

Under a Blizzard

by Cerine Hero

To say Kieran liked women bigger than him would seem obvious. Scrawny and just barely tip-toeing above five feet, the cheetah frequently had to tilt his head up to look vixens in the eyes, to say nothing of most wolfesses. But he held no special attraction towards women taller than him. That was normal – unless they were incredibly tall, of course. He met a dire wolfess once, chest-first, and then he had to crane his neck way back in order to look up at her annoyed visage. She probably forgot about him minutes after the encounter, but he still remembered her after all this time. A height difference of eighteen or so inches did that.

But Kieran wasn't as interested in height as much as he was thickness. He couldn't explain why. When pressed by friends, he said he liked the shape, the feel, and the weight of fat under his paws; hugging a big figure against his body. But that all felt shallow, even if it was true. He simply *did*. The cheetah wanted to dote on fat girls. And the bigger they were, the better.

Maybe there *was* something to him being small that factored into it.

The blonde cheetah, pale fur on his body between a legion of spots and dressed in nice but not fancy clothes, put together his plate of food first and returned to the booth. As far as buffets went, this one was on the nicer end, one of the more exotic restaurants in the town center. Northend would hardly be considered a center of fine dining – if you wanted that kind of thing, go back south – but there were some small, independent restaurants popping up in town for selective tastes. This one served food from the Capital province, mostly seafood and spiced vegetable dishes. It was a small shop, only a little more than a kitchen, serving buffet line, and a couple rows of booths to eat at. The windows beside the booth showed a darkening skyline over Northend and a pedestrian street with only a few people walking along it, bundled in coats.

Kieran looked around the restaurant while he waited. It was a slow day. There were two other groups here tonight, one right across from him and another a couple booths behind. The couple across from him were older foxes, enjoying their food. They looked a bit out of place; possibly new to town. Kieran looked past them, towards the buffet line where his date was still picking out food. He'd dressed up rather nice, even if he didn't really need to, since his date was wearing a loose tank top and cutoff denim shorts. She'd complained about it being “too hot outside to dress nice,” which made Kieran wonder what temperature it would take to make her want to put on sleeves and pants.

She wasn't getting a lot of food, but she was being a bit picky about her selections. It must have all been unfamiliar to her, because eventually she settled on grabbing a little bit of several different dishes and loading them onto her plate before waddling over to the booth. When the wolfess came around the line of booths, now in full view of Kieran's eye line, the cheetah's face brightened.

Ava was massive. She weighed more than five times the skinny cat. Well over six hundred pounds of softness wobbled and jiggled under her snow-white fur with every step. Ava practically filled the aisle between the booths just on her own, with her apologizing to the foxes as she intruded on their personal space simply by being enormously fat. Holding her plate in one paw, the winter wolfess looked down past her chest at her tiny cheetah and grinned, her bright blue eyes glowing in the subdued lighting inside the restaurant.

“Make room,” she told him, patting her flank and making her belly ripple under her tank top.

Kieran did, grabbing the edge of the table in front of him and pulling it closer, giving the heavy wolfess more room to sit on the far side. But she just shook her head. With a wink – causing one of her glowing, ice-blue eyes to blink out of view for a moment – the wolfess gripped the table and slid it back the other way and then some, leaving plenty of room on Kieran's side of the table. The cheetah was momentarily confused, but Ava placed her plate on the table, turned sideways, and began to sit down next to him.

The cheetah found a wall of white fur barreling against his body as Ava squeezed her bulk into

the booth. His cheek sank deep into her pudgy arm and she just kept coming, bouncing her body to slide easier across the seat. The cheetah would've enjoyed watching, but he was busy trying not to be buried under the avalanche of fluffy fat coming his way. The seat was *just* wide enough to accommodate the massive wolfess, so in order to fit enough of her right cheek on the seat the cheetah ended up wedged against the wall beside the window, arms pinned against his body and her shoulder against his cheek. He was being squished between a rock and a very soft place.

He was quite happy.

