

A Great Morning

by Cerine Hero

The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the cheetah was running.

Breath puffed in and out of the cat's lungs as her feet pounded the concrete. A hundred and twenty five pounds of short fur, lean muscle, and bone was zooming past slower joggers and people just out for a stroll. The park was hers to dominate. She looped the pond in the center over and over, zipping by the same people over and over. Brown hair, highlighted in blonde, was pulled back into a waterfall behind her head, and green eyes were set on the space ahead of her. A purple and black sports bra hugged her lithe figure tight, and snug black running shorts were clinging to her hips and thighs.

She ran until her legs burned. Gradually, she reduced her speed, and once she stopped pushing to go as fast as possible, she could feel her intense heart rate pounding in her chest and pumping in her neck. Amelie reached up and placed two fingers on her neck as she slowed to a jog, keeping her body moving as her heart came down. She swished her tail happily behind her as she raised up her other arm, glancing at her smart watch to track how many calories she'd burned.

While her attention was buried in her watch, she power-walked past a couple other women who were meandering in the sunlight on the park path. They were a wolfess and a tiger, and the two of them openly sneered at the cheetah's skinny and lean figure.

"I don't know why she's bothering," the wolfess grumbled, putting her paws on her hips. "She's so *thin*."

Amelie let herself have a little smile of pride, without looking back to let the other women know she could hear them. It was nice to be recognized for her efforts, even if it was back-pawed.

"Yeah, you're right," the tiger added, "nobody is going to love her looking like that."

The cheetah stopped dead in her tracks, her heart sinking down into her chest. The other women walked past her on either side, turning about to leer at the stunned cheetah and laughing.

"Oh, wow, she really thought people would love her if she just got *skinnier*," the wolfess barked, twisting the knife.

"I have a boyfriend," Amelie protested, setting her jaw and furrowing her brow, trying to look like their comments weren't punching holes clean through her like lasers.

"Yeah?" the tiger asked, her voice wet with venom. "Does he even *want* you, though?"

"O-of course he does," the cheetah stammered back, her false front cracking down the center. "He loves me."

The tiger laughed. "Not what I asked, skinny girl! Does he look at that scrawny figure and actually seem interested?"

"Does he look up pictures of bigger girls on his phone?" the wolfess teased, baring fangs as she grinned. She turned and smiled at the tiger. "Come on, I think she's got a lot to think about."

As they walked away, Amelie felt her knees begin to wobble underneath her. Her arms went limp to her sides, and she felt her body completely give out. The concrete rushed up to greet her as she simply pitched forward, limp, feeling the rush of wind in her ears turn into a loud, howling noise from far away.

When the cheetah finally landed, she sank into the warm, comfortable softness of her bed. And she kept sinking... further... feeling the mattress bend around her body, molding to her weight. That wind-rushing-noise was still buzzing in her ear, but it was getting quieter now. The car with the bad engine was trundling down the street and getting out of earshot. Amelie cracked one eyelid open and looked around the bedroom. Dawn was just starting to crack its own eye outside the window, the sky glowing faintly pink. Everything inside the room was lit in only the faint shades of gray that came out during the fey time between night and morning proper. There were no shadows, because the light was dull and diffused, bouncing off clouds to land lazily along the bed and the figures on it.

The soft, gray light revealed a cheetah who was *not* a hundred and twenty five pounds. Not

anymore, at least. Clad in a snugly sleeping top with one strap down a thick, spotted arm and more cleavage hanging out than staying in, the whopping seven hundred pounds of kitty cat took up the lion's share of the bed. The lingering clouds of her dream stuck like nagging glue to her brain, and just to be completely sure it wasn't real, she reached down and pressed a plump paw into the side of her belly. Her palm and fingers squished into soft, pillowy blubber, hanging out of the bottom of her shirt after the garment had ridden up almost all the way to her boobs overnight. Despite her size and weight, the fat cheetah could still be restless when she was sleeping, and had a habit of rolling about, incidentally working out of her clothes within a couple hours. Her belly fat felt as soft as proofed dough in her paw, and she jiggled it eagerly, leaning up and watching the ripples under her skin flow outwards across her tummy and flanks.

"All good," she mumbled sleepily, her voice froggy and thick without having been cleared. It would have been *weird* if all this flab was really gone. And she would have been pretty unhappy about it, to tell the truth.

