

## Beach Cow

by Cerine Hero

It had to be boob weight. Milk weight. Dinner. Water bloating. She hadn't trimmed her fur in a while. The readout was busted.

She thought of every excuse and explanation she could. It definitely wasn't milk. She just finished taking care of that, bottling up a quart for her wolf and the rest going down the drain. If her boobs were going through another growth spurt, she'd have noticed before now. And it certainly wasn't dinner or "excess fur."

Cerine leaned back against the bathroom counter, arms spread wide to hold the rim as she stood and stared at the scale in front of her. She hadn't weighed herself in a while. When she did, she discovered she was a whopping *fifteen* pounds heavier. The pink fox had been lax about exercising, instead spending time with Megan and gobbling fast food instead of Erin's better cooking. Not that Erin was ever all that interested in making lean meals, anyways.

The vixen had on a fitted tank top and a pair of dark undies, her pajamas. Sighing, she turned herself around to face the mirror and peered into it. A long fox nose peered back at her, but she could pinch the excess pudginess underneath her muzzle, and it all jiggled when she gave it a pat with her knuckles. Using one arm to heft her enormous tits, she slid her tank top up her still-flat stomach and gave it a slap, too, watching it ripple. Love handles were beginning to form over her panties, too. And as she twisted to the side, she could see the creases of her chunkier cheeks against her thighs.

Undeniable: She was gaining weight. The vixen sighed, running one paw through her long, white hair and fanning it back behind her right ear. A curvier, more maternal fox looked back at her in the mirror. She was still holding up her big boobs, and she jiggled them heavily, letting them wobble under her tank top. They felt... about the same. Not that she'd notice much there. Her tits gained sixteen pounds *per day* if she didn't milk herself. She'd have to gain a lot more before she noticed her udders getting much bigger. Cerine's nipples perked under the fabric, tenting it out as a jitter of excitement rolled down her tail. She felt warm and flushed as thoughts of porking up even fatter filled her brain.

Cerine couldn't even deny that she completely disliked this curviness. It was just sudden and unexpected. The fox tugged her tank top back down over her waist and tried to relax herself before bed. No butterball thoughts. No soft, plush weight enveloping her like a comfortable cushion...

Rubbing her face, the vixen stepped out of the bathroom and back towards her bed. Her empty bed. As much as Cerine wanted to climb onto her wolfess, make her swell out to bulky, buff werewolf size, and peel her shirt up to feed her a bedtime snack while those paws tugged on her bottoms and squeezed the meat of her thigh... it was a weeknight. Playtime would come this weekend. The chubby fox sighed and swept her tail aside as she sat in bed and-

*Ouch!*

She jumped back upright, spinning around to see what had bit her on her fatter ass. Two teeth answered her, peeking out from between her unmade covers. Baring her own fangs, the fox tugged the object out into view and sighed. It was the wolven skull mask she kept on her dresser. She forgot – she'd dusted the dresser off earlier today and threw the mask onto the bed while she cleaned. Apparently she never remembered to put it back. Grumbling and massaging her paw into her chunky cheek, Cerine placed the mask back where it belonged. She gave it a boop just above its nonexistent nose. It just sat there, looking back up at her with its empty and vacant eye sockets.

Cerine propped her elbows on the dresser, letting her heavy melons swing down below her as she leaned over. As it dangled from her neck, her cowbell ornament gravitated ever-so-slightly towards the piece of bone.

"What do you think?" she asked the skull mask, licking one of her fangs. "You see me nude daily. A little extra weight not so bad? Well, you did just get a big mouthful of ass and didn't complain." She sighed heavily, her breath washing over the skull. "The fuck am I doing. I'm talking to a piece of

bone or whatever.”

She dropped again, confused and feeling lonely, onto her bed. Nothing nipped her this time. The softer vixen sprawled out on her back, gently patting one paw against a big, fat boob under her top as she wished she had a mouth to feed. And maybe a nice, thick burger to stuff into her own...

She wasn't sure where she was, but the sand was warm under her feet. One of the southern islands off the coast, she imagined. Funny; she hadn't been to them since she was little. The wind was blowing in over the waves underneath the afternoon sun. Rocking waves over the boundless ocean were glittering in the light as they rose and fell.

