

Halloween, that magical autumn holiday when adults can let loose their inner child. A day full of scary movies, mouthwatering candy, and Halloween parties full of creative costumes and delicious food. All across the country houses were preparing their stockpiles of sweets for the coming invasion of pint sized ghosts and ghouls. Children were making sure their costumes were just right, and on a typical neighborhood street, in a typical suburban town, a certain rabbit was making the final preparations for a fun filled Halloween night of her own.

Delila had been looking forward to this all year. The front of her one story ranch house was covered in fake cobwebs. The windows glowed with flickering orange and green electric candles. She had even splurged the day before on a giant inflatable black cat and a witch stirring a bubbling cauldron. They had been on sale at the local drug store. She struggled for hours to set them up, and had to chase after the cat once or twice when the wind tried to make off with it, but Delila felt well rewarded for her efforts as she surveyed the front yard from her living room.

Turning away from the window, the buxom brown rabbit strode across the room to the rack of DVD's beside her T.V. stand. She had made sure to gather all of her favorite horror movies on the top rows, arranged from scariest to cheesiest, and after one final check to make sure they were all accounted for she made a quick dash for the bathroom to check her costume. Stopping in front of the full length mirror hanging on the back of her bathroom door, Delila was greeted with the sight of a witch, and quite an attractive one at that.

Delila's long ears drooped to either side of her face, pinned under the black pointed hat perched on her head. Her ruby lips were covered in green lipstick that drew attention to a pretty face and sky blue eyes. She ran a finger along the edge of her lower lip, rubbing away a few pesky smudges that had gotten onto her brown fur, puckered her lips and then put on her best sexy face, which made her giggle at herself.

Delila's eyes gazed downwards to inspect her costume, a loose fitting black pullover dress that still managed to show off her generous breasts and chubby pot belly. It was a cheap thing, something you could buy at one of those Halloween stores that popped up at strip malls in every town this time of year, its bottom hem ragged and torn to give it that well-worn witchy look. It stopped at her knees, allowing an unobstructed view of shapely legs, and as she turned this way and that to admire herself in the mirror, she couldn't have been more pleased with her simple costume.

The sound of the phone ringing signaled an end to her self-admiration. Rushing excitedly from the bathroom, she rounded a corner in the hallway and entered the kitchen, stopping to grasp the tacky pink wall phone beside her fridge.

"Hello?"

"Hey Delila, its Michelle. Are we still on for tonight?"

"Hey girl," exclaimed Delila excitedly. "You bet we are, I've got the movies all picked out and the caterers dropped off the food like an hour ago. Are you on the way?"

Delila heard a long sigh on the other end of the line, "Well, that's why I'm calling actually. I got pulled into a last minute meeting at the lab, so I'll probably be a few hours late."

The rabbit's heart felt like it would fall right out of her chest. "Oh no, a couple hours?"

“Woah, hey now. It’s not like this is the end of the world. I’m still coming, and you have Gerry to keep you company until I get there.” The mention of her boyfriend didn’t really boost Delila’s spirits.

“Actually, Gerry won’t be here tonight. He got stuck helping his parents with their move and won’t be back until tomorrow afternoon. It’s just going to be the two of us.” Michelle slumped into one of her kitchen chairs and pouted.

“Well, then how about this. I don’t have work tomorrow, so let’s turn our Halloween party into a Halloween slumber party! That way you can still torture me with all those god awful horror movies of yours. Sound like a plan?”

“Really,” squealed Delila as she sprang from her chair and began happily bouncing across the kitchen like a one woman mosh pit. “Ouhh, this is going to be so much fun! We can have pillow fights and tell scary stories and bake cookies and do each other’s nails and -----.”

“I’ll take that as a yes,” giggled Michelle as Delila continued to rattle off a list of sleepover related activities. “But listen, I’ve really got to go or I’ll never get out of here,” she yelled in an attempt to be heard. “I’ll see you soon!”

