

Lazy Sundae

By: A.X. Bueno

I wake up on this Sunday morning feeling jubilant because today is going to be a good day. How can I know that before I even fully get out of bed? That's because Sundays are a day where me and my boyfriend get some ice cream, have a movie marathon and just have a lazy day together. He's a 7 foot tall reddish orange furred bull and I'm a 125 foot tall dark yellow furred jaguar. We may be an odd pair but we make it work and I'd say we're both pretty happy.

I need to get the day going though it's already eleven and I've done nothing but lay in bed so far. So I get up and stretch to rouse my still sleepy body and get it moving. After getting my morning stretch out of the way I get to finishing my morning routine: brushing my teeth, showering, brushing my fur and changing into new underwear as well as putting on my pair of light green slippers. Thankfully everything in this house including my clothes was all made with my size in mind meaning in here I never need to worry about being too big for anything. Now I just need to do one last thing and the day can truly get started and that means going to my boyfriend's room.

I exit my own room and walk a few steps down the hall to his room that I made sure was made with his proportions in mind meaning I have to crouch down to reach it since it's much smaller than me. I crouch down and then extend an arm to knock and see if he's awake, when I get no answer I extend the tips of my claws and use them to turn the doorknob opening the door. He's still sleeping in bed wrapped in covers so I stick my paw and part of my arm through the door and nudge him gently with the pad of my paw and say softly "Sidney..Sid are you gonna wake up, come on it's getting late." I wait a minute before I nudge him with a little bit of force this time and he stirs in his bed "ugh Darren what time is it and why couldn't you give me five more minutes at least." "Come on Sid it's your turn to make breakfast today and it's already 11:25 I don't want to wait any longer for what's going to be brunch at this point" this makes him turn to look at me.

"Man it's that late already? Well If it's already going to be brunch can't you wait a few more minutes I'm still a little tired" Before I can give a response my stomach answers with a rumble shaking some of the stuff in Sid's room slightly. He groans "Guess that's a no then, just give me like ten minutes and I'll be good to go." "Alright" I almost sing in excitement taking a second to watch that muscled bull form get out of bed before heading down the stairs to the kitchen. I see Sid head to his bathroom (which is a tiny equivalent of mine) as I wait on one of the stools in the kitchen clicking my claws together and look at the clock.

About fifteen minutes later I see Sidney again head towards his room and then another ten minutes later I see him exit it fully dressed and looking real good. He's wearing a grey short sleeve shirt and some gray camo shorts I notice as he approaches the small elevator we have installed right next to the stairs. Within a minute he's in the kitchen and says "well I'm officially up now, morning Darren" "morning Sid" I say back. "So what do you want for breakfast?" he casually asks. It takes me a few seconds before I say "sausage and eggs" and Sid simply responds with an "of course" while having a slight grin before he starts walking towards the fridge.

I watch as he takes a few minutes to walk along the floor asking "do you want any help with anything" and he simply responds with a "I've got it for now" as he grabs a small remote on the side of the large fridge. With the press of a button it opens exposing the three big shelves and all the compartments in the fridge and Sid just pulls out his grapnel gun. He bought it shortly after we got the house to "not have to rely on only you to get around like you're my personal elevator" to put it in his own words. He fires it and manages to hook it around the metal egg container on the second shelf. It hoists him into the air and on to the shelf and from there he gathers ingredients like tomatoes, olives, mushrooms, onions, and of course eggs. Then he manages to use the gun again to hook and open the cold cuts drawer in the fridge before jumping down into an empty part of it landing hooves first.

He then gathers the sausage and some sliced cheddar cheese before calling to me "alright sexy, I'm actually going to need some help getting me and this food down." "I'm on my way" I say while striding towards him. He managed to get all the food organized and on one shelf so it's just a matter of trying to balance both him and the stuff in my hands. I then decide to only get half of the stuff so as to not risk spilling anything and then crouch to invite Sid to get on my shoulder. "Set me down next to the stove please and make sure to get the rest of the stuff, I've got everything else my beautiful big cat" he says. I do that and he says "thanks.. love you" as I set him down. I look down at him next to the stove and crouch slightly before saying "love you too my handsome bull" before I go to grab the other half of the ingredients.

