

Expansive Knowledge

By MorganTheAce

For Cowpenz

“WHAT?!? What do you mean you don’t-?!? I-I mean, is it really that hard to-?!?”

Stella couldn’t help but snort, incredulously, at the flabbergasted notion that what was just described was in ANY way normal. It stung just about *immediately*, watching the eager, antsy girl besides her pout. So, she decided to shelve the “hell yeah I don’t get it” that Reagan was about to receive, and brought out something a touch more delicate.

“... kinda, yeah.” She mumbled, shrugging and taking a lazy sip at her soda. “I mean... look, people like weird shit all the time, I get that. But like... ass stuff is ass stuff. Foot stuff is foot stuff. Even... fuckin’... piss, WEIRD shit, it’s still like... stuff ya normally DO, y’know? This...”

The possum shifted awkwardly in her seat and huffed, leaning back against the cushions of the couch. “I-I mean, it’s not- it’s not LIKE-” Her cheeks reddened, and her eyes flicked away. “... o-okay I mean it IS, uhm, hot, to me, yeah, but-” She huffed, folding her arms together. “I-it’s not JUST hot!!! It’s... y’know, it’s like... nice!”

“... nice.”

“Yeah, nice!!!”

Stella knew she had a resting bitch face. Who HADN’T made that clear at this point? She ALSO knew that it made it hard for her to get her thoughts

across without coming across as mean. So she spoke carefully as she narrowed her eyes at the scruffy girl.

“... I just... don’t see how it doesn’t feel... weird? Bad?” She reached for her phone, but hesitated: she didn’t need a refresher on the impromptu parades that danced across her feed on occasion. “Like you... what? Almost explode, there’s no way that *doesn’t* feel painful.”

“O-only if you’re doing it wrong–”

“And then afterwards, you’re just, like... stuck, right? Everyone who gets fuckin’...”

“... inflated.” Reagan insisted, a hunger shining in her eyes. An excitement that Stella craved, and yet here, found quite odd.

“... THAT, just fuckin’ whines about how embarrassing it is, and how full they are, and if you ask ME it just sounds like they’d all rather explode than be there. Not like kink shit isn’t weird, but...”

“I... but...” Reagan slumped over a bit– wearing the gaze of consternation, more frustrated than dismayed but not quite either– before clapping her hands together, taking in a deep breath. “... o-okay. Yeah. Yeah, I mean... l-look, of COURSE some rando that sits on a... uhm... I dunno, a-an air vent or something, for the first time... of COURSE they’re gonna be overwhelmed! T-that’s natural! That’s... also not really the full story? Like, y’know..! Y-you figure things out, y-you adjust, and then... a-and then, uhm...”

Stella couldn't help but watch her kick her legs out, back and forth, screwing her eyes tight and sticking her tongue out as she pondered. She was a mess, her mind a pile of mush, her hair all unkempt, her clothes all wrinkled, and the rabbit wouldn't have it ANY other way... but sometimes, it was hard not to get all worried. Look, she's a sweetheart, but does she LOOK like she has any idea what she's doing? Usually, the answer is "never"!!!

... but there was something of a determination in her eyes as she sprung up off the couch out of nowhere, clapping again. More affirmatively this time...

"... o-okay! Okay, I see you're, uhm... you're a tough crowd! Right! That's- that's fine! I think... I think I can do something about this." Reagan gazed into nothing, nodding, screwing defiance into her expression.

... Stella just gave her a side eye.

"... something about me... uh... bein' confused? You can just... talk about it."

She shook her head. "N-no! No, I- I mean, yes, I could- I CAN, but..." She sighed, stretching a bit and yawning. "... n-no, no, that's... i-it'd be too hard. It's, uhm... i-it's kind of a vibes thing? And like, y'know, it's a bit hard to explain! But... b-but I got an idea! I can... uhm..."

Stella couldn't help but let out a low chuckle, watching the possum let out an awkward squeak and look over at her as she did. So jumpy...

"... dude, if you need a bit to get your thoughts together, go for it. Don't let me stop you."