All the jiggling and mumbling made the other figure on the bed, snuggled tight against Amelie's belly roll, stir and start to wake up. White fur spilled out from under the blanket where the fox was laying on the edge of the bed, the space left over for him to sleep while Amelie had a habit of jiggling like jelly across the rest of it as she tossed and turned. He usually tried to keep *some* distance from her at night, having learned his lesson with her tumbling about and rolling over on top of him. That made it hard to sleep, both from a breathing standpoint and from an uncomfortable stiffness that didn't do him any favors trying to unwind and pass out.

"Mmmmmph," Len mumbled, his cold-started arctic fox brain slowly processing the world around him. He shifted and rolled onto his back, blanket falling down to his waist and exposing his own much leaner belly – still fat, but far, far less so than the cheetah was. "Love? You okay?"

"I'm sorry I woke you, baby," Amelie told him, reaching across her own body to lay a heavy paw on the fox's chest. As he laid his paw on top of hers, a glint of gold reflected the earliest morning rays coming in from the window.

"Having the skinny dream again?" he asked, reaching his right arm out to lay across her pillow, and the cheetah rest her head on top of it, fat cheek squishing against his arm as she kissed his fur affectionately.

"Yeah. Again. I don't know why. It doesn't make *sense*. At first I think they're making fun of me for trying to work out and lose weight, and then they tell me you don't love me because I'm skinny."

Len's face flickered for a moment, and he squeezed his wife's fat paw. "Sorry..."

The fox had never quite gotten past their struggles back when they were dating. A friend had set the two of them up on a blind date and at first they had hit it off, taking things slow and letting them develop. They'd both wanted a relationship, and saw the other as a welcome addition to their lives. She was business focused, career minded, and a do-er. He was calm, able to process heavier emotions without cracking, and was an anchor of support whenever she needed him to be. He was a dork and little overweight – even more so now – but he was *cute* and she thought his foxy features made him look like a cuddly plush when he smiled softly at her. She decided early on that she wanted him to be part of her world.

But as they dated and grew closer in a physical sense, the fox kept pulling away. Amelie didn't understand why at first, initially assuming he was uncomfortable with affection, and would soon warm up to wanting to touch her and let her touch him. But he didn't. The fox continued to be aloof and uncomfortable whenever the cheetah tried to be inviting towards him, and Amelie began to assume it was something wrong with her. She threw herself harder into working out, trying to shed a couple more pounds, so she'd be able to catch his eye and his interest. She badly wanted to make their relationship work and for her, a physical component just had to be there. And she assumed Len wanted that, too, and she just wasn't "right" for him yet.

She never would've guessed what the problem was on her own.

Early last year, going into spring, the cheetah started gaining weight. She never changed her diet or skipped on her exercising. In fact, no matter how hard she redoubled her efforts on both of those things, she just started getting fatter and fatter and fatter. She gained twenty pounds the first week, then thirty the next. Before she knew it, she was a wobbling butterball, continuing to get even heavier and fatter without any good explanation why. And, honestly, she never did get one. Eventually she quit gaining, around the time she was breaking scales at six hundred pounds. But by then, there was no going back, anyways. Life had thrown her a fastball. No more skinny kitty, now she was fat and ugly and her boyfriend would never want anything to do with her now.

How wrong she was.

It still took him a little bit to crack through his own self-doubting, but after a visit to the beach – a nicer beach down south, not the gray, craggy kind here around Stonecoast – the fox allowed himself to become intimate. Amelie was *confused* but let it happen, letting the floodgates of affection she'd left pinned inside herself so long finally burst free. She didn't care if she was in bed with him and she was taking up the whole bed; she just *wanted* his affections and love. If he finally wanted her, too, she didn't care that she was a blimp now. And that first night was unexpectedly amazing. After an opening round, they opened their hearts to each other and let it all out.

Len loved fat, but struggled to tell her that because he thought she'd be grossed out. When he tried to be intimate, he'd become stressed out by the guilt of wanting her to be fatter and would lose his nerve. He was convinced she wanted to be thin, and on a certain level he was right. Amelie did want to be thin, and was trying to get thinner in the hopes of becoming something he'd desire – but that only convinced him further that he couldn't admit to his rounder preferences. So they just couldn't find a way to begin bridging the gap between them until life simply decided for them, and the cheetah ballooned, paving the way for them to finally understand each other and let their love shine.

