

“Rhea, you're sure I'm not overdoing this? It's just.. it seems-”

Arthur couldn't help the reaction he was having, standing in the kitchen looking over the meal he was putting together. It was a fairly simple creation – but there was the question of *scale* to deal with. There were *numerous* packages of salmon meat that had been opened and emptied, all piled up on the far end of the kitchen. There were almost as many egg noodle packages empty and strewn about the place, as well as empty containers of grated cheese and wrappers from sticks of butter. The net result of all that was what Arthur was currently stirring up in a cauldron sized cook pot, a simple *mess* of fats, cheeses, carbs, and meat. Thousands and thousands of calories.

“I'm sure! Darling, come on. I'm- *hhwyawwhn*- Almost ready to.. *hywwhn*- do this thing for the Winter. Need to push things a little further though~”

The red haired young man was having a hard time even moving the gigantic vessel containing all that food, but as he got near to the living room with his girlfriend Rhea was up and collecting it with ease. For a brown bear it was no trouble moving that, and for Arthur it meant he got to watch his girlfriend in motion. It wasn't like Arthur was short, he was five foot nine, it was just that Rhea was *more* than two feet taller than him and had a good four-hundred pounds of muscle and fat on him that left the young man feeling tiny in her presence.

He loved that. Which had made the last couple of weeks even more of a thing – Arthur had been cooking *so much* during all this time, but the effects were stunning. A hundred of those pounds hadn't been there a week ago, and Rhea was working hard on adding to the number even as he watched. She stuffed her face right into the cook pot and started messily snarfing down everything she could get at while Arthur watched in awe, then eventually found his focus again and moved. Technically he ought to have been going back to the kitchen to start on more, it usually took two 'servings' for sate his girl at this point and they took some time to prepare, but the sight of all that jiggling blubber on her middle rolling around like it was just too mesmerizing. He *needed* to plaster himself right against it, riding the rolls like they were a wave pool, listening to the gurgling and rumbling inside of Rhea like he had a sea shell to his ear.

Arthur sank in a good inch or so when he put his weight on his girl. The bear hardly noticed at first, not until she was licking the sides of the pot for more cheese and butter to get inside herself and shuddering in delight about the whole ordeal. At least, until she ran out and had to lean back while licking her chops instead. Then Rhea looked.. well, sleepy.

“Nnngh.. that.. that was *good stuff*. I- *hhhwyyyaawwnnn*- I could go for more~”

Leaning in further, Arthur nuzzled up against one of the bear's *enormous* tits and scritchd at her sides idly while he spoke.

“I can whip more up in a minute. You're *sure* the cost is okay? I'm going to have to order groceries for tomorrow again at this rate.”

A grunt and a prod at Arthur followed that, which served as a prelude to Rhea wrapping her arms around his sides and plucking him effortlessly up off the ground. Arthur was held there like he was a little child, able to do little more than kick his legs idly and try not to find the situation *too* arousing. Which he mostly failed at.

“Mmmn, it's fine, promise! But you are *too skinny* too.. You're eating some also, right?”

This wasn't the first time Arthur had been asked. Every time it happened Rhea started to nose at his belly and his overall scrawny frame came into deep scrutiny. At least, mostly scrawny. There was a little bit of pudge there which had grown in solely in the last two weeks because on more than one occasion his girlfriend had held him down and made him eat with her.

“I am, promise! Though like I keep saying, you know I don't hibernate right? So uh, I don't uhm.. have to-”

Rhea was squinting.. at first. Then she just leaned forward and started to snore a little while her grip slackened enough that Arthur was able to escape. Enough, at least, to give him time to rush back to the kitchen and get started on the next course.. and start the dishwasher.

“That was close.. almost thought I was going to have to order out while she held me down with a box of cookies again. Which..”

Looking back, Arthur found himself with a thrill running through him at the idea. It sounded maybe a little too enticing, but he had to deal with getting more *real* food ready. This was important after all. The idea of his girl sleeping for *months* was kind of daunting though, and he wanted to squeeze in what time he could. If that meant letting her nap so she was awake and full after the next meal – even for just a couple of minutes – then so be it.

All this was piling up on a debit card that Rhea had assured him, repeatedly, was stocked enough to handle this whole thing. It felt weird though, Arthur hadn't gotten over that part. Not for lack of trying, and he *was* loosening up a bit. Getting another serving of the stuff he'd just made going in the meantime gave him time to think about it.

“Come on man, she's a *bear*. This is normal for a brown bear. Stop overthinking it.”

