

Slosh Berry

by Cerine Hero
for WeissesJaguar

The Foxtonic logo was plastered all over the outside of the box, so it wasn't like he had no idea what he was getting into. And the little bulb-shaped bottles inside, swirling with faintly-glowing blue-green liquid were pretty telling. They were even packed snug with a lining of pink fluff around them – or a *biodegradable fox tail-based packing material* to be technical. The scent of strawberry filled the air as the box was opened, along with a few errant tail-poofs. Oh, good, he *just* got done cleaning the rest of those out of the apartment after last time.

Carefully extracting the potion bottles without upsetting any more of the tail fur lining, Damien admired the liquid inside each one. It had a bluish, greenish, ocean-like quality to it, and was pretty viscous, more like light syrup than water. He didn't recall seeing any of these before at the lab. Maybe it was something new? Cerine didn't pack any instructions in the box, either.

The golden-furred jaguar took a couple of the bottles with him to the kitchen. His long, spotted tail curled at the tip behind him while he walked, betraying his curiosity and excitement. Setting one of the bottles down, the skinny jaguar stroked his chin-beard and decided to just go for it. Cerine wouldn't send him anything harmful, after all.

He popped the cork on the bottle still in his paw. Tipping the bottle up, he chugged down the liquid inside. It had a distinct flavor, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. Part of it tasted familiar, but the rest didn't. Damien paused, feeling the liquid roll down and fill his belly, and he waited to see the outcome of the vixen's newest concoction. He waited. Setting down the bottle, he ran a paw through his black hair and kept waiting. The jaguar tapped his hindclaws on the tile floor, not feeling anything just yet. Weird. Maybe this was a botch? He grabbed the second bottle and drank it, too. It tasted the same. If the mixture was wrong, he felt like it would taste worse. But these just kinda seemed like berry drinks, to be honest. Maybe they actually were just berry drinks. Damien headed back into the other room and checked the box, making sure it was Cerine who sent them and not Erin. The chocolate fox occasionally sent him treats, too. She was a cinnamon roll. But no – the box had Cerine Hero on the return label.

Damien fished his phone from his jeans pocket and called Cerine as he walked back into the kitchen and propped himself on the table. The phone rang twice before she picked it up. A video started immediately, showing the vixen at her desk in her basement lab. She must have taken the call through her computer. The webcam was perched up slightly high, and Damien blushed as his viewpoint gave him a clear angle on the cow-fox's low-cut top. She had on a white lab coat around her shoulders (if not her massive chest) and her glasses sparkled in the LED glow. Cerine brushed her hair back a bit and waved at him.

“Hey!” the dairy fox said. She rolled her chair back a little bit and flicked her eyes back and forth between the screen and the camera. Even though the screen on his phone, he could see she'd put on a little weight. No complaints – quarantine wasn't all bad. A strip of tummy was peeking out under her shirt, barely visible under her extra-large bust, and her pink thighs were soft and round. Even her face had a touch more softness to it. It made her look like Erin a bit, in a really good way.

Damien stroked his beard. “Hi, Pinxen,” he told her, trying to place all those thoughts in a nice folder for later. “Your lab's looking great.”

“Thanks!” She spun her chair around and showed it off. The TV in one of the other sections of the basement was on, playing a movie. “Had it set up for a little bit.”

“Lab coat looks nice, too,” he offered.

Cerine snorted and pulled her chair back closer to the desk again. The plump vixen's humongous assets bounced inside her top and she tugged on the edges of the coat, pulling it tight around her bust. “You can just say it.”

He'd noticed – her top looked like it was strained tight around her chest, which was why it was pulled up over her tummy. Grinning a little, Damien told her, “Yeah, uh... your boobs are looking huge. Like, actually, genuinely huge.”

The pink fox looked down and gave her chest a testing squeeze. “Oh... yeah, I am, aren't I? Holy cow. I swore I pumped this morning... oh. No, I didn't. I forgot.” She leaned back in her seat and fixed her glasses before giving her t-shirt a tug to straighten it out. When she let go, it popped back up above her tummy. “I've been so distracted trying to get this stuff done I haven't really been paying attention to, uh, well...” She gestured to all of her. “Twenty-five pounds up, but who's counting?”

“I'm not,” Damien told her. “You look amazing.”

“Sweet cat,” she said, blowing a kiss to the camera. “So I'm guessing your call is because you got my package?”

“I did.”

“Did you drink them?”

“Yeah, two of them.” He gave his stomach a pat. “But nothing's happened. I wanted to let you know so you could adjust your recipe.”

“Thank you, but working as intended! Alright, so one sec... where'd I put it... Okay, I swear I had it here this morning. Ugh, I'm a mess. Hold on!” Cerine got up from her seat, filling the screen with blue-covered melons, and she wandered over to the other parts of the lab. Her long tail followed her diligently, waving back and forth and leaving more tailpoofs on the carpet. Damien shook his head and grinned while the chubby fox found what she was looking for and returned to her seat. She held it up to the camera. It was a spiral notepad with numbers on it. “Let me type this in real quick... there we go. So, you're home, right? Not going anywhere?”

Damien furrowed his brow. “No? Just got home from work. Why?”

“Cool! Enjoy!” The fox pushed Enter on the keyboard right in front of her bust.

He wasn't sure what she meant by that. But he found out pretty quick – just under his phone, his belly was beginning to swell, pushing his black shirt upwards. Damien put his phone down on the table beside him and grabbed his expanding belly. It squished under his fingertips, but it didn't feel like fat. It felt like... liquid?

His fur was rapidly turning blue, spreading at first across his white tummy as it ballooned out of his shirt. Black spots along his stomach and chest were emerging from under his clothes as he started expanding all over. His pants button burst as he got rounder, softer, and wobblier.

Damien had gotten berried before, and he'd gotten fat with Cerine's help. But this wasn't either of those. It was sort of... both. He was getting huge, filling up his kitchen with violet-blue fur, but he didn't feel that tell-tale pressure under his skin, pushing outwards to turn him into a purring sphere of juice. Instead, it felt like he was gaining weight, but his belly rippled and wobbled from even the slightest touch. Soon the spread of blue color was all the way out to his fingertips, and he could feel it reach his face, giving him a plump neck and cheeks that jiggled when he moved. He was rounded, and really heavy, and as he reached for his phone again, the jaguar felt his weight slosh from one side to the other, like a balloon. He hopped down from the table – before he broke it – and felt the ripple from his feet up to his ears.

The self view on the phone's video call showed his very blue, soft, and round face, along with Cerine's expectant eyes over the top of her glasses. “Pinxen,” he asked, giving his belly a bounce with his free arm, “what did you do?”

“I wanted to test remote activation,” she explained, winking. “Oh, and a berry-fat cocktail. I figured you were the perfect subject. How's it feel?”

The hefty, berried jaguar held the phone out at arm's length and pushed his other paw into his round tummy. It sank in several inches, and when he let it out, his whole body wobbled. “A little different, but not bad.”

“Good!” The vixen leaned in and gave her chest a playful squeeze with both paws. “Now we're

both full!”