“... I... uhm...” For a moment, it looked as though she was desperate to get SOMETHING out... but a sense of clarity shone through her eyes, and her posture relaxed. “Yeah! No, yeah, uhm... I wanna get some things from upstairs. C-can I, uh, take a bit, and..?”

“Sure. Need me to help?”

“N-NO! No, I-” C o u g h . “N-no, no, lemme get it! Y-you’re a guest, I should... lemme do it. M-my room’s a mess, anyways.”

“Yeah, no shit, I’ve SEEN your room.” She grinned.

“MORE OF A MESS THAN USUAL!!!” She pouted, only eliciting a proud laugh from the rabbit.

“Okay, okay, sure! I get it, go get your shit.” That gave her an opportunity to flip up her phone, gesturing towards the stairs. “I’ll be here, or whatever.”

“T-thanks! Thank you! I- y-you won’t regret it!!!” Reagan beamed, broadly waving as she raced up the stairs, soon darting into her room.

Stella barely had a chance to gesture back, and instead settled on kicking her feet up and scrolling through TikTok. She wasn’t a stranger to waiting on friends for something or other... but it always felt funny, being left in the quiet of someone else’s home. She had one heck of an opportunity to snoop.

If she cared enough to.

Really, she was mostly content to lay back and soak in the relative quiet of some memes. The conversation had taken a slightly awkward turn, but... y'know... it was chill. Stella'd have fucked off at just ANYBODY going on and on about weird shit, but...

Reagan was just so earnest. Even if she sometimes looked like she just flopped out of the donation bin of a thrift store or something, her goofy, uneven little smile could calm even the most turbulent of hearts. That's what Stella believed, at least. She could listen to that dweeb talk about anime for HOURS, and still ask for an encore.

... she wasn't really a recluse, though. That thought flickered in the bun's mind as she mindlessly swiped. Not like she didn't have a flair for the dramatic, but surely she'd have been down by now. Or, at least, Stella'd have heard her ask for help. Or, at the BAREST of minimums, heard her rustling around.

... what WAS she hearing up there, actually? It was something like... old furniture shifting around? Squeaking. A good bit of it, actually. But if Reagan was moving shit around, that was MANY sounds other than squeaking. She wasn't just flopping into some leathery armchair, was she?

...

Reagan didn't have one of those. She didn't even have anything LIKE that.

What the fuck was going on up there?

“... Rae. RAE!” Stella called up, squinting up the stairs as she hopped up, hands stuffed into her pockets.

“Y-yeah, hi?” She called back, sounding a bit... muffled? Kinda like her mouth was full. “Just a sec~!”

“Uh, sure, yeah?” The rabbit couldn’t help but be suspicious... but she settled on sighing, and leaning back against the door. “... if you’ve got some... fuckin’... chips up there, or whatever... you BETTER bring some down with you.”

Her eyes shut tightly as she waited, tapping her foot against the bottom of the stairwell. She was WAITING to hear her friend come out, and see whatever weird shit she had, but all she got was more squeaking. And more squeaking. And...

“... s-shit... uh... ouuuu... c’monnnnnNNNNN...” She heard the possum grow closer, and more agitated, as the squeaking only began to pick up, backed by the strained creaking of...

... of... of a *balloon*.

She wanted, so badly, to shoot up there and stop whatever dumb fucking nonsense was going on up there. But alas, when her eyes shot open and she shot up the stairs in kind, she was paralyzed by the sight.

Reagan- her darling little dork- was now haplessly filling the top of the stairwell. LITERALLY filling it: her scrawny frame was OBLITERATED, her sweater now ludicrously stretched across her dome of a top half, visibly

sinking into her where it ended. It couldn't possibly hope to cover the entirety of her, and so, it didn't: a sea of fluff, sea-green and abundant, hung before her, jiggling and wobbling with each desperate movement she made. And it was desperate indeed: she was huge, but she was CERTAINLY not lanky anymore, her arms reduced to resembling overly puffy donuts with surprisingly tubby paws grasping about underneath. She was able to flail, to flap paws and pillowy arms alike and grasp for anything to pull herself forward, but she found herself unable to make any ground. And with each pathetic wobble, each grumpy whine and huff, it was apparent that the weird squeaky noises were all HER. Her body let out an array of rubbery *sqrks*, strained *crrrrrks*, and airy *grrrrrrms*, barely able to handle whatever the hell had distended all of her so. And yet, her expression was that of mild annoyance, even IF her snout was damn near sunken into her body and was smushed between her own puffy cheeks... like she was stuck pouting all the time.

