

Ava's Day

by Cerine Hero

She felt the impact of every punch roll up her arm. Shockwaves flew from her knuckles through the heavy fat around her biceps to be absorbed into the bulk of her body. Each hit sent sweat misting from the tips of her fur. White mist billowed, uncontrolled, from between her teeth as she panted for breath, fogging the floor of the workout room. She was overheating, but she pushed on regardless, feeling the sweat sting her eyes and the weariness in her muscles as she broke past a wall and continued throwing punch after punch into the bag.

“Come on, you can do it. Keep those paws up! Posture! Move your feet, in and out.”

And she did. The winter wolfess barraged the bag with her fists, striking the upright target over and over. Keeping up with her footwork wasn't easy, but she tried. There was a lot of her to move. She fanned her ears down and threw a few more good punches into the bag before her arms just wouldn't listen to her any more. Her muscles, encased in thick flesh and snowy fur, were burning, and she was hot and at her limit. She laid one gloved paw on the bag and swung the other limply towards her trainer.

“Good, good,” the pine marten told her, giving her soft shoulder an encouraging pat. “You're doing better. Take a breather and we'll move on. Are you hot?”

“When am I not,” Ava quipped back, not realizing the innuendo hidden in her reply until a moment later. The obese wolfess decided to lean into it, grinning at her trainer despite being red in the face and exhaling clouds of frost as she panted. The marten offered a polite smile back and pointed out the jug of water on the folding table against the wall as he went to get the paw-held pads. She did decide to get a little water and forced her tired legs to carry her over to the table. Taking off her gloves, she scooped up a paper cup, poured herself some water, and blew a thin stream of frigid breath onto it to cool it down before taking a sip. As she drank, she pulled her sweat-slick workout top up and let her belly breathe for a moment.

Ava was a *big* girl. She was a scale-breaking six-hundred-and-fifty pounds, all wrapped up in white fur like an over-fluffed marshmallow in workout clothes that were one X too small. They didn't sell clothes her size here in Northend; she had to drive south to Stonecoast, to a specialty boutique, to update her wardrobe, and even then she was on the high range. But despite being an annoyance, it didn't really bother her. It was what it was. Ava didn't bemoan her weight or the fact she simply couldn't shed any of it, no matter how hard she tried.

And she tried hard – she was at the gym several times a week, doing cardio, weightlifting, and boxing sessions, and on other days, when she could, she would dunk herself into the public pool. But she wasn't trying to slim down. That was why she started all of it, sure, once she grew so fat that she was really beginning to have trouble. And she had a small breakdown for a while once it became clear there was no reversing her weight, but now she worked out just for its own sake. She wanted to strengthen her body and be fit despite her size. And in that regard she'd had excellent results! But no matter what, she'd always be big, and over time she learned to look at the round wolfess in the mirror and love her for who she was.

She was fat, and she'd be the first person to say it.

Ava crumpled her empty cup and tossed it into the trash can by the table. Glancing over her shoulder with her luminous blue eyes, like a pair of stars fallen to earth, she noted that her trainer was still picking out the boxing pads to use. So she took a quick moment, pulling her workout tank down in the front and tugging on her blue sports bra underneath. Ava blew freezing air down into her bra, pushing out all the hot air trapped inside her substantial cleavage. The chilly air spread between and underneath the winter wolf's huge breasts. That felt *much* better. She re-adjusted her clothes and pulled her gloves back on as her trainer came back over with thick, rectangular pads on his paws.

“Are you feeling better?” he asked her.

“Oh, yeah,” she answered. “Much better.”

“Alright.” He put the pads up in front of himself like targets and braced. “Let me have it.”

Her trainer was a wiry, lean guy. The pine marten was around five-foot-six and while his physique showed a lot of muscle, he wasn't bulky in the least. The heavily obese wolfess stood six inches taller than him and quite obviously had him beat in width. He probably weighed a quarter of what Ava did, if not a fifth.

An unbidden fantasy popped into her mind, of her simply pushing those boxing pads aside and shoving the handsome marten against the wall, burying him in her soft bulk while his face sank into her cleavage, his paws wrapping partway around her middle and fingers sinking into her plush fur. And she'd lay her paws on the wall and lean in harder, watching as her figure engulfed him in soft fur and softer blubber. It was a good thing she was already red in the face.

She pushed the thought aside, as fun as it was to picture. Raising her paws up again, she ran her tongue across her fangs and began to pound the pads the pine marten was holding up. It was no surprise that every hit she offered caused his whole body to shiver and tense.

“Like a freight train, girl,” he complimented, smirking and bracing against her punches. “Come on, give it to me!”

She did. There was a ton of mass behind each jab, and it took a lot for the pine marten to resist them. Once again, she felt her arm fat jiggle from each punch, the vibrations quivering into her back and bust fat. When she punched harder, she felt her tummy's center of gravity shift under her boobs. In fact, her boobs were so big that she had a hard time not knocking them around with her arms as she punched, and they repeatedly crashed into each other like waves on an arctic sea.

