

Not Going to Plan

by Cerine Hero

Gray told Erin that once he put her in the car to send her back north to her place that he'd start working on slimming back down. The vixen was initially reluctant, because she was beyond thrilled by the tiger-coyote's rapid and substantial weight gain. She loved to feed him, and doubling or tripling his portions and helping to feed him by paw was exciting for her. And bedtime, with the two of them extra-large and extra-soft, was a dream. She loved Gray buff, and promised she'd help him turn his extra weight into extra beef, but helping him get fatter just set off an instant desire for her that she wanted to deeply indulge.

It helped that it was a freshly-minted source of excitement for Gray, too. It only took a couple belly-busting stuffings for him to let gluttony start taking hold. Never in his life had he ever really indulged himself. Feasting with abandon, eating anything and everything he wanted, felt like he was breaking some kind of rule. The tinge of guilt as he packed his belly tight with food was arousing. And the more fattening the food was, the better. Watching the inches pile onto his waistline, his belly steadily expanding in front of him, the weight bearing down on his feet, his stripes stretching around wider rolls and thicker limbs, his tight pecs melting into moobs... the dissonant thrill of “don't do this” and “stars, yes, pork yourself up like a balloon” made him chuff in satisfaction as he crammed a third burger between his jaws. The desire to fatten up began to win the mental match-ups every time, even if Erin wasn't actively encouraging him. He just wanted to indulge himself.

Of course, all good things had to come to an end. On the day Erin was to head home, he let her have a gift of teasing his huge frame that morning. Of course, it wasn't much of a “gift,” since the two of them had free reign of paws and muzzles on each other, but it was a gesture. Erin, plumped up and as jiggly as a jelly dessert, massaged her chunky paws around the tigyote's soft belly, her fat rolls pushing against his gut as she leaned forward to kiss and nuzzle his moobs. Gray squeezed the plump chub behind the vixen's bare breasts, loving how her chest felt on his belly fur when they were even bigger and softer – and himself, too. The chocolate fox had eaten almost as much as he did while she visited, and it showed on her figure, well above five hundred pounds. Erin could gain quicker than him, and lose it just as fast, so she'd be back to her normal chubby self long before the tigyote was buff.

At noon, the tigyote got dressed in a tight shirt and workout shorts and led his obese girlfriend down to the parking lot, where he helped squeeze her supersized bulk into her car. The vehicle's entire frame shook on its suspension when she settled in. Erin had to push her seat back as far as it could go in order to fit, and even then, her blubbery body, jiggling under an emerald green dress, completely overflowed her seat. It was a struggle for the huge fox not to push her stomach or breasts against the wheel and honk the horn. Gray openly licked his muzzle as he watched her slosh and wobble like soft gelatin under the thin fabric. The fox caught him staring hungrily and smiled even as she panted, slightly winded.

“I think I might get a little rounder for a while,” she teased, rubbing her pudgy paws around her middle as he watched. “Someone has got me in the mood for it.”

“That so?” the tigyote replied, feigning ignorance even as he pulled his shirt up slightly and a roll of plump fat *bwoomphed* out underneath. Erin couldn't resist patting her paw underneath the fat belly, feeling the gray fur, as her boyfriend subtly teased her in public. “Video chat me this weekend. I want to see.”

“Of course,” the vixen replied, licking her muzzle as she pulled her car door shut.

“In undies.”

Erin leaned her elbow on the open window and poked his belly. “Really? Not in the fur?”

“I gotta be able to see how much you overflow them.”

“Naughty boy,” she giggled, and leaned her head out the window for a kiss. He obliged, ignoring the sudden car horn as her weight squashed against the wheel. Erin sat back and adjusted her

body on – or more accurately, around – her seat. “And when I get home I’ll make up that meal plan for you. Cut weight first, then we’ll put those calories to use beefing you up. You’ll be bigger than you remember, I promise.”

“I’m looking forward to it. And I’ll pay you back with an undies chat, too.”

“Psh, I’m hopping in the car and coming down once you’re ripped again.” Erin put on her big-lensed sunglasses and smiled. “I’ll call you later, babe.”

“I’m not going far,” Gray promised, letting her drive off. Once she was out of sight, he stretched and let himself relax, feeling his belly bulge more out of his tight shirt as he exhaled.

He was hungry...

Of course, planning to lose weight and actually doing it were very different things.