There were lots of people on the beach today, from wolves and foxes to raccoons and skunks. Umbrellas dotted the sands, laying shade over the colorful towels stretched in rows facing the sea. There were coolers and beach games, and pockets of music blaring over the wind. Everyone was having fun and enjoying the sunshine.

Cerine strode across the sand, putting one black foot in front of the other as the wind tousled her long, white hair. The pink fox was wearing a tiny blue bikini – a two-piece as opposed to her typical one-piece to give her bust more support. The top was doing little to help support her tits, barely managing to keep them covered as she walked, causing her fluffy melons to bounce and jiggle in a constant rhythm. She had on a sheer, translucent wrap over her hips, drifting down her right leg as she walked, catching the breeze along with her long tail.

The vixen nudged her round-lensed sunglasses up her muzzle. She was looking for fun, and she found it in the stares of a couple of coyotes laying on an extra-wide towel under their umbrella. They were eyeballing her openly, tails wiggling in interest as they admired the curvy and extremely buxom dairy fox. Cerine returned the gaze out of the side of her eye and turned her path towards them. The guy and gal both sat up on their towel as she came close and leaned forward over them, heavy udders swaying side to side from their sheer weight and lack of support. Their eyes followed her swollen tits eagerly. Cerine slid her glasses down her muzzle and winked at them both.

“Hey, there,” she told them, admiring the skinny guy and curvy lady. The couple exchanged an excited glance. “You two are cute. Are you thirsty?”

“Thirsty?” the woman replied, casting a playful – if a bit bemused – glance at her partner.

Cerine ran her tongue over her muzzle and groped her hanging breasts. The soft flesh and fur rolled like liquid around her fingers as the big, milk-swollen tits squashed around her grip. “Yeah – lemme get in between you two and snuggle you both close while you get a nice, warm tummy-ful of-”

“Er,” the male coyote interrupted, “you mean milk? Breast milk?”

“Y-yeah...” Cerine fanned her ears down in embarrassment.

“I thought you meant cocktails,” the lady coyote replied, frowning. “Milk seems... yeah, not the best choice? I think we'll stick with our water, thanks.”

Cerine hauled herself upright again and awkwardly cleared her throat before walking off, leaving the two coyotes to their own business. Well, that was awkward. She really thought they were interested. The fox rubbed her chest again. She *was* swollen, sheesh... Maybe her bikini top would have fit better if she wasn't overinflated with milk... *Someone* around here wanted to have a nice, cuddly time with a cow-fox, right?

The vixen struck out several more times, asking single furs and couples who showed her some interest. Everyone was happy to ogle her big tits – which got bigger by the minute! – but once milk was on the menu, they balked. Grumpy and annoyed and hugging her massive bust to her ribs with her arms, the fox just started ignoring the hungry stares at her milk-fattened chest and made her way towards the one place she saw where there was practically nobody around: a beach bar with a thatched roof and shaded, outdoor counter flanked by wooden poles painted in vibrant, if wind-worn, colors.

Cerine let go of her tremendous, swollen tits, letting them flop over her belly, still somehow inside her bikini top as she leaned her weight and elbows against the rough wooden counter. Her

melons squashed against the bar's low wall, putting pressure behind her nipples. From the counter up, the fox looked fairly average in build. Just below the surface, however... she was quickly turning into mostly tit. If she wasn't so frustrated in the intimacy department, she'd be secretly thrilled, but for right now, her rapidly expanding jugs were getting on her nerves.

She was alone at the bar, somehow. The only other soul around was the barkeeper, standing under the shaded awning in front of the back room and cleaning some decorative wooden cups. The wolf had his back to her, but was wearing a loose, red floral shirt and white shorts, all covering a coat of black fur trimmed in ochre and rust. Poor thing; must be burning up.

Almost like he sensed her, the wolf turned about and looked over his shoulder. He was wearing a skull mask over his face, with a pair of glowing coals in place of eyes within the lightless and empty eye sockets of the skull. He looked at her and inclined his head, the black fur of his chin peeking between the two long fangs of the mask.

"No luck?" he asked. His voice was deep and rumbled the pit of Cerine's stomach. "Frustrated?"

"That easy to tell, huh?" Cerine replied grumpily, dropping her muzzle onto one palm and taking off her glasses.

Lykos just shrugged. "I have a good sense. Get you anything?"