Delila skipped with excitement back to the living room, cordless phone still clutched in her paw. Plopping onto the couch, she placed the phone on her coffee table and reached beneath it, pulling from its bottom shelf three large mixing bowls filled to the brim with bite sized candy bars and other assorted goodies. Once they had been placed upon the table within paws reach, she snatched the remote from the armrest, turned on her flat screen TV, and picked up her Xbox controller. Delila had already put in a DVD earlier, one of her favorite Halloween flicks, a badly edited and poorly written gore fest called “The Keep”. She had watched it with Michelle last year, and recalled that her friend had summed the movie up by saying that it was so cheesy you could put it on a cracker, which was true. But it did have Nazi’s being killed and ripped apart by some kind of vampire fairy ghost thing in a medieval castle, which made up for its shortcomings.

Before she could watch it however, Delila needed to get into the proper mindset. That’s where her bong came in. One of the great things about being a trust fund baby was that Delila could smoke as much weed as she wanted, whenever she wanted.

Reaching over the armrest, she retrieved the bong from the floor and placed it on the coffee table, then reached into the pocket of her black witches gown and removed a rather large zip lock bag of green sticky icky, a little something she had gotten from Michelle a few days ago. Opening the bag, she buried her nose in it and sniffed at the sickly sweet smell. It reminded her of fruit loops and brought a smile to her face. Each leaf was covered in crystals and orange flecks, and she couldn’t wait to try it. Michelle had told her it was a new strain of medical marijuana that her company had developed, and as she broke up the large thick buds and packed a bowl she seemed to remember Michelle telling her something else about it too, something about not smoking too much of it at once or else ---- or else what? Delila couldn’t seem to remember. She shrugged her shoulders and raised the bong to her lips, “*Whatever,*” she thought as she took a deep drag. “*What’s the worst that could happen?*”

Taking three pulls on the bong she sat back and started the movie, but after a few minutes still felt fine. “Medical my ass,” she grumbled, leaning forward to repack the bong. “I’ve had skunk weed that packs more punch.”

It was only after her fifth round, as a hapless treasure seeking Nazi unleashed the monster from its stone prison, that the delayed effects of the potent strain hit her like a ton of bricks. Her eyelids grew heavy, while her head seemed to fill with air. Delila's body sank into the couch as a dull tingling sensation worked its way up from her bare feet all the way to the tips of her ears. She seemed to be pulled into the movie, tunnel vision had set in, but these weren't the only side effects.

Her stomach gurgled, and sharp hunger pangs shot through her pudgy middle. Reaching out, Delila grasped one of the heavy plastic bowls and placed it on her lap, unwrapping a mini Twix while the swirling cloud monster decapitated its first victim. One by one the movie's body count grew higher and higher, and so did the piles of candy wrappers that were tossed lazily onto the floor about her feet. When her paw scraped the bottom of the first bowl she pushed it onto the floor and replaced it with the second, this time with a bit of difficulty as her stomach took up slightly more of her lap.

By the time the monster revealed itself to be a badly put together costume that looked like the bastard child of the Hulk and Skeletor, Delila had moved on to bowl number three. Her stomach had revealed itself as well, now a heavy ball that slowly pushed her legs apart and pulled the black fabric of her costume tightly around it. One arm rested across the upper curve of her belly, while the other constantly deposited bite sized treats into her chocolate stained muzzle until finally, as the goofy hulk creature and the handsome, ageless wizard that had imprisoned him thousands of years before battled to the death amongst the charred corpses of a Nazi garrison, Delila realized something. Not only was she out of candy, she was still hungry.

She didn't want to leave the couch, it seemed like so much work. With the empty bowl at her side forgotten, Delila set both her paws to rubbing the basketball sized dome of her stomach. It gurgled constantly, causing a faint vibration that tingled her inner thighs where her belly wedged itself between them. The feeling of fabric moving tightly across her gut, the gentle yet firm scratching of clawtips vanquishing a pesky itch here and there as they travelled in a counter clock wise motion over the churning sphere, it was all so soothing. She really felt like she could stay there all night, but as the credits rolled across the screen she felt her hunger intensify. It was a gnawing feeling deep within her stomach, and it compelled her to get up.