Arthur got the cleanup done fairly fast, then set about leaving the next batch of salmon to thaw and getting the frankly enormous pots of water boiling. It took a while to get all that in gear, but once it was underway it all finished quickly. All told it was only a few minutes work, and then he got busy with the next step. Ordering the groceries for tomorrow. That left him sat down with his phone, listening to the sounds of Rhea breathing.

It was a relaxing noise, that. One that Arthur was glad he liked since it was liable to occupy a lot of his world for a while soon. In and out, soft and gentle, over and over. Though when it came paired with a hot breath across the back of his neck that was a little weird. Enough to leave him looking up in surprise at least, finding Rhea drowsily hovering right over top of him, or maybe even sleepwalking? It was hard for Arthur to say, but she folded over top of him effortlessly. All of Arthur's spindly body was wrapped up in a deep bed of fur and blubber as he was plucked up once more and pressed into Rhea's body while she started to waddle groggily back toward the couch.

“Nnngh, t- too small you know. T- *Hyyawwwhhn!* Too small fer b.. bear business a-and.. gotta fix that, get you *bigger*. Big business. You-”

Arthur fond himself placed gently upon the couch and then half crushed when Rhea pitched forward and leaned on him. All his lower body and most of his chest were flattened by her, with her big bear jowls and lips pressing against his neck and leaving him sorely vulnerable to being licked all about the cheeks and ears.

“Are tooo small, boy. Good.. boy. You use that *thing* and get us *food*. Pizzas, like.. *eight* of em. A-and ten for me. *No less than eight*. So we can get you ready for Winter.”

There was no escaping – again. Having one hand free meant he could, at least, do what Rhea told him and order something for them to eat in case the drowsy delirium of rapidly approaching hibernation didn't let him out of this situation any time soon. It was a small mercy that he could just use the app to do that, given that Rhea's muttering hadn't stopped and 'muttering' for a bear was pretty damn loud. It still took some extra time to get the instructions 'let yourself in and please turn the stove off when you get inside' typed out though. By that time Rhea had roused a little more, enough that she was now hovering her face nearer to Arthur's.

“You're *so small!* How do you even *do* that.. being *small* and.. Hmmn.. h- *hwyaahhhnn-* not.. a bear? We need to make you *bigger* so you bear up.”

A wheezing 'ohboy' bubbled up from Arthur over that, with Rhea's face hovering right by his and being subjected to another storm of licking before she half passed out over top of him. Something that left the young man helpless, with his legs going to sleep on him rather quickly, and good and pinned. Arthur was still in this situation when the doorbell rang, which utterly failed to rouse Rhea in any fashion whatsoever, and left him thoroughly helpless when the squirrel with the stack of twelve pizzas (a compromise Arthur hoped he would get away with) entered with a quiet 'holy shit' as he saw the state of the place.

“Oh – heh – hi there. Yeah uhm, could you.. turn the boiling water off? I don't think it's going to be gone any time soon but I might be stuck here a while. Then just uh, set it.. on the opposite side of the couch?”

Arthur tried a wiggle of resistance but it went nowhere. With his body half asleep and Rhea's weight fully on him he was pinned. When the delivery guy set the pile of pizzas down Arthur mouthed out a thank you, though the delivery driver didn't leave right off. He lingered, gesturing at Rhea in confusion and a bit of concern. When he mouthed out 'are you okay' Arthur nodded, though he paired it with rolling his eyes at Rhea a bit.

“It's all good, I can lock the door with my phone. Thanks man.”

It still took a moment more for the squirrel to take everything in before he shrugged, then gave Arthur a wave on his way out, keeping things as quiet as he could. As for Arthur, he waited until the door shut and then reached over to open the first of the boxes. *That* got Rhea's attention. Eyes open, though not really 'awake' per se, the bear reached over and clumsily snatched at the first box to start messily and sloppily gorging herself. Carbs, cheese, veggies, meat – it was basically all the right things. Mostly.

Enough to get by at least. To buy Arthur some time.

“Heh, this is really a heck of a thing. And this happening *every* Winter? Gonna take some getting used to I think.. but I'm pretty sure I can manage it. So-”

Whatever else he had planned to say after that was muffled by the act of Rhea starting to feed him. She looked stern in the most hilarious of ways, barely conscious but *adamant* that this boy of hers get as much pizza in him as would fit in the immediate future.