She looked like a tick that had just a bit too much to drink. She sounded like she was going to BLOW.

And yet, as she looked down at her girlfriend, and those oversized cheeks glowed a soft pink, she mostly seemed...

EXCITED..?

“OH!!! Hega, babe, uhm-!” She wobbled one of those big cushions around, that messy smile creeping up her snout. “D-don’t mind me! I, uhm... just gottaaa... get down there, haha..!”

Once again, she made the effort to try and pull herself through. If Stella couldn’t see the wall and stairwell squishing into her bulk, she’d have sworn the possum was flying.

“... y-you... I...” Stella had to get it together. Her mind was going a mile a minute, staring at the bloated bumbler before her, and it wouldn’t help if she just kept gawking. “W-what the fuck- what HAPPENED?!? Are you-?!?”

“Me? Oh, I’m just gweat!!! Uhm...” Reagan looked over herself, her tongue sticking out curiously. “... w-weww, I guess you couwd say the aiw compwessow in my woom happened! Haha! I-I usuawwy, uh... usuawwy get thwough a bit easiew...” Her cheeks being all filled with air must’ve made it hard to talk... clearly, anyways.

“Wh... I...” Still staring, she tried her best to straighten up, look presentable and calm. “... d-do you need... should I..?”

“... uh... yewwwww... CAN puww me out. That’d hewp!”

Look at that smile. God, she looked like a kid in a candy store. She was going to fucking explode and die and she was THRILLED.

Stella hesitantly walked up the stairs to reach her air mattress of a partner, brow furrowed as she reached for one of her significantly rounder-looking paws. "... uh... where should I..?"

"That's good!!! Thaaat's good!!! Just... a bit... cwosew..!" She couldn't help but notice just how eagerly Reagan swiped for her outstretched paws, faster as they drew near... as if she'd completely forgotten how beached she was! And once they were within reach of each other, she just grabbed on, as tight as she could!!!

...

Her hands were... soft..? They LOOKED all fat and round, yeah, but Stella wasn't stupid. She'd experienced balls and balloons and shit before. Hell, she went to the store one time, and saw some weird stuffed animals that had balls inside of them, and those things were *taut*. It kinda came with the territory, didn't it? But the paws before her... weren't. They were rather cool to the touch, surprisingly, in spite of just how mushy and warm Reagan seemed, but they were also soft. They squished pleasantly to the touch, and as she rubbed the back of them with her thumb, that squish only emphasized the softness of Reagan's fur. Squish, squish, squish... the possum gripped so hard, but it felt so soft...

"... it's nice! Isn't it~?" The fatass squeaked, not only joyful but *cocky*.

"... shut... the fuck up..?!?" The dumbass spat, praying she wasn't blushing half as hard as she felt like she was.

“It is! You like it! Ohhh I KNEW it!!!” She squeaked delightedly, kicking her legs behind her and letting out a joyous, wheezy little laugh.

... her legs... Stella could see them, just barely, behind the blimp of a possum. And they were no less clumsy or useless, more resembling a pair of quaint hills than any genuine means of locomotion. Each silly shift just made the whole of her wobble around... her enormous, rotund sides bouncing like a bowl of jelly... a rather mountainous rear, accenting her ridiculously tubby tail, boinging this way and that... her... her sweater-filling... gently bouncing...

“... baaabe..?”

“S-shut up.”

“... babe, yew’ve staaawing...”

“No I’m not shut UP.” Stella huffed, only then beginning to yank the possum through. As much as her ballooned form squeaked and whined in protest, in time, she was being yanked down.