Not realizing just how big she had become, Delila tried to lean forward to stand, but the lower curve of her belly pressed uncomfortably into the couch, releasing a groan of complaint. She would have to approach this once simple task from a different angle. Scooting forward until her plump rear was perched on the edge of the cushion, Delila pushed herself up with a groan of effort. Stretching her arms up overhead, she arched her back, the front of her costume sliding up the curve of her belly, revealing her knees and thick thighs.

Once the kinks had been worked out of her muscles, Delila placed her paws back on the rounded gut that sloped down and outward away from her. She could barely see the tips of her toes. "It looks like I've swallowed a crystal ball," she thought allowed. The idea made her laugh, and as she made her way towards the kitchen she began to rub it with her paw tips, pretending to consult her crystal ball belly. "Crystal ball that hides my feet, lead me to a tasty treat," she called out in her best mystic voice, breaking into another fit of hysterics that caused her belly to bounce up and down.

Entering the kitchen, Delila headed straight for the fridge and opened the door. She tried to lean forward, but with an "Ouf" of discomfort, settled for just bending her knees. The fridge was packed with

leftovers, takeout, beer and soda, but all of it paled in comparison to what she had ordered from her favorite catering company. There was a large platter of Swedish meatball eyes with cheddar cheese iris's and bacon pupils, a giant calzone that looked like a snake, and for desert there were two pumpkin pies and a chocolate cake. Delila looked from one to the other, unable to decide what she wanted. In the very back of her mind a weak voice warned her to close the fridge and walk away, but it was quickly drowned out by the overwhelming urge to eat.

"Oh man, it all looks so good," she moaned, unable to decide what to have, but after a moment of contemplation she came to a decision. "Well, I guess I'll just have to try it all then."

Delila placed everything on the kitchen table as quickly as she could, unable to stop her mouth from watering, and once she had retrieved a plate, knife, and fork, sat down to enjoy her meal. She attacked the calzone snake first, eating with her knife and fork at first, but it was just too slow. Soon she was lifting large chunks of the calzone to her mouth with both paws, devouring its cheesy, peperoni filled insides one bite at a time until there was nothing left but a faint outline on the backing pan. Delila let loose a series of satisfied burps, each one leaving a strange mix of chocolate, cheese and pepperoni in her mouth.

Her stomach was beginning to feel uncomfortable, and pushing her chair back from the table she could see why. Delila's costume was strangling her poor belly, and some of the seams along each side had begun to pop. There was only one thing to do about this, and with a grunt of exertion, she got to her feet and began pulling up the bottom hem of her dress. She had to hike it up over the shelf of her butt first to get enough slack, and even then had to roll it up over the dome of her gut like a tube of tooth paste being squeezed for that last drop. Once she was done, Delila tucked the loose cloth under her breasts and sat back down again, setting her sights on the Swedish meatballs. One at a time she plopped them into her mouth, spreading her legs slightly wider as her belly slowly swelled. Once the meatballs had been vanquished she quickly moved on to the pies, shoveling giant forkfuls into her mouth, eyes tearing, jaws aching as she struggled to chew each massive mouthful.

Finally she leaned back in her chair with a pleased groan of fullness, the chair creaking in protest, struggling to support Delila's increasing weight. Her belly jutted out from her body in a firm, spherical bloat. Her breasts jiggled atop the taught dome of her beach ball sized orb with each shallow breath. She pressed a paw against the surface of her stomach, rubbing it gingerly in a vain attempt to sooth her aching, too tight skin and gazed at the soiled pans and crumbs that littered the surface of her kitchen table. The chocolate cake was gone, she didn't even remember eating it, but the smeared chocolate paw prints she left on the thinned fur of her churning girth were proof enough that she had.