Although Gray got back on his gym schedule, if a bit more adapted for cardio, and tried to follow Erin’s meal recommendations, trying to curb his unleashed appetite and desire to feel stuffed and swollen with greasy, fattening fast food was difficult. Outings to the gym involved squeezing himself into the biggest clothes he owned – he didn’t go buy anything bigger since he told himself he wouldn’t need any – and hitting the treadmill. He was recognized easily by many of the other patrons, because he was the “hot bodybuilder hybrid,” and the reactions to his new, bloated physique were... mixed. Gray had been getting a little soft around the edges before taking a break, but that could have been excused as bulking. That was almost fifty pounds ago. When they saw him again, he was *fat*.

Gray wasn’t a social sort, and his interactions with other people usually involved friendly waves and a minor amount of small talk before going on about his business. Usually people were trying to hit on him, but even if they were forward, the tigyote was quietly polite and deflecting. He came to the gym to be inside his head for a little while, and not talk to people, because his job was all noise and talking and stress. So he got onto the treadmill, earphones clipped to his ears, hair tied back behind his head, and he jiggled like a water balloon for a while until his ankles were sore. The added weight really was something...

Day in, day out, he worked out whenever he had spare time. Gray didn’t spend much time at home; that was why he didn’t like Erin visiting for too long. He hated to leave her there for a long time only to come home and need to sleep. Brief stints when he could manage to shuffle his schedule for free time were best, then he could spend time with her. In lieu of face-to-face engagement, he and Erin made use of video chats. They kept up their routine of cooking together, separately, with the supersized vixen instructing him on how to cook her meals over the camera. The portions grew leaner, and smaller, as she helped him bend towards eating better to shed pounds.

However, the pounds kept coming, regardless of the exercise and the dieting. A week after the fox headed home, Gray climbed out of bed, before dawn, rubbing his paws up and down over his bare belly as he weighed himself. Another ten gained, pushing him closer to genuine obesity. And yet, the tigyote licked his muzzle, feeling a tingle in his spine and a tremor in his paws as he felt his fatter figure. More belly, more love handles, his pecs beginning to turn into tubby pillows, all the muscle definition in his arms now overflowing with bulk...

He didn’t admit it to Erin, but he was eating on the side. While he was loving spending time with her, the meals left him starving. So shortly after they were done for the night, the tigyote slipped out of his apartment and went to the local Big Burger chain and ordered a small feast all for himself. The cashiers easily began to recognize him, since, after all, he was the “fat gainer hybrid” who ordered enough food for three people. The cute serval who worked the night shift began to sneak him bonus goodies, hidden among the two trays he normally needed for his meals. She pushed the trays to him with a smile, her purple eyes cutting playfully towards his growing gut. Gray smiled back politely and offered a wink before finding somewhere to stuff himself. He typically took up a seat at a table in the back where he could eat in peace, looking out at the lights of the city at night while his food-swollen belly would gurgle and strain around way too much to eat. In return for the extra fries and milkshakes,

he sat somewhere visible from the front counter, because the serval liked to watch his belly expand with food when there weren't other customers around.

So Gray got fatter... and fatter. Those ten extra pounds turned into twenty five and soon fifty as a month passed. Well up into the three hundreds, the tigyote began to wobble constantly. He was becoming balloon-shaped, a huge stomach bulging in front of him, bouncing heavily with each step, with two fat "pecs" crowning it. Love handles escaped his tight shirt, and he constantly had to keep pulling up the waistband of his scrubs as he waddled. The arm rails on the treadmill at the gym were tightening around him by the day, and he could feel his jellied bulk sloshing against them as he struggled to jog. It wasn't much longer after that that he decided to shift his exercise away from there before he got too big and towards doing laps around the gym floor. And shortly after that he gave up on going to the gym at all. At least until he stopped having fun with this...

And, of course, he couldn't actually pull a fast one on Erin. The vixen realized he was still gaining after only two weeks of video calls, commenting on his "big belly and chubby face" until he decided to take the hint and admit it. He was a little worried for a bit that she'd be mad that all her time spent on helping him with diet food was wasted, but the chocolate vixen didn't have that in her. The heavily obese fox, also still shamelessly putting on weight, lay belly-down in bed, her camera and monitor borrowed from her streaming set-up so she could tease Gray. In front of her was a box of chocolates, and behind that was so much cocoa-furred cleavage that it was hard for the tigyote to pull his eyes away.