They kept up the routine for a while until they were both tired, their arms feeling as light as feathers after the punishment put on them. Ava rolled her shoulders and felt her thick neck ruff fluff up against her cheeks. Her trainer dropped the pads to the floor and shook the tingling numbness out of his arms.

“I swear, if you ever decide to *actually* punch at me, I'd be on the floor,” he told her, absolutely calling her bluff that she was pulling her punches the whole time. Ava just grinned back, offering him nothing but big teeth and a playful smile. The pine marten ran a paw over his head and gestured at her. “You know, I'm really seeing a difference in your figure since we started these sessions.”

That surprised her. Cocking an eyebrow, she looked down and pat her flanks with her paws. Her rotund tummy jiggled all the same. “What do you mean?”

Her trainer took a step closer and held her arm in his paws. Both interested and excited, the wolfess lift her arm out to her side while her tail wagged slowly behind her. He held her forearm in one paw and pat her hanging arm fat beneath her tricep with the other. It jiggled heavily, and Ava tried her best to just watch in interest and not in *interest*.

“This is getting firmer,” he explained. “Normally I would expect it to sag more as you lost weight, but since that's not an option, apparently, it seems your skin has tightened up. And there's likely more muscle being added under it all. Let's see. Flex.” Ava did as he asked. He slid his paw around and sank his fingers like raptor talons into her pudgy flesh. “Hard to tell. There's a lot of you. I can see it on your back and middle, too. May I?”

Ava made a show of shrugging her shoulders. Her trainer poked at her back rolls and she could actually feel his fingertips finding muscle back there, especially around her shoulders. But down on her waist, it was all pudge, although he pointed out where she was becoming more shapely. And she could not deny a thrill, feeling his paw on her love handle. If she just started leaning back, she'd sit on him... Again, a fancy and nothing more. Yet.

“You know,” she offered, adjusting her workout shirt and offering the marten a mischievous wink, “I don't think I've had someone be so interested in my body without offering to buy me dinner to see more.”

The pine marten didn't take her bait. She might as well have been fishing with an anvil, so she took his disinterested smile as a way of saying *no, thank you*. “Next session in a couple days?” he

asked, picking up a pair of towels and offering her one of them.

“Sure,” she replied, taking the towel and wiping her face with it. “I’ll see you then.”

The trainer took his leave and headed out towards another appointment. Ava clicked her tongue and let her breath hiss out through her teeth. She tried. No dice. She wasn't going to let it put her day off. The white wolfess let the disappointment roll down her back as she reached up and pulled her hair loose from its bun. Her hair was wet with sweat, so it was less of a snowdrift gracefully falling onto her neck and shoulders as it was a few clumps of wet snow tumbling off a tree branch.

She needed a shower. A very cold one.

A few minutes later, Ava was feeling refreshed, clean, frosty, and comfortable in better-fitting street clothes. She had on a black metal band tank top and some snug blue shorts, her gym bag slung over one shoulder. With her phone in one paw, she headed towards the reception counter to check out. But out of the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of her boxing trainer out on the gym floor, standing amidst the exercise bikes. He was chatting with a skinny ermine, currently midway into her winter coat so she was more white than brown, while she was on one of the bikes. From this distance, and with the music grating through the overhead speakers, she couldn't hear what they were talking about, but from their body language, it was clear she was into whatever he was saying, and he was leaning in hard.

Ava's sigh frosted the glass on her phone. It stung, but it didn't bother her that much. She'd missed out on plenty of dates before because of her weight, and she'd miss out on many yet, she was sure. If that was even remotely a problem, she'd rather it come out now than later, to be honest, since it was something she couldn't “fix.” And would she even fix it, if she could? She wanted to say no, but that might've just been from where she was standing now, where it was easy to just say it. Being fat was the only life she'd lived, and she'd never had the option of losing weight.

At the reception counter, she pulled her gym membership card on its lanyard from her pocket on her bag and offered it to the fox working the scanner. When the vixen handed it back, she glanced at the picture of herself in the corner. It was taken when she first started working out here. Huh. She did look a lot... flabbier? Definitely no bigger or smaller, just... softer and blobbier around her cheeks and neck. Ava pat under her muzzle, feeling the fat jiggle underneath all the same.

“Have a nice evening, Ava,” the receptionist told her, clasping her paws together.

The blue-eyed wolfess smiled at her, putting the card away and brushing back her hair. “I’m gonna try. See you next week!”

The weather in Northend was turning blustery and cold as autumn rolled in full-force. That suited the winter wolfess just fine. Summer was unbearable. Despite being as far north as she could possibly get without living in *the scary woods*, Northend could still have brutally hot summers, and it didn't take much for her system to just give up and shut down when she was overheated, leaving a bathtub full of ice water as her only recourse for the day. It was no wonder she spent much of her time during the summer bobbing like an iceberg at the community pool. Of course, now it was closed for the season, just when she'd begin to *really* enjoy the water.