“... it’s okay, y’know! T-they feew as nice to have as they do to wook at..! Anddd...~”

She winked, and giggled harder, kicking her legs around all the more. Stella mumbled, and ignored her.

Tried to.

At the very least, it wasn't HARD to get her out. It was more a matter of CONSTANT effort than it was of INTENSE effort. Bit by bit, with a bit of wiggling her around to wedge her out, they neared the bottom of the stairs... freedom for the yoga ball girl, as it were!

"... o-okay, uh... this good? Ya need me to..?"

"Oh, no! I mean... i-it'd be nice if yew, uh, puwwed me down, hehe... b-but I can take it fwom heve, pwomise!"

"You... you got it, yeah."

With just a few more tugs, the possum was through! Still holding onto Stella's hands, but it only took a bit of pulling to get her... onto her feet? Yes, SOMEHOW the enormous beach ball could balance on those two feet of her, swishing her tail caaaaaaaaaaarefully about, just to stop herself from possibly toppling over. One couldn't help but notice the faint tension in her wobbling form, as she teetered on her feet... albeit with more consternation in her pout than anything.

"... you... good..?" Stella muttered, trying very hard to balance looking upon her absurd partner and not staring at her massive pillow rack FUCKING STOP COME ON DUDE GET IT TOGETHER.

"... y-yeah! Yeah, sowwy, i-it's awways an adjustment, hehe..!" Reagan giggled as if there weren't a single thing wrong with this, teetering up on one side, and then the other... *bwomph, bwomph, bwomph, bwomph*. A pantomime of a

penguin's waddle, making the whole of her jiggle with each and every teeter.

Her smile only grew wider and wider. "H-hehehe..! A-and hewe I was wowwied I'd ovewfiww, ow undewfiww, ow- no, this is PEWFECT!!!"

"Is it..?" Stella muttered, her brow furrowed. "... you still need my hands, actually..?"

"O-oh! Sowwy, no, I-I'm good now!" The possum balloon giggled sheepishly, letting go after a moment's hesitation. She promptly wobbled back, without Stella's support, but before the bun could swipe at her again, she carefully teetered about onto her other foot to counter the sway, arms gently flapped juuust so to keep her steady... and then, once she was, she promptly gazed over, bearing the widest smile of all. "... s-so... hewe it is!!! Here's... uhm... t-the vibes! Y'know..~?" She giggled, carefully twirling about on one heel, and then another, jiggling as she bounced from heel to heel and yet never tumbling over. Had she practiced this..? She looked so careful in her little routine, like she wasn't in any danger at all...

That was still hard to believe. It was difficult to scrub your mind of the videos of hapless losers drifting off into the sky, terror filling their eyes.

"... you... y-you really... inflated yourself..? J-just to convince me you're fine..?" Stella blinked incredulously, paw held hesitantly towards her zeppelin of a friend. "... l-like, don't you have shit to do..?"

“N-no! Well, I mean- yeah, I-I want yew to see I’m okay, wight?” She wobbled her arms up and down, bearing a dorky little grin. “B-but it’s not just that!!! I... uhm... I-I’m, uh, experienced!”

“... experienced.”

“Y-yeah! I, uh... e-every few days or so..? I-I mean, it’s... like...” She pouted, resting one of her tubby paws on its cushiony prison and drumming it as her cheeks reddened. “... I-I mean, it’s... kinda like if, uh... j-jerking off came with, like... a silly super form..? L-like, turning on big head mode in one of those old PS1 games, a-and goofing off..! B-but... real?”

She looked so relaxed. So serene. So pleasant and warm. It was unfair how fucking cute she was. How had Stella gotten so lucky with her?

... an odd thing to ask after she’d just turned herself into a balloon.

She’d have to pick her words carefully.

“... so... you turn yourself into Kirby often?” She eventually mumbled out, folding her arms across her chest. “Cuz, uh, that’s... what you look like. No offense..?”