"So how much do you eat on your 'snacks?'" Erin asked him with a grin. She rolled her bulk slightly to brace herself on one elbow, bringing her fat muzzle over so she could pop a chocolate into her mouth. While the whale-fox laid slightly tilted onto her side, her breasts sloshing like soft wrecking balls under her, she gently slapped one, drawing Gray's eyes towards the jiggling, tender fat. He chuffed, blowing out his cheeks as he admired her massive frame.

"Three double burgers, three large fries, a large soda – mostly just to help it all down – and four cups of the spicy dipping sauce," he explained, feeling more and more like a gluttonous tub for everything he listed off. He was in his apartment kitchen, leaning against his counter as he stood stripped to the waist, as intent on letting Erin have obese eye candy as she was for him. "And the girl who runs the counter for night shift sneaks me extra treats."

"Oh, my fat boy's got a feeder?" Erin asked, grinning. She let herself roll belly-down again, her weight compressing her breasts and her belly fat like doughy cushions under her. Gray tried to do quick, and highly distracted, math in his head. She was almost five hundred a month ago, and in that time the vixen could've put on upwards of a thousand pounds. Gray knew his girlfriend's ability to gain and lose weight intimately. But she wasn't three-quarters of a ton, so while she was obviously indulging, she wasn't going full speed ahead with it. Not like he was, at his own pace.

The tigyote licked his nose as he pulled himself from his chunky thoughts. "Well... I guess so. I think she just likes watching me eat."

"Let her rub your belly?"

Gray had leaned over to grab his soda cup and take a drink as she said that. He coughed and sputtered into the back of his paw before swallowing. "N-no, I haven't. Never considered it."

"Well, tell her your girlfriend says it's okay! You could make some more friends being huge, babe! And besides-" she jiggled one of her butter-roll flanks, causing her overfed body to wobble all around her- "I've been on stream butt naked, even fatter than this."

"You're right," he replied, licking his weightier muzzle. "If, uh, she *asks*, I'll say it's fine..."

Erin grinned, eating more chocolates. "So... you're done with the diet plan, yeah?"

"Maybe," he replied, running his tongue around the inside of his muzzle. The fat tigyote instinctively began to rub his belly, the gray mass filling much of the view on the screen in front of him.

"What do you want to do, love?" Erin asked sweetly, resting her muzzle atop her cleavage and

folded arms. "It's your weight."

Gray jiggled his huge belly in his paws, feeling it bounce over the waistband of his house pants. He leaned forward slightly, lifting and letting go, and let the tubby bulk of it *slam* onto the kitchen counter, feeling the ripple roll upwards through his gut and into his moobs. He couldn't keep pretending anymore; they were chubby moobs, with barely any shape of the pecs underneath still visible.

"I think I'll let this keep riding," he said quietly, still running his fingers over his middle.

Erin grinned. "You having fun?"

"Yeah..." he admitted.

"Then... I want you to head down to your burger joint and get as stuffed as you can possibly get. Up your typical order to five burgers and fries. Triple stack burgers. Push that big belly to its limit. And then let me see you all bloated and huge, babe."

Gray whined softly despite himself as his girlfriend teased him. "You got it, love."

There was one problem.

"Fuck," Gray exhaled, standing in front of the Big Burger, its lights off and a notice on the door saying it was going to be closed for renovations for the next several weeks. Headlights passing by on the street highlighted the rotund curves of a lightly-obese tigyote in an unzipped hoodie, white t-shirt, and barely-fitting pants as he stood in front of the door, denied access to the ridiculous amount of fattening food he wanted to eat. He had one paw on his chunky love handle, reaching up with the other to push his glasses back up his muzzle.

Well, now what? His huge belly grumbled hungrily, since he and Erin had skipped their meal time in favor of the tigyote going out to pack himself so full of calories he'd look ready to burst. But the next Big Burger was across town. The buses stopped after sundown, and he didn't want to waddle himself home with his belly half-again bigger, crammed tight full of food, so heavy and huge he could hardly hold it in his arms and-

The tigyote cleared his throat and swallowed. He could daydream about weight gain and gluttony once he had a huge platter of food in front of him. Right now, there was no food, and no way to get any. There wasn't much else around his apartment that he knew of, at least not readily-accessible fast food that was quick, convenient, and in enough volume to fulfill his need to gorge himself. It seemed he would have to head back and break the bad news to Erin. He was sure she'd take it well, but still, he was really turned on by the idea of massively overeating for her.

