

## Her Good Girl

by Cerine Hero

The swimsuit fit snug around her chubby figure, and Megan hated it. It wasn't that the bikini wasn't cute – it was white with faint lavender stripes running diagonally across her figure – but it left her feeling very exposed and very fat.

The dark-furred wolfess had been hiding in Cerine's bathroom for at least ten minutes, arms tucked tight under her breasts as she occasionally side-eyed the mirror beside her before turning her gaze back to the door, where her day clothes hung up on a peg. Each time she glanced at her reflection standing beside her, she could only see the obese butterball of a wolf she'd tried to leave behind. The one whose life had reached a dark nadir. Positive thoughts about how much better she was now tried to swirl up out of the darkness like little bubbles of warm light, but they were few and far between, and tentacles of black ink dragged them back down and out of view.

Megan reached one paw up to her face and rubbed the heel of her palm against her eyes. She wiped the tears from her fur and sniffled. Working her tongue around in her muzzle, the wolfess pulled her face together and tried to kick everything back down into its little box. She inhaled deep and felt the top of her bikini pull snug around her bosom. The extra-elastic material, alchemically treated to stretch, hugged her body so much that it sank into her soft fur, and a little into her soft flesh. Cleavage was fully on display just under her nose, but she could also feel tiny fat rolls under her arms and around her back, and her bubble butt was bigger outside the bottoms than in. And her belly felt enormous, jiggling when she walked. It was all a constant buffet of reminders that she was a fat wolf, and the box she'd stuffed all those bad thoughts into started to creak and reopen.

No.

Megan grabbed the door handle and yanked it open, pushing herself forward into the bedroom. She shut the door behind her a little too roughly, barely clipping her tail fur, and then paused, letting her pent-up breath slide slowly through her nose. It was okay, she reminded herself. It'll make her happy. Just make her happy. The wolfess scooped up her purple towel from the corner of the bed and folded it over one forearm. Holding that over her tummy would help, too. Gathering up her nerves again, Megan walked out of the bedroom, passing by that gross wolf skull Cerine kept on her dresser by the door without looking at it.

She could hear music down the hallway. Padding softly, Megan made her way to the kitchen door and peeked in. She was hoping it would be Cerine there, listening to the music, but it was the next best thing. The fox's sister – “sister” – Erin was in the kitchen, rummaging through the pantry for snack foods to set out. The vixen was wearing a long t-shirt that covered her own swimsuit, though with her enormous tail the rear of the shirt was left bunched up above her plush butt and her green bottoms were exposed.

As Megan stepped into the kitchen, Erin's ear pivoted around and she turned to spy her. The big vixen was all warm smiles as she stood upright and looked Megan from ear to toe, even with her towel held defensively in front of her like a pavise. “Oh, you look cute! I knew those colors would look amazing on you. The brightness really brings out your fur.”

The wolfess's face twitched and she flattened her ears. She heard the compliments but they couldn't penetrate. There was just too much noise on the inside for it to be able to get through. She let her muzzle hang down, looking at her dark gray arms clutching her towel tight to her pudgy middle underneath her breasts. Her brain boiled with dissonance. But Megan ran her tongue across her muzzle and mentally put the words together inside her mouth, one letter at a time, so she could say them.

“Thank you,” she replied, simply.

Erin's smile shifted slightly, and the fat fox walked over to the wolfess and put her arms tight around her, pulling her into a firm hug. Megan stayed tightly coiled, but rest her chin against the taller vixen's shoulder.

“She's going to love it,” Erin told her.

“I know,” Megan replied, nodding. And she wanted to believe it.

Erin took a half-step back and fed one chunky arm halfway into her sleeve so she could grab it from the inside with her paw. Then, holding onto Megan's muzzle with her other paw, she wiped the wolfess's wet cheek fur down from where she had been crying. The wolf felt like she was being babied, but it was comfortable and not judgmental. Erin was just helping her put on her best face, and Megan appreciated it. She wanted to compose herself before she let Cerine see her, because she didn't want to worry the fox with her bullshit.

“There,” Erin finally said, letting go of the wolf's jaw. “Cerine's fixing up things outside. I've got snacks out right now and I'll have dinner ready in a little while, so if y'all want to grab something real quick, you can.”