"Tha-urp, that was sooooo good," she moaned, licking up the bits of frosting and pie filling that caked her muzzle. She had reached that food induced high, that pleased pain of being so full it hurt, so full it felt good. Slowly she shifted in her seat, afraid to move too quickly. Her belly made a muffled sloshing noise, like someone was shaking a jug of milk, as it wobbled lazily from side to side in one solid, heavy sphere. Spreading her legs as wide as they would go, she leaned forward and placed her splayed paws firmly on the table top. Delila's belly hung low between her spread thighs, her belly button nothing more than a shallow crater on the face of her planetoid girth. She looked pregnant, nine months ready to pop pregnant, and as she slowly arose from the chair, arms and legs straining, she felt it too. She stood there for a moment, trying to find her new center of gravity, back arched to compensate for the turgid mass that erupted from her figure. With slow, hesitant steps she waddled her way towards the

living room, her only thought was reaching her soft bed. That thought was suddenly scattered from her haze filled mind by the bing-bong of her doorbell.

“Shit, the trick or treaters are here!” Her mind tried to process the severity of her current predicament. To not have candy on Halloween meant vandalized decorations, a toilet paper strewn yard, and god forbid the little monsters got their hands on a carton of eggs. Even if she did have something, she couldn’t answer the door like this, the skirt of her dress draped across the upper curve of her engorged gut, tiger stripe panties on display for all to see.

Again the doorbell rang, and this time she could hear the muffled sounds of high pitched, impatient voices. Waddling to the door she leaned against it, her short, hurried journey from the kitchen hallway leaving her out of breath. She took shallow, wheezy breaths, interspersed with the occasional burp, and prayed that they would go away, maybe thinking there was no one home. But no, this time there was a sharp knock at the door. Turning sideways so that the door blocked her massive midriff from view, she opened it just enough to peak her head out.

Delila was greeted by three pint sized candy seekers, a bedsheet ghost, zombie and ballerina, each one holding up a pillow case that sagged under the weight of its candy load as they shouted, “trick or treat!”

“Oh my, urp, what wonderful costumes. Did you make them all by yourselves?”

“The ballerina nodded happily, and was about to go into great detail about how she had sewn her frilly pink too-too when the zombie, obviously the ring leader, interrupted. “Do you have any candy or what lady?” Delila gulped, partially because she was nervous, but mostly to fight back a rather massive belch. She looked around her in desperation. “*There has to be something I can give them!*” But the only thing within paws reach was her purse, suspended from a coat hook to her left. Suddenly she had an idea, and reaching for the stylish Prada bag she fumbled inside, retrieving a wad of fifty’s and hundreds.

“Now listen ki - urp - kids, I don’t have any candy, but I do have something you may like.” Removing a crisp fifty she waved it in front of them. “I’ll buy your candy off of you for fifty dollars apiece.”

They all stared at the fifty in awe, and the ghost even raised his hand to take it, but yet again the zombie ring leader spoke up. “We can’t eat fifty bucks, and I’m not going home empty handed.” Delila smiled, she knew how to handle this. “True, you can’t eat money, but just think of all the discount candy you could buy tomorrow for fifty big ones.” The ballerina looked from her two companions to the fifty, then down at her bulging pillow case, while the ghost turned to whisper in the zombie’s ear. “Listen man, I don’t know about you but I’m taking that fifty, so don’t screw this up for me ok.” The ring leader raised his paw to silence the ghost. “Fifty dollars for each of us?”

“That’s what I said.”

“Deal!”

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When the meeting finally ended it was a little past ten thirty, and Michelle was glad to be done with it. She hated meetings, they were useless as far as she was concerned. Listening to corporate suits drone on and on about problems that she was already aware of, wasting valuable time she could have spent

fixing them in her lab. Watching know it all financial whiz kids point at pie charts and graphs, quoting statistics, it was enough to drive her up a wall.

Even with almost no traffic it still took twenty minutes to get home and fifteen to stuff a duffle bag full of spare clothes and necessary toiletries. Delila had sent her a costume in the mail, a matching witch costume, pointy hat and all. Michelle wasn't planning to wear it at first, the thought of bumping into one of her colleagues, how humiliating. There was no time to worry about her appearance however, she was running late, and if dressing up would make Delila happy, well, humiliation was a small price to pay. Stripping out of her work clothes, she pulled the dress over her head, plopped the pointy hat on, grabbed her bag, and ran for the door. Catching a glimpse of herself in the hallway mirror, she had to admit that it fit her pretty well, highlighting her curvy rear and hourglass figure, although it didn't do much for her rather modest breasts. She hated the color, it was such a contrast against her snowy white fur, blonde hair and ruby red eyes. She didn't have time to admire herself however, and slamming the door behind her she was gone.