And since then, Amelie had gained another hundred pounds. Len gained fifteen on top of the pot belly he already had, thanks to proximity gaining as well as settling down a little more as a kept husband. The fox handled the house, and Amelie's well-paying job took care of the rest. They were happy, though they still had scars that cropped up from time to time.

“Baby,” Amelie cooed, pulling both their paws up and petting the fox's sweet face. “That was a long time ago. We're different people now.”

“I know,” he sighed, nuzzling into her chubby paw and kissing her palm. “But I feel bad about you still having those dreams.”

Amelie adjusted her weight, rolling herself so that she was laying more atop her belly than her side, her fat rolling slightly over Len's thinner physique. “I've forgiven you for that a hundred times already.”

“Just once more...”

The cheetah's face fell flat as the fox smiled knowingly up at her. But the cat couldn't pretend to be mad for long, and her lips curled in a grin again at his lame movie reference. She planted her paws on either side of her husband and wobbled her immense heft over the top of him, belly and breasts resting atop his chest and belly as her ill-fitting top did next to nothing to hold her girth inside.

“You damn dork,” she purred, pushing her muzzle into his and kissing him firmly. Len kissed her back, massaging his paws along her sides, fondling his wife's enormously fat frame and sliding his fingers under her shirt, easing it up just a little bit more until it finally failed to cover anything of value. Amelie's tail shivered as she felt her breasts spill out. Her husband's desire for her, even at the crack of dawn, made her warm and excited. Any doubts her dream had left lingering within her were banished. She leaned forward, letting the shirt fall off her shoulders to land in a huge puddle of fabric around the fox's head. Len broke the kiss for just a moment, taking the shirt in his paws and tossing it onto the floor by the bed, then licking his muzzle as he admired his wife's massive, heavy body in the glowing dawn. Her golden-tan fur shined brightly as the sunlight ignited her flank like fire, a halo of light surrounding her fatty rolls and the thickness of her arm and hips. She was breathtaking anytime, but

especially now, as the half-naked cheetah laid herself down on her husband, forcing the air out of his lungs. The fox slid his paws down her body, feeling her sides all the way down to the beautifully big and hefty thighs wrapped around him. Amelie felt his claws dig through her soft fur, tingling where the sunlight was warming her body, and her even softer fat underneath yielded easily to his every touch and grope. She moaned at the ecstasy of their embracing. Even just soft playing like this, admiration for one another, was bliss compared to the heartache they used to feel when she was skinny.

Getting fat was the best thing that ever happened to them.

“Love,” the fox mumbled, his face snuggled into her cleavage. White fur mingled with creamy, faint tan, and a single hazelnut-brown eye looked up at her from underneath. “Are you wearing undies...?”

“Yes,” she answered, trying to do the cat wiggle by pushing her butt up high in the air above her, but she hadn't quite figured out yet that the effect was a lot subtler now that she was so fat and bulky. After all, it wasn't about lifting her buttocks up as much as it was bringing her torso down, and there was just too much of her to pull that off. Len was already smothered under her well-fattened tits as is. The cheetah was halfway through licking her muzzle seductively when the *meaning* behind his question actually whacked her. “Wait... can you actually not tell?”

“I don't feel anything.”

Amelie sat up, the mattress shifting and bending underneath her weight when she moved. Her bare breasts flopped onto her big belly, nipples playfully plump as they teased each other and got their blood moving better than any coffee. Still, Len couldn't see her underwear, just rolls of cream and golden-brown fur. The massively obese cheetah wiggled on top of him, causing her belly hang to jiggle atop his own well-curved stomach. Panting, the fox reached out with white paws and cupped under his lover's belly, giving it a *hefty* lift upwards, fighting the sheer weight of it with poor leverage, getting it up just enough that he could spot the purple undies with white paw prints on them. Then he let go of her belly fat and felt it *slap* against his stomach, making his own belly ripple from the impact.

“Good stars,” he wheezed, catching his breath. “I seriously couldn't tell...”

“That is *so* hot, babe...” Amelie whined, running her paws around her body. She loved being reminded how big she'd gotten. Especially by Len, who was more than happy to remind her. It was easy for the two of them to bond over her weight when her weight had to be part of practically every discussion they had. The cheetah stretched her back and reached behind herself, squashing her arms against her fat sides as she grabbed the fabric of her undies and loosed them from the wedgie they'd gotten in overnight. Again, so fat she could barely feel it. Once she had them fitted right around her hips again, Len could actually see the purple fabric around her sides, if only just, and teased at them with his fingertips as he reached around her body with his paws. “Any other reasons why you were so concerned whether I had any on?”