Megan turned around and looked at the dining room table. It was pretty loaded with snacks, even without considering that Erin was still hunting for even more of them. Of course, the wolfess had to remember she was surrounded by *very big* foxes, as silly as that felt. Cerine and Erin and, presumably, the other one were all a lot taller than her. Hell, when the pink and brown foxes were standing beside her, and she had to look well upwards at both of them, she started to feel very tiny. She *could* fix that. It was just troublesome to do indoors. Sliding one arm out of her folded towel, the wolfess began to scoop some onion dip onto a golden chip when she heard the front door open and slam.

“Erin!” a less-familiar voice said. It sounded almost like Cerine but with a weird accent clinging to it that was frustratingly unplaceable. “Did you know you can just *buy* flare guns?”

The chocolate vixen, back in the pantry, turned her head over her shoulder. “Do what?”

A third vixen with an equally-impressive tail as Erin's stepped into the kitchen between the two of them. She had pale golden fur and a lightweight, fur-bearing green tank top on over a pair of half-ripped jeans. Her short hair was covered by a dark cap, and she held a black box between her paws. Megan bit down on her chip in shock and crunched it as she admired the fox's physique. She wasn't *big* but she was toned and could definitely pump a bicep for emphasis if she felt like it.

Then again, so could Megan. Just not right now.

“Yeah, seriously, it was just sitting there on the shelf and-”

Her own ear pivoted at the sound of the crunching chip, in a way shockingly familiar to how Erin's did, and she twisted about, noticing Megan behind her at the table. When the wolfess saw Erin for the first time last year, it was a bit of a shock because the hefty chocolate fox was almost literally just Cerine in every way except fur color. And weight. Her face was uncannily Cerine's, just softer. This gold fox, however, was something even more than that. Her eyes were a soft silver-green and her fur was the color of wheat and salt, but beyond that, she was an identical twin. Even the subtle movements of her face looked eerily familiar. *This vixen was Cerine*, and yet she wasn't.

Megan wasn't sure how to process this.

The golden fox straightened her back. “Oh, hi! ...Erin, there's a wolf in here.”

“Yes, there's a wolf in here,” Erin replied, pushing the pantry door closed and walking over.

“Rienne, this is Megan, Cerine's friend. She's come to swim and watch the movie with us today.”

“Oh, right!” Rienne replied, snapping her fingers. “Yeah, Cerine's mentioned you before. School friend, yeah?”

Megan nodded, wiping grease off her fingers with her towel. “That's right. Me, her, Rachel and Gray, and Axis. I just moved back into town last year. Cerine's told me about you before, too.”

“Nothing good, I imagine,” the vixen replied with a knowing smirk.

“Well, she said you fell out of the sky at one point...”

“Yep, right over there.” Rienne pointed through the sliding glass door, out towards the patio and the pool behind the house. “Speaking of; here, hold this.”

She gave the box to Erin, who put it aside on the counter, and Rienne tore off her outer clothes.

She had on a sporty black swimsuit underneath, which looked nice against her dark gloves and socks and the tip of her tail. Reaching down, she unclipped a sheathed knife from the belt on her jeans and hooked it again on her swimsuit. Megan raised her eyebrow at that but didn't say anything.

Rienne was halfway across the kitchen and pulling open the door before Erin called out to her, "Don't you want to wrap your tail?"

"Nope, I'm going in free-fur!" With that, the gold vixen threw the door shut, took two long steps, and cannonballed into the pool. A plume of water went flying into the air after her, followed by a brace of annoyed curses from a more familiar-sounding voice.

"I always tell her and she never listens," Erin sighed, shaking her head.

"She's a wild one, huh?" Megan offered, smiling and now thoroughly distracted from her own cloudy thoughts. "Nothing like Cerine..."

"Oil and water," Erin agreed. "But trust me, even if they get to fighting, they love each other." She walked over to the table and picked up a pair of long, narrow cloths; one green and one a dark blue. The fox held the blue one out to Megan. "Can you take this out to Cerine? She may even want you to put it on her."