I grab the ingredients and bring them back while seeing that Sid has already grabbed a cutting board and is using a knife four times his size to start cutting some mushrooms. I put down the sausage, cheese, and onions. All the food from the big fridge is macro sized either naturally or through growth serums since macro food can be hard to obtain sometimes and I watch as he chops through it all with only slight difficulty. Even for a big bull he's insanely strong moving my much larger stuff with almost as much ease and the source of this great strength is a mystery. I watch as he puts some olive oil in a pan followed by the chopped ingredients and then the eggs with the sausage links cooking in a separate frying pan.

While the food sizzles in both pans I just take a minute to look around the house. Me and Sid moved in here together a few months ago and I'm still amazed by this place. An actual home is a rarity for macros most of us settling into caves, mountains, a spot in the forest and transforming that into our homes but here I am with a home with two floors with bedrooms and bathrooms for both me and him, a full kitchen, a living room, and even a basement. I look at Sid and soak in the bull I love some more: his bright amber eyes, his happy smile as he cooks, his strong muscled arms and pecs with that flat stomach that are all accentuated by that gray shirt, the feel of his horns on my.. "all done, can you get the plates sweetheart?" Sid asks snapping me out of my introspection as he turns off the stove. "Uhh right.. no problem man" I say as I open one of the cabinets above my head.

"Are you good? You look like you were lost in thought" Sid asks as we walk towards the living room both of us carrying our plates. "Yeah I'm fine just thinking about this house and how lucky we are to have it together" "oh come now my big cat, we both know it's not luck but the work you do that is what got us this house. After all, fighting and playing tour guide to other macros is no small feat." I move my paw to my back and feel the few scars I've taken from those many battles, some of which I used growth serum(which can be hard to find but thankfully I know a few people that have an abundance of it and shrinking solution to sell) to win. On the other hand there are plenty of peaceful macros I've shown around the city that were just looking for a change of scenery and a chance to make some tiny friends.

Doing both of those things is what led the city to give me this huge house on its outskirts to share with Sid and so I long as I protect the city from my fellow macros and be the occasional tour guide for them as well we never have to worry about paying for rent or utilities. "So what kind of movie are you in the mood to marathon today: there's superhero stuff like Horned Lightning, old sci-fi shows like Roy's Martin Theater, or maybe.. oh I haven't seen this movie yet and I've heard really good things about it. You want to kick off our marathon with this one Darren... Darren hello?, don't tell me you've fallen asleep on me before we even started the movie?" I snap back into focus realizing I spaced out for a minute thinking more about this house "sorry I was lost in thought." "I guess you're just feeling nostalgic or something today huh? Sometimes it's hard to tell what you're thinking behind your golden eyes." Sid says in a gruff and sincere tone.

I look at him and his tiny half empty plate whereas I've barely put a dent in my plate. "Sure sweetheart, you always pick a good movie" I say completely snapped back to reality as I dig into my sausage and eggs since I'm still famished. After we both finish our delicious, savory brunch we just sit back on the couch or should I say I lay down on it and Sid lays on top of my exposed stomach as he presses ok then hits play on the tv remote. For the next hour and 49 minutes we watch this movie "Un Soga de Dólares" a foreign movie from the Dominican

Republic which translates to A Noose of Dollars and is a crime thriller. We just savor it and each other's company making a few remarks here and there as well as taking a bathroom break or two. As the credits roll I hear Sid say "I think it's time for our Sundae. What flavor of ice cream do you want?"

"Hmm let's see what we have, by the way I'm making the sundae this time" I say as we walk over to the fridge again me walking slower so Sid can keep up with my very large strides. I make it to the fridge first despite him running to try and beat me there and then open the freezer to see what flavor choices we have: Black Cherry, Strawberry and Salted Caramel. "Strawberry good" "Yup that's perfect" we agree on that and then I grab a bowl, put it down along with the ice cream and go to the cabinet and ask "usual toppings my handsome bull" "you know it my beautiful big cat." Sid leans on the bowl as I open everything before I grab the ice cream scoop out of a drawer. I plop it down and the bowl shakes slightly with Sid almost falling in but managing to regain balance. Next come the toppings: sliced almonds, chocolate sauce, some sprinkles and finally some coconut flakes.