Ava adjusted her shirt and bra, heedless of anyone watching, and pushed the table as far as it would go to accommodate her belly. Even so, she still pressed against the rim of the table and overflowed it with belly fat and large breasts the size of three cheetah heads when she leaned even slightly forward. For a moment, she exhaled and relaxed, and her expanding midriff continued to overflow the table, threatening to begin tipping it upwards from her sheer bulk. She sucked in her tummy again, inhaling into her upper chest, which only made it harder for her to manage with her breasts. Kieran just watched her struggle to adapt herself to the world around her. It was *very* enjoyable, though for her it was a routine annoyance. One he knew Ava had accepted, which was why he didn't shy from reaching a paw under the table and feeling where her belly was pressed underneath the surface of it.

"You brought me to the one restaurant in town where I can't fit," she teased him, peeking over her shoulder and grinning rows of sparking white fangs and pale-skinned gums.

Kieran twisted his body about to give Ava a little more room, turning his shoulders and shifting his hips. "Just this one?" he asked, and he immediately found himself squashed harder against the wall beside him, white fur pressed against his chest and cheek. He just purred at her lighthearted attempt at "punishing" him.

"Tight booths, narrow aisles, snug doorway," Ava said, lifting her left arm up and wrapping it around Kieran's shoulders, pulling him tight against her body while enveloping him in her extra-large and soft frame. Hidden from view from the other customers with the huge wolfess taking up so much space, the purring cheetah pressed his muzzle into her fur on the side of her chest and kissed playfully. Ava's grin widened. "Barely enough room for the two of us..."

"I didn't expect you to sit on *my* side."

The wolfess licked her muzzle, picking up her metal skewers. "Well, what's more fun: just looking at each other for an hour, or cuddled up where that paw of yours can play with my fat rolls? I feel you down there." Ava cut her eyes across the aisle at the fox couple, who were paying more attention than was polite, and winked. They both returned to their food.

"I wasn't complaining, I promise."

"Oh, I know." Ava used her skewers to pick up a slice of fish draped on a curled bed of seaweed. "Alright, tell me: Is this raw?"

Kieran pulled his own plate to him, awkwardly using his left paw to grab his own southern skewer set while his right was pinned deep in his date's blubber. "Not quite, just lightly seared to sanitize it and then coated in citrus juice. It's kind of meaty and tart."

Ava popped it into her mouth and chewed. Her face went through several expressions: first disgust, then confusion, and lastly thoughtful consideration. "That's... weird."

"You get used to it after a while."

"Why do you have to *get used* to food?" she asked, eating a second bite. This time she was more receptive. "Alright... I think I get it. I really should eat more seafood."

Kieran ate a sample of fish on a seaweed boat, himself. "What do you usually eat?"

"Well," Ava mused, dragging her claws gently on the cheetah's shoulder, "I used to just eat junk food in school and stuff. That's what all *this* is." The wolfess used her other paw to drum on the overflowing roll of belly fat on top of the table. "When I decided to stop being a wolf-balloon, I started eating healthier. Grilled meat and fruits and veggies, local food stuff."

Kieran furrowed his brow, rubbing the wolfess's fat body under the table with his paw. "If you don't mind me asking, then, how big were you?"

"You're looking at it."

"Really? After dieting?"

The massive wolfess shrugged her shoulders, her fat jiggling around her huge torso. "Dunno what to tell you. I don't *lose* weight. I bust my buns hard at the gym every week and eat like a good girl and all I do is stop myself from getting even fatter."

"Damn. I'm sorry," Kieran offered, pulling his paw back from her tummy, unsure if he should continue.

"No, no, no, no." Ava shook her head and sighed. Folding her skewers into the palm of her heavy paw, she reached across her wide body and scratched the cheetah's chin and jaw. "I'm not, like... whining or anything. I'm *big*. It's fine. If I'm cursed to be big, then I'm big. I love me. I love feeling how enormous I am in a tiny restaurant with a little guy squished into my hip. I'd rather have fun with it." She squeezed the cheetah into her bulk. "So get back to teasing."

Kieran smiled, pushing his paw back against the wolf's body, squeezing his fingertips deep into the pudgy meat of her thigh. Her legs were thicker than his waist by a lot, and quite a lot softer, besides.

"The sign said these were spicy," the wolfess said, picking up a thick slice of cucumber between her skewers and looking it over. It was coated in some kind of reddish sauce with flakes of pepper suspended in it.

"I saw that," Kieran told her. "I haven't tried it yet."

