



Baby Fat

Written by Victor Waite
A request for Jethro



It was a quiet, peaceful evening in the shared home of Delila and Gerry. The former was spread out on their couch ruining some poor virtual bandit's day while the latter passed time on his computer a short distance away. Little was said as they enjoyed their respective hobbies, but words were not necessarily needed between them. The simple act of sharing space was enough sometimes, and this was one of those occasions.

The night seemed to drain away as Delila mowed down nameless henchmen in droves while Gerry ticked away at his keyboard, and before either of them realized it their clock struck eleven. The grey-furred rabbit let out a disappointed sigh and began shutting down his computer. His weekend had unfortunately come to an end, and as much as he enjoyed his job he wasn't ready to face the mess that had inevitably built up over his break. He gave his girlfriend a kiss on the top of her head as she finished off a mini-boss and drug himself to their bedroom. The garage would be waiting for him in the morning, and he would need all the rest he could get.

Delila continued to game for some time after her boyfriend retired, but eventually sleepiness overtook her. After vanquishing the head of the crime ring and saving her progress, she cut the console off. The earthy rabbit stood and stretched out hours of concentration, but abruptly stopped when a glowing screen caught her eye. Gerry's computer had stopped itself from powering down completely and now sat waiting for a force-close command. She was going to do him a favor and help the device along, but froze when she realized what he had been doing. The web browser had locked up on one of Gerry's favorite sites, one that featured gravid furs showing off their swollen bellies and laden breasts.

A torrent of thoughts rushed her mind in that instant, each more terrible than the last. Unfortunately the one that lingered after the initial shock was also her greatest fear. Delila covered her mouth in shock as she concluded that Gerry was considering leaving her. The distraught rabbit considered every feasible reason for his loss of interest, but none of them added up. This was the first sign of anything being amiss, and she had stumbled upon it purely by chance! Then again, she hadn't exactly been looking for them. Was that the problem? Had she not been giving him enough attention?

Delila slowed her train of thought long enough to finish shutting down his computer. In the time it took her to get ready for bed, she had convinced herself that Gerry was feeling neglected. She vowed to make things up to him tomorrow with a romantic evening as she climbed into bed beside him and tried to settle in for the night. Despite her plans to hopefully patch things up, she lost a great deal of sleep to thoughts of losing him. The notion that the love of her life may leave her chilled her to the bone, and only when she cuddled against him did she finally relax.

The brown rabbit awoke the next morning with a start to an empty bed, but gradually calmed when she realized what day it was. Gerry would leave for work before she got up quite often, but for a brief instant she thought one of her nightmares had come true. The shock galvanized her, and she began hammering out the details of their evening as she went through her morning routine. She would surprise him with a home-cooked meal when he eventually returned, followed by a night fueled by rekindled passions. The rabbit surveyed their kitchen once she was dressed and made a list of everything she would need. It wouldn't be the most lavish dish ever created, but it's the thought that counts, right?

For the better part of the afternoon, Delila carefully crafted the dish that would save her relationship. It was only a simple vegetable recipe, but it was one of Gerry's favorites. More effort went into the presentation than the meal itself, and by the time the front door opened she had created a wonderfully cozy candlelit setting. The guest of honor had arrived a little later than she expected, but his first day back was usually the worst. She waited with baited breath for him to catch sight of her efforts, and when he finally did she was crushed.

"I really appreciate everything you put into this babe, but I'm just too tired tonight. I picked up something to eat on the way home, and I just want to go to bed."

The salt-and-pepper rabbit planted a small kiss on her forehead, completely oblivious to the defeated look on her face. Gerry had unknowingly confirmed her greatest fears, and it was everything Delila could do to keep some semblance of composure. She had to do something while there was still a chance, and in a moment of unexpected clarity a string of words rolled across her tongue.

"Gerry, I'm pregnant!" Delila almost covered her mouth as she blurted out the only phrase she knew would keep them together, but there was no taking it back.

Gerry stopped in his tracks as the implications of her sudden declaration sunk in, and then nearly tackled her in a full body hug. He showered her with kisses and praise, and immediately began making plans for the coming months. The rabbit wasn't quite ready to give up his work yet, but he was confident he could appoint one of his managers to take his place for a while. In the meantime they could easily live off of Delila's trust fund and prepare the house for its newest resident.

The soon-to-be-father was unable to stifle a yawn after a few minutes of celebration. Apparently he hadn't been lying about being tired! He gave Delila another loving embrace before setting off for the shower, and eventually bed. She beamed as he walked off, quite satisfied with her quick thinking. Her grin was short lived however, and she soon realized the scope of what she had set in motion. Gerry was happy to be with her for now, but what would happen when he realized she wasn't actually pregnant? Delila was not so easily deterred when it came to matters of the heart though, and fortunately she knew someone who may be able to help.