The town shuttle bus pulled up to the street where the gym was and Ava climbed aboard. The chassis shook lightly from her weight as she squeezed through the narrow door and greeted the driver. She flashed her fare card across the scanner and continued to squish and squash her huge figure down the aisle. The bus was a little crowded in the afternoon with other passengers getting off work and heading home, so there was a bit of grumbling as everyone needed to adjust to let the tank of a wolfess work her way to the middle of the bus, where there were some parallel bench seats on the sides she could actually sit on. The regular seats were too tight a fit, and her ass was too wide to sit in just one of them, meaning the bump in the middle was rather uncomfortable. She politely asked a couple people to scoot over so she could plop down between them. It was still a tight fit, with the heavy-hipped wolfess squeezing in between the others. Her large arms pressed against them, too, as her elbows rest on top of

her bulky middle. And they both looked on in morbid curiosity as the bench creaked and bent slightly under her weight, as if they expected it to shatter under the gigantic snowball. Every bounce and bump on the bus made the obese wolfess jiggle, too. She could feel the ripples rolling up her heavy thighs, into her belly and side rolls, and bouncing her tubby boobs. Her half-bare cleavage, certain to draw stares just because of the weather, jiggled just under her chin as she sat down, her big body compressing into the tight-ish space. Plenty of people across the bus were staring at her, for one reason or another.

Ava paid no one any mind, looking down at her phone and checking her messages. Her glowing eyes reflected off the screen, always making it slightly difficult to find an angle to hold the phone where she wouldn't see a wraith-like image of her own face staring blankly back at her. She pulled up the app she used to talk to friends and found she had a couple notes waiting for her, mostly asking if she was going to stream a game tonight.

She began typing out a reply with her claws: *yeah just got done for the day, was boxing practice. Fucking hot and tired lol so let's get in comfy's and play something fun. gotta run by the store first, though, will text when I get home*

"Hey, excuse me?"

Ava looked up. The person on her right, a red squirrel lady with her tail pulled across her lap, was trying to get her attention. The leopardess on the other side of her was whispering something into her ear, and she shushed her friend.

"What's up?" Ava asked them, raising an eyebrow.

"Uh... Why are your eyes... like that?"

The wolfess blinked instinctively. To be honest, she wished she knew. Her eyes were like a pair of icy blue light bulbs wedged into the sockets instead of everyone else's "normal" eyes. They had a bright glow to them that shined bright at night or in a dark room, enough even to just barely see by, but the light was washed out during the day. Her parents had them, too, before they passed away when she was young. Since then, she'd never met anyone else like her. Her best guess came from reading about werewolves in old books in the school library, but they (supposedly) weren't real, and the *other* parts about werewolves didn't apply to her, anyways.

Of course, lots of people made that assumption.

"I don't know," she answered, shrugging her heavy shoulders.

"Are you a werewolf?" the squirrel asked. There it was.

"Nope, not a werewolf. Just a weird wolf."

The leopard leaned around her friend. "Uh, how much do you weigh?"

Ava flicked her tongue off her fangs and tucked her phone down into her cleavage – with the others definitely noticing – before patting her huge belly. "Six-fifty," she answered completely straight, staring right into the leopard's eyes.

The cat either wasn't expecting a direct answer or didn't have a follow-up prepared. She just blushed and leaned back into her seat, eyes wide. But the squirrel tried to cover for her. "Well, uh, you're really pretty for someone so, um... curvy."

Ava sighed, white frost streaming from her nose and lips like she'd coughed up a piece of dry ice. She didn't mind if people gawked at her. Bad comments and criticism over her weight meant nothing to her at this point. But performative politeness got on her nerves. The wolfess didn't want to be buttered up with forced niceties, and she didn't want her feelings protected.

"I'm not curvy," Ava told her. "I'm *fat*. But thank you, even if it was kind of back-pawed."

"Oh... sorry." Blushing, the squirrel looked to her friend for support, and got nothing useful. Shifting awkwardly in her seat, which was bending slightly in the heavy wolf's direction, she tried again. "You're really pretty. For a fat girl."

Ava decided now was a good time to just detach her brain for the rest of the bus ride.

She climbed off the bus at the stop closest to her home grocery store, hefted her gym bag onto her shoulder, and made her way down to the store. The sun was getting low in the sky; lower every day as winter quickly approached. Pretty soon the sliding doors in front of the grocery store would be packed with people coming in to raid for bread and milk before the first big winter storm. Northend was commonly plagued by severe weather, something some residents hated, others tolerated, and a few enjoyed. Usually by late autumn there would be at least one blizzard that painted the region white and shut down the roads.

Sometimes Ava wished she had a backyard so she could just lay in the snow.