Megan happily took it, piling it up on top of her towel, and she nodded to Erin. The vixen gave her a playful push out the door and the wolfess stepped out onto the sun-warmed concrete patio behind the house with her bare feet. Northend's summers were short but they could be intense. The blazing afternoon sun overhead brought with it a corona of heat around the wolf's dark fur, barely penetrating for now. But it would seep in within minutes, and hopefully by then she'd be in the pool. Beside the sun, barely visible in the sky, was the ever-marching shape of the Wanderer moon, exploring the daytime on its continuous adventure.

And standing in the sunlight beside the pool was *her* fox. The pink-furred beauty was scowling down at her gremlin sister in the water as her elbows and the ends of her long, white hair dripped. She had on a baby blue one-piece with pinstripes, hanging on one shoulder and hugging her incredible bust like shrinkwrap. Her massive tail was lightly damp, too, and she waved it back and forth in irritation. Megan smiled wide, sneaking up behind the annoyed vixen. She finally released her grip on her towel, laying it down on a lounge chair as she passed by, and she tossed one leg over the top of that fluffy tail so she could snake her arms through the fox's akimbo stance and wrap them tight around her belly. The chubby wolfess pulled her in tight and rest her muzzle on top of Cerine's bared shoulder.

The busty fox's face immediately softened and she smiled, putting Rienne out of mind. She tilted her head and nuzzled her muzzle against Megan's affectionately, purring.

"There you are," Cerine said, reaching a paw back and patting at the wolf's half-exposed flank. Megan's body jiggled slightly under her fur and she immediately buried her face into Cerine's hair, feeling excited by the playful contact but it was buried under a hiss of static in her thoughts. The vixen turned about in the wolf's grasp, which meant swinging in her tremendous tits like wrecking balls. Megan leaned her shoulders out and let them slide in under her muzzle as she maintained her tight grip on Cerine's waist. But the fox had other plans. She held Megan's wrists and made her back up a step so she could see her past her own horizon of boob. The wolfess tensed tightly and blushed as Cerine ran her claws along the trim on her bikini, smiling. "You look gorgeous."

Megan bit her tongue down on an instinctive and bitter retort. *No, I don't. I feel like a lupine blob bulging out of this teeny tiny suit. I'm an ugly tub standing next to you. You're just lying to me and making me feel better. And I don't know why you do it.*

"Not as good as you," she finally replied, laying her paws on the fox's hips.

Cerine's damp tail wrapped all the way around the both of them. She tilted her head sideways and cut her gaze over towards the house as Erin came outside, shedding her overshirt and placing a covered plate of sandwiches on the table nearby. Then the pink vixen looked back at the wolfess and rubbed her ear. Sparkling waves of pleasure rippled through the wolf, but they crashed against the foul mood she had pushed down inside. For the second time today, Megan felt like she was being

condescended. This time felt worse, but she pushed that thought out of her head and reminded herself she was being loved. That thought then floated about and never settled anywhere.

“Did you bring me something?”

“Oh, yeah,” Megan replied, her ears perking up slightly as the topic changed away from her. She held the blue tail wrap between her paws, pulling it tight in between her and Cerine's noses. “Erin gave me this. Want me to put it on you?”

“Please,” Cerine replied. “If I try to get out of the pool without that, it's a pain. Literally.”

Megan smiled, taking the end of the cloth and setting it around the base of Cerine's tail. It made her feel good to focus on someone else – especially the pink fox. If they were alone, the wolfess would've already let her hair down and tackled the vixen into the pool, but it was more awkward with Erin and Rienne around. So she just had to bottle up the stress. But focusing on wrapping up Cerine's luxuriously fluffy tail helped her put it out of her mind. She didn't have to think about anything for a minute, just running the cloth end over end until she got close to the tip of Cerine's tail. Then she tucked it under itself securely, and fluffed up the white tip with a smile.

“There you go, no more big sponge to fill with water,” she told the fox as she stood back up, almost smacking her nose right into those big tits. The wolfess skimmed her paw down the long, penned-up tail. As she did, she looked past the pink fox and saw Rienne bobbing around the pool. Underneath the surface, her tail floated about as if in zero gravity, completely fluffed out and flowing. It was going to hold gallons of water when she tried to climb out again.

The heat was definitely beginning to seep through their fur now, and the crystalline water in the pool was beginning to look very inviting. Erin dropped in beside the golden fox, her heavier figure creating bigger waves that traveled the length of the pool. The splash from her entry wet Rienne's head again, causing her hair to fall down and cover half her face. The muscular fox laughed and pushed her blonde hair back, causing it to stand straight up on her head – which made Erin cackle.