Gray sighed and pulled his shirt down tighter over his swollen middle. The t-shirt was so snug that it hugged his chest tight, giving his moobs some shape, and left a gap where his belly button was hiding under the fabric. It only took five steps down the sidewalk for the jostle and jiggle of the tigyote's blubber belly to cause the tight shirt to ride back up halfway again. He just let it happen, feeling the slight chill of northern spring air against his fur. As he headed home, feeling his belly grumble in annoyance even as it bounced along to his steps, he wondered what he could do. He could hit the grocery store and pick up something, but after waddling his fat ass out here and back already, he was tired.

Shops lined the storefront on his right. It was getting fairly late, so the bookstore and the trendy clothing boutique were closed so their owners could go home. But there were a couple lights still on, and as he kept walking, he caught the scent of food. It was *good* food, too. Fat tigyote food. His mouth watered as he pushed his glasses up his muzzle again and searched for where it was coming from. After a moment, he found a little restaurant tucked between two stores. The sign over the door read *Mama's Kitchen*. Definitely an independent place; he'd never heard of it. He didn't see any hours on the door or the sandwich board offering daily specials beside it, but the lights were on. Gray tested the knob and found the door was unlocked, so he stepped inside.

Inconspicuous jazz music was playing on the speaker system as he stepped in. It was warm, and the food smell was even stronger in here. He breathed deep, patting his belly, and wandered further

inside. True to its outside, the tiny kitchen wasn't much, and also true to its name, it was pretty much just a kitchen and a couple tables to sit at. There was a ordering counter and an open view of the nice, clean commercial cookware. And Gray could see the staff from here, too, which... made him pause.

There were three women in the kitchen: a red wolfess, a midnight vixen, and a cougar. As Gray stepped into the restaurant, they all looked up from what they were doing and fixed him in place with their eyes. The ladies were *massive*, practically spherical, squashed tight into their cooking uniforms and aprons. The cougar was the slimmest of the three and she was still at least a hundred and fifty pounds heavier than Gray! The wolfess, out in front, made her way to the counter and braced her paws on it, leaning her heavy body forwards. Out of her short sleeves, her blubber-swollen arms swelled out of the fabric to their full, hefty thickness. He also couldn't help but notice that her shirt was partially unbuttoned at the top simply because it wouldn't fit. She had some of the largest breasts Gray had ever seen, and as his eyes flit to the other two in the back, he noticed that was a common trait between them...

"Howdy, handsome," the wolfess said, smiling warmly. Her heavy muzzle jiggled when she talked. "You missed dinnertime by an hour or two."

Gray folded his ears back, disappointed. His stomach rumbled loudly in annoyance. "Oh. I apologize. If you're closing up, I can-"

"No, no, no," the wolfess told him, brushing it off with a wave of her paw and a wobble of her arm fat. "Mama doesn't let anyone go out the door hungry. Now come on over here, let us get a better look at you, handsome."

Even if he wasn't hungry, even if the wolfess wasn't gorgeously large, Gray would've waddled his way over to the counter anyways, just charmed by her warm tone and affectionate accent. Mama was a little bit older, but it only added to her aura. She was a little shorter than him, and she looked him from top to bottom, her thick neck roll squashing around her fat muzzle as she admired his heavy belly.

"Well, now, you're a cute one," Mama teased, pushing herself upright. "Girls, c'mere, have a gander at this lovely boy."

Gray's eyes widened slightly as the fox and cougar waddled over to stand at Mama's soft flanks. The trio of them were lined up and packed in like a wall of pure blubber and fur. The midnight fox, with raven-black fur and gold eyes, brazenly licked her muzzle as she admired the hefty tigyote.

"He's definitely a cutie," she purred, pinching her outfit and fitting it better around her bulk. Gray watched her figure bounce under her apron, her huge belly *thumping* on the counter. "You need something to eat, darling?"

"I'm starved," Gray answered, patting his stomach. Three fang-filled grins were his reward.

On his left, the cougar leaned as far as he could to admire him from the side. "You look like you've got a good appetite, sweetheart. We love that..."