The next thing he knew, there were silver skewers holding a cucumber slice in front of his nose. Taking it as a sign that he had to go first before the wolfess would try it, he opened his mouth and let her push the slice between his fangs. He bit down twice and immediately discovered that *yes*, it was *very* hot. His eyes widened and watered and he quickly chewed, his body going tense as he struggled to finish the bite before his mouth caught fire. He got it down but not before the damage was done.

"Ahaha," Ava guffawed, "your nose is turning red! Here, lemme help."

The wolfess pinned him to her with her arm and lifted him up, pressing her muzzle against his to kiss, much to his surprise. But she had extra plans. The winter wolfess exhaled and a stream of frigid breath filled his mouth. Chilling fog poured around his teeth and his eyes widened further still.

"That help?" she asked, grinning.

"No," he choked. "Now it's hot *and* cold!"

The wolfess's grin faltered. "Oh. Uh, here, water!"

Kieran downed a glass of water and exhaled, the edge finally taken off the spiciness, though it still burned. His ears were steaming hot, and he could barely feel his tongue. "The sign wasn't lying."

"I think I might pass, then," Ava said, snickering. "But thank you for going first."

They continued to eat, trading items from their plates and sampling the Capital cuisine. Ava was completely new to flotilla-inspired food, and each dish was a surprise for her. She wasn't a fan of most of it. What she didn't like, Kieran ate, aside from the spicy cucumbers. As their dinner progressed, the sky darkened outside and the pedestrians vanished entirely, leaving the street deserted, flakes of snow coming down in the warm amber glow of the walkway lights. Over time, the wind kicked up louder and louder, and he and Ava both sat listening to it howl against the window, snug and warm inside the restaurant.

"Do you ever-" the wolf started to say, but let it slide and ate some more.

Kieran looked up at her. "Do I what?"

"It's stupid."

"Aw, come on. I won't make fun."

The wolfess inhaled and looked over his head at the blizzard outside. "Were you born here in Northend?"

"Not quite; my folks were from a small town between here and Stonecoast and we moved here

when my dad got a job.”

“I was,” she explained. “But it's weird. Sometimes when there's a snowstorm I feel kinda homesick. Like there's someplace else I've never been, but I'm supposed to be there. Like I said, it's stupid.”

“That is weird,” he agreed. “Not like you could be from anywhere *norther*, could you? I mean, it's just trees that way.”

“I dunno,” the wolfess sighed, returning to her meal.

Eventually the fox couple got up and left, and the wolf and cheetah were the last patrons in the restaurant. The owner turned off the neon sign above the door since it didn't seem like anyone else was coming in with a blizzard roaring through. Northend weather could be extreme, and the building storm outside was growing more intense. Ava and Kieran finished up their dinner and with some reluctance, the fat wolfess shimmied and jiggled her way back out of the seat, letting the cheetah finally breathe and stretch his limbs. She took his paw and easily pulled him loose from the booth, picking him up and setting him on his feet in front of her, his chest to her belly. The cheetah gulped and blushed lightly as her paws let go of his arms.

“You are crazy strong,” he told her, gripping her upper arm with a grin.

“Don't let the pudge fool you,” she replied, winking. “I told you, I work out hard.”

The wolfess flexed the arm he was squeezing. Her arm was sheer bulk; no muscle definition anywhere to be seen or felt despite her strength. Inches of soft padding under thick, white fur covered her arm. Kieran slid his paw around to tease under her arm, feeling the heavy, hanging weight underneath her tricep. Even if he couldn't feel the muscle, he could tell she was fit from her tight skin. The wolfess said she didn't lose weight, and just from admiring her arm he could tell that was true.

“So how much do you bench?” he asked, grinning.

“More than you weigh,” the wolfess answered. She teased his jaw and chin with her knuckles. The cheetah's tail curled behind him. He liked that answer for some reason...

