

Caffeine and Cuddles: Jonathan and 'Bica #1

A furry, fetish short story based on an idea from Super_Pretendo @ Furafinity that includes (at this time) breast expansion, alternative lactation, tired people, cute stuff, and of course loving couples with some marital issues that are otherwise workable because they fucking love each other..

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Enjoy, you perverts and seekers of the cutes~

“You should take a breath.”

“I can’t. I’m gonna be late.”

Jonathan Blake, a tired-looking, bags-under his eyes and scruffy-faced male, grey cat, rushed past his beautiful, if not otherwise somewhat plain-looking tiger-striped tabby cat wife. He wore an expression of hurried fear of the inevitable. There was no way he would make it to work on time, and they both knew it. Still, as he ran by her time and again, looking for things, she stood with her arms beneath her breasts, which to the untrained eye might seem to grow larger by the moment, swelling heavier and heavier beneath the tight t-shirt she wore. She reached out now and again to try and grasp at him gently, but there was nothing she could do when he got into such a state. Instead, Ara ‘Bica’ Blake could only watch as he worked himself into a familiar tizzy and hurriedly threw on his shirt, tie, slacks, loafers and sport coat.

“Can you just wait a moment?” she asked, her tail twitching with agitation, until she managed to gather her voice and let loose a resounding “Come here!” that stopped him in his tracks. Frowning and almost sauntering up to him, her breasts audibly sloshed and wobbled beneath her crossed arms, falling heavily against her trim middle as she reached out, pressed her hips to his, and leaned back to adjust his tie.

“If you’re going to go in a mess, at least let me help.” she insisted, straightening his tie and pulling down on his wrinkled sleeves so that his shoulders wouldn’t look AS ruffled. Jonathan watched her hands, even though his wife’s breasts continued to swell, her distended nipples bloating out against the t-shirt that scarcely contained them. “You know you won’t make it in time...” she huffed, those massive, literally gurgling breasts rising and falling noticeably with the sigh.

“I can’t let them think I’m slipping, ‘Bica. You know how things are right now.”

‘Bica sighed once more and stepped back, extending her arms as she did so in order to keep her fingers pressed across his chest. Observing her work and satisfied, the striped feline drew her lips to the side, then let the subject drop. “Just try not to come home completely worked up again.” she told him, almost scolding, “Leave work at work. No briefcase this time.” she demanded, tapping her foot as she crossed her arms once more, “You never sleep-” ‘Bica then pointed to the black rectangle under his left arm, “-when you bring that damn thing home.”

‘Bica almost never cursed. Which meant she had John’s attention now. Ears pinned back, he nodded, as if shamed, and pinned his ears back. “I’ll leave it at work tonight.” he promised.

His wife crossed her arms however, and looked away, as if insulted, “I wish you’d leave it at work ALL the time.” complained the ever-more-busty woman.

“I really need to go...” John said quietly, unhappily.

‘Bica rolled her eyes and sighed, “Fine... just-”

... and with that, Jonathan went out the door, bolted for the car, and headed back to work. ‘Bica’s eyes went wide and she made chase a moment later, screaming out at him as he closed the door. “You... wait! You forgot your...” she stumbled a little, caught herself and cupped her hands around her mouth to amplify her voice as much as she could, “-YOU FORGOT YOUR COFFEEEEEEEE!” she screamed, breasts wobbling heavily beneath her chest as she bellowed, canted forwards in a semi-desperate state. Much to her dismay, Jonathan was already gone, however, having pulled out of the driveway to nearly peel out in the street.

‘Bica frowned and then closed her eyes as her arms went limp and she let them, along with her breasts, each one pushing heavily out against her shirt to the point that it seemed like it might give way and release her overburdened mammarys free, hang for a moment. In the cold, morning autumn air, she sighed again, her breath catching in the air as she shook her head and gave a tired stare out into the waning darkness of the subdivision she lived in. Then, reserved to the knowledge that he’d be home later, ‘Bica straightened herself, which made her breasts burble and slosh audibly, and went back inside to start her day.

“If I didn’t know better... and I do...” she thought, “... I’d say he was cheating.”

‘Bica, however, did know better, and she trusted Johnathan. He had never expressed any interest in anyone else besides her since they’d been married, and their lovemaking had remained as passionate as ever. Everything was going well, except his work habits, which hadn’t changed. He had ALWAYS been like that, and though ‘Bica loved him, she felt it was killing him. His job required so much from him, and she felt like he wasn’t being paid enough, and that his ambitions and hardworking nature would be better served -running- a business instead of working for one.