Cerine didn't jump in, instead opting for the more conservative method of using the steps and the paw-rail in the corner. With her exaggerated proportions, it made sense. But once the fox was waist deep, she bent over and plunged under the surface, pushing off from the stairs and flowing slowly through the water. Again, her assets did nothing to really help her be hydrodynamic, but Megan watched as the vixen's long, white hair flowed like angelic ink behind her. It did not look as attractive when she finally resurfaced, water streaming down her lanky hair as it rest completely over her face. Only the fox's ears and muzzle peeked out from the curtain of snowy white. Cerine dunked below the surface again and came back up with her head elevated, her hair now swept back behind her ears.

That left Megan standing beside the pool, ears flattened down and her tail wagging slowly. As Cerine turned and paddled over to the edge of the pool, looking up at her, the wolfess blushed again.

“Are you coming?” the fox asked, leaning her chest against the edge of the concrete and crossing her arms over the top.

“Y-yeah,” the wolfess replied, blushing bright under her dark fur. “I got distracted.”

“Get a room!” Rienne interjected. There was a sound of water splashing. “Ack! Hey!”

Cerine held out her paw and wagged her fingers for the wolf to come in. Megan obliged, sitting on the edge of the pool, feeling her belly roll squishing hard between her large boobs and thighs, and trying her best to not think about it as the pink fox's eyes were fixed tightly on her. Cerine moved in closer, placing a paw on Megan's shoulder and making her shiver both from the cold, wet fur and from the touch.

“Rie doesn't know about your party trick,” the fox whispered conspiratorially at her before winking. Smiling, she slid her finger over to the wolf's bikini strap and gave it a playful tug. “I made these for you so you can stretch them, so have fun.”

Megan couldn't help a wry smile spreading across her face. Yes, she would *love* to transform right now. Holding Cerine's paw, she hopped off the edge of the pool and into the water. It was cold but not frigid, and after a moment to acclimate, she felt fine. Cerine kissed her cheek, making her blush

shine even brighter, and then floated away on her back, her hair flowing like liquid under her.

After a few minutes of bobbing around, Erin retrieved an inflatable beach ball so they could make a game to play. It mostly devolved into team keep-away, and given her height compared to the others, Megan was at a bit of a disadvantage. Then again, so was Rienne, who couldn't move as efficiently as the others because of the drag from her loose tail. So that meant that Megan and Rie were paired off on one end of the pool with Cerine and Erin on the other. Every time Rienne was able to snag the ball out of the air with her longer arms, the wolfess shot Cerine a knowing smirk, and the pink fox winked back in her direction from behind Erin. So they bided their time and waited for the perfect moment.

Megan was behind the gold fox as the others were distracted with the loose ball and swimming to catch it. That kept Rienne's attention focused forward, and left ample opportunity for the wolfess to float backwards a step and then close her eyes. She stilled her mind, which was harder to do on a more difficult day like today. The wolfess had discovered sometimes that if she couldn't actually focus, like when her thoughts were bubbling and boiling with old memories and her mental image was only what she didn't want to see, then transforming was almost impossible. But she managed, brushing past the obese, unhappy wolfess in her mind's eye. She focused on the fox's touch on her shoulder. And then imagined that shoulder getting bigger, swelling with muscle and mass. Down her arm, she saw her biceps growing, getting round and strong and ready to flex underneath her thicker, shaggier fur.

There was a subtle shift in her heartbeat. Deep in the wolfess's body was an alchemical memory etched into the fibers of her being. She was an infuser. She soaked in alchemy and *became* it. For her, potions weren't fun temporary things. They left a permanent etching in who she was. She'd only had one so far – and Cerine meant to keep it that way, for her safety – and as she concentrated, her body began to produce that mixture again, pouring it into her bloodstream.