The fat wolf waddled into the store and scooped up a paw basket, making her way down the aisles to get the stuff she remembered she needed. The aisles were rather narrow, and wherever she needed to pick something out, anyone with carts was obliged to turn around, because wolf hips and belly filled the space. Everyone else could scoot by, and Ava was happy to oblige, leaning her huge body against the shelves and letting them slide past. Well, if they were fairly thin, anyways. Anyone around a third of her weight or more was out of luck.

Ava picked up everything she needed for stir fry and headed towards the front. There were only two lanes open, of course, and one of them was fairly full. So she headed directly towards the other aisle... and into another shopper. The cheetah had been in her blind spot, and Ava was so focused on getting in line that she managed to completely barrel into him like a pudgy wrecking ball. The winter wolfess barely felt the impact, with him being lighter and shorter than her, so the cat took all the force, stumbling and falling onto his ass.

"Oh, shit," she exclaimed, stopping and looking down at the cheetah on his butt. He was mildly dazed, brushing a paw through his hair. He had a paw basket, too, except his groceries were now scattered all across the inside of the checkout aisle. Other shoppers were staring in curiosity, but no one could really move in since Ava was looming large right above him. Instead, she grunted and knelt down, belly nearly pressing on the floor as she checked on him. "Hey, you alright? I'm so sorry, I was distracted."

"I'm okay," he replied, blinking several times. He looked up to her and his eyes met hers. His eyebrows rose up sharply as his jaw drifted open. After a moment of staring, he cleared his throat and began to pick up his groceries. The wolfess grabbed a couple within paw's reach and handed them to him, which he appreciated. He smiled at her. "I can say the impact was nicer than the landing. Definitely much softer than the ground."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you didn't mind me running over you," Ava replied, giggling a little. Once the cheetah had all of his groceries, she took his paw and hauled him up onto his feet like he was made of paper. He honestly seemed a little surprised by her strength, and grinned wide as he readjusted his jacket around him. The cat was a little on the short side, but taller than her boxing coach. That said, from what she could see of his figure through his outfit, he was rail-thin, and probably didn't even crack a hundred-and-fifty pounds. No wonder he simply crumpled like a twig against her weight.

The cheetah stood at her side, looking her from top to bottom and running his tongue down one of his fangs. He had a very pale fur tone, like sun-bleached sand, and it made his spots and the tear lines on his face stand out all the more. His hair was a pale gold, and he had mismatched eyes, with the right being a dark, rich brown, and the left a lighter silver-green. It gave his face an unbalanced look, but Ava didn't think it looked bad at all. And furthermore, who was she to judge someone's eyes?

He extended his paw towards the aisle, deferring to the big wolfess. "Here, you go on ahead."

Ava grinned, flashing fangs at him. "You first, I insist." Cutting him off before he began to argue back, she slapped a paw on her flabby flank, her half-exposed belly jiggling like jelly. "Once I get into the aisle, I can't turn around for shit, so it'd be nice if I had you in front to look at."

The cheetah huffed a bit at the belly slap, his eyes visibly following the ripples across her fat figure. He blushed a bit and then took his place in the narrow aisle, turning about to face Ava as she stepped in behind him. The cat was treated to a wonderful view as the obese wolfess, practically too

wide for the aisle by half, dragged her bulk against the soda refrigerator on one side and braced herself so she didn't knock over half the gift cards on the rack on the opposite side. It was then another matter to wrangle her gym bag and shopping basket, too, leaving her with no paws to help pull down her tank top as it slid upwards against the refrigerator glass. The cheetah openly admired her heavy belly stuffed into her shorts, still glancing about slyly like he couldn't believe his good fortune.

"Squeezing in alright?" he asked her, tilting his head.

"Hah, no," she replied, sucking in her tummy more and turning around until she was facing fully forward. Then she exhaled, and her stomach *bwoomphed* forward, half uncovered above the waistband of her shorts. "They don't make stores in my size."

"I wish they did," he told her, "I'd go visit." He blushed and rubbed his muzzle with his knuckles. "I hope you don't mind me saying that I think the feeling is mutual about the view. If I was going to be pinned in this aisle by anyone, I could do much worse."

Ava wagged her tail, feeling her heart beat faster from the flirting. Her glowing, icy eyes narrowed slightly as she ran her pale tongue across her fangs. "Aren't you a cute one? You get one taste of belly and now you're happy being pinned."

The cheetah set his groceries on the counter for the cashier to begin scanning. Out of the corner of his green eye, he said to her, "If that was a taste, then I'd love a meal." Taking out his wallet, he paid for the groceries with his card. "Or I could get you one sometime."