Cerine cut her eyes up towards the menu above the bar. It was *just* outside her good eyesight range. Instead of putting her sunglasses back on, she shrugged her shoulders. "You got any fruit sparklers?"

"Not what we normally serve, but I'll make you something." The wolf stepped into the back and returned with a wooden cup full of red juice, a slice of citrus fruit wedged on the rim, speared by a plastic sword, and a twisty straw ready for the fox to take and sip on. She did, and as she enjoyed the sweet, carbonated drink, the wolf reached out and began to tease the corner of her ear between two fingers. A powerful shiver went down the fox's spine and she leaned into the touch. "My treat. Now let me guess: Nobody interested in your *gifts*?"

Cerine nudged her cup away. "Nope. Not a one." She leaned back from the counter, bracing herself on her paws, and looked down. Holy shit – her boobs were getting massive. Her poor bikini top was sinking into the milky pillows, straps and all, as it struggled to pen her tits in. She looked back up and whined, "I guess it's too hot... nobody wants to gulp down fox milk on a day like today. So here I am, my tits getting fatter and fatter with no one to suck on them."

"No one wants it from the tap, at least," Lykos told her, his bony gaze expressionless.

The fox squinted. "What *do* you serve here? There's no customers."

"Right now, nothing," he explained. He pointed at the sign behind his head. The one Cerine couldn't quite read without her glasses. "This is a milk bar."

"Do wha...?" Cerine asked, looking at the menu sign instinctively even if she couldn't read it.

"Well, no wonder I'm the only one here. Why do you have a milk bar on the beach?"

"Everyone is more interested when the sun goes down," Lykos told her. He ran a knuckle underneath her muzzle and teased the extra pudge underneath it, making the fox shiver. "Plus, our cow didn't show up today, so no fresh produce. Would be nice if I had someone willing to part with a few dozen gallons of milk for all the thirsty customers sure to come pretty soon."

"I've got plenty to spare," she purred.

"I bet you do." Lykos took her paw and began to lead her around the counter.

Cerine waddled as best she could with her now-titanic, overflowing boobs in front of her. They were bouncing against her thighs now with every step, and the straps of her bikini top were stretched to fraying. Once she was behind the counter, Lykos grasped her shoulder and guided her onto the wall beside the door leading to the inside storage room of the bar. Cerine let him handle her, feeling safe in that strong but dominant grip. He then handled her even more intimately, groping her huge boob in his other paw, lifting it up and squeezing, kneading the excess of fur and flesh. Cerine blushed bright red. They were in full view of the whole beach, even if no one was really paying them any mind. Yet. Lykos

tugged her bikini top aside from the fox's very swollen nipples and gripped them in his paws. He gently squeezed and sprays of light pink milk splattered onto the wooden floorboards to either side of his feet, some droplets rolling down the vixen's breast fur and dribbling down onto her legs.

“Very full,” the wolf whispered. He reached up with one paw, slick with milk, and held the vixen's muzzle between his thumb and fingers. “You want to be a big, fat cow?”

“Y-yes...” she answered, trembling in excitement in his grip. “Milk me.”

Lykos took her paw again, leading her into the back room. She expected it to be full of shelves and boxes, but it was fairly empty. Above her head, between the roof and the cross-beams, were two silver tanks, taking up the entire space. Judging by the glass windows along the side of the cylinders, one was empty while the other was full of sloshing green liquid. Lykos led her to the center of the room. He reached up and pulled down a set of tubes. Two black hoses tipped with suction cups led to the empty tank. Cerine stood in place, tail wiggling excitedly as he seated the cups around her perky, swollen nipples with a playful jiggle to each overflowing breast. She was already dribbling into the cups in anticipation. Her nips tingled and ached with a need to release all this milk that had inflated her melons three or four times over.

Then Lykos grabbed the other hose for the full tank. This one was shorter, and it was tied together with a silver cable topped with a snap hook – which he promptly clipped to the gold ring on the fox's choker. The cable was short enough to give her just enough room to stand, but not be able to go anywhere. She was stuck here. A sudden thrill excited her as she was locked in place. She gulped against the choker pulling upwards against her throat and purred. As Lykos teased her exposed neck with his claws, he held the other hose in his paw and wedged it firmly between her fangs. A small leather belt was pulled tight around her muzzle, locking it in place so it wouldn't come loose under pressure.