The fox grinned wide, his dark gums shining between his white fur and white teeth. “Well, now that you mention it, we've got time before your alarm goes off.”

“And if you get fat cheetah for breakfast, what do I get?” she asked, pushing her panties down to her thighs and swaying her butt, feeling the weight of her blubber slosh back and forth behind her. She rolled onto her side again, this time making the bed creak under her weight as she laid down in the center. Len rolled onto his knees and began helping her disrobe.

“You get breakfast, too,” he teased, “I've got plenty to cook in the kitchen, and I will aim to please my very generous wife...”

“Mmm, that sounds like you getting more fat cheetah...”

Len tossed her undies and kissed her, blushing red as he felt her paws on his boxers.

Being seven hundred pounds – with an expectation that she was only going to get *bigger* – was a life experience Amelie was still learning how to navigate. She'd gained quickly, unnaturally so some people have said, but that meant she still had a strong body underneath it all. And she kept up with as

many exercises as her supersized figure could still manage to do, because no matter what, she lived to be active and enjoyed working out. But as far as exercises she could do were concerned, push-ups were out, her big belly and chest made those barely feasible, even if the weight of her body was *great* weight training. But she jogged and used an elliptical machine during the day. The cheetah probably had swollen and meaty leg muscles underneath those thighs that could smother an arctic fox whole. They came in handy when it came time to shift five-hundred-and-fifty additional pounds of pudgy jelly atop her husband without crushing him. So all in all, Amelie's weight didn't cause her too many problems.

It was her *size* that was the biggest issue. And it was a constant cycle of her bulk making her too big to do something, then getting aroused thinking about how big she'd gotten and the fact she was "too big" for something, and then trying to do it anyways. Like a bath. Amelie was too fat for her townhouse's little shower stall by about three hundred pounds. If she was *half* her size, her belly and ass and hips would be squished snug inside that narrow box, spotted fur pressing against the frosted glass door with wet circles highlighting her chubby cheeks. But she wasn't three-hundred-plus pounds, she was seven hundred pounds. Her 130-inch hips didn't fit, and she was too thick and wide to squeeze through the door in the first place.

So instead, the cheetah ran herself a bath and soaked in it in the morning, washing her fur off and meditating peacefully before her work day. She filled their tub up to the point where there wasn't much room for water, but it was fine. She made it work. And when she was done, she used a ladder with pawholds that Len built securely into the wall beside the tub, letting her pull herself up to her feet and brace her weight as she stepped back out. Amelie could've managed on her own if she needed to, but the ladder was there for her to help maintain her balance when her feet were wet and the tub and linoleum floors were slick. It came in handy for Len, too, when he wanted a bubble bath.

Once she was done cleaning off, the cheetah hauled her wet bulk upright, let the water run down her fur and back into the draining tub for a minute, and then climbed out. Ladder to hang on to or not, she took things slow, if only because it was hard to see what she was doing. But she successfully navigated it, and grabbed her towel, beginning by drying off her face floof before turning to her hair and wrapping it up to wick the water away. With a second towel, she began working her way around her body, taking the time and care her new and improved physique demanded to get properly dry.

With that handled, Amelie squeezed her naked body back out of the bathroom and fetched some clothes to wear, jiggling herself into them. She grabbed a lilac tank top that looked gorgeous against her fur and some black shorts that were so big that Len could've fit inside one leg. From the top of her dresser, she picked up her smart watch, upgraded with a larger band now, and wrapped it around her wrist. The face blinked to life with a picture of her and Len together back when they were dating. They were hugged together to fit into the photo. There was an awkward half-smile on Len's skinnier face, and a tight grin on Amelie's. Her jawline was nice and snug then, not soft and swollen. It was a very different time. They were both thinner, a lot unhappier, and a lot dumber.

"We need to take a new photo," she told herself.

The cheetah paused in front of the mirror, looking at herself in profile with her belly bulging out in front of her, overlapping her thighs as it sat tucked into her shorts. Her once small, perky breasts were now big tubs of jiggling flesh that wouldn't sit still no matter how hard she tried, just sloshing atop her belly with the lightest provocation. Her face was *round*, full cheeks and a puffed-out neck squished between her chin and her huge, barrel torso, complete with arms so thick that they jiggled and wobbled when she reached up to run her claws through her hair. Behind her, a butt bigger than some entire people ballooned massively behind her thighs, a shelf of golden fur and spots peeking over the top of the shorts that couldn't quite contain all of her. Her tail swished back and forth over the top of her booty, making the over-flowing dough above her waistband jiggle with each sweep.