Ava grinned, internally laughing. She might end up disappointing him on how much she actually ate, if he was expecting her to be a big eater just because, well... fat. She fished in her tank top for her phone, having to dig forearm deep to find where it had ended up getting wedged in her bra. "I would love that. Here, let me--"

The cheetah dug out his own phone, but as soon as he did, he looked at the screen and the skin around his nose and eyes went pale. "Ah, fuck, I'm late. I'm going to miss out on my tip." He grabbed his grocery bags and was already backpedaling. "Really sorry... fuck. Hope I see you again!"

And like that, he was gone, leaving Ava squeezed like too much frosting in a too small pipette, her phone in her paw, ready to tap it against his and exchange info. Snorting a blast of icy-cold air through her nose, she unceremoniously dropped her basket of groceries onto the conveyor belt beside the cashier and braced her elbows on the little stand for signing checks.

"Ma'am," the middle aged buffalo told her, "please don't... um, lean on that."

Ava did as she asked, but she did it with squinted, dimly-glowing eyes.

It was good to be home, especially after today. Ava didn't think a single thought on her walk back to her townhouse, on a nice, quiet pedestrian side road away from the motorized streets. It was an idyllic little avenue, flanked by tall buildings on either side with a little patch of yard in front of each of them and an open walkway where the neighborhood kids could meet up and play safely. Away from the road noise, it was always pleasantly quiet, or filled with the sounds of actual life, which was usually preferable. When Ava headed south to visit the plus size boutique for new clothes, she was always confused by the godawful layout in Stonecoast that ensured you were never more than fifty feet from a motorized street.

Madness.

Ava squeezed through her front door, tossed her gym bag on the couch to deal with later, and went to put her groceries away. Her legs and especially her poor feet were tired. She was strong, and exceptionally fit for her weight, but that didn't mean her foot pads were made of iron. After putting everything away, she pulled her tank top up, tugged her belly loose from her shorts, and dropped it like a sack of wet sand on the kitchen counter in front of her. Her salt and pepper shakers bounced upwards from the shock and fell over. She exhaled, ran cold water over her paws from the sink, and wiped her face.

She could pretty safely say today was not a good day. The wolfess tried her best to simply not

let things get to her, and move along with the current, but she could still feel disappointed and frustrated. Just shitty luck, she told herself.

Her phone buzzed in her shirt and she grabbed the bottom of her top and bra and pulled, letting the phone slide down her belly fat to land on the counter. Picking it up, she saw it was a message from someone asking if she was going to start soon. She had more than half a mind to say no, and just lay on the couch and vegetate on meaningless TV until she fell asleep. But no, she needed to do something *good* today, so she quickly replied that she was on her way and it would just be a minute.

Ava headed upstairs, her hips squeezed between the banister and wall. Upstairs, she wandered into her bedroom, where she peeled off her street clothes and picked out some comfies to wear. She didn't dress up for streams. She took off her bra and pulled on a loose, clean t-shirt with black dyed cotton and the logo of a metal band from down in Prince's Landing. She grabbed some bottoms from her dresser and pulled those on, too, and after brushing her hair and fixing her face fur, she was ready to go.

In her bonus room behind the bedroom, she had her gaming set up. There were band posters on the walls, shelves with collectibles, and a bookcase with novels and game cases stuffed into it. A large, blue beanbag chair dominated one corner, sitting next to her desk where her computer and game system were hooked up. Ava leaned over her computer, unrestrained boobs resting like bags of fluffy rice on the desk, as she got everything booted up and running. She typed her login for her streaming account – *BlueEyesThunderThighs*. Headset, controller, pull her shirt back down over her belly, and pulling her tail in around her waist, she was all set.

She flopped backwards onto her beanbag chair with a heavy wobble, her belly and boobs rippling up and down, the former slapping against her fat thighs and the latter bouncing off the top of her heaving tummy. As viewers filtered in, getting a view of her from her webcam, she set her phone beside her and watched it for the chat. The early birds were all saying hi, and one noted that she looked unhappy. Was it that obvious?

“Hey, cuties,” she said, looking at her reflection of herself in the corner of her stream view and fixing her hair and her neck fluff. Her heavy arms, spilling out of her sleeves, wobbled free on either side of her head. She looked even fatter on the screen, honestly. The beanbag chair helped squish her flab out wider, with her waist and thighs spreading across the corduroy fabric. Lowering her arms back down, she pat her chubby paws on her bare thighs, making the big tubs of fat and fur wobble. “Yeah, when I said comfies earlier, I meant it. It's a pajama stream night. Especially after today. Pretty sure nobody's gonna be upset about my bare legs. In fact, it might even be a bare tummy day, too, we'll see.” She looked at the chat again. They were asking if she was alright. “No, no, everything's fine. It's just been... kind of a shit sandwich day. A lot of the usual, and a lot of extra stuff that, eh, I won't get into. You guys and gals are sweet and I really needed this.”