By the time Michelle parked in front of Delila's house, she was exhausted. Glancing at the dashboard clock, she was disappointed to find that it was eleven forty five. She sat in her car for a minute, listening to the tick-ticking of her engine as it cooled, and rested her head against the steering wheel with a sigh. "I hope she's not mad at me, I didn't expect that stupid meeting to last so long."

Grabbing her duffle bag from the passenger seat, Michelle stepped out of the car, bumped the door shut with her hip, and looked about. The block was pretty much deserted, most of the younger trick or treaters had gone home hours ago, but there were still a few groups of older kids walking about. Most of the houses on the street had a pumpkin or two sitting on their front steps, or a tacky Halloween themed wind sock hanging from their porch, so Delila's house stuck out like a sore thumb. It seemed like every year she tried to outdo herself, and by this point she wasn't surprised to see that her friend had spared no expense. "What a waste of money," thought Michelle as she started walking towards the front steps.

Halfway to the door Michelle stopped in her tracks. She thought she had heard something. Sensitive ears swiveled slightly from side to side like radar dishes atop her head, and after a few seconds she heard it again.

"Awooo-ugh-mmmmwaaaah!"

It sounded like the moan of a zombie or something, and it was definitely coming from inside Delila's house. "*Sounds like she started the movie marathon without me,*" thought Michelle. Arriving at the front door, she dropped the duffle bag at her side and pressed the glowing button set into its frame. Michelle stood there nervously after the door bell had chimed, and as the seconds ticked by and there was no sign of her friend she began to think that Delila may be giving her the cold shoulder.

"Aughhooooouh-urp-awhhmmm!"

There was that sound again, and this time it was much louder. "*She must have the volume turned up, no wonder she can't hear the doorbell.*" Michelle hoped that was the case, she may have had a tough no nonsense exterior, but deep down there was a very sensitive and caring person. The last thing she ever wanted to do was upset her best friend. Michelle thought of all the birthdays she had missed, the

countless get togethers cancelled because of her demanding job. It was one of the things she really hated about being a world renowned scientist, but Delila was always so understanding about it all.

Reaching her paw out, Michelle tried the door knob, and with a soft click it opened. She entered the hallway with a sigh of relief, closing the door behind her. "Delila, it's me. Sorry I'm late," she called out. There was no reply, and as she stood there Michelle realized that the house was far too quiet. There were no sounds coming from the living room, the T.V. must have been off, so where could those moaning noises have come from? Rounding the corner she found her answer lying on the living room floor.

At first Michelle didn't know what she was looking at. It appeared to be a large brown medicine ball that someone had overinflated until it took on a pale pink tint. There was one big difference though. Unlike most medicine balls, this one had a pair of legs that cradled it, pushed wide by its girth, bare feet planted on the ground, toes spreading and clenching, gripping and tugging at the fibers of the blue carpet as something behind the orb let out that familiar, sickly moan. Michelle dropped her duffle bag, a look of shock and disbelief upon her face as it suddenly dawned on her. "Oh my God! Delila, is that you!?"

Michelle rushed to her friend's side, kneeling beside Delila's impossible bloat. The skin was pulled taught over the churning, bubbling soup of candy and food that her stomach fought to digest. Her bellybutton was gone, nothing more than a reddish purple smudge at its peak, and the skin looked shiny with oil, easily visible through her thinned brown fur. Rows of stretchmarks feathered out from Delila's rounded sides, starting at her hips in wide, angry red streaks, and tapering into thin, faint pink lines that framed the bruised blemish that was once a bellybutton. Leaning forward, Michelle looked past the churning globe until Delila's face came into view. Her breasts flopped to either side of her face, the black gown she wore nothing more than a frumpy tube top now. The rabbit's eyes were scrunched shut in pain, and as her stomach released a deep growl that contracted the too tight skin she bit her lip. Scattered about her head were several empty pillow cases and plastic bags, half buried beneath a sea of discarded wrappers.