“So he turned down-”

“Yep”

“Then you panicked and-”

“Mhmm”

“And now you need-”

“Yes”

“Alright, I just wanted to make sure we were on the same page.”

Michelle leaned back in her chair, took a sip from her drink, and punctuated the gesture with a nod. The lab coat-clad rat idly stroked her little belly as she considered her (and by extension Delila’s) options, the wheels visibly turning behind her eyes. She had been working on something that might be able to help, but it was still in the experimental phase. The drug seemed safe enough if her personal test results were worth anything, but she still hesitated to give something largely untested to her friend. The rabbit’s desperate look banished any doubt about helping her, though she would still have some conditions.

A smile spread across Michelle’s muzzle, the look of someone who had prepared for this exact situation. “Lucky for you, I’ve got just the Deus Ex Machina you need. I’ve been working on a weight gain drug, and for the most part it works.” The rat stood from her seat as she spoke, adjusting for her slightly shifted center of balance. She motioned for Delila to follow, and the pair made their way towards her in-home lab. “The latest batch does exactly what it needs to, but as you can see the distribution of the new fat is... a little concentrated.” The rat rubbed her paunch for emphasis as a faint blush spread across her cheeks.

“I’m confident it’s safe for public use, but I’ll need you to help me prove it.” Delila’s stride broke for a fraction of a second at the thought of what her friend’s terms might be, but quickly recovered. The few times she had been caught up in one of the rat’s experiments had been interesting to say the least. “Relax, hun. All I need you to do is weigh yourself every couple of days and take some notes on how you feel. It never hurts to have extra data.” The rabbit was about to correct Michelle’s remark but was interrupted as they stepped into her lab.

The rodent’s workspace was massive, and every available space was crammed with some type of equipment. Delila followed Michelle through the waist-high maze of tables and work benches, passing numerous devices that would have made a super villain jealous. She soon found herself standing over the rodent as she rummaged through a small, glass-fronted refrigerator brimming with samples. Michelle pulled a tray of vials from the chilled space and plucked a few

seemingly at random. It took the rabbit a moment to realize she was being handed something, but she eventually pocketed the small vessels with an inquisitive look.

“Take all of these when you get home, and it should be enough to last nine months.” Before Delila could ask any questions, she was presented with a small container of pills. “These are appetite enhancers. The gaining formula won’t work fast enough on its own, so you’ll need to take one of these about every week. That should result in a rate of growth that mimics natural pregnancy. There shouldn’t be any interactions between them, but come to me if you think there’s even the tiniest thing wrong.”

“Thank you so much Michelle,” Delila exclaimed as she pulled her beloved friend into a tight hug. “I don’t know how I’ll ever make this up to you.”

The rat was caught off guard by the sudden gesture, but soon returned it. “Always happy to help,” she grinned.

After her meeting with Michelle, Delila returned home and took the experimental medicine as instructed. Gerry arrived a short time later, and the exhaustion of the visibly glossed off of him as he embraced his girlfriend. He couldn’t be happier with the turn their relationship had taken, and it showed in a number of ways. The rabbit promoted one of his trusted managers as the head of the garage, while he stayed at home with Delila and showered her with affection. At night she would still play her games, but Gerry had since abandoned his computer chair for the seat next to hers. More often than not he simply watched and idly cuddled with her, but occasionally he would join in or distract her in the best of ways.

The first few weeks of Delila’s simulated pregnancy went wonderfully. Her middle was filling out on schedule, and the added weight was shaped perfectly into a baby bump. Every once in a while feelings of guilt would shadow her, but seeing the spring she put in Gerry’s step quickly dismissed her qualms. She had never seen him this delighted, and she soon convinced herself that breaking the illusion now would be needlessly cruel. Plus, she loved the extra attention! The brown lapine hadn’t been lavished like this since they first started dating, and the only time she really had to herself was her “prenatal yoga class” at Michelle’s mansion.

Delila loved Gerry with all her heart, but her weekly visits with her friend were a strong contender for the highlight of her week. She was usually greeted with a small battery of questions, most of which centered around her weight and dietary habits. Once the rat’s academic curiosity was satisfied, the pair move to her kitchen. Michelle had reasoned that Gerry would become worried if he realized how much Delila had to eat, so she insisted that the rabbit did the majority of her stuffing under her care. The rat spared no expense in the feasts she laid out, and between that and the company Delila had no problem sneaking away on a regular basis.

Initially she was nervous about coming home with such a full stomach, but Gerry held no suspicions whatsoever. He would welcome her home with open arms after each class and helped her to the couch, regardless of whether she needed assistance or not. The brown rabbit's belly grew with every passing day, and soon it was pushing up the hem of her shirts. It was obvious that Gerry enjoyed her growing size, and sometimes she would go out of her way to indulge him. With increasing frequency she would spend her days around the house without a shirt, opting only for a bra. Her routine of stuffing and gaining went on for a good while without issue, but she inevitably hit a snag.