Megan felt herself swelling. Muscles, bones, skin, fur; all rapidly expanding around and within her. Her white and lavender bikini sank deeper into her figure before it stretched to accommodate her powerful muscles and bigger frame. It, too, was alchemically treated to stretch so she could do this without having to render herself nude. Waves of water rippled away from the “were”-wolfess as she grew, quickly towering over the golden vixen who had, previously, been taller than her. Golden light shimmered from beneath Megan's eyelids, and she felt her upper fangs beginning to lengthen. The tips of her teeth slid down over her jaw, hugging her muzzle between them. Thicker, wet fur dripped all over her huge, muscular body, softened by her little bit of extra weight, especially around her middle, where her belly became a fairly flat stomach with just enough there for fox fingers to pinch and tease. Her swimsuit was half-buried in her shaggier pelt, especially as it hung wet over the fabric.

The wolfess opened her eyes again and saw the beachball coming her way. Black paws rose up in her view to try to catch it, but they were well below her. It was easy for her to simply reach out and let the ball drop into her strong arms. Rienne looked straight up, confused. Slowly, she turned around and laid eyes on a well-muscled, fanged, heavily-furred werewolf, towering almost two feet above her and looking down with bright, glowing golden eyes. Megan offered her a disarming smile.

“What the fuck?!” Rienne sputtered, losing her footing and tumbling down into the water. She kicked and flailed and resurfaced a foot away, still trying to figure out what she was looking at. The vixen twisted about and shot a look at Cerine, who just smirked back at her. “When did you sneak her a potion? That's cheating.”

“Months ago,” Cerine answered, truthfully. “She can just do it at will, so it's not cheating.”

Rienne looked back at the muscular wolfess, now standing only waist-deep in the water whereas the foxes were up to their chests. “When do I get one?”

“When you're good.”

“Shit.”

Since playing the keep-away game was now deemed “unfair,” everyone went back to swimming for a while. Over time, the sun began to set, and Erin got out to dry off and prepare dinner. Rienne got

out right after her, pulling herself up onto the edge of the pool and then inching her way away from the water as her tail poured gallons of cold liquid back into the pool. It took a while, but eventually she made it to one of the patio chairs, her wet rag of a tail laying flat and dead on the concrete behind her. Erin's tail, wrapped in the green cloth, was also dragging on the ground behind her, but it was far less heavy and would dry quicker once she unwrapped it. The chocolate fox distributed sandwiches to everyone and took her seat beside Rienne at the table. Cerine and Megan sat together on the edge of the pool and ate theirs. They had dinner under the sunset, watching the sky turn pink and then purple and begin to darken. Eventually a blue light in the pool switched on automatically, and as the sunlight faded, Megan's glowing eyes became more striking. The reflection of her eyes glittered off the tiny waves in the pool, contrasting with the suffused blue glow from underneath.

Erin finished her dinner last, since she started last, and flicked her eyes towards her sister and her old friend sitting at the pool together, watching the sky. She reached out and nudged Rienne, who was half-asleep and propped on top of one of her paws. "Rie, do you mind helping me clean up inside?"

"Whuh?" The gold fox muttered and sat up. "I was gonna hop back in."

"Really want to deal with your tail a second time?"

"Ugh. Alright." She tried waving her tail a bit and the wet length slapped on the concrete, splattering water. "Yeah, I'm mobile enough."

They toweled off and headed inside, leaving the pink fox and huge wolfess alone by the pool. Erin shot Megan a wink before sliding the door shut behind her, and the werewolf blushed. She didn't say anything; she was just happy sitting next to the fox. They were alone now, and the wolfess finally let her guard down. She had been so strung up all day, even before squeezing herself into this fur-tight swimsuit. The dark was growing around them, and the glow from the pool lit the undersides of their muzzles – well, hers, less so Cerine's, as she had a shadow cast upwards onto her face from her bust. Megan noticed that with a faint smile. The creak of crickets began to sing in the grass behind the house, and even bigger things made distant racket in the woodlands beyond the field. The water in the pool lapped around their shins and tails. It was comfortable. Megan could finally be happy.

She could. But... she wasn't. As the minutes wore on, she simply couldn't turn her brain off. She'd distracted herself and changed her body, but it didn't help. In the quiet and the dark, the pulsing red light of anxiety pressed in on her thoughts from every angle. She just wanted to sit and enjoy her time with the fox she loved, but she wasn't able to. Sour memories dredged up by her bad mood echoed over and over in her thoughts, which began to spiral away into anxious fantasies that played out like grotesque puppet shows in her mind. What was even real? Did the vixen actually love her? She was just humoring her, wasn't she? The sad, silly little wolf who was only too happy to sling herself into her old friend's arms. Megan screwed her eyes shut tight and gripped her paws around the lip of the concrete pool below her.