It was these thoughts that plagued ‘Bica as she headed down the hall and took a right, passing through the living room to head into their bedroom, then a left to head into their bathroom. Stepping into the room, she smiled and shook her head. Jonathan had re-built the entire bathroom at her suggestion, including adding in a stand-in shower, which she preferred. He had never done renovations before, but Johnathan was ridiculously good at learning new things. Other than that, the bathroom had been repainted a pleasant shade of blue, and he’d redone that ancient, ugly sink that had populated one side of the room with its nasty, fake-marble counters. He’d replaced them with an ACTUAL marble countertop, this time without that fake gold-flake that had inundated the previous one. A clam-shell sink was built into it now, instead of the rounded one from before, and he’d even taken out a closet and added the space into the bathroom for storage.

They probably spent more time in the shower than they should... the seat that came with the new stand-in was really something with a waterproof cushion on it...

'Bica grinned wider as she took off her shirt. She had been wearing nothing underneath in hopes of 'getting' to John that morning, especially since she'd made a particularly large amount of coffee. In fact, her breasts were completely swollen with the stuff, nipples distended and dark, poking out like small nozzles, capping her cantaloupe-sized melons.

"He'll apologize..." she muttered to herself, knowing that man all too well as she turned to face the full-length mirror on the left side of the room, which Johnathan had carefully mounted to the storage-area's door. For a moment she stared at her body. No one else had ever looked at her the way that Johnathan did. No one had accepted her strange-ass ability the same way that Johnathan did. Everyone else was either completely freaked out by the fact that she was a living coffee-maker, or treated her like an object of (purely) sexual desire.

Johnathan had taken the time to get to know her. He seldom commented on how 'odd' it was that she could make coffee in such a special way. In fact, every time she did, Jonathan thanked her with a kiss, a hug, and a loving goodbye. Not that he didn't occasionally do 'more.' Sometimes that man wanted it from the tap, and she was more than happy to oblige! It wasn't -all- the time, though, and that's what she appreciated most! She was a person with him, not just a sexy coffee-machine, and it was days like this that actually proved his love. Sometimes he had important things to do, and no matter how she tried to approach him, during those times life and keeping their household well-fed and financially secure was going to take precedence.

Staring at herself in the mirror, she almost wanted to laugh. She had thinner hips than one might have expected, only flaring out a little. Her legs were somewhat well muscled from all the work she did in the yard, growing vegetables and such. Her butt too was well-rounded, and she was of reasonable height, though some might call her 'tall' for a female. She didn't think 5'9" was tall. She was about the same height as Johnathan, and she preferred it that way. Slight shoulders hid her strength, and though she didn't have abs, she didn't really stick out much either at the stomach. John called it 'perfectly soft.' In fact, she seemed average in every way, and were it not for the fact that she had bright, wide, calm eyes, she might have been considered TOO average. The only thing that threw this image off was, at least for the moment, a pair of literal cantaloupes attached to her chest, slightly sagging, sloshing, and darker in color than the rest of the fur on her body, if only in appearance thanks to the darkening of the flesh beneath because of how inundated with coffee her breasts were.

She felt proud of them these days. Especially since Johnathan came along. He hadn't known about them to begin with, but when she revealed it, he seemed interested, worried, and curious all at once, but in his own subdued way. There, in front of the mirror, as she had done many times before, 'Bica thought about when he first found out about her gift. However, 'Bica returned from her reverie and reached up to heft her swollen breasts. Now she and John were married, and though she could have been happier (If he'd stop working himself into the ground.), she didn't think she could be happier with anyone else.

“I just need to find a way to get him to do something other than work for that damn company...” she muttered, and turned away, to step into the shower and wash herself down. “He’s going to drink all of this and more...” she thought to herself, frowning, only to smile again, and let her breasts sink back, heavily, against her chest, “Even if it has to wait until tomorrow.”

It did not take long for her to wash. She had showered the night prior, after all, and then cradled her man’s head in her arms as they fell asleep together, at around three A.M. She wasn’t happy about it, of course, but he always did sleep better in her arms. Otherwise he’d toss and turn and wake up worse off than he had gone to bed. Stepping out of the shower, she dried off, pulled her shoulder-blade length hair up into a ponytail, threw on a pair of jeans and a large t-shirt that would hide her breasts a little from prying eyes, then made herself some breakfast and was ready for the day.

Ironically, because she made coffee in her own body, she seldom needed it... which she was fine with. More for John when he returned home, and a plan was already forming in her head by the time she stepped outside to handle her garden’s daily needs. Harvest was extremely close, and in fact she would need to pull up most of what she had before the end of the week, and then re-till the ground to make sure that it had time to reabsorb the nutrients over the winter for a good planting season next year. She’d even let some of it lay fallow, though the plot was small. Working up a storm, ‘Bica decided it would be a good idea to call it quits early that day, though. She wanted to see how much they had in their accounts, and figure out if there was some way she could convince him to work for himself. She was, after all, the financial expert of the two as well, and she was determined to work as hard as he did.

