

It was raining, but given that she was in the Pacific Northwest it wasn't that remarkable. Brenda sat behind the wheel of her Ford, engine off and keys dangling from the ignition. She wasn't used to feeling numb, not since her father left four years prior. Now a high school senior, Brenda felt her life ending. After five minutes of rainy silence, Brenda put her head in her hands and screamed. "FUCK." All the betrayal she felt broke through the gray haze of dazed apathy and she thought she let loose all her anger in that one expletive but no. Her hands started to pound away at the dashboard as her rage slipped into incoherent screaming. Shortly followed as her body's energy subsided came the tears. She still hit the dashboard in fearful frustration till her hand trailed blood on the F100 dashboard.

She was going to be as big as Aunt Vicky in the next few years. And with that, she broke down crying into her cupped hands. Tears and blood mixed together choking her nostrils with salt and copper. Fear gripped her heart at the thought of what her mother would be like when she found out.

Earlier that day

"Jesus Brenda, if you turn sideways you vanish you know that?" Quinne said before she ripped into the double bacon cheeseburger.

"Piss off Quinne. You're flatter than me." Brenda punched the hyena and hurt herself. "Fuck." The badger shook her hand as Quinne laughed loud enough to echo through the courtyard. "Fucking bulldragging brick wall you are."

Quinne snorted before she slapped a heavy calloused hand on Brenda's shoulder. "I'm going to drag you to the gym I work for during this summer and teaching you how to actually punch." Quinne then looked at Brenda's arm, and delicately grab's the bicep almost engulfing the badger's spaghetti thin arm with one hand. "And maybe get you some actual muscle on these pasta noodles you call limbs."

Brenda felt her face turn red before she pulled her arm back as gruffy as she could. "Do you do anything else for fun besides that?"

Quinne chuckled. "What fun? I get to pump iron and beat the shit out of the bags. Plus most evenings it's dead enough for me to get a jump on my college classes before closing up." Quinne threw the empty wrapper into the garbage. "What you're doing after school? Going to do the cap and gown?"

"Nah, got a doctor's appointment. You?"

“Fuck, like I’m going up there to hear them read “Charles Quincy Reyes” mom can eat all the shit in the world for that.”

“She actually bitched to the school board and got them to read that?” Brenda leaned in concern exuding from her.

“Yeah.”

“Shit, it’s been what, fucking since you were a Sophomore?”

Quinne tensed and breathed out. “Yeah... yeah...” She ran her hand down her face. “Thanks, by the way.”

“What for?”

“You know what for.” Quinne pulled up a sleeve and barred a series of long ugly scars on her wrist. “Convincing me that I’m... worth it.”

Brenda placed a hand on Quinne’s wrist. “You’re my best friend. And you’re a hell lot more ladylike than me. Only blind fucks couldn’t see that.”

Quinne smiled and pulled Brenda close into a hug. “You’re a fucking riot Angel hair, don’t forget that.”

“Hey! Let me go!” Brenda laughed, before the bell rang. “Shit, time for 4th period.”

Quinne let go of Brenda and in one smooth motion rolled to her feet. “Hey, have fun in the last day of auto shop.”

After school, At the doctor’s office.

Brenda paced the floor of the office. She hated sitting still at these places, but it shouldn’t be that long seeing as they did all the blood work back on Friday. “But why is it taking so long?” The thin badger thought out loud. She was missing out on prime slacking off time for the summer.

Finally after what seemed like a small eternity, the doctor walked in. He was a dark skinned human, looking like he was of southern Asian descent. “Sorry to keep you waiting Ms. Biggs, I was just reviewing the chart.” He had deep brown eyes, black hair and Crest commercial white teeth.

“It’s not a big deal Doctor Patel. Just you called me in to discuss my blood work right? Shouldn’t take too long.” Brenda smiled at her family physician.

Dr. Patel nodded and regarded the clipboard with a deep sigh. “Ms. Biggs, I advise you should sit down for this.” That was new, but Brenda obeyed. “I don’t quite know how to say this Ms. Biggs but...” and that’s when Brenda noticed the piece of green vegetable matter caught in Dr. Patel’s perfect teeth.