Someone she didn't recognize asked if she was fatter. “Nope, not any bigger, I promise. Well, I haven't gained weight. I keep a good eye on that. But my boxing coach today thinks I'm bulking up some. I've been weightlifting hard recently.” She laid her controller on her cleavage, where it perched nicely on top of her boobs, and she lifted one arm up to give it a mighty flex. Something was definitely tensing and tightening underneath that wolf blubber, but it hardly showed on the surface. All she really did was bundle up the fat on the top of her arm between her forearm and shoulder while the dough under her arm was free to wobble. But her coach was right: Her arm fat *was* looking tighter and less saggy...

“So I don't, like, measure my arms or legs or anything, but maybe I should start. Probably a pain in the ass for me to do just by myself, though, I figure. Standing on one foot so I can get a leg up and measure around it is asking for trouble.

“Alright, what was I doing last time? Oh, right – Red Temple time. Not my favorite. But I have some secrets I can show you guys.”

Ava played the game for a while, chatting with friends and admirers. Some people came to

watch her play, others came to watch *her* while she played, just to have eyes on a big, soft beachball of white fur spilling out of her pajamas. And she didn't mind that, as long as everyone was being nice. She liked the attention, especially on a day like today, and people asked her questions about her weight and what it was like, and just like on the bus, she answered them candidly.

“So, like,” she was saying while focused on the screen and how she was trying to get her heroine to jump a gap, “just looking at me in this little stream window, I'm not sure you guys actually get how *big* I really am. There's no sense of scale. So when I'm out and about, I am just constantly bumping into stuff, into people, everything. I knocked a poor guy down at the store earlier, but he was really cool about it. He was interested, too, but... eh, never mind. Brain's stuck on that, I guess.”

She trailed off for a bit, sighing. Storm clouds gathered in her thoughts again and she pushed them away by glancing at the stream chat. “Can I fit in a car? I don't have one, but I can. I have to move the seat back, though, and the steering wheel is going to be smothered in tits and tummy. Easier for me to ride shotgun, honestly. Oh, and it kills the battery, I'm told. That's Ava 101: Nothing is built for me.” She glanced at her phone again and gave a laughing snort. “Would I go offroading in a kart? Okay, cutie, I get you're thinking about me bouncing and jiggling like a water balloon, but I think you're proving my point here: I weigh more than those things! And if you want some wobbles, I can just oblige.”

She took a short break, standing and stretching, her belly sagging out of her shirt and bouncing to completely fill the stream view. She gave it a couple jiggles to tease her viewers before excusing herself and stepping off screen for a few. The wolfess walked out to the balcony over the living room in the townhouse and rest her elbows on the railing. It was sturdy enough for her; she'd checked *thoroughly*.

The wolfess exhaled, watching the frost flow like a lazy cloud from her muzzle. She mentally took off the on-camera personality for a moment and let her wide shoulders slump. It was hard to say if this was even helping. Answering questions and teasing her friends and fans was keeping her distracted, but whenever she got quiet, her crappy mood would come back. Down below her, in the front room of the townhouse, her couch and chair were sitting empty in front of the TV. Well, mostly empty – her gym bag was on one of the seats.

Standing around feeling frustrated and lonely wasn't going to do her any good. Leaning off the railing, she fixed her shirt for the fifteenth time and squeezed back into her play room to settle back down on the bean bag chair. As soon as she did, she felt a rumble deep in her stomach. The fat wolfess rubbed the top of her belly and sighed. On went the headset and on went the talkative on-camera personality again.

“Damn, I lost track of time,” she told the stream. “I honestly should've fixed dinner an hour ago. Alright, here, I'll order something for delivery. Impromptu food review! What do I want?” She didn't actually look at the replies for suggestions – most of it would be things that didn't fit her diet. “Actually, Vincent's down the street has a grilled raptor salad I want to try. Let's do that... add to cart... and there we go. Twenty minutes. Think we can finish the Red Temple before then?”

Ava got back into playing, perching her tongue on her muzzle as she worked her way towards the boss. Questions were still coming in from the chat, but now they were mostly about foods she liked and how much she ate in a day. She explained that she really didn't eat a whole lot. More than someone a quarter her size, of course, but she mostly stuck to lighter meals on days when she wasn't going to lay hard into working out. And she ate heavier breakfasts compared to dinner, which was why she was ending her day with a salad.

After her third time dying to the boss, drumming a paw on her belly in frustration, she glanced at her phone beside her again. Ah, the second-most perennial question she got, after how much she weighed. “How big are my boobs?” she echoed, looking up at the camera and smiling knowingly at the viewers who had been there for this one more times than enough already. “Short answer: big. Longer answer: the biggest. I mean, I'm the biggest person in town, so I'm just assuming mine are the biggest.”

She wobbled a boob in one paw while she held her phone in the other, reading the replies. “How big? No fucking way. You guys are pulling my leg; quit it. Wait, the *alchemist*?” A guttering flame of recognition lit up in the wolfess's mind. She squinted her glowing eyes so tight they nearly darkened. “The fox, right? A winter red? No, I remember her! She gave me a healing potion a couple years back when I broke my ankle. She was... average? You guys are messing with-”

Her phone jingled in her paw and a notification appeared at the top of the screen. Her delivery was here. “Shit. Okay, pause time, cuties. Gonna get my food!”