One night as Gerry massaged his girlfriend's rounded middle, he commented on her lack of doctor visits. Delila laughed the observation off, but inwardly kicked herself for not thinking about it sooner. She made a point to ask Michelle about it the next time they met, and when she did the rat told her to not worry about it. All Delila needed to do was stop by sometime next week and everything would be taken care of. The messiest part of the cover-up was convincing Gerry not to come along with her. It took no small amount of discussion, but eventually he agreed that he would end up wasting a few hours of his day in a waiting room by himself.

The second oversight on Michelle and Delila's part occurred on the day of her fake appointment. To fully create the illusion of a check-up, Michelle borrowed a copy of a coworker's ultrasounds. The proud rabbit had made multiple prints of her litter and spent most of the day flaunting her fertility, so getting a hold of one was child's play. Gerry readily accepted the image as Delila's, but unfortunately neither her nor Michelle noticed a critical detail. Only when her boyfriend celebrated their four children on the way did she realize what they had done!

In retrospect, this turned out to be one of the best mistakes she had ever made. Her food binges with Michelle intensified once Delila chose to run with it, and before long Gerry was feeding her at home on top of that. Her lapine boyfriend had decided that she needed to eat for five, and their nighttime activities changed to reflect this. The pair frequently spent the evenings cuddled up together on the couch, surrounded by an army of snacks. Delila would play her games and dispense virtual justice, but the encounters were broken up and punctuated with morsels offered by her lover.

Gerry enjoyed the new arrangement nearly as much as Delila. He no longer needed the help of his computer to satiate his belly lusts, and a weight was lifted from his heart as a result. Hidden pangs of guilt evaporated as he massaged his girlfriend's swollen middle, completely enchanted by how she had changed. Her fur was spread thin over the crest of her gut, allowing the strained skin beneath to show through. He savored her little twitches as he grazed her inverted belly-button and enjoyed her contented murmurs as he relieved some of the tension in her hide. As rewarding it would be to finally meet his four children, he would miss moments like these.

As the days and nights passed, Delila got bigger and bigger. Between her regular gaining episodes with Michelle and Gerry, she nearly overshot her target size. Not that anyone involved would have minded. Her newfound mass did cause a few issues for the gravid rabbit, however. The majority of them were tied to the effort of moving so much mass around, but one problem in particular was irksome enough to force a change in their routine. Her appetite had grown with her size, and by the eighth month of her simulated pregnancy a single evening was enough to empty their kitchen! Daily trips to the grocery store would prove to be more pain than they were worth, so the pair turned to the buffets of their town.

The restaurants welcomed them on their first visits, which turned to worried looks from the staff on the second, and near panic on the third. Most places blacklisted Delila by the fourth day, but fortunately word of her insatiable appetite spread slowly. There were more than enough blissfully ignorant establishments the pair could visit, and her gluttonous spree continued with Gerry's help. Despite the varied looks his girlfriend received, he was more than happy to fetch plates spilling over with food from depleting buffet lines. Her belly swelled closer to term with each vanquished serving, and Gerry couldn't help but massage her gut in public.

After nine months of what seemed like constant feasting, Gerry grew antsy once again. Delila was able to reassure him for some time, but as her due date came and went she became anxious as well. The rotund rabbit knew she wouldn't be able to keep up the illusion much longer, and she feared the fallout of coming clean. She was far too large for Gerry to allow her to go to her yoga classes unattended, which forced Delila to solve this problem on her own. Her boyfriend was unusually steadfast on this point, but he had a good reason to be. Her stomach was truly massive now, nearly dragging her to the ground with its warm weight. Sensitive skin showed through fur stretched thin to the point of uselessness, putting her popped belly button on display for all.

Unfortunately stopping the charade proved to be much more difficult than starting it, and she found herself insisting on going to restaurants to buy time if nothing else. Then one night after returning home from another ruined buffet and a verbal assault from its manager, Delila simply broke down and told him everything. She fought through tears as she explained herself, starting with her discovery at his computer and continuing through every act of panic and deception. Every confession weighed heavily upon her, and at the end of her lengthy story she threw herself at Gerry and begged forgiveness.

The distraught rabbit only calmed when Gerry wrapped his arms around her and held her as close as her belly would permit. He apologized profusely for scaring her as he cradled her and forgave her without the slightest hesitation. He couldn't deny how much he enjoyed their renewed intimacy, and he was touched by the extreme measures she had taken to preserve their relationship. The rabbit was thankful for such a loving mate, even if she had an odd way of showing it sometimes. Gerry lovingly dried the tears from her face and guided her to their couch with undiminished care. He fetched a slice of cake from their kitchen, took his favorite seat next

to her, and offered it as if nothing had happened. Delila tentatively accepted the treat and chirred with bliss as he began stroking her middle. Neither of them could be happier with where their time together had taken them, and the bond between them was stronger because of it.