Brenda stared at the offending piece and ran her tongue over her teeth. ‘Fuck, did I forget to brush my teeth?’ She thought. ‘I was running low on toothpaste, and that toothbrush was getting kind a grimy.’ Her teeth did feel a bit mossy. ‘Fucking hell, I did. Shit. Did I stink up Quinne’s space? Good job sewer mouth. Ugh, I need to jet home after this and fix this.’ Dr. Patel looked at Brenda, as if he was waiting for a response. ‘Shit, did I just space out? Okay, no big deal, just need to play it off like I didn’t get it.’ “Okay Dr. Patel, what does that exactly mean in English?” Brenda said.

Dr. Patel nodded. “Okay, so what this means in a pretty straight forward manner is that you have a laundry list of glandular disorders that are going to affect your growth from here on out.”

Brenda nodded. “So, I’m going to get taller?” Something was wrong here, but Brenda just chalked it up to her major space out earlier.

“Well, yes. But that’s not the only thing.” He still danced around the subject, sweat beading on his forehead. “Brenda, I’m so sorry. This will also affect your metabolism in a way that will make it near impossible to lose weight, and very *very* easily gain weight.” Brenda’s heart caught in her throat. Immediately her mind rushed to her bed bound aunt Vicky.

Brenda was 13 at the time and she had never met Aunt Vicky. Her mother only talked about aunt Vicky in hushed disgusted tones away from Brenda’s ears, or so she thought. Brenda heard a lot but never really knew what her aunt did to become so reviled to her mother. Then Brenda saw her Aunt Vicky. To say that Vicky was massive would be an understatement. She was a landscape of bloated, distorted badger flab unto herself. A whale of a woman trapped on land with stretch marks that seemed to go on for ages at a time. Brenda saw the

discoloration of her aunt's skin under the stretched thin fur and how it distorted the white markings. She shivered, realizing how similar she looked to her mother, and in turn herself. There were wires connected to machines that ominously whirled in the background and blended in with the labored wheezing that Brenda swore had to be a machine. But no, it was her bed bound aunt in her sweat stained hospital gown.

What stuck out in her mind more though, was how absolutely cruel her mother was to aunt Vicky because of her weight. That was it? That's why her mother talked so disgustingly and cruelly about her aunt? Just because she was fat in a way that was beyond her control. Brenda remembered that a lot of her friends who were on the thicker side would avoid spending the night. 'God what would mom do if I ever got fat?' That thought echoed throughout the years and now came back to the 18 year old and she felt like the bottom of her body fell out.

Dr. Patel prattled on, but Brenda was in the depths of shock from this and she wouldn't get out till she was back in the safety of her beater truck.

Back in the parking lot.

Brenda was pulled from her despair with her cellular ringing. It was Quinne. Brenda stared hard at the Caller ID, it was her best friend calling. But could she stomach talking to her sounding this low. "Fuck it." She said picking up the phone, mustering as much fake bravado Brenda spoke. "Hey." Her voice sounded weak and weary.

"Jesus Brenda, you sound like shit. Are you okay?" Quinne never was one to mince words Brenda reflected. It was a part of why she liked Quinne.

"No, no I'm not Quinne." Brenda said, running her clean hand over her muzzle.

"What happened?" Quinne's voice crackled over the speaker.

"Just found out that my life is over."

Quinne's breath caught in her throat. "So, what is it, cancer? A hole in your heart?" Quinne's voice dipped towards faintly masculine, dealing with such intense emotions was still difficult for her.

"Some fucking glandular bullshit, that I inherited from my mom's side of the family." Brenda glanced at

her bleeding hand. “Fuck I tore my skin off.”

“Christ Brenda. You’re talking like you are dying here and this is just some gland thing? So what, you’re going to be fat. Whopty fucking do.”

“You know what Quinne. Fuck off.” Brenda hung up before her friend retorted. In her frustration she drove her truck aggressively back home.

Two Weeks later

There was a knock at Brenda’s door and it woke her up. She stared at the alarm clock, 1:30 PM. The knock insisted. She didn’t want to answer it. It was probably her mother coming to berate her again for putting on 10 pounds over two weeks. “Go away.” She snarled.

There was unnatural pause at the door. It didn’t feel like Brenda’s mother. “Fucking make me Angel hair.” Quinne’s voice came echoing through confirming that it wasn’t Brenda’s unhinged mother.

“Quinne?” Brenda got up out of her bed. Brenda opened the door looking up at her friend. “What the fuck are you doing here?” Brenda asked out of curiosity.