What was this hose for? Cerine's eyes trailed upwards to the tank looming above her head once again. She couldn't open her muzzle and say anything, and she was melting into a puddle of relaxed muscles and pliable purring as the wolf continued to tease her neck and upper chest with his claws. Whatever this was, he wasn't going to take no for an answer, that much was clear, so she surrendered to it, her chest rising and falling slowly under his fingers. Still holding her muzzle and the leashing cable in one paw, the wolf leaned his weight against her until his muzzle was whisper-close to her ear. His free paw trailed down her side, teasing her plump love handle before tugging her bikini bottoms down to her thighs and groping a fat pawful of soft meat. Fingertips dug greedily into the buttery-soft flesh and the fox moaned into the hose.

“You're getting fat,” he teased, extending a long, flexible tongue from beneath his mask and licking her neck and the rim of her ear. “And you love it. The jiggle. The softness. Feeling yourself grow bigger. Heavier. You want to be a bigger, fatter cow.” When Cerine shivered at the thought of getting even bigger, the wolf pounced. “You love to be huge. We know that, don't we?”

Lykos gave the leash a sharp tug, pulling up on her choker and ringing her cowbell. Instantly, Cerine's breasts swelled even larger, rounder, and heavier, making her heart race under her ribcage. She began to freely release milk now, quickly filling up the plastic suction cups fixed over her nipples.

Then, letting go of the cable, the wolf turned a valve on the end of the feeding hose open. Gravity did the rest, forcing a constant stream of apple-flavored jelly into the fox's muzzle. The pressure was continuous and impossible to resist, so Cerine instinctively began to gulp. It felt like the most decadent dessert she'd ever had – and a lot better tasting than her adipose potions. The feeling of sugar was like pure bliss against her tongue, and her muzzle and throat tingled as she was force-fed the excessive treat through the tight belt and her own choker pulling against her neck.

“Grow,” the wolf ordered, releasing his grip on her butt long enough to deliver a sharp spank against the meat of her cheek. Her backside jiggled heavily, sloshing up and down from the impact. The vixen's rear was getting *big* already, both cheeks plumping up and widening as her hips and thighs gobbled up fat. “The customers deserve the sweetest milk.”

Cerine could feel her body inflating all over. Pounds packed onto her frame as she gulped down the sweet jelly, bloating her once-slender body far in excess of the little bit of pudge she'd put on recently. Her waistline was rapidly gaining inches, even if she never blew up much of a belly beneath those swelling tits. The fox's hips were thickening and widening, her thighs squishing together as she stood at the end of her secure leash holding her in place. The leather belt around her muzzle creaked as her face gained weight, with swells of soft blubber squeezing out around the bottom of the belt on her muzzle as she ballooned. Her cheeks were getting soft, and her neck thickened around her choker, which stretched to accommodate her rapid expansion.

The cow-fox doubled in size, her figure swelling with heavy curves that weighed down the wolf's groping paws as he fondled and jiggled her fattening mass. Her waistwrap ripped around her thick hips, and her bikini dangled loose from her pudgy body as the straps became pinned between growing rolls of fat. Lykos pulled the burst pieces of bikini loose from her heavy, swelling blubber and then groped and teased the offending rolls. The pudgy ring of soft fur around her middle, sitting on top of her hips and rump had once been the fox's burgeoning love handles, but now became an inner tube of plush meat for wolf paws to grab and jiggle, and then he slid his paws up to her arms, feeling the sagging weight under her triceps before teasing the thick rolls behind her breasts.

“Wag that tail for me, cow,” he whispered, reaching under her arms and pressing her supersized tits together with his paws. Cerine blushed, looking down her muzzle and past the hose to see her massive udders jiggle and slosh just past her nose. Above her, the milk tank was barely getting filled, and the juice tank had so much more to give. A ripple of excitement shook through her buttery body as she realized how much more was coming her way. Lykos felt her jiggles and teased her more. “You're reveling in this. Feeling yourself blow up rounder and heavier. But you're not there yet. You're not *fat* yet. Imagine what they'll think when they see how big you're willing to go. So wag that tail and tell me how much you're loving this.”

