

Ava's eyes brighten the dark sitting room like a television left on static. The world outside the window is a dark gray, soon to turn black, with patters of raindrops falling against the glass. Occasionally you hear the rumble of thunder from high above, and the roll of noise shivers the walls of the townhouse. Inside, it's dim and quiet. The frosty, clean smell of her fur fills your nose as you bury your face into her. With the wolfess filling your arms and her own paws digging her claws into you, you feel warm inside and out. At least, everywhere her tongue isn't touching, at least. It's like an ice cube being dragged slowly over your neck, the sensual chill making your spine shudder in delight all the way down to your tail, where you can work out that stimulation into shivers.

The two of you just left the dishes in the sink after dinner. Ava had you by the paw and pulled you here with her in the sitting room, where she nudged you steadily into the wall by the doorway with her body, just moving in your direction like an unstoppable glacier. You were pinned between the wall and a very, very soft place, feeling her body envelop yours as her pudgy figure spilled over you like a wave. Two thin layers of cotton separated her fur from yours, but neither shirt did anything to mask the heavenly fullness and heft of her frame against you.

That is how you found yourself pinned and immobile against the wall of the sitting room, with Ava's pale pink tongue teasing under your muzzle like an icicle. The touch of her tongue and the bite of her breath is electrifying. The fur on the back of your neck rises and crackles and your tail doubles in thickness as shivers of cold-induced excitement crash against the warm pleasure where your body is buried under the wolfess's thick fat. You feel her paws kneading into your side and your shoulder, her forearms pinning her large breasts together to squish them more fully against you. Whining in pleasure under your breath, you drag your claws up her side, from her pudgy love handle along her waist, going underneath her loose band top until it can't lift anymore due to her girth. The fabric slips over your claws and you feel your paw fill with warm, furry, pudgy flesh as you find the fat hanging underneath the wolfess's arm, just below her elbow. It ripples as you play with it, jiggling and lifting it, letting it flop onto her side and bounce on your palm. You press your paw firmly against the bottom of her arm, the fat rolling over your fingers, as you test to see if you can feel muscle underneath. If there are large triceps to be found, there's just too much softness in the way.

Ava's eyes crack open slightly and she raises an eyebrow at you as she grins. "That's the one that always surprises me," she explains, lifting her arms up and planting her paws against the wall on either side of your head. You gulp as the sleeves of fat on her arms lurch heavily and slosh underneath. "When people have the confidence to give me compliments, it's always my belly. Or tits. Or butt. Thighs." She thinks for a second. "Actually, it's always my eyes first. That's different, though. But then you fondle my arms and jiggle them. I don't get it, but if you like it, knock yourself out. I'm just saying, there are fatter parts of me to grope."

You reply that no matter how hard you try right now, you can barely get your arms halfway around her, so can't reach her ass. And her ass is the fattest part of her. Ava laughs and offers you a cocked grin.

"Well, can I interest you something more near at paw, then?" she asks, lowering her arms down and grabbing the hem of her top. She leans off you just enough to peel her top up and off her body once again, and it is just as wonderful as the first time you saw her do it up in the bedroom. The effort required to get the top off of her causes her heavy frame to jiggle and slosh, and her bared breasts wobble like liquid over her tummy. Her breasts are half-again the size of your head, if not fully double. Of course, you under-estimated her weight, too, so you could be doing it again. The wolfess stands in front of you, self-assured smile on her face as you soak in all of her exposed fur and figure. Her pale pink nipples are hard to see in the dim rainstorm light, but you find one of them with your paw, teasing it gently between your first two fingers as you grope a big pawful of breast. Ava's eyes watch you curiously, studying your expression as you experience the sheer weight and size of her bust. Soft flesh bowls over your fingers as you try to lift her boob, and the wolfess snickers.

She turns sideways, her body dragging across yours – on purpose, you assume – so she can

stand with her bulk pressed against you side-on. She rests her head against her paw, elbow propped on your shoulder, and she reaches down to pinch a pawful of her other breast. Lifting it up, she drops it onto your forearm, where it jiggles between your upper arm and her boob. You can feel the weight of her chest all the way up into your shoulder. Your arm shivers under the soft weight of her chest. You have to shift your grip, grabbing her breast from the outside and pulling them both against your body, suspending their weight better. The wolfess's right breast, squashed against your torso, completely envelops your chest and some of your stomach. Maybe... bigger than two heads, you re-estimate.

“You can reach now,” she reminds you, winking a glowing eye and leaning her head back towards her shoulder.

You blink and look down, realizing what she means. You were distracted by her chest and didn't notice that the wolfess had slammed her hips and the flank of her cheek against you. Blushing, you extend your other arm as far as you can reach. You can barely get hold of the wolfess's hefty butt cheek from underneath, your arm sinking into the fullness of it and the tight fabric of her undies as you strain your muscles. You thought her boobs were heavy. Trying to lift just one of her buns is an *effort*, and a barely-restrained grin twitches on her muzzle.

Ava leans her weight against you again, pinning you to the wall while you've still got an armload of boob and butt and adamantly refuse to let go of either. Nuzzling her muzzle under yours, she says, “You know, the heaviest person I've ever been with was about three hundred pounds. They were pretty tall, so about half of their weight was fat, right? One hundred and fifty. I weighed all of them, plus another entire body of theirs, and with fifty pounds left over in change.” She smirks up at your reddening blush. “Fun to think about, isn't it? Your face is getting hot. Honestly, I'm glad you're very affectionate towards my weight. It's nice to have someone to talk about these things with.”

Through gritted fangs, you tell her it's your pleasure, and you jiggle her big butt with your arm, making waves travel through her body. Ava smiles playfully and takes a step back, sliding her body out of your grip. Your arms, divested of the heavy weights they had been clinging to, hang weightless at your sides. The wolfess hikes her bottoms up again and winks at you as she eases herself down onto the dark rug in the center of the room.

“Come here,” she says, patting her belly as she spreads out onto her back.

You practically pounce on her, dropping to your knees and then climbing over her prone figure. Ava laughs, her big chest bouncing from the motion. She closes her legs around your ribcage, her warm, butter soft thighs squeezing you like a pudgy vice. You can feel her tail wagging between your knees. Wrapping your arm around her leg, you bounce her heavy but supple thigh under your fingers as you lean down and bury your face in her pudgy belly. Fur and fat pile around your head, pushed up by your shoulders. You rock your head left and right, feeling the endless blubber jiggle against you. Ava holds your head with one paw, her finger and thumb casually teasing the corner of it. Now your own tail is shivering in delight, and you press yourself deeper into her, smelling the clean scent in her fur and feeling the warmth of her body completely overflow you. This is heaven.

“Hey,” she whispers, pulling her paw away.

Curious, you lift your face up from her belly fat and look towards her. She winks one bright, glowing eye at you in the darkness and then flexes her arms. Before you realize it, your head is fully sandwiched between the white wolfess's large melons. The impact is actually pretty bracing because of how heavy they are. Fortunately, Ava keeps you pinned between them. You shiver in utter delight as the glow of her eyes very faintly filters through the fur of her cleavage down to you. You lick your nose on reflex, and end up getting a taste of her soft fur. Slowly, Ava lowers her breasts down and props herself up enough – with effort – to press her lips to yours.

“Thanks for today,” she whispers after the kiss, her shining eyes lighting up your face. “I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did.”

You tell her that you enjoyed it way more than she knows.