

PhealGud Shorties
MicroAgressions

“I’d wear this but I’m totally a summer” the Mink said as she brought up the dress in front of her, “I mean, it’s cute but totally clashes with my fur. I think you’d be better in it Olivia.”

“You mean I’d be able to better fit in it Margret” the O’possum commented snagging the tank top from her friend.

The two clearly stood out from the rest of the customers in the fashion department, both ladies being absurdly fat. Both of them chattered to each other, their wide bodies jiggling with every movement, and both of them happily eating from a large brown paper bag that they brought in from the food court.

“Oh pahlease” Margret squeaked, crumbs spewing from her plump muzzle, “I lost like, nine pounds over the week.”

“Not like you’d know anything about watching what you eat” she thought, shaking her brown double wide hips, *“you garbage guzzling glutton.”* Her ass cheeks lightly slapped together under her three sizes too short skirt, clearly showing off her underwear, gripping to her ass desperately.

Olivia scoffed, wiping her greasy hand against her own skin tight low cut T-shirt, “well of course. It’s those clothes, they really don’t do your body any justice.”

“Of course it is, it can’t be that all you can eat buffet from last night, that fat clinging to your body you delusional dipshit” she thought, her body attempting to adjust itself, her legs causing her ‘tastefully distressed jeans’ to groan and pop it’s stitches, *“like, look at all those rolls piling on your fat love handles, or should I say death grips. Your brown fur only makes you*

look like a massive walking piece of shit.” Margret fluttered her eyelashes before taking one of the donuts from her bag and sticking the entire thing in her mouth, squishing the fried dough into her muzzle and getting the red strawberry icing all over her lips and even a bit on her many chins.

“I think they have this in your size” Margret commented as she looked over her shoulder, her melon sized cheek squishing into her face, forcing one eye to squint, “15 correct?”

“More like 150, look at that ugly bloated worm she calls a tail, I bet I can’t even wrap both hands around that disgusting thing” she added to the back of her mind, licking her plump fingers.

“More like a 12” Olivia added while lifting up her arms to her breasts, the limbs sagging with a heavy curtain of lard, “as long as it can fit my ‘girls’ too.” Her breasts were very large, but sagged heavily into her bra, mostly fat and soft with very little ‘perk’ to them. She could feel the thick crumbs in her cleavage as she looked down, the thick roll of fat around her neck forming a third chin that stretched beyond her long muzzle.

“What a cheeky bitch” the o’possum mentally growled, *“how oblivious can she be. She’s just about as wide as she is tall and she dares call ME a 15.”*

“Well then” Margret said with a chuckle, taking a finger and poking the exposed gap of Oliva’s massive calf slapping gut, “get in the dressing room and let me see you in it.”

“Take ‘that’ 12 you bloated black and white bimbo.”

Ophilia smiled, her fat cheeks dimpling while exposing her rows of sharp teeth, lightly yellowed here and there. She grasped another dress and handed it to Margret saying, “well, try *urp* this while I’m at it... so we

can compare and... contrast.” She belched lightly, covering her mouth with her bald fingers.

“It will be like watching someone stuff a giant tube of cookie dough in a dress” Ophilia snickered in glee. Quickly following it up with one of the hotdogs from her own take out bag, slowly gobbling it down with an almost ravenous hunger.

The two looked at each other over their soft, crumb smeared cheeks with deep seated and concealed loathing. Then, both turned towards the changing rooms and marched ahead. The audible sloshing of their morbidly obese bodies was accompanied by the mild groaning and popping of stitches of their current clothing, begging for mercy. Ophilia sloshed side to side, her bloated apron like gut swinging like a pendulum and slapped at her legs. On the occasional heavy step her gut would lightly slap against the floor. Margret on the other hand huffed and puffed while she waddled, every wide swinging step was intentional and necessary for her massive thighs and hips. Her long swollen body leaned and shifted, the many rolls that cascaded down her neck and even down her body formed a morbid fleshy staircase that slapped and jiggled with her movements.

Their approach to the changing room was almost like a race... for snails. The two of them pushing at each other with bloated paws to get ahead of the other to attempt to prove the other that they indeed, could fit into a size 15.

One door was open and the two waddled frantically, sweat beading on their fur and staining their pits. Tongues were hanging out of their agaip muzzles, heavily huffing air desperately. And with a force unlike a car crash, the two shoved through the doorway.

And were stuck.

“Hey... I got *huff* here first” Ophilia growled, trying to push the massive Mink out.

“Nooooo, I got here *URP* with... plenty, of time” Margret whiled, shoving at the obese o’possum. Their fat slapped and shifted, the two firmly stuck in the changing room door, seeing how their guts and breasts smooshed into each other and obscured their view of the mirror.

“Out.. *BELCH* of the... waaaay”

“NO, YOU FUCKING MOVE”

The two squirmed, heavy lard laden tails slamming the floor and each other.

“BLUBBER BLOATED BITCH”

“WIDE WHALE WHORE”

A security guard watched and listened to the two squabble over the security cameras, the wolf’s eyes glued to the screen.

“You think we should call security to get them out?” The owl next to the wolf commented, “maybe ask to bring some lard for lubrication?”

“Sure” the wolf said with a smirk, “just... a little longer, it’s starting to get really good.”

“Well sure thing” the owl commented with a grin. *“Probably the only girls fatter than you”* he thought to himself.

“What?” The wolf asked, turning around in the chair, his ass wedged firmly between the armrests.

“Oh” the owl squawked, “nothing...”