There was another world where Amelie could have lived where the sight of herself inflated up like this, a giant blimp of doughy fat that jiggled and sloshed uncontrollably with every tiny motion, would have broken her. It would have been a nightmare. But that wasn't the world she lived in. In the

cheetah's world, she lifted her shirt up just a little to take a look at her belly, admiring its heft and how much of it was bulging over the top of her waistband. The cat jiggled her blubber with a smile. This was the dream body she didn't know she wanted. She let go of her shirt, and it fluttered back down over her cream-colored belly fur. Sliding her paws up, she gave her breasts a cup and lift, feeling their tubby weight on her paws. They spread across her fingers as much as the shirt would let them, like sexy pancakes.

...Why did she think that? Oh, she could smell Len making pancakes downstairs. That was why. Her tummy rumbled hungrily as she began to think about food even more. The cheetah raised her paws away from her boobs and let them *plop* onto her belly shelf again, sending ripples through her chunky shoulders, arms, and the rolls behind her breasts. But now that she was *thinking* about it...

“Babe, are my boobs big enough?”

Len paused in mid-flip of a flapjack, catching it awkwardly with one edge of his spatula. The pancake split not-quite-in-half and the two sides slapped onto the griddle again with a *whap*. The arctic fox was stunned by the question. He twisted around to look at Amelie seated at the table, butt wedged across three chairs, belly propped against the rim, plate propped on said boobs she abruptly decided to draw his attention to. The cheetah did not stop eating her fourth plate of pancakes just because she'd asked him a question, spearing a stack of three bites and pushing them, along with a healthy coating of syrup, into her muzzle.

This was why she was getting fatter despite all her exercise.

Len recovered enough to mind the next batch of pancakes and bacon and started splitting his attention between his cooking and his wife's beautifully bountiful bosom. She was asking for his opinion, after all, so he gawked at the two tubby blimps on top of her belly, nipples pushed into the tight fabric around her bust and upper belly.

“Love,” he said, trying to carefully collect his words because he wasn't even sure where this question was coming from, “they're *huge*. Like, actually gigantic. They're something like ten times bigger than they used to be. You've got giant boobs.”

Amelie shoveled a pile of cut-up pancake and bacon into her muzzle and chewed, leaning forward with a loud *hhhrmph* to put her plate on the table with the others. As she swallowed, she pat her plump paws on her much plumper bust.

“Okay, yes, they're *big*. And they're amazing.”

“Agreed.”

“Thank you.” She smiled at her husband and kept bouncing her chest. “But are they big *enough* for you? Do you want them to be bigger?”

Len moved the food from the skillet to the next plate and brought it over to the table, where he stood, bracing one paw on the back of the only chair Amelie wasn't sitting on, and he stared down at his wife's chest while he considered his options and responses. It was like old-timey ticker tape was clacking away between his ears.

He didn't want to flat out say they weren't big enough, obviously, because he'd be implying she wasn't good enough for him and she very much was. She was good enough when she was skinny; he was the one who had to get over his issues.

On the other hand, saying they were big enough wasn't entirely true. Sword to his throat, the fox absolutely would've loved to see them bigger, and more than that besides...

He had an out.

“I will say yes, I would love if they got bigger,” he offered, leaning forward and laying the plate on top of his wife's chest and then transferring her fork from the last plate back into her paw for her. Cupping his other paw under her chin, he held her face like a big, squishy globe and kneaded playfully. “But only if all of you gets bigger. So eat up, love.”

Amelie gave him a sparkling look and wriggled her muzzle. She started cutting up her pancakes

and bites of raptor bacon while Len turned off the stove top burners and returned to his wife. He stood behind her, leaning over her shoulder and draping his arms around her body until his paws cupped and played with her beautifully big breasts, jiggling them through her top. If she wanted attention for them, she'd get it. The cheetah offered her husband the first bite of pancakes and he happily let her push a forkful into his mouth before beginning to stuff herself even further.

"Better question," he said, massaging her boobs and sides playfully, "is do *you* want them to be bigger?"

