached out, covering his ears with his paws.

There was an abrupt, high-pitched *ziiiiiip* that would have been deafening without ear protection. It was followed by a shock wave that rumbled the antelope's gut and then donut boxes went flying into the air. They tumbled down all around the dump truck, with one getting stuck on top of his antler. Every box was completely empty.

The vixen took off the earmuffs. "Matter condensation is really loud!" she yelled, pointing at her ears. She walked off, kicking empty boxes aside and digging through the pile of them behind the truck to find her white canister. Picking it up and hugging it against her large breasts, she studied the read-out on the top of the device and nodded to herself.

"Why on earth do you need all these donuts out here?" the antelope asked her, plucking the empty box from his antler. He looked for someplace to put it and decided to just toss it into the pile with the rest.

"Breakfast," the vixen answered. She hooked her thumb over her shoulder and pointed at the enormous, dark mountain behind her, as if that answered the question. The antelope looked up at it, confused, but said nothing. Slinging her device over one shoulder, she walked over to him and reached out to shake his hoof. "I'm Cerine. Thanks for the delivery. We really appreciate it."

"Uh... Andrew," he told her, shaking her paw. Who was he? "Do you need some help with the boxes, or..."

“Nope, I'll take care of it,” Cerine said. She walked over to a trunk in the middle of the campsite and opened it, taking out some cold-weather gear. The vixen sat and pulled on the puffy pants before lacing up some hardy boots. Last, she tugged a thick parka onto her arms and zipped it up, covering her supersized chest. Now she just looked like she was trying to hide something large and round inside her clothes. “If you see Gary, let him know that I'll be ready when he comes by with lunch!”

The antelope's eyes went wide just thinking about *another* truck full of food coming up here in a few hours. “How much do you need to eat?”

“Oh, it's not for me,” Cerine replied, hefting the white cylinder onto her back and pulling on some gloves. Her claws peeked through tiny holes at the ends of the fingers. “Anyways, see you later! I've gotta get climbing.”

The antelope shook his head in confusion and decided none of this was his business. Shifting more boxes out of the way, he climbed back into the cab of his truck and drove off, leaving the vixen to her adventure.

Cerine tied her hair into a ponytail and tucked it into the fur-lined hood of her parka. It was a bit warm to wear the heavy coat down here, but she was going to need it soon. Gripping the straps on her matter condenser, she walked into the woods, heading down the trail. The dark, black and blue mountain rose up higher and higher above her as she walked closer. She squeezed between the trees at the edge of the forest and came nose-first to a solid wall of fur. The enormous, round barrier of tubbiness stretched as far as she could see to both her left and right, and she craned her neck back to peer upwards along the subtle curve.

The wall of blubber rumbled hungrily, sending ripples through its bulk and shaking the ground with a minor earthquake. Cerine rest a paw against the huge tummy to help balance herself.

“Alright, I'm coming,” she said, giving the pile of fat a gentle slap with her paw. She grabbed the thick fur in her claws and started to pull herself up. Her swollen chest slid along the black fur underneath her, with her parka making a scraping, rustling sound each time she pulled herself up. The vixen planted her toes onto the the almost-vertical wall of fat, her cleats getting good traction. This was the hardest part, before it curved to be more horizontal.

Cerine kept climbing, wedging her fingers and toes into folds of fat for a better grip. Slowly, the ground disappeared underneath her as she scaled higher and higher, getting her winter gear covered in shed fur. By the time she was passing the treetops, her arms were getting quite tired, but she wasn't high up enough to rest yet. She pushed through, pausing for a couple seconds to catch her breath every minute or so.

Finally she arrived at a deep cavern, about big enough for her to rest her booty on and lean her head back on warm fur for a break. Below her, as her legs dangled atop the plunging roll of belly fat, she could see rolling hills covered in trees in the distance, and the town nestled in the valley. She could see the open pit quarry where the trucks she rented could usually be found. Pulling an energy bar from her pocket, she unwrapped it and took a big bite.

“Either you are getting way too big,” she mused, chewing on her snack, “or I am.”