The shift in light as the werewolf closed her eyes didn't go unnoticed. Cerine touched her arm, and the wolfess's bunched-up physique tightened even more. The paw slid up and touched her ear, a weak spot. Megan tucked her head down and whimpered. The affection crashed against her anxiety. Static. So much static. The scar tissue wouldn't let go that easy.

"Hey," Cerine whispered, shifting her weight and facing the wolf. She continued rubbing her ear. The wolfess's swaying tail and hunched posture returned mixed signals. "Are you alright? You've been really guarded today."

Eyes still closed, Megan opened her muzzle to say something. Her mind's eye stepped back and looked at all the things swirling around her in a maelstrom. None of it was good. So she closed her mouth and simply shook her head left and right. She was crying again, and if she opened her eyes their light would glitter on the tears. So the wolfess slid herself back into the pool. She cupped her paws in the water and rubbed it into her face. The coolness felt good; it washed away the heat building up underneath her skin. Behind her, Cerine dipped back into the pool, too. She wrapped her arms around

Megan's waist and laid her cheek against the bigger woman's broad torso, with her breasts squashed tight against the small of her back. Washing her face didn't stop the wolfess from crying.

"Can we talk?" Megan asked, sliding herself around in Cerine's grip and holding her elbows. "I just... I need to know--"

Cerine reached up and placed one paw against the end of the werewolf's muzzle, holding it closed gently. "If you want to talk, go back to normal. Take off that mask and let me see your eyes." Her lips twitched in a small smile. "I can't hardly look at those right now without getting spots, anyways."

Megan whimpered and then nodded, her nod getting more energetic over a few seconds. She blew her breath out through her nose and focused on shrinking back down. Slowly, she did. The wolfess's eyes dimmed and she shortened, her body losing its muscle mass and becoming her normal, pudgy self. Her fangs slipped back under her lip and she found herself looking upwards at Cerine again. The fox smiled at her and teased her ear. Megan frowned. It felt like there was a miles-wide gulf between her and the strong, assured fox in front of her.

"Bad day?" Cerine asked, letting her thumb tap gently against the wolf's temple.

"Yeah," Megan admitted. Again, she just felt like a child being tolerated. Tiny and undeserving of the attention she was being given. Having to look *up* at Cerine didn't help. So she didn't. She pushed her face firmly into the fox's bosom, tight swimsuit be damned. Then, not having to look the fox in the eye, she let it out. "I feel hideous. I feel like you're just playing along to make me happy."

Cerine's paw abruptly stopped and let go of her ear. Black furred fingers hung in mid-air, twitching lightly as the vixen looked down at the wolfess snuggling into her chest. She laid her paw gingerly on top of the wolfess's head – not helping – and whispered, "You are gorgeous. You know that--"

"Stop." Megan clenched her jaw as static boiled in her. She wanted to believe her. But she couldn't. "Please." She looked up again, laying her fists on the vixen's upper chest and clenching her knuckles. "I know you mean it, but I can't feel it. I can't take it. It just makes me want to throw all the attention back on you so we stop talking about me. And don't you dare call me a good girl."

There was a long moment of silence between the two of them. The water sloshed around them, splashing against their bodies and the sides of the pool. Megan felt awful. Any second now, Cerine was going to push her back and just leave her here in the water. Because she was too much trouble. Because she was being difficult. But that didn't happen. The fox just held her, and her eyes were full of soft concern.

"Megan," Cerine said to her, leaning down so they were nose to nose, blue eyes meeting gold in the glow from the pool. "Tell me what you want."

The wolfess's face twitched. What did she want? She wanted to be happy. She wanted to not hate herself. She wanted to matter. To someone. To *her*. She wanted to say all those things out loud but she just couldn't. The words just weren't there in her mouth. Sniffing, the wolfess opened her muzzle and said, "Just tell me you love--"

A shocking boom shattered the silence behind them. Red light flooded the backyard and the pool, lighting them up with long, dark shadows. Megan twisted about and looked up as Cerine stared slack-jawed into the sky. Above them, directly over the house, was a brand new star. It was blood-red, smoking, and flickering brightly, illuminating the entire neighborhood as it very slowly fell back down to earth. From the far side of the house, a familiar voice cried out in glee.