"Well, I love being appreciated by three gorgeous ladies," Gray replied, grinning.

"Oh, I like him," the fox giggled. "We'll take real good care of you, cutie."

The butterball cat nodded eagerly. "Oh, yes, we're gonna fatten you up."

Finally, Gray blushed a little. Mama winked at him and sent the others back to start cooking as she waddled around and pushed her bulk through the too-small gap between the counter and the wall. The restaurant clearly wasn't designed for ladies their size. The red wolfess, her hair in a bun behind her head, led the chunky tigyote to one of the tables and sat him down. To his surprise, Mama grabbed the chair beside him and wedged it under his ass, letting him spread out a bit better across two seats. Red paws gripped his shoulders firmly and kneaded as the wolfess leaned over him. He could feel her gigantic breasts pushing against the back of his head, and he inhaled sharply.

"You're tense, darlin'," Mama told him, pushing more of her weight against him. The chairs creaked under their combined mass, but they felt sturdy. For a reason, probably. "Relax. Mama and her girls are gonna take real good care of you. And you're too polite and cute to be gettin' bashful around a couple of big girls like us."

“That's... exactly why,” he told her, drumming his paws on the table as he watched the fox and cougar work in the kitchen.

“Now there's a good boy,” Mama praised, leaning more – boobs engulfing his ears – and taking his glasses off his face. She set them safely on the table nearby. Then, her voice lightly muffled, she told him, “You just settle yourself in right here. The girls and I will take good care of you and we aren't lettin' you leave until you've had your fill, got it?”

The wolfess leaned up and waddled slowly back to the kitchen. Gray watched her go, swishing her red-orange and white tail behind her fabric-straining hindquarters. The tigyote swallowed hard, admiring with his eyes. He had a thing for obese women, sure, but he was starting to think that he had a thing for country accents, too...

After a few minutes, the big ladies put together a huge tray of food and the fox brought it out to him. While the vixen caught her breath, she braced against Gray's shoulder and watched him drink in the food she'd brought. The tray was *heavy* with the meal. There was a triple-stack burger twice the size of Big Burger's, and with extra cheese and clearly a much more generous helping of condiments. Beside it was a tray of crispy fries, drizzled with cheese and bits of bacon. It was double the size of the box he'd get at the fast food place. Gray couldn't resist, lifting the burger up in both paws and shoving a healthy wedge of it into his muzzle before biting down. Beside him, the fox purred happily.

“Oh, I knew you were a burger boy,” the midnight fox teased, looming above him. She licked her dark muzzle with a pink tongue as he felt her belly press against his elbow. The vixen grabbed a pawful of cheese fries, scooped up a thick helping of sauce, and pushed them into his muzzle as soon as he swallowed. Gray happily took the fries, and noticed the huge vixen was leaning against him even more. “I bet that little tummy of yours is all fast food, isn't it, cutie? You just love a greasy, fattening burger, all meat and cheese, filling up your belly. I doubt you can even stop at just one, can you?”

“No, ma'am,” he replied, panting softly as he pushed the burger into his muzzle again, his tail wagging rapidly between the heavenly taste of the decadent burger and the teasing he was receiving.

“Perfect, because there's plenty more where that came from.” The fox playfully bumped her hip against him as she went back to make more, watching over her wide shoulder as Gray stuffed himself.

This was the best burger he'd had, in addition to being incomparably the most fattening. He could feel pure fat filling his stomach, threatening to turn into inches around his middle within hours. For a burger this good, he welcomed getting even fatter. He finished it, licking his fingers clean, and picked up the tray of fries, balancing it on his belly shelf as he pushed pawful after pawful into his muzzle. Crispy, fried spears of warm sunlight. They were perfectly salted, and had a taste he couldn't place. He bet they were fried in a different kind of fat, one that he was certain would turn him heavy. The thought made him make sure he ate every last one – to be polite, too, of course.

The cougar snuck up on him while he was eating, leaning against his side and placing a huge mug of milkshake against his muzzle. Gray was momentarily surprised, but he needed a drink. The milkshake was a little thin, and he recognized the taste of heavy cream mixed in, making it easier to gulp down his throat and fill in all the nooks of crannies among the rest of the food in his belly.