"Delila, can you hear me. It's Michelle --- Delila! Open your eyes girl."

"Ough ---- Michelle ----," croaked the beached rabbit in a weak, faltering gasp. "You -- made it.

Michelle's whiskers drooped as a smile of genuine happiness briefly flashed across Delila's face. "Of course I made it, I promised you a sleep over didn't I?

Delila made a motion with her head that looked like a nod, but may have been an attempt to keep her massive meal from coming back up. Michelle couldn't tell for sure.

Yeah, you did. I'm sorry I ate ---- all the food, but it --- hic--- it was soooooo worth it," moaned Delila as she massaged what she could reach of her gut.

Michelle couldn't take her eyes off of the impossible mound that pinned her friend to the floor, her hands hesitantly reaching out to join Delila's. Her skin was hot to the touch, and almost as tight as a drum. Michelle knew that Delila was at her limit, her paw pads tracing the raised red lines that covered its surface like zebra stripes. Michelle was torn between feelings of fear for her friend's wellbeing and unrestrained excitement. Fighting back her feelings of arousal, Michelle tore her eyes away from the

titanic tummy before her and scanned the room, her gaze quickly falling upon the long forgotten bong and the half empty bag of cannabis on the coffee table.

Michelle brought her paw to her face, bouncing it off of her forehead with a loud smack. "Of course, you had cannabis 63 didn't you? I told you how powerful that stuff was, it was designed for cancer patients who lose their appetite. I even wrote instructions on the bag, only half a bowl per day."

Delila closed her eyes again and pressed her paws into the tight pelt of her belly as if to help hold it together. "Oawwugh, don't start – lecture – ing to me Miche – ugh – Michelle, just – let me digest in peace."

"Fine, fine," grumbled Michelle, her face a mixture of concern and annoyance. "But we need to get all of this weight off of your lungs." Rising to her feet, Michelle moved behind Delila and bent forward, grasping her by the armpits. "All right, on the count of three I'm going to pull you up into a sitting position o.k.?"

Delila nodded her head slowly, moving her elbows to each side to push against the floor "Yeah, sure – ungh – whatever you say."

Michelle spread her legs and tensed her muscles in preparation, "One ----- two ----- three!" With a grunt of exertion she lifted with all of her might, and Delila did her best to prop herself up, but before they even reached the half way mark Delila felt a sharp lightning bolt of pain shoot through her tremendous tummy. "Argh, I'm going to pop, I'm going to pop!!" Michelle gasped in shock as she watched the stretchmarks near the peak of Delila's belly grow wider, quickly turning from faint pink to a deep red. New marks began to take shape, multiplying before her eyes as the dark smudge of her bellybutton bulged outwards as if some alien creature was trying to escape from within.

Michelle lowered Delila onto her back again as gently as she could and stepped back as Delila gasped for breath, eyes watering from the excruciating pain, her belly growling like a wounded animal. "Dear God, she very well may burst," thought Michelle. "Her stomach can't take the strain of being compressed against the floor like that, I should have known better." Kneeling back down by her side, Michelle gently rubbed the top of Delila's belly as she groaned and huffed. The rat tried not to let her fear show itself, looking down at her friend with what she hoped was a reassuring smile.

"So that plan didn't work out too well, but I have a better idea."

Michelle's delicate massage freed a gas bubble from deep within, erupting from Delila's parted lips in a sharp belch, the sound wet and sickly as she covered her chocolate stained mouth. "A – a better idea! Haven't you done –ouagh – enough to me already?"

Michelle rolled her eyes, "Me? I didn't stuff you like a thanksgiving turkey, and what is this," she asked, picking up one of the discarded pillow cases and dangling it above Delila's head. "Did you steal candy from trick or treaters?"

"I didn't – ough my belly – I didn't steal anything, those kids got fifty bucks each, how was –urp – I supposed to know they were gonna tell all –ungh- their friends about it." Michelle couldn't help but laugh. The thought of Delila operating her own cash for candy business was just too much. The beached bunny looked grumpily up at her friend. "I don't see what's so funny."



