

Ava resisted the urge to shake off the rain when she stepped into the grocery store. Northend weather was always extreme. It was a downpour outside, and while she ran as fast as she could to get inside, a girl her size was bound to get wet. The white wolfess stepped inside the vestibule, beside the stacks of returned shopping carts, and took a moment to right herself. Her band tank top was damp and clinging to her fur. She grabbed two pawfuls of it around the front of herself and fanned it, drawing a few looks from much... skinnier patrons as they walked by.

She didn't pay them any mind. The winter wolfess pulled her phone from her pocket and used the camera to fix her hair, pushing the wet locks from her face and behind her ears. It didn't look half bad. She winked a single glowing eye at her reflection and then stuck the phone away. Now she was ready, and the six-hundred-and-fifty pound wolfess walked into the store. It was still summer, and a large air conditioner was mounted above the inner door, blowing a blade of chilly air straight down. Ava walked underneath it and gasped as the cold air blew across her wet fur and down her tank top.

Oh, that felt good.

She stood there for a moment, eyes closed and enjoying the delightfully frigid air. Where her fur was wet with rain, the chill cut right down to her skin, making goosebumps prickle under her fur. It was like a winter blizzard, centered directly on her. After the heat of summer, it was a nice little reprieve.

Until she heard someone clear their throat. Ava opened her eyes and saw an elderly fox in a blue vest looking directly at her. "Young lady, could you please move?" she asked, pointing a curled finger past the wolfess. "You're blocking the door."

Ava twisted about and looked over her shoulder. Sure enough, there were a pair of other shoppers, with carts, glaring daggers at her for clogging up the entranceway with her girth. Offering a disarming smile, the wolfess waddled out of the doorway and away from her precious little winter storm. The other shoppers grumbled as they moved their carts past, more than likely having something to say about the wolf's weight under their breath. Again, the obese wolfess just let it roll off her back. She flashed her fangs to the greeter and stooped to pick up a paw-held basket since she didn't need to get much, just a few groceries.

The huge wolfess made her way towards the health food aisle. She was out of her favorite crisps, and she had some homemade hummus that needed eating. The aisle was empty as she walked down, feeling her basket bounce against the flank of her big belly with each step. Ava gave her sports bra a gentle tug under her arm where it was pinching a fat roll, and began to eye the rows of wheat crisps. Where were her favorites...? Did they move them again?

Ah! They were on the top shelf now, which was fairly high up, even for a taller woman like her. Tucking her basket into the crook of her arm to free up her paw, Ava braced against the shelving unit so that she could lean and stand on her tip-toes as best she could, given her weight. She was huge, and her belly and bust squashed against the racks of shelves in front of her as she reached her arm up high. Few more inches... the wolfess reached up higher, getting claws on the edge of the box. Hopefully she didn't do anything more than shove a bunch of other brands' boxes deeper into the shelf with her stomach and boobs. Raising high up, her toes and paw pads groaning from the weight, she snagged the box and relaxed with a huff. Fat girl problems, even if she was very fit underneath all the pudge. But she had her prize, and she smiled as she tossed the box into her basket.

What else did she need? Ava began walking with her muzzle in her phone, checking her list. Right, raptor breast for stir-fry. Now that was over-

"Uh, excuse me."

Ava stopped and looked up. Was someone calling her? Yes, someone was. A skinny lioness was coming the other way down the aisle, her elbows braced on her shopping cart. Ava blinked and automatically stepped to move aside and let her pass, since she did have a habit of filling up narrow aisles just as easily as she did doorways – even double doorways. Ava winced slightly as her rump bumped into the boxes behind her, and she heard a few of them fall over. But the lioness stopped her

cart beside the heavy wolfess. She was one of those typical-looking suburban ladies from outside the town proper. She may have even come up from down south recently. Either way, she looked like she had something to say and was trying to lick it free from her teeth. Ava raised an eyebrow over a glowing blue eye and watched curiously.

“Your-” the lioness started to say, stopping herself and lifting up her nose. “Your shirt is riding up your... Your *belly* is-”

“Oh, thank you!”

The lioness seemed pleased by the result, though she didn't go any less stiff. Ava glanced down at her middle. She hadn't realized her still-damp tank top had gotten stuck to her fur and was halfway up her belly. A cold draft was something she'd take a while to notice! The wolfess pulled her shirt down over her tubby middle and smiled. The lioness smiled back but before she could go, Ava began talking.

“Yeah, that keeps happening,” the wolfess explained, running a paw through her hair. As she lifted her thick arm up, the tank top dragged upwards along her middle again, exposing a strip of white fur. “I really wished that they had something more in my size, you know? Maybe two sizes bigger would've done it. It's just like, annoying buying clothes around here. The only store that has things my size is down in Stonecoast. Brenda's Big Girl Boutique. Do you know it?”

The lioness licked her teeth, standing stock still. Ava had *at least* five hundred pounds on the slender lioness. Politely and stiffly, she answered, “No. I don't.”

“Oh, it's great. But even with them, it can be a bit of a crap shoot. Especially bras. Do you ever have that problem?”

Raising an eyebrow, the slender lioness glanced down at Ava's hearty chest despite herself. “No, I don't, and-”

The wolfess gave her black bra a pinch and tug, bouncing her shelf of snowy peaks. “Lucky you. This is the biggest thing I could find and it *pinches*. Especially around here, on the sides. See where I'm just, like, squishing out underneath the shoulder strap? All the excess boob meat here? Yeah, it gets pinched sometimes and it's no fun.”

The lioness self-consciously smoothed her paws down her shirt. There was less inside her bra than the wolfess had bulging out of the sides her own... The skinny cat attempted to glance left and right down the aisles for any form of rescue from this conversation.

“I may just need a bigger band, do you think?”

“You could get it altered,” the lioness tried to offer. “Now, if you'll ex-”

“I hadn't thought of that... well, either way, they tend to stretch out over time. Especially when I work out in them, then they fit pretty well. Of course, I can't go too loose, or else, well...” She gave herself a bounce and laughed. “I swear, my muzzle is more bruised after I box sometimes than the punching bag.” She rubbed her forehead. “Is it hot in here? Did they turn on the heat because of the rain or what?”

“It... feels fine,” the lioness replied, and she turned her eyes away as Ava grabbed her tank top and fluttered it around herself, puffing out her cheeks. White-furred fat was jiggling heavily from her arms down to her hips.

“Probably just me, I overheat easily. I think I'll head to the refrigerated aisle, actually. Good talking with you! And hey, thanks again.” She gave her belly a jiggle and gestured at the lioness. “You look good, too.”

The lioness squinted. “I'm sorry?”

“You look cute, too. Skinny. It suits you.”

“I didn't mean you- Uhm?”

But Ava was already waddling off, her top riding halfway up her middle again as she returned to her quest for raptor breast. The lioness stood alone in the health food aisle for a while, trying to process exactly what had happened.