After all, he pulled his weight in chores and then some when he came home and saw that she was covered in dirt, or smelled like sweat. It never seemed to bother him. He was always just happy to see her, no matter how exhausted he looked or was.

Wiping her forehead, ‘Bica stood up from the dirt, and bounced a little. She couldn’t help but feel a LITTLE sexy. Or a lot. She was hot. She knew she was, despite the otherwise ‘plain’ look she sported. Oh, but it was her face and... well... She wasn’t going to be SAD about her abilities, or embarrassed. Not anymore. Not with John. He had helped her realize that she didn’t need to be embarrassed. She was her, and he thought that, even if she didn’t have ‘coffee boobs,’ she was beautiful. That was really all she needed.

Just like all he seemed to need was her approval and love. Coffee and swelling boobs regardless.

‘Bica’s smile was constant from that point forward, though it was small, even through the checking of financial information between their accounts. Seeing how much they had saved together, what with his steady work and her garden and online business, the tabby-tiger woman decided to do something risky... Something she wasn’t going to tell her husband for a while.

“If this doesn’t convince him to pursue a dream...” she thought to herself as she started moving money around via her laptop, tapping away and drag-clicking across the screen, “... I’m going to have to get serious...”

‘Bica laughed gently, smiled dreamily and then closed the silver-plastic-covered machine. Stretching back into her seat, she groaned, and felt her weight suddenly shift backwards a bit too much. Quickly throwing her legs out, she fell forwards in her seat and giggled manically for a moment. She had forgotten the ‘new’ weight on her chest. Staring down at her temporarily larger bust, she contemplated their size for a moment. She had never pushed it further than a single ‘batch.’ There had never been a reason, and Johnathan had never asked. Anyone who had asked, before him, she had left just about the same day!

But what if...

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Jonathan was rushing home. He felt terrible about the way he had treated ‘Bica that morning. He always did this, and just like always, he admonished himself heavily throughout the day as he did his work. Jonathan passed a slow-moving driver as if they were barely anything at all. This he did over and over, until he reached the two-lane road that led up into the large set of subdivisions he lived within. The area was absolutely beautiful of course, especially in the fall, but he didn’t have the time to consider the reds, yellows, and oranges that filled his vision, or the smell of cookouts as they wafted in through the vents of his car. There was only one thing on his mind; It was getting back to her, to ‘Bica that mattered most to him then.

Pulling into the driveway and stopping at the garage door, he looked over to the passenger seat of the metal-blue SUV he drove. For a moment, he feared he had done what she had asked him not to, then sighed with relief at the fact that his briefcase was, in fact, not there, and pushed the door open to step out of the car. Practically slamming the door behind him, the grey-furred alleycat sprinted past the still warm hood of his vehicle, and up to the door, fumbling with his keys and dropping them as he went. Almost sliding to a stop, he stooped low, swept them up, and used the momentum of his rise a little too efficiently, stumbling a little before reaching the door. Heart beating in his chest, it never occurred to him that he was acting like a highschooler, worried that he might come home to an angry or missing ‘Bica, and that she might have gotten tired enough of his ‘shit’ to warrant leaving.

Inserting the keys and turning them along with the knob, he was already belting out an apology before he even entered the building proper.

“‘Bica, I’m sorry about this morning!” he called, “I let it get the better of me again. I’m so sorry!”

There was no answer.

“‘B-’Bica?” he asked the air, “Ara, honey? Are... are you here?”

There was a shuffling sound from the kitchen, across from the front door where he had entered.

“Uh... uhm... Jonathan?” a familiar voice called out, a small amount of panic in it, “... could you... could you come in here?” she asked.

Jonathan immediately threw his coat onto the ground and rushed into the kitchen... only to find 'Bica leaned back against the counter below the coffee beans, with a sizeable jug of water next to her. That, of course, wasn't the first thing he noticed.

"I... I think I overdid it..." laughed the tawny, tiger-striped kitten who was struggling to keep herself upright under the burgeoning weight and size of a pair of bloated watermelons, each one dripping with coffee and gurgling angrily. "... I wanted to surprise you and... Maybe I didn't think this through..."

Jonathan could, at least for the moment, do nothing but stare at her for the first time in his life.

'Bica, on the other hand, couldn't blame him.

"Can I get a little help?" she asked after a moment, "... I'm not sure I can keep standing."