She did. And when Lykos grabbed her muzzle and lifted her head directly upright, letting the apple jelly flow straight down her throat, Cerine whimpered and closed her eyes. Her body ballooned bigger, making her wag her tail even harder, all seven feet of it wiggling in waves behind her and causing her enormous ass to jiggle and slosh. She was already several times bigger than Lykos and getting fatter by the second, her belly roll growing thick around her middle and beginning to plunge over her thighs. Every inch of her was swelling up so huge. She could feel the sheer, unbelievable weight of her fat body bearing down on her paws. And yet she just wanted more, beginning to suck on the hose to fill herself up with fattening jelly even faster.

The extremely obese fox passed a half a ton, piling more than eight hundred pounds of fat onto her frame in minutes and not interested in stopping anytime soon. She pressed her fat sausage fingers into her side rolls and wobbled herself, feeling how round and heavy she was getting. Her middle was ballooning, her waistline finally overflowing the size of her shoulders if not her hips, which were bigger in width than Lykos could grip. She still gained nearly nothing for belly; it wouldn't be very visible behind her productive udders, anyways. The hoses attached to her nipples were flexing and shivering under the strain of milk flow, and the tank was filling. That didn't matter much to Cerine right now, though. She was flushed in the face and melting over her excessive girth, feeling herself overflow her own frame, rolls piling on rolls as she desperately drank her fill to get even fatter.

Lykos continued teasing the hungry fox, cupping a pawful of face fat in his fingers and giving it a playful jiggle. Cerine's blush grew even wider across her pudgy cheeks, and she wobbled unsteadily on her feet. Each step made her extremely obese figure ripple and jiggle like liquid, tits swinging heavily in front of her and ass shaking like a bowl of melted butter. The fox felt around her waistline as Lykos teased her tubby back rolls, admiring her sheer size. She was as big around now as the tanks above her!

Cerine bloated beyond a ton before the hose finally began to run dry. The beached blimp of a cow whined as Lykos finally loosened the belt around her muzzle and slid the hose from her mouth.

The fox kept licking the end of the hose, getting a few more drops to fill herself out just a couple pounds more.

“Greedy cow,” the wolf teased, again playing with her rotund face by grabbing a cheek and letting it flow over his fingers with its heft. “Still want to get bigger? You can barely waddle.”

He unhooked her leash and Cerine finally let her weight pile down fully on her feet. Sure enough, she was unsteady, her pads under her feet bearing her unbelievable thickness. The vixen sloshed and rippled as she took two steps towards one wall, her gigantic udders pressing into it first before she could lean over them and plant her chubby paws against the wood panels and prop herself up. Lykos stood behind her, teasing the white heart pattern on her ass fur with a claw. Well, it was a heart, a few thousand pounds ago. Now it was a humongous canvas of jiggling fur and blubber. It was hard to fathom that her body was almost entirely flab, wobbling around her figure like a thick shell of jiggly, heavy dough. The slender, or somewhat slender, fox with the big boobs was now an immense blob of pink and white fur... with much bigger boobs. She shivered, feeling herself continue to milk into the hoses and fill the tank overhead. As she shook, the hanging rolls of thick, buttery fat sagging from her arms wobbled like gelatin.

Lykos pressed against her from behind, his own body looking rail-thin against her sheer, fattened width. His paws slid along her sides until he had as much of her thicker, heavier frame in his arms as he could reach, his hips pressed sensually into the fox's gigantic rump. He spanked the flank of her ass again, and this time a tidal wave rolled through her entire body, making her moan.

“Fat cow,” the wolf teased, licking the fox's neck roll with his long tongue. “Look what you've done to yourself. You're massive. A blimp. And you love it, don't you?”

“I do,” she answered, feeling her muscles shudder under her blubber from the weight of her body as well as the enticing thoughts filling her head. The vixen dug her claws into the wood in front of her as the wolf sank his grip even tighter into her body and leaned in, pressing his fangs down on the soft flab that used to be her shoulder but was now just part of her enormous, round blob of a body. Despite their difference in size, the slender wolf was still controlling her, dominating her. She was his plaything, and he was here to get a rise out of her, and tease he into indulgence.