Quinne looked over her friend, there was a bit of shock on her face. Brenda braced for the worst. “Get your shit... wait. Get showered and get your shit.”

Brenda looked up at Quinne. “What the fuck is going on?”

“You’re moving out.”

“I am?”

“Yeah, you’re moving in with me Angel hair.”

“Wait, what?” Brenda sputtered. This was so confusing, who was this woman who took Quinne’s place? “You can’t be serious.” Quinne set her jaw and locked eyes with Brenda. “You are.”

“Yeah. I am. Now get showered. I got some friends here to help haul your stuff into a truck bigger and burlier than yours.” Quinne smiled. “And if you don’t, I’ll fucking haul you into the tub myself.”

Brenda nodded, and quickly showered. When she came out, there were a few of her friends in her room, taking the bed frame apart. They were some of the bigger gals from her home room. Brenda, still wet furred sidled up to Quinne. “Did... they tell you?”

“Tell me what Brenda?”

“About my mom?”

“Yeah. She’s a piece of work you know?” Quinne sighed and rested an arm on her friend. “They clued me in on your aunt too, and how big you’re going to get.”

Brenda wilted again. “Don’t do this out of pity.”

Quinne looked at her friend, and punched her in the arm. “Fucking hell Brenda. I’m going to help you get better.” Brenda jumped back in pain and fear. But she saw that Quinne was crying. “You fucking told me once that I was worth the shit in my veins and that I was beautiful. You pulled me back from my darkest moments.” She grabbed Brenda and looked into each other’s eyes. “Let me help you, okay?”

Brenda found tears trying to fight their way out. She fought the urge, before crying and collapsing into Quinne’s arms. “Thank you.” Brenda squeezed Quinne close tears staining the blood red tank top. “Fucking thank you for rescuing me.”

Quinne rested a hand on Brenda’s back and patted it. “I’m just returning the favor you did me those two years back.” Quinne pulled Brenda gently back and smiled. “And like fuck am I going to let you get that huge and unable to move Angel hair.”

Brenda gulped. “What, what do you have in mind?”

“I’m going to be needing a spotter this summer.” Quinne grinned and Brenda groaned, following the logic.

“Fuck me.” Brenda said, unable to muster the energy to frown. This was the greatest she felt since

graduating. “You’re going to turn me into one of those fat powerlifter chicks aren’t you?”

“Hey, it’s a hot look. And honestly, I think it will grow on you Brenda.”

“I guess so.” Brenda groaned, before throwing herself into the move as well.

Three years later

Brenda stepped onto the scale and examined the numbers. It still went up. She gained about 2 pounds since last week she figured. God Dr. Patel wasn’t kidding she was going to get big. She and Quinne now are equal height where Quinne used to tower over her. She looked in the mirror and chuckled. “Hey fatass. You’re looking good.” She smiled realizing that she was about three times as big as she was when she first learned of her condition. She examined her body, checking for any blemishes. Besides the stretch marks that her fur covered, there were none. Quinne shouldn’t be home for an hour. Meaning Brenda had the restroom to herself. She smirked before flexing her biceps and watching her muscles ripple under all that softness. “Fuck am I awesome.”

She chuckled and hefted a naked breast and grinned wickedly. “Damn girls you’re sexy you know that? You remember that one trucker from Cali? The big bear loved how you two felt.” She gave them a soft squeeze and blushed at how great it felt. “Fuck am I glad to have you two. Christ like I could have gotten you two without this fucked up twist of fate.” She looked at herself again in the mirror. For a brief moment her mind flashed back to aunt Vicky and she shivered.

“No, fucking hell Brenda. You aren’t her.” She winced and pushed that painful thought back. Her mom yelling obscenities at her over how big she had gotten. Quinne actually having to hold Brenda back in a standing three point lock. The derisive glare that both Brenda and her mother got from Aunt Vicky that one year she tried to patch up her family. “You’re greater than this girl.” Brenda muttered, remembering Quinne’s words that day. “Muh. Ther. *FUCKER*. I am greater than my goddamn issues.” She slammed her hand on the full granite countertop and looked back into the mirror seeing her naked form. She was confident now, and had an adopted family of her own. Far away from those who hurt her over who she was. She was attractive to a lot of people and was never one to want if her desires flared up. She continued to list these off to remind her how far she came in three years time.