Cerine pat a paw on her heavy chest and then reached over to rub the side of the navel she was sitting in. Just a little bit more and she'd be walking more than climbing. Finishing her snack, she gingerly stood up, feeling the blubber wobble under her feet, and grabbed some more fur, hauling herself up even more. At least the mountain of chub was soft and warm, and as she was soon climbing diagonally, her body sank into the wobbly embrace of fat.

The belly leveled out to a rounded, but flat enough, shelf or a terrace of black-furred blubber. Cerine unsteadily stood up. Her feet sank inches into the pillow-soft flesh as she walked. It was difficult and wobbly, but she was pretty used to it now. A few trips up and down the mountain every day had made her quite fit and sure on her feet. She tightened the shoulder straps on her canister again and continued walking towards the next tier of blubber rolls ahead of her.

It was getting cold up here, and the wind was whipping hard. Cerine pulled up her hood and tugged on her chocobo-topped drawstrings, closing the furry fringe tight around her face. The pink vixen wrapped her arms together and trudged forward, looking up towards the peak of the mountain through her frost-covered glasses. The top of the mountain was dusted with snow at the highest point, where the rings of neck rolls mingled with chins. But first she had to scale the twin hills.

Cerine stood at the bottom of the immense canyon of cleavage. It wasn't as tall as the belly, and she had something to brace against, soft as it was. She wedged herself firmly between the giant moobs, kissing one of them. A soft rumble shook through the blubber in response.

"I'm coming," she said, patting the massive chest. "Making me jealous here, hun."

Gripping fur in her claws again, Cerine planted her back against the flab of the opposite moob and started to climb. Her arms and legs had recovered plenty from the climb up the belly. As she ascended higher, flecks of snow appeared in the fur around her, and it began to land on top of her hood. Landscape stretched out for miles underneath the mountain, and she could see far to the horizon from here. She was well, well above the ground now.

Cerine heaved herself up onto the top of one of the immense moobs and stood once more. She brushed snow from her shoulders, feeling her toes sink into the wet fur underneath them. Up ahead now was the endless succession of chins. This was the easy part. She started climbing up the chins and neck rolls like stairs, leaning over slightly to balance herself with her paws. The peak of the mountain and the object of her quest was just ahead.

Huffing and puffing from exhaustion, Cerine finally made it to the top of the mountain. The snow was thick up here, up to her shins. She walked out to the summit, sliding the canister off her shoulders as she dropped to her knees in front of a red plastic snorkel sticking out of the accumulated snow. Reaching out, the vixen scooped away pawfuls of powder, uncovering a blue-haired horse's face with cheeks fatter than her own boobs. He looked up at her and smiled, spitting out his snorkel.

"Good morning," Ceres told her, his yellow eyes lighting up as Cerine removed her gloves and teased his nose with her fingertip.

"Good morning to you," Cerine replied. She pat her other paw on the white canister. "I've got breakfast. Sixty tons of donuts. Should keep you full until lunch."

"I'm starving," the horse replied, his face shifting eagerly on top of his mountainously fat body.

Cerine pulled the canister into her lap and adjusted the settings on the top of the device. A rubber tube extended from the side of the lid and the canister began to beep softly. Lowering it down, Cerine guided the end of the tube between Ceres's lips and pushed the button.

Condensing the matter down was like a violent implosion, sending empty donut boxes flying in all directions. Un-condensing the donuts was more of a directed and controlled explosion, with what amounted to rocket exhaust of donut batter erupting from the nozzle of the canister into Ceres's maw. sixty tons of rapidly-expanding donut filled him like a fire hose, and his already impressive bulk shivered and grew even fatter. The ground rumbled and buckled as the mountain-sized horse expanded another few feet in all directions. His snow-crowned head was almost in the clouds now. The device continued to empty, with Cerine clinging to it for dear life to keep it from launching away on a stream of expanding donuts. Ceres happily guzzled the donut batter, swishing his long tail somewhere between his mountain-range of ass cheeks.

The canister emptied out and played a happy little tune. Cerine popped the tube from the horse's mouth and set the container aside on some of his neck rolls. Pulling down her hood, she stretched herself out on top of the horse's chins and nuzzled her nose against his. "How was that?" she asked, massaging his cheeks with both paws.

"Delicious," Ceres answered, smiling. "So you think I'm fat enough yet?"

"Not even close," the vixen answered, jiggling the horse's neck rolls.

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