“Oh Delila, I’m sorry,” giggled Michelle as she tried to regain her composure. I didn’t mean to laugh at you. Come on, just hear me out.” So there are two parts to this. Part one is, I’m going to hold your belly while you turn onto your side. That way you won’t have to put any strain on it.”

Delila looked apprehensively up at her friend, “And what’s part two?”

Michelle patted the top of Delila’s belly gingerly, “Let’s cross that bridge when we get to it.” Shuffling away from Delila to give her belly room, Michelle placed the palms of her paws onto the side of Delila’s gut, fingers pointed downwards, and counted to three again. Delila rocked her hips, titanic girth wobbling above her, and with a strained grunt of effort her belly began to fall towards Michelle, its weight dragging the poor rabbit along for the ride. Beads of sweat broke out across Michelle’s forehead as she took the weight, her arms shaking as the thinly furred, red striped ball pushed into her. With every ounce of her strength, she slowly lowered the grumbling mass to the floor until her arms were pinned beneath it, and Delila rested in one piece on her side.

Michelle winced in pain, unable to free her arms from the great weight that towered above her. “Delila, I know you probably want to rest right now, but we have to get you upright before my arms are crushed.” Delila propped herself up with her right arm, relieving some of the pressure on Michelle, and bent her legs. They both shared a tired look, and with a nod from Delila they began step two. Pushing with all their might, the round ball began to roll, and with one final grunt from Michelle Delila was on her knees, belly resting before her. With the weight of her packed full gut no longer pressing on her lungs, Delila took deep gulps of air, the top of her belly rising and falling. It felt good to be able to breathe again.

Michelle got to her feet and massaged her arms. It felt like they had fallen asleep, tingling with pins and needles. Looking down at Delila, she was amazed to see that her stomach seemed to stick out even farther now that it wasn’t being compressed so much by gravity. It stuck out farther, looking more like an oval than a beach ball.

“Let’s try getting you on your feet, what do you say?” Delila sighed, arching her back as the muscles across her belly contracted, releasing a liquid gurgle from deep within. “Ugh, you such a slave driver, you know that,” she grumbled tiredly, raising her arms. Michelle hugged her tightly, clasping her fingers together beneath Delila’s breasts, and prepared to hoist her up by the armpits “Oh, quit your whining piggy rabbit, or you won’t be getting any more belly rubs,” whispered Michelle into her friend’s ear. Delila pouted, but didn’t reply. She was afraid it was no idle threat.

After the herculean efforts they had just performed, getting Delila onto her feet seemed far too easy, and in no time at all she was standing, or at least as close to standing as she was going to get. Legs bent, trembling from the weight they were forced to carry, spread wide to accommodate the low hanging tear drop that jutted out before her. Michelle held her from behind as the rotund rabbit tried to steady herself, and once she felt that Delila had found her new equilibrium she let go. With a squeak of surprise, Delila pressed her paws to the exaggerated curve of her back, desperately trying to counteract the solid mass that threatened to drag her to the ground while Michelle quickly relocated to her front, bending forward to interlock her paws together beneath Delila’s protruding underbelly. “Geez, warn me next time, I wasn’t ready for all that weight.” Michelle smiled mischievously from her hunched position and rubbed her chest lightly against the sensitive red splotch of her bellybutton. “What did I just say about whining,” she replied in a sing song voice. Delila’s cheeks grew red, a cue of pleasure escaping her

lips as Michelle gave her a taste of what she could offer. "Im not whining, you just surprised me, that's all."

Good, because after all this hard work I want to have some fun quality time with my favorite glutton and this big ol' belly here." Michelle straightened her back as she spoke, raising the solid oblong mass that pressed into her trim stomach as she did until it jutted proudly from Delila's waist. With Michelle's supporting paws, it defied the gravity that threatened to pull it down into a drooping tear drop, and removed a good deal of the weight from Delila's back.

With a sigh of relief, Delila brushed her paws against Michelle's arms as they resumed their travels across the thinly furred expanse of her belly. Well then, what are we waiting for," asked Delila, her voice taking on a breathy, seductive tone. "Lead the way, you know where the bedroom is."