Kieran gathered himself and headed to the front of the restaurant, the obese wolfess squeezing through the snug aisle behind him. He would've done the gentlemanly thing of letting her go first, but there simply wasn't a way around her. At the front counter, decorated with weird pop culture knick-knacks from the capital, the restaurant owner rang up their meal and handed Kieran the receipt to sign. The cheetah chit-chatted a little with the owner, telling him the food was great – and spicy – as he leaned down to scribble his signature. While he was writing, he felt a heavy weight press against his back and shoulders, bearing down on him until his body was shoved flush against the counter. A blush crawled over his cheeks as Ava's belly fat engulfed his torso, pinning him between her soft body and the wood-paneled counter. Her breasts, squished against his shoulder blades, overflowed her loose tank top and smothered his neck and the back of his head. If not for her tight bra, he would've been able to simply lean back and let his face vanish into her cleavage. But since he *couldn't*, he had to awkwardly avoid making eye contact with the restaurant owner in front of him, who was watching him get slowly smothered in blubbery wolf fur.

Ava planted her paws on either side of Kieran's arms, bracing on the counter in order to lean further over him, her weight bearing against his body until the wood of the counter began to creak. On the plastic counter top, the cheetah could see the reflection of glowing, icy-blue eyes peering down at him, the amused grin evident in their slight squint. Kieran's heart was beating a mile a minute under her weight – as well as under the gaze of the restaurant owner in front of him. The tip of his pen hovered above the receipt as he forgot how to sign his name. Twisting the knife, Ava crossed her plump arms over the top of his, her thick arms squashing her hefty cleavage around his face. Fat was overflowing his tiny body, and the hard wood the cheetah found himself pinned against wasn't alone.

Then, *finally*, Ava lifted her head up. “The food was great,” she told the owner, pulling his attention away from the flustered cat. “Is that actually food they'd eat back on the flotilla? Like, the little fish in the seaweed boats?”

Kieran exhaled. The owner's attention being diverted was like a pressure valve being opened, even though the pressure of Ava's weight against his body hadn't let up any. Swallowing and steadying his shaking paw, he quickly began to scribble his signature on the receipt.

"No, a lot of it came later," the owner explained. "The seaweed wraps are coastal food, so it wasn't made until we lived here on the continent. But the flotilla did eat a lot of fish sanitized in citrus juice, since it was easier than fire-cooking and the citrus prevented scurvy."

"Well, damn, I learned something," Ava said, laughing.

Kieran pushed the receipt and the pen across the counter to the owner, who bowed as he accepted it. Wishing them a good evening and to be careful in the storm, he headed off to the back to help with closing up the restaurant. As soon as he was out of sight, the wolfess closed her arms tight around the cheetah, and the weight pushing against his body doubled. The wooden counter creaked louder. Kieran closed his eyes, sinking into her plush, heavy embrace.

"So," the wolfess teased, biting at the cheetah's ear playfully, "were you all hot and bothered because I was squishing you?"

"Yes," he admitted, though it had a lot to do with being squashed in front of an audience, too.

"And is it better because I'm big?" she pressed, both figuratively and literally.

"Absolutely," the cheetah said, working an arm back and down to grab a pawful of her flank.

"This fat girl loves to hear it. I'll let you get your coat."

Slowly, she braced her arms against the counter and pushed herself back upright, balancing her heavy weight on her feet again. Once she took a step backwards, the pressure of her body finally released from Kieran's frame and he could lift himself away from the wooden counter and actually inhale again. Ava walked to the relatively narrow front door and looked through the glass at the howling storm outside. Her eyes shimmered wistfully in the reflection as Kieran grabbed his coat from the convenience rack beside the door, pulling it on and zipping it up tight around himself. Then he grabbed his green scarf and swaddled it around his neck. He looked a little silly standing next to the barely-dressed winter wolfess in her summer-oriented clothes. Or more accurately, since there was a blizzard outside, she looked insane.

As soon as Ava twisted the doorknob, the wind pressure outside slung the door inwards, smacking the frame against her belly with a weighty jiggle across her middle. The wolfess braced her feet and used her weight to control the door long enough for Kieran to slip outside, paws tucked in his pockets and his face snuggled down as far as he could get into his coat. It was a typical Northend blizzard, full of frigid fury and enough snow to bury cars and bushes. Fat, wet flakes of snow flying horizontally pelted his face and ears. Pausing in the open walkway, his feet already sinking into toe-deep snow, he turned and waited for his date to follow him through the door. It took her a little doing, because she had to wedge her hips and shoulders through the small frame. Fat bulged around both sides of the door as the obese wolfess wriggled and squeezed, inches of blubber sliding through amidst waves of jiggling. Kieran watched, transfixed. Ava knew he was watching, despite her frustrated expression, and once she popped herself loose and the door shut behind her, she stood for a moment, rubbing and bouncing her wide hips to soothe them.