"What the fuck," Cerine swore.

A couple hours later, Megan found herself laying in Cerine's bed, alone, with just the light of the nightstand lamp to keep her company. Well, that and the flashing green lights from town security coming in from the window.

After Rienne shot off the flare, things got pretty chaotic. The vixen and wolf jumped out of the

pool, their conversation forgotten, and threw towels around themselves so Cerine could figure out what was going on. There was a fair amount of shouting that Megan was absolutely not in the mood for, so she instead slipped down the hallway and found somewhere alone to be for a while. That meant Cerine's bedroom. The wolfess happily peeled her fat body out of the swimsuit and rinsed off in the shower so she could climb back into her comfy street clothes of a light hoodie, white t-shirt, and black sport shorts. After a few minutes, Cerine came in to do the same, getting changed and then storming back out without a word just as the flashing green lights showed up outside on the street.

Then it was a while before anything else happened. Megan lay with her head on the pillow, phone propped up on her boobs as she struggled to distract herself from having to actually lay and think right now. Because if she did, absolutely nothing good was going to come of it. Cerine was mad. She'd never seen the vixen actually *mad* before. Honestly, getting any strong emotions out of her had always been like pulling fangs. She was always cool. A rock. Megan was trying not to think about the anger her ex would fly into. She was also failing at it. Her ex would rail about everything. Their apartment, their job, the wolf's ever-increasing weight. Megan ran away from all that. When she met Cerine again, she had just told her she wanted out of her rut. It was partially true. But she was hurting and didn't want to dump it all on the fox on the day they first re-met. And as they got closer, she just... still couldn't do that.

The lights outside finally shut off. Megan turned and glanced through the window, but it was deeply dark outside and there was nothing to see. A minute later, she heard footfalls outside the door. The knob turned and Cerine came back inside. Megan looked up from her phone and watched as the vixen, wearing a blue shirt and dark shorts, sat down on the corner of the bed and slumped forward until her enormous chest kept her from going any further. The wolfess put her phone down and sat up, scooting over to sit down next to her fox. Gingerly, she reached out and put her paw on Cerine's back. When the vixen didn't recoil or push her paw away, the wolfess grew more confident and began to gently rub up and down her back, feeling her tense muscles underneath the shirt and her fur.

"Everything okay?" she asked softly, her ears pinned back to her skull.

"Yes." Cerine was breathing hard, her breath hissing in and out of her nose as her chest swelled behind her boobs. "I took care of it. It's a fucking pain because if security pokes their nose in too much they find out neither of them have actual records going back more than two years and questions start getting asked that I can't fucking answer." She took her glasses off and massaged the heel of her paw against her eye socket. "So I have to start pulling 'do you know who I am' cards to get them to back off and I hate doing that. I remind them who makes healing potions around here. But... anyways. I don't need to dump that on you. It's dealt with. We'll go do movie night in a few minutes. I just need some time to hide and cool off first."

The wolfess nodded. "Sure." She leaned back and picked up her phone before scooting off the bed and beginning to head to the door. But a dark paw wrapped itself gently around her wrist and held her back. Cerine gave her an inviting tug and the wolfess settled back in beside her again.

"I don't want you to go," the fox told her, a half-smile on her muzzle.

Megan felt her heart leap up into her throat and she instinctively swallowed to try to push it back down. Already, she had tears in her eyes and she ran her tongue around her muzzle. After a couple false starts, she finally asked, "Why?"

Cerine's smile brightened, though it kept that soft melancholy that the vixen always bore. She slid her paw down from Megan's wrist to her paw, threading her black fingers between the wolf's gray ones. The wolfess pulled their knitted paws against her breasts and bit her lip. She just wanted to hear her say it. The pink fox reached out with her other paw, glasses pinned between two knuckles, and held Megan's jaw.

"Because you're my good girl."