And she was more than happy to let him do it. The bloated vixen pushed back against her weight, slowly turning herself around, one sluggish, heavy step at a time. She had to balance her weight against the wall just to budge her sheer heft. Every step made her blubbery legs ripple and bounce, from her ass down to the rolls of soft fat almost covering her toes. As she turned, Lykos's long tongue dragged across her fat neck and then along the underside of her muzzle, making the soft roll of pudge under her chin jiggle. His paws brushed down the fox's massive breasts, claws running through the fur, until he could lift them both up on his palms – somehow. Her nipples were pumping milk with abandon under the suction cups, the pink skin straining and relaxing in rhythm as the machine attempted to suck her dry without success. Overhead, the milk tank was completely full and beginning to groan and bulge. She was too much cow-fox for it. A rivet blew on the tank and a jet of pressurized milk sprayed against the ceiling.

“I think it's time we brought you out to the customers,” Lykos told her. “They'll want special service.” He pressed her breasts together, lifting them, and licked her long, plush cleavage. As he did, he slid his grip to the ends of the hoses and gently pulled until they *popped* from her teats with two splashes of milk. Cerine bit her lip in pleasure at the sudden sensation, and from the feeling of her supersized milkers landing on her tubby stomach roll, now overhanging onto her thighs.

Lykos grasped the fox's chubby wrist and paw and gave her a tug, encouraging her to waddle forward. Cerine did, putting one lard-smothered foot in front of the other. Moving her body was a thrill. She was *so* heavy, far above a ton of pure, jiggling fat. Each step made her weight wobble, rolls slapping against each other. Her ass rippled as each cheek bounced together, and it didn't stop jiggling before she managed to take another step. She only had to go a few feet, through the door and back out to the front of the beach bar, but it felt like a mile for the obese blob of fox. The door was just big

enough for her jellied girth to slide through, even if it took some wiggling and sloshing. Once she popped free, she stumbled forward, catching herself with her paws on the high front counter. Her weight *lurched* and threw her against the bar as she tried to stop herself, and she whined in delight as the successive shifts in her body mass tugged her back and forth and tried to tip her over.

Just... so fat. So heavy. So soft and chunky, wobbling like a water balloon barely covered in fur.

Lykos pulled the fox's right wrist over to the pole on the side of the bar. Producing a colorful scarf from somewhere, he deftly tied the "cow" to the post. Cerine gulped, once again surrendering to her role as fat livestock to be teased and played with. Lykos walked around her, dragging his claws across her bare fat to make her whine, and did the same to her left paw, tying her to the post. Cerine's weight was still leaning against the bar in front of her, and she panted heavily as she felt the weight of her sandbag-sized arms pulling on her. Lykos lifted her arm flab up with one paw as he leaned down, his other arm wedging between her belly and her tit. With some effort, he lifted her still-lactating breast up and dropped it onto the counter. Returning to her other side – again, making sure to tease her fat figure with a grope and jiggle – he did the same, slapping her other big boob onto the counter in front of her. The wooden bar creaked and sagged under the weight of her udders, and the fox moaned as she looked down at herself. Past the thick pudge of her neck, her breasts completely covered the bar, with milk streaming down her fur and the front of the bar.

The wolf produced another leash from somewhere, leaning over her to raise her neck roll and clip the hook to her choker once again. He let her neck blubber slide from his fingers as he looped the leash around a peg on the roof beam above, thoroughly pinning the bar's special cow in place where she could be made available for the customers. Cerine shivered under her fat, panting heavily.

It was twilight, with the sun's last rays glittering on the waves and glowing lanterns around the front of the bar casting flickering light over the sand and her pink-furred bulk. As Lykos set up the bar's special guest, customers began to approach, their eyes trained on the massive tub of vulpine fat tied to the bar. They were all holding plates of food and empty mugs, and Cerine couldn't stop her mouth from watering.

"Open wide," Lykos instructed, leaning over her girth from behind and grabbing her muzzle in both paws. He tugged her mouth open and his ember eyes bored into her from just beside her face. "They want their milk; you want to bloat your fat body even bigger. Greedy girl."

The first customer approached the bar, holding a to-go box with a big, fat, greasy burger in it, half-wrapped in checkered paper. The tiger grinned at Cerine's heavy weight, licking his muzzle, and then raised the burger to her lips. Cerine let him shove the fattening treat between her fangs until she had a big mouthful, and then bit down, swallowing it all. In only four bites, the blubber fox devoured the burger. Already, she could feel the gluttony filling her like a warm light. Her ass thickened by several more inches, pressing against Lykos's frame and squashing around him.