"Glad that amused you," she told him, winking one glowing eye and grinning.

"I wouldn't say amused..." the cheetah's muffled voice replied. "Are you seriously not cold?"

"Not one bit." Ava proved it, pulling up the front of her shirt and drumming her paws on the half of her big belly not covered by her snug shorts. Even with snowflakes sticking to the white fur, Kieran wanted to shove his cold face into her fur and feel that warm softness envelop his head. Ava slid her shirt back down over her middle, slowly, keeping an eye on the cheetah's gaze.

Kieran pulled one paw from his pocket and held it out to her. Ava smiled and took it, her larger, fatter paw enveloping his slender fingers. They walked down the pedestrian street together, the tiny, bundled cat and the supersized wolfess. Along the narrow lane, the wind was picking up and howling, blowing snow into their faces. It didn't phase Ava much, aside from making her squint, and the breeze

did little more than ruffle her loose shirt around her large body. But as the headwinds got stronger, Kieran was being buffeted. He pulled his scarf tighter around his face. It felt like someone was pushing back against his chest, and his feet couldn't get a firm grip in the snow. Try as he might, the lithe cheetah eventually slipped, tumbling halfway to the ground.

But he found himself suspended by his arm as Ava's grip held firm. The wolfess stopped and turned, leaning down above the cheetah. He blushed in embarrassment, feeling emasculated. But Ava said nothing as she pulled his arm up to her shoulder and – probably on accident, but it was difficult to tell with her – buried his face in the fullness of her chest. He got what he wanted, in an indirect way. The next thing he knew, the wolf was snaking her other arm under his knees. Ava hefted him bodily off the street and onto her chest, carrying him draped across her figure with his arms around her neck, sinking into her thick ruff. The wind was still howling, but the wolfess was a mountain, and she didn't even seem lightly put out by his slight weight.

“Better,” she told him, play-biting his chin. “No more falling.”

Kieran smiled uncomfortably, swishing his tail across her belly. “This is a little embarrassing...”

“I could drop you.”

“On second thought, I sincerely appreciate your strength and compassion.”

“That's a good attitude,” she replied, nosing at him and beginning to walk again. “No shame in letting me do what I'm good at.”

Kieran worked his tongue around the inside of his muzzle. “Sorry, just a little wounded pride talking, I guess.”

“Ah, it's fine. I remember when I broke my ankle once at the gym, right when I was first getting started. Back then I was just a huge marshmallow, no strength and barely mobile. I turned wrong and hurt myself. The entire gym had to stop for me until the alchemist could come fix me up, because nobody could haul my fat ass to the clinic. I felt like the continent's biggest idiot and wanted to quit then and there.”

“But I take it you didn't,” Kieran finished for her. “Did the alchemist help with that?”

“Fuck no, she hardly said a word. Just gave me the potion, waited until it started to take effect, and left. The other people at the gym made me feel better and made sure I came back when my ankle healed up. Anyways, my point is, everything's fine, but if me carrying you through the snow is embarrassing, I can put you down.”

Kieran swallowed, brushing one paw across his face as the wind blew flakes of snow into his fur and ear. Exhaling a plume of frosted breath, the cheetah tightened his grip around the winter wolf's neck and buried his face into her neck ruff. He snuggled in, pushing his muzzle past the snow clinging to her outer fur to get down to the trapped warmth within. Ava bit her lip and squeezed his ass playfully.

“Now, don't you wanna do that in between me and a nice, warm-”

Her thought trailed off when there was a loud *thoom* in the distance. Instantly, the street lights and building signs went dark. The street was plunged into complete darkness. With the cloud cover overhead and no car headlights around, the only source of light that they could see were Ava's eyes, shimmering silver-blue in the snow.

“What the hell was that?” she asked, glancing around.

Kieran couldn't even see the ground beneath him, so there was no way he was climbing out of the wolf's arms now. “Probably a power relay overloaded and tripped. Too many heaters at once. Uh... you got candles at home?”