“College, technical training, a stable carrier, still able to fucking move.” Brenda mumbled. “Take that Vicky.” She grinned, looking at herself. “Look at you Brenda motherfucking Biggs. The world threw a who

shitton of hell at you, and you carried it back to them. And then you beat the shit out of the world. You are a goddamn titan you know that?" She poked a pudgy finger at her reflection. "Damn straight I am." She grinned. Ah, but that grin was short lived.

Turns out during that pep talk, Brenda didn't hear Quinne come home. Well, not until she kicked down the door shouting. "MAKE WAY FOR PISS."

Brenda screamed and jumped to the side, before landing flat on her ass in the tub. "Fucking hell Quinne don't you knock?"

"Bitch I needed to piss." And with that Quinne dropped her pants and sat down. There was a silence that lasted a few beats before they started to laugh.

"Quinne you're a fucking pyscho you know?" Brenda said, hauling herself out of the tub. Brenda examined her friend again, reflecting on how both of them changed for the better.

Quinne had started to come into her womanhood more gracefully. She still was built like a sherman tank, but now she had a modest bust and a reasonable butt if narrow hips to go with it. "Yeah bitch, I am."

Eleven years later, otherwise known as present day

Brenda was far from Port Agatha, but that was normal these days. She was one of the best long haul truckers her company had. She lived for the road and the freedom it brought her. All the sights, the people and the tastes. God she loved the tastes. And why shouldn't she? Her body needed calories like her rig needed gasoline. Might as well enjoy it right? Brenda chuckled, humming something she heard from a local metal band back home. She was in a rare mood. "Today's going to be great" She mused, even though by all accounts today's job was just another day in Brenda's book. Another drop off, a nap in her cab, a Shower at a Flying J before hitting the road again.

What was special this time was what would be happening after the drop off. Brenda was going to visit Quinne and her spouse. It's why Brenda fought so hard to get the Bunn Snacks delivery to Junction City Colorado on her way back from the east coast.

Quinne had opened her own MMA gym and trained several contenders of her own. She had made a huge name as Quartz Quinne Foley back in her twenties when the MMA scene was just starting up. But to Brenda,

Quinne was still that fight nerd who sang P!NK when no one was looking. Quinne was also her oldest and best friend. Brenda had to catch up with the woman from the cage. Twilight was settling in when Brenda pulled into the Flying J so she could shower. She had set aside a black newsboy cap with a navy blue tank top custom tailored to cover her gut (for now), polished black steel toe boots with matching belt. She took care though in selecting her overshirt. A lot longer than she normally would have. She settled on an old sanguine red one that faded with time. It was the shirt she wore when she heard Quinne retired reigning champion.

Feeling fresh and like putting the gorge in gorgeous, Brenda hauled herself into the cab. Her hips rubbed against the side of the doors. “Huh. Guess I’ll need to take you in and get some body work done won’t I Avalanche?” She tapped the side of the cab before sitting down again. She hummed a bit before grabbing a tape measure from her glove box and measured the space between her stomach and the steering column. Less than an inch. “Well shit, guess like I’ll be doing a full overhaul when we get home huh?” She tossed the tape measure into the glove compartment before firing up her GPS looking for Foley’s Gym Junction City.

At the Gym

“Carlos, hand to god you will learn how to block proper or I will break your hand off at the wrist personally.” Quinne said, watching her new charge a Latino of about 20 go through the motions of blocking against a tiger in gloves throwing very calculated jabs at his face. “Better. That’s a lot better. You’re getting it Carlos.” There was a loud horn honking in her parking lot that caused all the patrons of the gym to jump. “Jesus Christ, what the hell.” She strode angrily to a window to see who’s ass she had to hand on a silver platter. What she saw though softened her steely anger. Outside stood a titan of a badger in a black newsboy cap, blood red button down shirt wide open with a navy blue tank top. Quinne swore the familiar sight had finally dwarfed her after all these years. “Carlos, Sergei, that will be all for tonight. If you want to spar go to the community center or something.” Quinne smiled at the sight of her old friend Brenda out in her parking lot. “We’re closing early.”

There were a pair of ears that danced at that. From behind a desk, a lady ardwolf stood up. “Did I just hear my wife say we’re closing early?” She had a soft round face with gentle green eyes

“Yeah? What of it Lindsey?”