“Too. Small. You'll freeze to death at this rate, silly little boyfriend. We're.. we're gonna need *more* I think. Yeah, I'm not feeling heavy enough yet, and you-”

Letting out a breath through his nose, Arthur couldn't help smiling as Rhea was interrupted by dozing off and snoring mid-sentence. She snorted herself awake again and got right back to feeding them both though. This was going to be weird.. particularly with Rhea being sleepily committed to making him as fat as she was, but he was pretty sure he could live with it.

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Arthur wriggled his shoes on as he was checking his phone, tapping out a text message in the process while rubbing at his growling belly.

*I'm leaving now. I'll meet you at the gym in about fifteen minutes, just gotta grab a coffee and a muffin or something else light like that.*

After that it was just a question of getting out the door. Which, as it turned out, was the part of this that was going to be a problem. Turning to see the door and finding that he *couldn't* on account of the six.. maybe seven hundred pounds of bear in front of it left Arthur feeling a little twinge inside. It wasn't quite fear, he was *pretty sure* Rhea wasn't going to hurt him like this, not on purpose anyway. It was the possibility that his girlfriend might do so on accident that was on Arthur's mind, particularly when after a *monstrous* yawn she half opened her eyes and Arthur got a look at them.

It wasn't that Rhea was 'awake' really. Hibernation just had these little periods of partial consciousness in which the wall of seven hundred pounds of muscle and fat that was *very fond of him* was a bit.. loopy. Arthur immediately began texting again. He got as far as 'might be late send help if not-' before Rhea had advanced and grabbed hold of him in a rather literal bear hug. After that all he could do was hope he was tapping send as she lifted him up off the ground.

“Nnnoo.. *Bad* boyfriend.. too *cold* outside. Too small and.. and-”

All Arthur could get out was a quiet 'ohgod' as he was effortlessly plucked up and carried back toward bed – the den as it was.

“Rhea? R-*oof*.. R-Rhea it's.. f-fine, I have a *j-a-c-k-e-t!*”

It could be worse. Being pressed into a thick heap of fluffy, pillowy bulk was comfortable as long as Rhea didn't go too far with it and make it hard to breathe. Right now that wasn't happening, she was just lumbering.. very slowly. There were three steps that all caused tremors in the building and moved him closer to the bedroom and then.. nothing. Rhea stopped, still holding Arthur, leaving him awkwardly wriggling and hoping maybe he could slip loose.

This did not come to pass. All it did was rouse Rhea a bit again as the bear snorted and jiggled, her more-than-half asleep mind lazily flailing at at what to do about the current situation.

“N-noo.. Not enough. *So scrawny*. Love you, but.. *no*.”

Rhea shook her head.. and her whole body with it. Side to side, gently rocking, which seemed to be lulling herself back into a stupor and was kind of doing the same to Arthur. It was weirdly pleasant, swishing back and forth, but the bear was still holding on tight. No amount of trying to slip free was doing *any* good.

It was a small miracle she was managing to hold on this well without constricting him.

“Rhea, p-please! I'm okay, I mean it. I promise. You can p-”

The trek to the den began once more. Every time Rhea's foot hit the floor the whole place shook a bit. With as early in the hibernation as things were she was still *enormous*, though Arthur wasn't sure if it was going to get easier or harder as she grew lighter over the cold months. He wanted to think easier – especially when it came to *some* possibilities. Things he was worried might become a problem shortly.

“No.. *thin*. Gonna *freeze*. Gotta keep my boy warm~”

Quite worried. Rhea's eyes were big, black orbs. Dilated and then some, with *most* of her brain still dreaming behind them. There was just enough to muddle by and be *a problem* in the waking world.

“I know I'm skinny but it's okay, the car has heat, we're not in the wildernes ya know? Can you please me down love? I- *nph*-”

Another two *thundering* steps followed, ending with Rhea pausing again and tilting forward. *That* gave Arthur a real scare, if she fell forward and landed on him with all her weight it might actually hurt him. It was a relief when her eyes fluttered back open in a cavernous yawn full of *large* teeth. That, at least, meant she *probably* wouldn't fall over. Yet.

“Should've fed you myself. Got you plump enough to sleep.. C-can make this work though~”

Trying to wriggle his way loose again didn't really go anywhere. While Arthur was able to get himself a bit looser with a concerted effort there was enough awareness in Rhea that she just gathered up everything he worked free and held on again as she started walking. He half expected her to go for the kitchen given how she was talking, but the bear never took her eyes off the goal. The den, their bedroom, at the end of the hallway.