I slap the counter in a way to announce that the sundae is ready and the bowl shakes again as does Sid who actually falls in this time. "Aw man I just showered and now all this ice cream and stuff is starting to melt and mix into my fur. I'm going to smell like Strawberry Ice Cream for days now I can just tell, I'm going to need another shower." I look at Sid as he tries to climb out of the giant bowl of ice cream before he slips and falls back into what for him are several small hills of ice cream before groaning in frustration. "Can I get a little help here please?" he says to me, still struggling I say "sure" and as I say it I see an opportunity to try something I've wanted to try for a while and smile asking him "do you trust me? I want to try something that might clean you up a bit?"

"What kind of question is that, of course I trust you golden eyes besides I'm willing to try anything to get all this out of my fur I think this ice cream is starting to melt into it." As he finishes talking I smile slightly and grab him very gently. I bring him towards my mouth and open my jaw wide. I hear him say "woah, wait what are you doing, oh come on don't do this to meeee" is what he says last cut off as I close my jaws around him carefully. I don't want to hurt him of course I just want a full taste of him and a hopefully enjoyable experience for the both of us. For a while I don't move a muscle just letting him sit in my mouth as he starts squirming and panicking a little in my mouth

I decide to try and say "trust me" with him still in my mouth which makes it come out slightly garbled since I have to be careful with him and talk with my mouth but I think that calms him down. I move the back of my tongue to block my throat as the other part of it licks him gently, slowly. I want this to be a good time. I do that for a good minute which seems to put Sid

at complete ease now. I put the ice cream away as I do this since I don't want it to melt while I'm having fun. I then push against one of my fangs, his flavor simply amazing and I keep licking for another few minutes.

He tastes like this mix of strawberries, chocolate but also meat, a surprisingly good sweet yet savory meat like the finest beef which fuse to make one amazing flavor you wouldn't think would work but it does. It's so good and it coupled with the equally amazing texture of his body it makes me need to sit down and truly savor him because the pleasure is making me weak in the knees. I can tell he's enjoying it too because I can feel some low moans reverberate through my whole muzzle. I then decide to take it a step further and just start suckling him like a jawbreaker and I'm in love with him and his flavor all over again. The feeling of him in my muzzle powerless yet putting his full trust in me and me keeping him safe as well as satisfying him, his amazing flavor mix flowing through my mouth, the simultaneous tenderness yet firmness of his body, and just the fact that I've always wanted to try this but never really had the opportunity to before.

We've been intimate before naturally and I've tasted him before through our kisses but nothing like this. After a good five minutes of slow, full suckling, licking, and occasionally pushing Sid's body lightly to feel it against my large fangs when we've both reached the limits of our pleasure thresholds short of bursting I stick my fingers in and fish him out of my mouth. "That was.... intense, hot and a very pleasant surprise but still intense and something I'm going to need a warning for next time" "I'm sorry but you covered in ice cream was too good an opportunity to miss, was it enjoyable though" I ask knowing the answer already. "Of course it was but next time I need a warning for when you do that and some time to brace myself" he says while panting, seeming to be catching his breath from what we just did. "Of course, do you still need a shower?" I ask and he responds, "yes but I think it can wait till we finish another movie and our ice cream."

"Ok. I'll get it out of the fridge." "Great, I'll be on the couch, catching my breath because whew " he says as he walks towards the couch and the stv which has been on this whole time while I walk towards the fridge. I grab the ice cream and see him sitting on the arm rest already and I take a small sniff of him from a distance and notice that instead of strawberries he now smells of sausage and I'm tempted to smile but don't. I utter a sigh of satisfaction and when I reach the couch I lay down and pat my big belly inviting Sid to lay on it and he jumps and lands on it. Being the size I am I feel it but it doesn't hurt or anything "I love you" I say contently "I love you too" he says smiling and we look towards the tv. We spend the rest of the day watching movies savoring our Sunday together before we both have to go to work in the morning. That's okay though there will always be more lazy Sundays for us together.