“Who are you and what have you done with my Quinne.” Lindsey smiled peered out the window. “Is that?” Lindsey was short and leanly muscled compared to Quinne, who was tall and cut like she was chiseled out of marble. However, Lindsey had a pair of calculating eyes and a set of well calloused hands. She and Quinne complimented each other. Quinne who finally grew a full C cup bust but was still very narrow hipped. Where as

Lindsey was definitely more pear-shaped with powerful thighs but relatively flat.

“Yeah, that’s Brenda.” Quinne smiled. “Guess like it’s our cheat day.” Quinne opened the garage door to her gym. “As I live and breath. Brenda Biggs herself.” Quinne called out.

“And Quartz Quinne Foley and Lady Lindsey Foley.” Brenda took her cap off in a faux salute. She slapped the cap back on. “Do you have time for a titan’s company?” Brenda teased.

“Always.” Lindsey and Quinne said in unison.

Soon

The trio found themselves at the best dive with the biggest Portions in Junction City, revealed by Brenda’s know how. They ate and laughed and reminisced about life. “God Brenda, I remember when you were a twig of a thing.” Quinne said, brushing a stray bit of her pixie cut out of her eyes.

“Yeah, and I remember when you had a side shave dyed neon pink.” Brenda retorted, causing Lindsey to snort beer out of her nose. “She never told you that?” Brenda leaned back against the 3 chairs holding her up as they creaked ominously.. “Jesus, I have photos I should email you.”

“Can we not?” Quinne asked embarrassedly.

Lindsey smirked. “I showed you my lime green liberty spikes phase. You can at least do me the favor.”

Brenda smiled. “I’m so glad to see you again Quinne. I want to just thank you again for helping me.”

Quinne chuckled. “You did the same damn thing you fucking goober.” They both laughed at that. “I’m glad to see that they haven’t tied you down to management.”

“Ugh, fuck that. The day they do that, I’m quitting and opening that auto shop.”

“Yeah, you could lift an engine block out without any gear.” Quinne quipped before

“Damn straight I can.” Brenda challenged. “D’ya wanna see.”

“Christ you’re serious.” Quinne gasped. “Brenda you are a force of fucking nature you know that?”

Brenda laughed again and nodded. “I had a lot of help reminding me I was.” She pointed at Quinne. “Don’t you forget that.”

“I won’t.” The conversation between the three lulled. All three of them tough women in their own right just enjoying each other’s company. Brenda started up the conversation again though.

“Lindsey, what do you do? I’d like to think I still know Quinne’s type, and something tells me you are pretty tough too.” Brenda leaned on the bolted down table that groaned in protest.

“Brenda.” Quinne replied, exasperated.

“I teach sword fighting.” Lindsey smirked. “Among other armed European martial arts.” She sipped her beer lightly. “Did Quinne ever tell you how we met?” Brenda shook her head and urged Lindsey to go on. “She thought she could best me in swordplay and I disarmed her beat her without drawing my sword.”

“It was love at first lock then?” Brenda asked, grinning like a maniac. Lindsey nodded and Brenda howled with laughter. “Yeah, I knew you were her type.” Brenda said after getting a bit more in control of herself. “It’s glad to finally met my old friend’s better half.” She offered her heavy hand to Lindsey who shook it.

Quinne smiled at the two. “Oh, right. I got something for you. Been holding onto it for… god going on 5 years.”

“Oh? What’s that?” Brenda said taking a long drink from her beer stein.

“This.” Quinne said, sliding a wrapped box over to Brenda

“Oh?” Brenda picked it up and shook it. It felt heavy and was in one solid piece. “You could have mailed it to me you know.” She said starting to open it.

“Nah, had to see your face when you opened it.” Quinne said coolly.

Brenda finally got the wrapping off the box and as delicately as she could lifted the lid off the box. There was a gasp. “No way.” Brenda pulled out what most people would call the most gaudy looking belt buckle ever. Polished brass with white sapphires spelling out ‘Angel Hair’, but to Brenda, this was a call back to an old friend. “When the hell did you have this made?”

“5 Years ago. Had to make sure my best friend knew I still think about her.” Quinne said grinning.

“Fuck, you’re going to make me cry in public you piece of shit.” Brenda said sniffing. She reached over the table and pulled Quinne over. “Thank you, you giant pain in my ass.”

“Hey, you’re welcome Ms. Titan.”