“NOOO NONE TAKEN THAT’S WHY IT’S SO *FUN!!!*” Rather than being offended, Reagan’s eyes GLEAMED, her arms flapped so damn fast that she sounded like a cart of balloons and LOOKED like she was about to start floating off. “I-it’s wike being- fwickin’- a pwushie!!! A-a goofy mascot, b-but the suit is yew!!! Isn’t it cute??? I-isn’t it, huh, huh~???”

... is it..?

No. No it's not, come on. It's... y'know, it's weird, and Stella KNEW what Stella was into. Which was like... y'knowwwwwww... boobs. Ass. She toyed with the thought of getting hypnotized sometimes. But like she KNEW that was weird. This? THIS???

"... it'sss... weird." Stella huffed, softly closing her eyes. She needed to focus on what she APPRECIATED, which was boobs. NORMAL boobs, not the enormous jiggling cushions bouncing on Reagan's chest with every clumsy motion that she could probably fit her entire head between AND DIDN'T NEED TO THINK ABOUT ANYMORE. "Y'know, uh... happy for you."

A bolt of anxiety shot through her, following an almost-certainly uncomfortable silence. Thus, she opened an eye to read Reagan's expression. And... well, there WAS a concerned little pout on the possum's cheeks, as her beady little gaze flowed up and down her girlfriend.

... unfortunately, the ultimate reaction was worse than she was worried about. Far, FAR worse.

She was *suspicious*. Those starry little eyes were narrowed into a squint.

At what? At WHAT??? Stella, she was FINE. She was cool as a cucumber. There was NO heat in her cheeks, and even if there WAS it would be buried safely within her chocolate-colored fur. As would any non-existent sweat from any OTHER non-existent heat. Nossir, she was. FINE.

... and yet, she couldn't help but watch the possum carefully teeter from one bloated, stubby leg to the other, almost tipping over like a hilariously tubby cow each and every time, just to waddle over to her. Watch that enormous, squishy figure get closer, and closer, and closer... a tummy once taken for granted now absorbing the whole of the possum's torso, capturing not Reagan, but the gaze of her beloved instead...

"... I... don't *bewieve yew.*"

"T-the fuck you mean???" Stella sputtered, internally cringing as she did that dumb fucking anime thing where you throw up one bent arm to shield your face as you stick the other back out. Susie did it sometimes in Deltarune. Probably. Fuck you. "The hell wouldn't I be happy for you?!?" *Stop thinking about Susie Deltarune.*

"I don't bewieve yew!!!" A determined pout took hold of Reagan as she resistantly rested her paws upon her... well... TRIED to rest them upon her hips. "Yew can say it's weiwd, but I know the twuth!!!" She couldn't bend her bloated arms NEARLY that far, and instead, they sort of settled pathetically against the sides of her massive tummy. Those tubby grabbers could barely squeeze themselves shut, and yet, she tried so hard to squish everything together. Making the whole of her noisy self groan in the process, and yet finding so much more cushiony give...

“... i-if yer not sayin’ this shit is weird, then yer nuts. NUTS.” She spat, trying to find her own defiance in return- which SHOULD have been natural, were the pitiful display before her not so... CAPTIVATING.

“Suwe it is!” She squeaked, leaning over juuuust a bit... making that balloon of a body wobble all the nearer... “... but that’s not aww! I KNOW it isn’t, and yew do too, don’t yew? Don’t yew?!?”

“Don’t- fuckin’-” Stella found a foothold in how silly Reagan’s voice was, snickering as she grinned, and turning away. “Stop fuckin’ mumblin’ through those fuckin’ things. It sounds like yer gettin’ smothered by an angry clown or some-”

“YEW’WE STAWWING!!!!” The possum cried in return, her dubiously sensible whining backed with an utterly cruel critical hit: that enormous frame, only barely grazed before through her surprisingly soft paws, was now utilized in a **belly bump**. The wobbling mattress before her, seemingly fit to burst, charged her all at once, just for a moment seeming almost to swallow her whole.

Oh, GOD, did it swallow her whole.