"I do if you want them to- mmmph- be," she replied, eating another muzzleful of breakfast. Her plate, sitting on her bulging belly, was laying practically flat on top of the amount of food she'd already eaten.

Len tipped his white ears and bared a single fang as he thought. This felt too familiar. "Love," he said, feeling her belly, "I think we're going in circles. Come on. What's really on your mind?"

"Okay," the cheetah sighed, leaning in her chairs and giving her shirt a single sharp *yank* to let her belly fat explode out into her fox's paws. "I... wanna get fatter. I know I *have* gotten fatter, but we haven't been really trying on purpose. At least, I haven't. But the bigger I've gotten... the more I've loved it. I'm huge and I don't want to be anything but."

"Okay... why ask me about your boobs, then?"

"I thought it would be a good way to breach the topic without just... launching into it. I figured if I led with bigger boobs, you'd say yes. Of course you'd want bigger boobs to play with. Then I could move on to the rest of me. But now that you mention it, it does seem kinda dumb now. I know you'd love to make me fatter."

"You know me so well," Len teased, nuzzling into her neck and kissing it, his nose and chin sinking into the soft fat. "I'd love to see your boobs get bigger, babe. Plenty of room to grow. Maybe some dairy-rich gainer shakes a couple times a day? See if that works?"

"Oh, you are switched on like an engine and I love it," Amelie whined happily, eating some more. "You're teasing me. Do it more."

"I'm not teasing. I'm going to make you fatter." The fox felt the cheetah wriggle under his affections, and her face was flushing hot as he kissed her cheek. "How big? Eight hundred? More?"

"Nice round thousand..."

"Round is right." He grabbed her belly and shook it. "I want to take my half-ton wife to the beach... see if you fit into those changing stalls this time."

"Oh, stars," Amelie purred, thinking of how tight of a fit that was last year, when she was a hundred pounds lighter. "Yeah, that would be-"

Her smart watch on her wrist began buzzing and flashing. Holding the device up in front of her face, she and Len both saw that her work alarm was going off. They'd gotten so distracted teasing each other they'd lost track of time!

"I have to go!" Amelie squeaked, trying her best to quickly get up off of her seats. She did it, but quickly was an exaggeration.

"Please don't rush, love."

"I need to get dressed," she groaned, her voice getting tight and strained with anxiety. Her tail shivered and shook behind her big ass. "Morning meeting. Fuck. I'm going to be late. Fuck!"

Len knew how she was prone to stress, and he stepped in front of her, gently placed his paws on her cheeks and held her still for just a moment. The cheetah huffed and puffed but steadied herself, leaning into his touch. He was a steadying presence for her. She exhaled slowly and nodded, showing him that her thoughts were clearing.

"I'll get you some clothes," he offered. "You go boot up your computer."

"Mmhmm. Mmhmm. Mmhmm."

Len bolted upstairs, collected some work clothes from his wife's closet, tossed them over his arm, and returned to find her in her home office on the first floor. Together, with some effort and a lot

of past practice, they got the cheetah into a button-down blouse and a nice blazer that buttoned snug around her middle. Luckily for her, there was a store in the city specializing in clothes for *huge* women. It was one of their favorite places, for Amelie to shop for clothes in her size, and for Len to admire the advertising.

They didn't bother with pants or a skirt or anything. The fat cheetah was good enough from the waist up. As she sat down in her extra-wide office chair, Len began combing her hair into place with his claws, brushing it out as best he could while she grabbed her light headset and placed it around her ears. Her meeting app opened up and she accepted the call, noticing a blur of white escaping the room a second later, a kiss blown into the air for her to catch when she had a moment to put out her paw.

Three faces popped up in front of her on her computer screen. One was her gray-muzzled boss, and the two others were other members of her team. They all had their heads down, either looking at phones or writing something.

“Alright, I think we're all here,” her boss mumbled, looking up and seeing the faces of his employees in front of him. “Oh. Mrs. Kettu. Everything alright? You look flustered.”

Amelie grinned sheepishly, adjusting her weight in her chair and hoping to the stars that it didn't creak, or at least her microphone wouldn't pick it up. Her coworkers knew about her weight gain – it was pretty hard to hide – but *still*. “Ah. Yes. I'm okay, just was running a little behind.”

“Well, you seemed to have gotten here on time all the same, so good work. Having a good morning, I hope?”

Amelie inhaled deeply and smiled. “I'm having a great morning.”

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