“R-Rhea, I m- *EAN*- it, I'm okay. *Oof*.. Come on, I'm n-o-o-o-o-t a b-b-ear! If you get me fat I'll just *stay fat*, I can't sleep it off so pleeease put me down? Love bear?”

This did not happen. Rhea just veered them into the den and, after she hesitated just inside the doorway for a few seconds, kicked the door shut behind her idly before letting out another massive yawn and leaning down to look Arthur right in the eyes.

She was licking his face a moment later. Of all the things Arthur had tried to prepare himself for regarding his girlfriend's likely oddities when it came to hibernating that wasn't on the list. He had not, to the best of his knowledge, doused himself in honey or anything of the sort either. This was just.. something on her mind, that currently had little to no filter on it as she shuffled them closer to their bed.

“You'd be *such a cute* bear. Maybe when I wake up you'll be a bear? Yeah~”

A bump and a creak from the bed frame left Arthur jolted a bit and trying once more to get himself loose. He did at least pull one arm free, the one with his phone in it, which meant he could at least *try to* get a message out about maybe needing help. Except for the part where the light coming on left Rhea wincing and smacking his arm, which sent the phone flying across the room to land in a heap of laundry. Useless, dark, and much too far away to help – though at least *probably* not broken.

“H-hun.. c-can't.. just *be* a bear.. ka-kay? Now please let me go or- ohgod..”

Rhea was definitely not inclined to let her boyfriend go. The bear just toddled up to the bed and began to fall like a great tree, with Arthur right under her. The only things about this that spared Arthur were the fact that it wasn't quite tumbling all the way to the ground and the bed was underneath them. A very sturdy bed that already had a bear shaped divot in it, which Arthur was hurtling toward at that very moment.

In a moment of quick thinking, realizing that Rhea was going to end up on top of him and that her grip had *finally* loosened on the way down, Arthur used the half second after he landed where hew as 'free' and scabbled to get some distance between him and the toppling obelisk of flab and affection. He got about half as far as he wanted before Rhea was on top of him, smothering his legs and his hips and starting to snore and whistle in an utterly adorable fashion. At least, it would be, if he wasn't stuck again..

“..Of course, if I had just.. held onto my phone until now-”

Muttering from Rhea followed that, the big bear reaching a thick arm out and laying it over his chest so she could paw fondly at his face.

“Hold onto.. boy.. pillow. Yeah~”

A dull whine escaped Arthur as he was petted by a girlfriend some four times his weight. He could breathe though, and presumably she'd move.. eventually. And this was.. kind of nice?

Maybe a little more than kind of. He was being half crushed, sure – by something warm and soft that loved him. Something that kept pressing him a little tighter into her fluffy soft bulk and making little sleepy noises.

“Yup.. I am *boy pillow* now.. C-crap.. It really would be easier to just sleep through this with you I think. Heh. That.. w-well, we can talk about that in.. a couple months I guess.”

Arthur planted his hands on the bed and tried to push himself up, then tried to slide free laterally, neither of which got him *anywhere*. Nor did pushing against Rhea's side, his hands just sank into a whole bunch of bear flab and left him with no real purchase to work with.

Trying that last one proved to be a mistake. Arthur found his girlfriend pulling him closer, enough so that she could stuff her muzzle up against the underside of his chin and breathe against him – smell him – get in another good lick at his cheeks. That grip of hers was softer this time at least, but that didn't stop the sheer weight of her from holding him down anyway. It just made sure he was helpless when she pawed at his sides and his chest, then put both her hands on the sides of his face.

“Latersh.. g-good. Spring, get you *in me*, and start you *early.. good and thick~*”

After another feeble little wiggle Arthur gave up, hearing his phone buzzing useless on the other side of the room and the even and deep breaths of Rhea just beside him. The young man just stared up at the ceiling, accepting his fate such as it was. For the moment at least it meant he was stuck here for at least a few hours and was probably going to have to crawl his way out when he got a chance due to how numb his legs were getting. Later?

Well, he'd figure out in Spring how serious all these delirious mutterings of Rhea's were – and he had until then to figure out how *he* felt about the image of a casual, flabby bear boy his girl was painting for him.

“Heck.. Well, at least this isn't going to be boring. Love you, fluff-butt.”

Rhea mumbled something happy and leaned over, wrapping her entire open mouth around



Arhtur's head gently, tickling his nose with her tongue. She then let out another yawn and pulled back to rest her face against his neck again.

“..Yup, I definitely love you~”