Once she was fed, the tiger grabbed the fox's nipple and tugged, filling up his wooden cup. Pinkish milk from an extremely obese fox sloshed in the mug, and the tiger sipped a bit of it before chuffing in delight and sloshing her fat cheek with his paw before stepping aside.

A job well done. Good girl. Next customer. Eat. Fatten. Milk. Repeat.

Cerine gorged on meals as the customers approached her, even after Lykos let go of her muzzle and returned to groping her growing bulk. They stuffed her with hot dogs, funnel cakes, more burgers – all sorts of beach food. The guests with milk hung around, watching the fattened cow get even *fatter* as she was fed. It was a treat to watch a balloon already blown up so big and heavy continue to get stuffed, her body swelling even larger. Her body bloated up half-again in size as she was stuffed with greasy, fattening food. Cerine's tail doubled in volume at the constant rush of attention, teasing, and fattening. Even now, she could feel her weight climbing, her body bulging against the bar and the wolf clinging to her blubber. Curious paws from the customers teased her fat face, playing with her under-muzzle roll and her neck and cheeks, while others groped her sagging arm fat or reached over the counter to grab her love rolls and knead them. They cooed over how fat she was and how her rolls were

getting even bigger as they stuffed her, happily drinking their cups of rich fox milk and getting free refills from the tap, which made the fox blush and moan in delight.

The vixen licked her lips clean as the last customers approached. It was the coyote couple from before. They stepped up to her, a basket of fries and ranch sauce in their paws. She gulped and blushed in embarrassment at them seeing her now, over three thousand pounds heavier and still getting even fatter, her tits overflowing the bar, sagging over the front of it with milk freely drizzling onto the sand. She could barely move now, her arm fat hanging down so far it rolled over her massive breasts and was squashed between the bulk of her tits and the support poles she was tied to. The entire front side of the bar was creaking and bending under the pressure she was putting on it with her weight.

But the coyotes looked a bit anxious, themselves, and they approached the titanic blob of cow-fox tied to the bar, licking their lips. They set the basket of fries on her tits like an offering and began to feed her, pushing pawfuls of ranch-smothered golden snacks into her maw. It was her favorite treat, so it wasn't like she could resist. Cerine happily gulped them down, feeling herself bloat. Lykos was running out of room to stand behind her, but he continued encouraging her indulgence with his paws, sinking deep into her flabby sides. Two tons was becoming a reality...

"We changed our minds on the milk," the male coyote admitted, pushing more fries into her mouth and playing with her muzzle roll. "Especially..."

He glanced at his partner, who licked her nose and teased the furry blob's heavy rolls. "Seeing you get this big is exciting. So we want some now..." She fondled Cerine's nipple with her other paw while the male coyote paid the feed-the-fatass tax with more fries and dip. The female coyote huffed and blushed, adjusting her bikini around her own chubby frame, almost as if a hidden desire was waking up inside her, too. "But only after we make you very big. We heard that's the best milk."

Cerine didn't argue. She leaned her muzzle towards the coyotes, her neck roll – rolls, now – squashing high around the sides of her face as she opened wide for more fries. They fed her, two pawfuls at a time and fondling her extra-chubby face and cheeks to feel the effects the very fattening ranch sauce had on this blimp. Every inch of Cerine's extra-large body bloated bigger with each mouthful, another hundred pounds added to her growing weight. Her face was sinking into rolls of plush pink and white fat, and her feet were completely covered by her wobbling rolls of leg lard. Her waistline inflated like a balloon as the male coyote stuffed her, intent on making her massive to tease his partner with. The female coyote was deeply infatuated, admiring the fox's rapid bloat. Cerine gained enough weight from the fries and ranch to turn a skinny fox into a barely-mobile blob, but on her, she just looked *rounder*.

It was surreal, feeling this massive. Her body was squashed against the front bar and back walls both, overflowing to the sides where there was nothing to hinder the bulk of her hips and ass flanks. Her tits smothered the bar, overhanging it like two fat balloons drizzling a constant stream of rich milk like faucets carelessly left open. An hour ago, she could stand here and stretch and move and bend as much as her big tits would allow before toppling her over, and now she was so unbelievably fat and round that she was completely wedged in place, her growing body bending the wooden boards under the pressure of her gluttony.