Seeing Reagan’s entire distended body sway and bounce about implied SOME level of softness, sure... she certainly wasn’t TAUT. But it was another thing to be charged with it, to find that instead of being shoved aside, it squished against her bit by bit. It smushed against her own stomach, her folded arms,

her legs, even her FACE... a veritable sea of pillowy fluff pressing up against her, AROUND her, filling her ears with a soundscape of airy groaning and squeaking and filling each nerve with a sensation only comparable to being buried alive in a mountain of squishmallows. Or like... a CLOUD. A SEA of clouds.

She couldn't brace herself at all, and by the time the wobbling form ahead of her finally found the need to offer resistance, she could only pitifully stumble out, coughing and hacking as her eyes went wide, and her face DEFINITELY went red. "YOU- I- DON'T- DON'T FUCKING DO THAT?!" Her mind and her body and her heart all disagreed on how little she genuinely WANTED that, so sadly (probably??? maybe??? maybe not?????), it only came out as a flustered squeak.

A weakness woefully caught, and eagerly pounced upon, Reagan's eyes only shining brighter. "I knew it, I KNEW IT!!!"

"You don't know SHIT."

"Yew wike it!!!"

"I don't 'wike' ANYTHING."

"Yew wike me infwating, don't yew?!"

"N-NO!!! I mean- I don't- I-I don't DISLIKE it-"

She giggled like mad, a clear power high threatening to swallow her whole. "Dawn wight yew don't, yew WUV it!!! Yew WUV how big I am, n' how SOFF I am~"

“I- you fuckin’- I don’t know what yer TALKIN’ about.” Stella huffed, squinting back at the possum.

“Weaaaawwy~?” She smirked, once again defiantly posing with her paws against her tummy. “So yew wewen’t stawing at my boobs eawiew~?”

“You- y-you know I’m into you. I’m not tryna be a perv!”

“N-no, yeah! But I know how yew awe. This? The way yew staved at my big, bouncy, squishy, cuddwy sweatw puppies~?” She beamed, bouncing on her heels JUST to make them jiggle, that fucking MONSTER.

“Y-YOU’RE WEIRD, OF COURSE I’M LOOKING AT YOU.” Stella sputtered, desperate to believe she held control of the situation.

“Suuuuwe yew awe~ just wike yew wanna see what my ass wooks wike, yeah~?”

“N-NO! STOP- NO.”

“I can see yew twying to peek!!! Don’t wowwy: I’m hewe to hewp~!” That goddamn MENACE winked, and once again moved to waddle her enormous butt around... but this time, only swiveled around backwards, positioning her tush riiiiiight in front of the helpless possum’s gaze.

Holy SHIT that tush.

If Stella’s CHEST was a huge pair a’ pillows, then her butt? Her utterly enormous, wobbling, all-consuming ass, her tail proudly squished between the squishy cheeks like a flag erected from the earth, making them softly bounce with each errant flick? The ass that was damn near as big as Stella’s entire

lower half ON ITS OWN, with each asscheek more than likely wider than she was???

THAT was the entire fucking bakery right there.

She couldn't resist.

"... *hoooooh my fuckin' god...*" Stella muttered, half cursing herself and half SMITTEN.

"HEHEHE~ wight? WIGHT???" That cretin could even look over her shoulder, and was grinning from ear to ear. "Ya wanna touch it?"

"Y- n-no. Fuck you."

"Yew know yew wanna."

"No. N-no."

"C'monnn~ just a bit! We've got a howe buncha time to mess aound watew, just twy it~!"

Damn her, she couldn't resist.

"... m' s-sorry."

She just couldn't resist reaching out towards the jiggly tush in front of her. She couldn't resist the wobbling, fluffy rear before her, patting it, feeling the soft fur beneath her paw, feeling the gentle cushion give just slightly to her touch. Nor could she resist the horrible urge to **press**, to feel it squish in more and more, to hear the ridiculous little squeaks as she

damn near got her ENTIRE FUCKING FOREARM into it before she finally caught herself and pulled away.

