

“Erin, get up, it's past ten.” Cerine rapped her knuckles on the door another time or two. “I'll be in the lab if you make breakfast. Or brunch, rather.”

Erin made a non-committal noise with her half-awake vocal cords. The chocolate fox was laying face-down on her bed, one arm draped over the side, where she'd simply collapsed on the mattress. A trail of clothes led directly to the scene of the crime, including the jeans that still clung to the fox's foot.

The two vixens had gone all in with some house and yard work over the weekend. Zaress pitched in with the super heavy lifting, getting furniture moved from place to place, but there was still plenty of work for Cerine and Erin to do. And Erin definitely put in more than her share. She didn't mind it. She was the one who looked out at the backyard most of the time, anyways, so she wanted it to be fixed up extra nice! But by the time Sunday came to a close, the vixen was so exhausted that she simply fell face-first onto the bed and was asleep before the second bounce.

But now she was awake, and sleep was fading from her brain. Erin yawned and dragged her tingling arm upwards to push herself upright on the mattress. Her hair was a bit of a mess in front of her face, and she'd pulled her braid loose after dinner last night. Wait. Did she even eat dinner? Maybe she didn't... Her gurgling stomach, roused by the mention of breakfast and brunch, told her probably not. Erin rolled onto her booty and stretched, kicking her jeans off of her foot. She felt her undershirt dragging loosely across her fur, particularly her chest. Whipping her tail, she leaned forward to stand up and almost pitched over.

Being a big girl, Erin was expecting to feel a padded belly, covered in cocoa powder fur, press onto her thighs. Today, she just kept leaning forward, anticipating that “stop” when her tummy pushed back against her, but it didn't come. She squeaked and braced her feet, keeping herself from pitching forward in a roll. Erin grabbed her thighs and felt... muscle. Mostly. Her fingertips pinched gently into a thin layer of soft plushness, but under that was some pretty well-defined muscle. She had put her legs through a lot of work the last couple days.

Erin stood up, bracing herself for any other surprises. There weren't any, really, other than her thighs didn't seem to squish against each other and there was more floor space in the room beneath her view. Her tank top hung down low over her body, like it was a deflated balloon. It barely covered a pair of large but perkier-than-usual breasts, which left the top hanging loose around her middle. Erin slowly pushed a finger into the front of her tank top, feeling no resistance as her finger sank in deeper... deeper... until finally she impacted a firm middle.

The vixen raised her eyebrows and jumped over to the mirror and scale in the corner of her room – which didn't do much to help her keep her boobs inside her top. She climbed onto the scale and was able to easily see the readout spell out 183lbs. Her green eyes almost popped out of her head and she looked sideways at the mirror. Sure enough, there was a slender vixen just barely big enough to fill out the big clothes she still had on. Erin pulled up her top and admired the mostly-flat belly in the reflection. There was still a *slight* curve to it, just above the elastic waistband on her undies, which was the only thing keeping those on.

She'd worked almost sixty pounds off her figure this weekend. The chocolate fox had managed to lose weight by accident before, but she didn't think she could do it without *noticing*. Erin gave her big boobs – thanks, Cerine – a pat and jiggle before the gears in her head started to click over. Peeling off the wrinkled tank top, the topless, model-sized vixen had a realization.

“I get to have ice cream for breakfast!” she squealed, pumping both fists in the air.