Heaving her weight off the chair, Ava set her controller and headset down and wobbled her way out of the room and down the stairs to the foyer. She tucked her belly back into her shirt *again*, and didn't bother with putting on some pants, since she was just going to take the food, say thanks, and be done, so whatever. She grabbed the knob, pulled, and-

In the evening dark outside, there was a handsome cheetah on her front step, holding a plastic bag with the obvious shape of a to-go box inside it. And unless there was a *second* cheetah with brown-green heterochromia in town, it was him. Ava's heart skipped a beat and her blood flushed her face in surprise. There was a moment before the cat was able to break out of his own autopilot and seem to recognize her, too, his mismatched eyes meeting hers and going as wide as platters.

They just stared, dumbfounded, for a moment, before the wolfess glanced at the app on her phone. The *Deliverer* line had his name written out for her. “Kieran?” she asked, raising an eyebrow above a blue eye shining bright in the low glow from her porch light.

The cheetah stiffened in response to his name and quickly lifted up the take-out bag. He looked at the receipt stapled to the bag and asked, “Ava?”

Her eyes drifted to the food hanging from his paw and she smiled wide. “Well, I didn't mean you had to bring me a meal *tonight*, you know.”

“I couldn't resist,” he replied, gathering his wits and smiling back at her. He handed the half-dressed wolfess her dinner and she took it, grinning and setting it aside on the table by the door. The skinny cheetah rubbed his paws together. This was the part where he'd leave, but he lingered, sneaking a glance into the empty, dark townhouse behind her.

Ava straightened her back and offered him a playful smile, full of fangs that wisped with cold fog. “Is this your last delivery tonight, or...?” she asked, keeping the door open wide.

“Well... it could be,” Kieran answered. He fished his phone from his pocket, checking his delivery service app. His thumb hovered over the “On Duty” toggle at the top of the window and he looked up at the huge wolfess with his mixed eyes. “If a big, beautiful thing like you wanted me to come in and maybe feed you that meal.”

Ava pretended to think about it while her tail wagged excitedly, hidden from view by her gigantic ass and waistline. Then she reached out and grabbed the breast of the cheetah's jacket and dragged him across the threshold until he landed against her huge frame with a dull *thwump*. They pushed the door shut and the cat had his arms as encircled around her waist as far as they could go, fingertips teasing bare fur on her thighs, and she went right in for it, pulling him closer and upwards and leaning down to press her muzzle to his.

Kieran instinctively leaned into the kiss, parting his lips and letting himself sink into his new lover, but as soon as their lips and tongues locked, his eyes shot open wide and his tail doubled in volume. “Holy shit,” he wheezed, leaning back from the winter wolf's muzzle. “That was freezing.”

“I always forget to warn people,” Ava groaned, shaking her head slowly in self-admonishment. She licked her fangs. “Ready for another?”

“Yes.” Kieran stood on his tiptoes and leaned in for another kiss, this time ready for her wintry breath and tongue. The skinny cat was purring like a train, pressing himself into Ava and teasing her huge body with his greedy paws. She wrapped her heavy, fat arms around him and easily lifted his light weight off the ground, hugging him against her bulk as she walked around to the couch and set him back down.

The cheetah must've forgotten her strength, because he looked bewildered and excited as he looked up at the titanic wolfess looming over him. Her blue eyes shined in the dark room, and she ran her paws through her hair, pushing her belly out towards him. Kieran took the hint, lifting her shirt up and immediately sinking his paws into butter-soft flesh, teasing and rubbing, giving her body the playful attention she'd been craving all day. Ava sighed happily and let him play with her middle for a bit, laying one paw on his before leaning over him, putting her paws on his shoulders and sinking him into the cushions as her belly and breasts filled his skinny lap. With a grin, he grabbed her shirt and pulled her forward, encouraging her to climb onto him, her fat thighs encircling his hips and her weight bearing down on his thighs as she settled. The couch creaked under her as she rest her weight on his body, all but burying him into her sofa.

“Question,” she whispered, running a claw along his chin. “How much do you weigh?”

Kieran was momentarily stunned that *she* asked *him* that first. Or maybe he was stunned since no one ever asked a skinny guy like him. After visibly taking a moment to remember, he told her, “A hundred and twenty three.”

She had more than five hundred pounds on him. The thought gave her a thrill. Together they stripped off the cheetah's jacket and shirt, leaving him bare-chested under her. By the moons, he was *thin*. Ava teased her tubby paws down his front, feeling his short, soft fur on his chest until he vanished underneath her soft rolls of blubber. His heart was beating like a drum just under his ribs, especially as her soft, curious paws felt up and down his waist. Looking down, she could see her belly, just past the fullness of her breasts, practically enveloping his middle, her tubby, plump body looking all the fatter and rounder with his tight, fit frame pressed against her. He was, what, a fifth of her size? The contrast in their figures was exciting them both.