She ate the last fry and licked the ranch sauce and salt from her lips. If her weight hadn't cracked two-and-a-half tons yet, another quick snack would do it. She was massive, still tied to the bending and straining bar, her arms hardly needing to be elevated over the sheer girth of her body now. The sagging pudge under her triceps was so thick, and her underarm rolls so heavy and bloated, that there was no chance of getting her arms to go lower than her shoulders.

The coyotes shared a soft howl under their breath as they admired the whale-like fox. Their eyes drifted down towards their reward for all those calories that they packed into her, the twin pink nubs, fattened to the point of being muzzle-sized and constantly releasing strawberry milk. Together, they each picked a tit and pressed their bodies against the fox's bust, using their weight to lift and squish the melons together and apply pressure to coax out a stronger stream of milk. The coyotes wrapped their



lips around her nipples and drank greedily, tails wagging back and forth as a chilly ocean wind washed across the bar. Now was a perfect time to snuggle up to a blubbery cow-fox and get a bellyful of warm milk. Cerine moaned and closed her eyes, loving their tongues and lips on her nipples and their fingers sinking into her breasts.

Beside her, Lykos teased her love-handle-turned-blubber-roll and brushed his paw along the underside of her arm fat as he leaned in as close as her bulk would allow. "Are you satisfied?"

She thought about it for a minute, feeling her massive body slosh around her and weigh down on her feet. The weight was unbelievable. If she wasn't tied to the poles and leashed to the roof and resting most of her girth on the bending bar in front of – or more accurately, underneath – her, she probably wouldn't be able to move. The tubby fox licked her muzzle, feeling the soft cheeks encroaching against her face.

"No," she answered, exhaling through her nose and whining as the coyotes kept suckling on her udders. "I want to get bigger..."

"Good girl," Lykos told her, licking her cheek as the embers within his eye sockets flared in intensity. "Always want more. Dream... big." He squeezed his fingers between two of her chins and jiggled one playfully. "But time is short. Wake up, and see what you've done..."

Cerine blinked, confused, and for a moment she wondered by the setting sun was rising back above the horizon. The light grew brighter and brighter, washing out the world, until-

She woke up facing the ceiling with a dull headache and a familiar taste in her mouth. Cerine's eyes fluttered open as warm sunlight drifted in from the kitchen windows and the back patio door. Immediately, the vixen felt like an elephant was sitting on her chest. She yawned groggily, her jaw pressing down against something soft and plush.

The light shining down on the kitchen floor warmed a gigantic blob of fox flab. Cerine raised up one paw at her side, barely able to see her meaty fingers above the thickness of her arm fat. Below her view, her body ballooned out above her like a buxom blimp, jiggling heavily and nude. Beside the five thousand pound vixen, the refrigerator door was hanging open, completely cleaned out of all the leftovers and sweets stashed for later. Ugh, she wanted to eat that special ranch from the restaurant while she was *awake*.

Confused, Cerine fondled her blubber, feeling her bulk jiggle and heave up and down on top of her. She twisted about to the left and saw the culprit laying next to her head: an empty bottle of adipose elixir. And a dozen more, just from what she could see from where she was laying. She must have sleep gorged.

And yet, she was purring, pinned to the floor by her titanic girth. Funny. She was miffed at first about gaining fifteen pounds, but now this felt like a dream come true... Very slowly, the fox rolled her blubbery figure onto her side, straining to move her limbs against her sheer size and excess of fat rolls from her cheeks to her ankles. Eventually, she got up onto her feet, rolling herself upright more than anything. She filled almost the whole kitchen space with her hips and ass, tubby waistline, and colossal boobs. Even standing, her face was half-buried in her own rolls and girth. Her arms were elevated out to her sides from her sheer width. The butterball fox licked her muzzle, her purring growing louder as she explored her sudden change in size.

And then she spotted it: A full bottle of adipose elixir, still sitting stoppered on the counter where she must have missed it last night. Hungrily, and desperate to feel this big body get even bigger, Cerine leaned forward, bracing herself against the counter as she picked it up in two pudgy paws. She popped the cork loose and chugged the potion, her tail swishing back and forth across her tubby cheeks as she began to fatten even wider. She didn't get *much* bigger – a single elixir added a few hundred pounds, and at her ridiculous size that was less than ten percent more body mass. But still, she fondled her chest and tummy, feeling her plush fat grow against her paws.

Cerine purred happily and licked her muzzle. She was a blob. And it was a good feeling.

\* \* \* \* \*

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