“All of it,” the cougar told him, tipping the milkshake back more. Her other paw cupped underneath his muzzle, feeling his double chin and squeezing gently as his throat bulged from each gulp. “That's a good boy. You've clearly got an appetite, don'tcha, handsome? That tail's just a-going and going...”

Yes, it was, since he could feel his belly expanding as he gulped down quarts of cream-shake and there was a big, staggeringly buxom cat's paw holding his muzzle. He may have been only half-canine, but that was *more* than enough to get him wagging. Gray finished the mug of milkshake, panting, and the cougar offered a playful rub across the top of the tigyote's belly. The skin already felt tight under his shirt, which was riding up slightly from what he'd gorged on so far.

Mama and the vixen returned with another round of food, a burger and a party-sized casserole dish. As the heavy-set wolfess prepared her home cooking for him to feast on, Gray accepted the

second burger and began eating. Now surrounded by the full trio, he blushed again, admiring their huge bodies as he, too, grew bigger and bigger. With their playful encouragement, the tigyote gobbled up the whole burger and then leaned back on his seats as Mama whipped out a serving spoon for the casserole. His eyebrows shot upwards but he quickly warmed to the idea once the first mouthful hit his tongue. He wasn't entirely sure what was in it, but the wolfess had a tongue for taste, that part was for sure.

But it felt like the casserole doubled in size in his stomach. Only a few bites in, the tigyote was stifling burps and feeling his belly distend like a balloon. His shirt rolled upwards as the obese wolfess insisted on feeding him more, reminding him to clean his plate. He wasn't arguing, but the gentle teasing made him chuff. The cougar fetched more milkshake to wash his throat, and the vixen pawed and felt his stuffed belly, helping his shirt up to his moobs so he had plenty of room to fill out. Gray's stomach shoved against the table, its feet squeaking against the tile floor. Mama and the vixen moved it aside, closing in tighter around Gray to keep him company.

He felt their large bellies against his own, their collective size penning him in so that his burgeoning gut pushed against all three of them at once. Fox and cougar paws teased his supersized stomach as Mama scraped the last bits of casserole out to feed to the panting, gasping tigyote, overstimulated by his creaking belly and the ladies who were enjoying every minute of it.

"I knew you'd have a healthy appetite," Mama teased, offering Gray's bloated gut a playful jiggle. "We haven't been treated to a customer like this in a while, have we, girls?"

"No, we haven't," the two of them agreed.

Gray chuffed, looking down. He looked and felt like a blimp. How much did he even eat? It felt like a haze now. The sheer bulk of his stuffed belly forced his legs to widen and let his mass have more room to expand. He was bigger than them, at least for now. And the wolfess, fox, and cougar all looked incredibly pleased with themselves.

"Think we might'a overdone it a little?" the vixen asked, even as she felt Gray's belly. He reached up and held her arm, fingers sinking into the black fur and jiggling fat right above her elbow. White fangs flashed in her muzzle.

"Nope," the coyote said. "He looks pretty good with his stripes stretched out like this."

"You're right," the vixen agreed. "And he's gonna look even better with extra weight on him."

Mama set the glasses on Gray's muzzle again and then turned his face slightly to the side so she could give him an affectionate peck on the cheek. The tigyote groaned softly and blushed, especially as the big, busty wolfess's body pressed against his huge belly.

"You come see us again, alright?" the red wolfess told him with a grin. "We'll happily make sure you don't want for nothin'."

"Trust me, I will," Gray replied, panting softly between each word.

With some help, the tigyote lifted himself off his chair. His belly was *so* heavy, so unbelievably stuffed and round, that he could barely waddle. And he wasn't even pretending just to get some offered help from the fox and cougar. Gray had no choice but to let his belly hang completely out of his shirt; he was too stuffed to pull the garment down even slightly. The cougar even waddled to the door and tried to hold it for him so he could slip out... or rather, squeeze out, but they found that there just wasn't enough space for her to stand there, too, so she sheepishly wriggled her way back past the stuffed tigyote to let him leave.

Gray waved his goodbyes before the door shut and then exhaled slowly. Did that... actually happen? Well, he had the belly to prove it, at least, and assuming he could get back up his apartment stairs, he was sure to delight Erin...

"Y'know, we didn't catch his name," the midnight fox mused, grunting and leaning to put clean dishes away.

Beside her, the cougar wiped the counter, her huge chest doing half the work for her. "Tunno, I figure I'll just call him Gray."

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