She liked it.

“And you?” he asked her back, running his fingers through her neck ruff while he slid his other paw inside her shirt to grope one of her breasts. “You have to be at least five hundred...”

The wolfess leaned over him, squishing her covered cleavage against his face, and whispered the answer into his ear. Kieran stiffened under her as he realized he was only off by a hundred and fifty. His paws teased around her middle, fingers sinking into her big rolls and squeezing them, lifting and jiggling her heavy weight around her waist before sliding down to feel her thighs, especially the buttery-soft meat squished around his hips where she was holding him pinned beneath her like a much-more-comfortable bear trap.

“You like big girls, huh, Kieran?” she teased, leaning up and beginning to pull on her shirt.

The cheetah gulped and nodded. “I do, but...”

Her arms stopped mid-way, underboob showing on top of the shelf of belly sitting on top of the skinny cat. “But?”

“I met you belly-first,” he explained, looking up at her with a lopsided grin, “and having all of you on me right now is a dream, but your eyes really captivated me. I want to say they're unreal, but they're right here in front of me.”

Ava pulled her shirt up to hide her blush, the light from her eyes vanishing for a moment as the shirt slid up her fat arms and over her head. Her boobs spilled completely free, and were quickly scooped up on warm cheetah paws, jiggling them and squishing them together. Ava let him have fun with the girls, but also leaned forward over the couch to grab her takeout box of food still sitting within arm's reach. As she did, she smothered her cleavage completely around Kieran's face and felt the cat's purr rise in intensity as he was buried under his fat and heavy partner.

She ate her dinner while burying him underneath her weight. Laying the takeout box on top of the couch back, she snacked on warm grilled raptor and veggies and lettuce, all while she soaked in the affection her partner lavished on her frame. She adjusted positions a few times, to give him more or less freedom from the blubber holding him hostage, and after a bit she rubbed his ear and lifted his face up long enough for air – and a bite of raptor and tomato. She let him feed her back for a few bites,

freeing up her paws to knead and tease his slender chest and stomach, at least what she could reach while she sat on him.

When Kieran's legs were finally falling asleep and tingling, she let him up, but only to take his paw and lead him upstairs. They left his pants in the hallway and she tossed him onto the bed, climbing over him and kissing her way up his frame until she was able to grab him his cheeks in both paws and sinking her muzzle into his. He grabbed her flanks and jiggled her, making them both purr and giggle as they felt her huge body bounce.

“You feel amazing; so soft and warm,” he said, and instantly tensed and hissed in pleasure as she raked her tongue from his jaw up to his ear, complete with mist-laden breath, “and cold.”

“And you taste good,” she told him back. Her hair was falling down around her face and she grinned bright at him. “It's nice to find someone with a big appetite.”

“Told you,” he said, bringing her in for another kiss as he fondled her breast, thumb rubbing around a pale pink nibble, “I wanted a meal.”

“No buffet jokes,” she told him, pressing her paws on his chest and sitting herself upright with a wry grin. “Or I'll-”

Fuck!

Her eyes brightened in the darkness. “I'll be right back.”

The stream was still running. Most everyone had left when Ava hadn't come back with her dinner, but the few who had stuck in were finally rewarded when she reappeared, at least at the edge of view. The fat wolfess had her arms across her big boobs, trying to cover them with her shirt – that she pointedly wasn't actually wearing.

“Hey, cuties!” she said, scrambling to pick up her headset and hold it near her face. “Heh, uh... so something came up. Really sorry. Bad day turned good. Uh... you can probably tell. But I'll make up the dinner date for you all soon, promise.” She began to put the headset down and remembered one more thing. “And finish the Red Temple next time!”

Ava closed down the stream and exhaled. Oops. Oh well. They'd forgive her. She tossed her shirt and waddled her way back to her bedroom, where Kieran was still waiting for her, the rail-skinny cheetah grinning like a lottery winner as he watched the half-nude wolfess squish her way, again, through the door and then jiggle like jelly with every step in his direction. She strode right up to where he was sitting on the edge of the bed, lift up her belly, and dropped it on his lap. His breath, blown out of him, warmed her bare breasts.

“Sorry about that. Now, you okay with dying?” she asked playfully, teasing his little, round ears.

His chest heaving, he winked his green eye at her. “Under you? Order a headstone.”

Ava turned around slowly, grinning at him over her shoulder, and sat on him. He barely had time to catch his breath again before he found himself touching box springs under her massive ass. Ava's tail wagged happily over the top of him as his paws kneaded up and down her back, fondling her huge body with affection and lust.

Definitely a bad day turned good.

* * * * *

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