“... hooooly shiiiiiiit...”

She didn't even have the time to feel shame, as the increasingly-blushy possum let out a delighted squeal and twirled back around front, eagerly trying to smush her arms together to clasp her paws all cutesily before settling on wild, delighted stimming. “YEAHHHH!!! Isn't it awesome??? Isn't it SO fweaking nice, n' comfy, and sooooooft~?”

Stella couldn't even find the urge to sheepishly respond before Reagan dealt the killing blow: with one, two eager, plodding, waddling steps forward, she teetered over JUST enough, and captured the possum within the massive, airy cushions she called her arms. The bun could barely let out a whine as she was hoisted up, the whole of her now left at the whims of Stella's blimpy figure. And so, she found herself falling into the wobbling sea... gently suspended, like she had tumbled into a half-filled inflatable or air mattress, only there wasn't any cold, hard ground to break her fall: only more softness, more squish, more FLUFF. And that was without even considering those seemingly-immobile pancakes of arms only pulling her closer, deeper into it all... bringing her crimson face up to Reagan's, those bloated cheeks soon used to nuzzle up against her.

“Waaaaaaaaah~ goshhhhhh, I-I was weawwy hoping yew’d wike it, but thissssss..!!!” She giggled, bouncing between her puffy heels, making the whole of her wobble and squeak and creak even MORE. “Yew wuv it!!! Yew’we INTO it!!! I can’t bewieve itttttt..!!!”

“... I-I... y-you... mmmmm s-shadduppppp I-I don’t wanna be weirdddddd...” Stella mumbled, sheepishly hiding her face... or trying to. No, the nuzzles would not stop.

“I-it’s oki!!! I-that’s what I want..!” Reagan only beamed brightly at her, her tail- god, again, even THAT looked like a big, squishy, overfed snake- wrapping around her tubby self to wrap around Stella’s cheek. “W-wike I said... I-I do this AWW the time to unwind! It’s... weawwy cozy fow me. N’ if yew wike it... I-I can shawe it with yew..! Maybe..?”

...

Look at those gentle smile. Those sparkly little eyes.

Her darling little pillow. Her dork-ass, wonderful-ass balloon.

Ugh. Kill her.

“... mmmmmmm... m-m’kay...” Stella muttered, letting out a shy huff. “... s-sure. Why the fuck not..? Ain’t... ain’t the weirdest thing that’s ever happened.”

The blimp before her didn’t even TRY to find the words to describe her happiness, instead letting out a joyous squeal as she squeeeeeezed the bunny even closer, stomping to and fro, clumsy butterball as she was.

“YESSSSSSSSS!!! Ohhhhhhhhhhhh we awe gonna have so much FUNNNNNNN I can do this so MUCHHHHHH–” She gasped, grinning. “Can we do this evewyday??? Can we, can we???”

“I– u–uh– are you even– can you even do that???” Stella’s brows furrowed hard. “Wouldn’t that make you, like... flabby??? Or explode???”

“No, and no~! Twust me, I know my stuff~!” Reagan winked, and nuzzled her harder. “OHHHHHH it’s gonna be GWEAT~ we can cuddweee... and pway Mawio Kawt togethewwww... n’ yew can cheatttt by squishin’ my big ow’ tummyyyyyyy...”

“...Imeanthatdoesn’tsoundbaddd...”

“N’ yew can hewp me bwow upppp~ ow maybe!!! Maybe I just suwpwise yew~!”

“Wh– w–what??? How the hell’m I supposed ta fuckin’ inflate you???”

Stella sputtered, eyes wider than ever. “I–I don’t know what the hell I’m doin’, I–I don’t wanna explode ya!!!”

“Hehe~! Don’t wowwy, that’s the easy pawt!!!” Reagan winked, kissing Stella on the cheek with a coy little smile. “... it’s the hot pawt, too~ weww, it aww is– *yew know what I mean.*”

... no. No she didn’t. She didn’t know a goddamn thing about ANY of this.

But... look at that big cuddleball. Did she have any other option but to *try* anymore..?