She finally crumpled. The paper thin shell of control she'd been propping up all day finally cracked and fell apart. Tears streamed down the wolf's face and she flung herself forward into the fox,



burying her face into warm white fur. She felt Cerine pull her close and lay the both of them down as the wolf broke down into sobbing. Everything she had been holding back all day poured forth in a flood of happy tears. And Cerine just held her tighter, petting her ears, listening to the *smack smack smack* of her tail against the mattress.

“Is that what you wanted?” the vixen asked.

Megan answered by nodding vigorously, jiggling the fox's breasts in the process. She was muzzle deep in Cerine's cleavage, sucking in soft strawberry scent between sobs.

“I love you,” the wolfess said, her voice muffled down between those two fluffy mountains.

Cerine smiled, and she wriggled the wolf out of her happy place so they could be nose-to-nose again. Megan's eyes were red and puffy and she looked like an utter mess. She felt like one, too. The wolfess cringed as Cerine ran her paw down her face and muzzle, smoothing her fur down for her.

“I love you, too,” she told the wolf, kissing her.

Rienne was pacing around the living room, arms tucked tight around her body as she waited.

“What's taking so long,” she idly whined, wrapping her tail around her ankles.

Behind her, Erin was sitting with her legs crossed on the couch, paws crossed atop her knee. She had changed out of her swimsuit and into some pajamas, with her big overshirt back on top.

“Because she's *really* mad.”

“I said I was sorry,” the golden fox sighed, massaging both paws up and down her muzzle.

“Seriously. I didn't know it was going to be that big. Or such a big deal. I thought it was just going to launch a firework or something. The normal kind. Not the New Years' kind...”

The door down the hallway opened and the two foxes went quiet. A couple moments later, Cerine stepped into the range of the light from the overhead lamp in the living room and paused. Rienne braced, ready to be on the receiving end of a pissed-off lecture. But Cerine stayed quiet. She had a wry smile on her face, a twist of both excitement and embarrassment for some reason. The vixen looked back and gave her paw a gentle tug, pulling Megan out of the dark to stand with her. The wolfess – shorter and chubby again – was tucked into a tight ball and guarded, her eyes red from crying, and she clung in close to the bigger vixen. But there was a warm smile on her face, too.

“Is everything okay?” Erin asked, twisting around on the couch and noticing Megan's face. The wolfess nodded back and reached up to wipe her face again with the sleeve of her hoodie.

“I realized I haven't properly introduced her to either of you,” Cerine said, reaching over and brushing the wolfess's hair aside from her face. “This is Megan Elbrook. My girlfriend.”

Erin cupped her paws over her muzzle in glee, muffling a squeal. Rienne smiled and walked over, sheepishly holding out her arms. Megan untangled from Cerine and hugged the doppelganger tight.

“Sorry,” Rienne muttered, her face twisted into a grin, “about the flare thing.”

Climbing off the couch, Erin nudged the other fox aside and pulled Megan into a firm embrace of her own. She brought her voice down to a whisper and asked, “It all worked out okay, didn't it?”

“Yes,” the wolfess replied, her voice barely audible. “Thank you.”

Erin once again wiped off Megan's face with her shirt and shot Cerine a knowing look. The pink vixen blushed and looked aside, knowing her sister was much better at these things than she was.

They dimmed the lights and started the movie, with Erin and Rienne claiming the main couch directly opposite the TV and Cerine and Megan snuggling together on the side couch. The pink fox lay on her back with Megan curled up on top of her, head propped on top of a tit for a pillow. Cerine slowly brushed her paw up and down the wolf's side, easing up her shirt little by little until she was able to pop Megan's belly free. The wolfess whined under her breath and looked up at her girlfriend. Cerine smirked at her and pet her face with her other paw as she jiggled her tummy playfully. Biting her lip, the wolfess let her squeeze her squishy tummy as they cuddled. Megan was feeling better now. Lighter. The shadows covering her thoughts were cast down for now. They'd be back another day, but

she'd be ready for them.

“You can have titty later,” the fox promised, whispering under the volume of the movie so the others wouldn't hear. “I completely forgot to pump earlier so I'm going to be huge...”

Megan's eyes brightened and she blushed, her tail wagging excitedly. “Now I'll hardly be able to watch the movie,” she whispered back, snuggling her cheek in against Cerine's big boob. “I'll just be thinking about fox titties getting bigger and milkier...”

“Okay, seriously this time, get a room.”

\* \* \* \* \*

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