“I do, but...”

“...fire doesn't like me much,” Ava explained.

It was dark in the wolfess's townhouse. And cold. As soon as they got in, Ava stripped off her snow-wet overclothes and tossed them into the dark. Under the cold light of the cheetah's cell phone

light, the winter wolf looked like some kind of mythological beast. The phone's light reflected well off her white fur, bringing some brightness to the bedroom. When she waddled towards the closet to find her candles and matches, bare figure jiggling heavily with each step, she became half-robed in shadow, appearing like some kind of obese cryptid. Her eyes pierced the dark, glowing like soft stars. Apparently she could see decently in the dark. When she came back within range of the light again, her belly illuminated first, white fur shining bright, and then her cleavage and thighs spilled into view, all of her wobbling as she walked. Kieran admired the way the shadows played around her overflowing figure spilling out of her underwear. The fat of her breasts hanging over the front and sides of her heavy-duty bra, the shoulder straps sinking into her thick body. Her bottoms pinching her hips, blubber spilling around them above and below. The cheetah's beating heart kept him warm despite the outside chill.

Ava set the boxes on the dresser opposite her bed. She turned to face it, and her belly squashed against the drawers, poofing sideways from the pressure and forming rolls on her sides. Kieran couldn't resist teasing his paw along one of those chubby rolls as he snuggled closer to her.

"Alright, here," Ava said, leaning back against the skinny cheetah but not putting much weight into it. She took out a match from the matchbox and struck it. Nothing happened. Again and again she tried. At best, a quick flicker of an ember sparked in the darkness and then immediately guttered out. She tried with multiple matches, and got the same result every time. "See? Doesn't work."

"That's weird," Kieran whispered, now genuinely interested. Not interested enough to stop from teasing the wolfess's bulk, though. "You're doing it right."

"Thank you," she replied, sighing cold fog. "People always assume I'm doing it wrong."

"Here, let me try."

Kieran handed her the phone and took the matches. He picked up one she'd tried to strike just a minute ago and whisked it across the rough stripe of the matchbox. Instantly, the matchhead ignited, shedding orange light onto both of them and filling the room with a pungent sulphur smell. Ava snorted, a plume of frosted breath smothering the small flame and snuffing it out. Kieran looked up at her, cocking an eyebrow, and struck a second match, and it, too, ignited.

"I just don't know how it works," the wolfess sighed.

"Well, then, why don't you let me do what I'm good at?" Kieran told her, taking the box of matches and the candles. Ava grinned wryly at him and took a couple steps back, guiding the phone's light so the cheetah could see what he was doing. He lit all the candles she had, arranging them on the dresser and around the room so that the bedroom glowed a soft, flickering orange, and he was finally able to see past his own paw.

Ava turned off the phone, set it on the dresser, and turned to the cheetah. She pressed her body against his, gently so she didn't knock him over, and she began to undress him. Kieran loved it, as she was so fat that she couldn't reach his shirt buttons without pressing herself against him. Plump paws worked open each button down his shirt, opening it up wide until it hung loose around his slender figure and tight undershirt. She turned him around, pulling the shirt down his shoulders, and then she got her paws all the way around his waist, soft fur and blubber squashing around him and making him purr. The wolfess unbuttoned his pants and pushed them down before grabbing his undershirt and beginning to lift it upwards with one paw, her other following right behind, dragging claws along his flat stomach.

After a full body shiver, the cheetah whispered, "You know what I wish I could do?"

"What's that?" Ava asked, pulling his shirt up to his armpits and leaning her muzzle in against his neck, licking playfully with a frigid tongue that made him shiver in excitement.

"I wish I could do this to you," he explained, leaning his head to the side and completely exposing his neck for her. He extended his arms back, squashing his paws into the flanks of her stomach and kneading the fat. "I wish I could get my arms completely around you. Press into your back and reach around to grab your belly, letting it fill my paws as I lift it up and feel its weight jiggle and

bounce in my grip. And then I drop it and feel the ripples of its jiggling through your whole body.”

Ava pulled her tongue back in. She canted her head and folded her black-tipped ears down. “That does sound nice... sorry for being too fat.”

“Except,” Kieran added, turning sideways in her grip and looking up at her, “you being too big for me to reach is so much sexier than any of that.”

The wolfess stared at him, puzzled, for a moment, and then snickered. Balling her paws into fists, she tugged his undershirt up and off. “Oh, you're playing dangerous. You were almost in trouble.”

“Sorry,” he replied, fully turning around in her embrace. He sank against her belly and chest, feeling her arms swaddle around him, the warmth and softness of her fur and her huge body banishing the cold air and making him feel deeply comfortable. He wrapped his arms around her middle, barely reaching halfway around her. “I promise, I'm here for you and every single ounce of you.”

Ava ran a paw through her hair and smiled. “Goober.”

Kieran slid his paws upwards, dragging his fingertips over the wolf's soft rolls on her flanks, until he found her bra. He fanned out his fingers across the front of it, trying to squeeze through to the big pillows of fur underneath, but it was made of thick, firm material and unpleasant under his fingertips. Heavy-duty for an active, well-endowed wolfess, but not much fun for an aroused cheetah.

“This looks uncomfortable,” he told her, playfully squeezing the overflow of breast spilling over the side of her bra.

“It is,” she replied. “Hard finding my size.”

“Same here.”

Together, they peeled her bra up and off of her body, and the winter wolfess's huge breasts flopped onto her belly, pale nipples barely distinguishable from her white fur. At least to the eyes; Kieran leaned in and teasingly groped one bared breast in his paw, his thumb teasing across her nipple until it hardened in excitement, and his lips enjoying the other as he lifted the other breast to his mouth. Ava ran her paws along his head and shoulders, down his back before returning them to her own body, pushing her bottoms down to her thighs. Kieran, his attention split, fumbled under her belly for the waistband and gave a tug. It took some effort to pull her undies off, since they were stuck by the pressed fat between her thighs. But they came off, and the naked wolfess wrapped her arms tight around the cheetah again, burying his face in wobbling cleavage.

She set him on the bed, using a single paw to easily push him backwards to the mattress and then the other paw to help his boxers off. She tossed them onto her own discarded undies, and they landed inside the waistband of her bottoms like a pebble in a pool. The warm glow of candlelight gently caressed the white wolf's curves, making her glow in the dark. The cheetah could watch every ounce of her naked body jiggle and bounce as she braced her weight on the bed and hefted her girth onto the mattress. The wooden frame creaked under her body, almost as loud as the excited purring coming from the cheetah.

Kieran's heart thundered in his skinny chest as more than six hundred pounds of wolf climbed onto the bed above him, balancing her awkward girth on her paws and knees. Her body wobbled side to side as she hovered above him, breasts and belly dragging over his body. Ava pressed her lips to his, working her way into a deep, affectionate kiss as she let her weight rest on top of him. Her tongue and lips were chilly, but he was used to it now, and the bite of her breath aroused him more.

The bed frame bent slightly under her bulk as he was pushed down harder into the mattress, pinned between two wonderfully soft things. He snuck his paws to her belly and fondled two squeezable pawfuls of fur and flesh, jiggling her sides and feeling her weight atop him. The cheetah could barely breathe, but he didn't care. Ava was overflowing him from chin to toes, her big breasts pinning down his throat and her fat thighs covering his legs. Her middle, squishing out across the mattress as she laid atop him, left little room for him to maneuver his arms. It was exhilarating.

Ava's eyes opened as she leaned up from the kiss, licking her muzzle. The glowing blue was complemented by the orange flicker of candlelight across her white fur. Kieran's breath was quick and

shallow underneath her weight, his eyes meeting hers in the dim light. The cheetah wriggled his paws out from beneath her stomach and placed them against her chest, giving her a firm push. He couldn't move her, but she took his hint, bracing her paws and tucking in her knees to lift herself upright on top of him. Kieran rest his paws on her belly as it sat atop his stomach, and he purred as Ava rubbed his peccs and shoulders with her tubby paws.

“Sure you don't want on top?” she asked, grinning.

“Not one bit,” he told her. “I'm going to enjoy all of you.”

Ava licked her muzzle hungrily again, patting the cheetah's cheek. Then she planted her paws on his chest, and they rode out the blackout together.

* * * * *

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