

Bigness and the Beach

By: RaddaRaem

“Mmmffff...” Rolling their head to the side, muzzle coming to rest against their dull and heavy forearm, the tigress breathed in deeply of the salt stained breeze that rolled in with the advancing tide. Her padded toes splayed when the first waves splashed against her heels. Warm water rushed past her striped orange and black fur before retreating in a flood of foam. Another sleepy grunt sounded out as grains of salt and stone collected along the sides of her feet while those heavy heels of hers sank into the shifting sand.

Her tail flicked in rhythmic patterns at her side to the tune of the tide. It practically undulated along the seething sand as trickles of water coursed to and fro past her broad fuzzy feet. She could feel her heels sinking into the sand as it came to clump and mold around her figure while it was washed away. Jaws parted, trickles of saliva draping down from the roof of her mouth as she lolled her tongue, the feline indulged a jaw straining yawn. “That. Was one hell of a cat nap.” The tigress flit open her eyes before slamming them shut again. Wrinkles formed along her fuzzy brow while she sighed through clenched teeth. “Or a cat coma. Dammit.” Even with her eyes closed various hues of reds and yellows continued to filter through those orange eyelids. Formless patterns faded in and out of the feline’s sight. With great reluctance the tigress creaked back open her peepers so as to take in the setting sun.

“Dammit dammit dammit.” Rising to a sitting position, arms hanging limply at her sides as they slowly roused to life, the feline pursed her lips. “If I had wanted to laze the day away I could’ve done as much at home.” With a sigh she took in what remained of the practically emptied beach. Save for herself, hardly a soul remained among the sand and surf. Lurching forward she slapped her hands upon her knees. Bolts of static tingled and pulsed through her numb arms every time she so much as clenched her clawed digits. Grunting, she rose to her feet.

Cracks spread throughout the moist sand caked beneath her feet. Toes twiddling, she hummed as the tide slid beneath her toes and lapped against her soles. She mewed with huff when her stomach greeted her with a growl. The wind whistled between those pointed barbs of bone as she inhaled through clenched teeth. Her pupils, dilating in the waning light, bobbed about the beach. Mmfff. Twin hills of sand, with perfectly flattened valleys in between, marked the individual tire tracks of the adorable little snack carts that had long since departed. “I’ll be lucky if the boardwalk is still even open,” she sighed as her shoulders slouched.

Swinging an arm along its socket she allowed it to flop atop her head. Her fingers, numb and heeding the commanding impulses of the tremendous tiger’s nervous system some seconds after the fact, took to ruffling at the cropped black hair between her ears. The showers of sand kicked free in the process tumbled down along her broad back where they cascaded along her furred slopes in waves. Turning her head to side, chin tucked against a shoulder, she eyed the string of shops sitting atop wooden rafters in the distance. Her rounded ears perked to attention when the artificial lighting abruptly went dark within one. “Wait wait wait wait wait!” Snorting, she upgraded her leisurely lumbering to a measured meandering. The footprints she left in her wake, indented soles and toes and all, served as makeshift tide pools. Salt water collected in the broad yet deep depressions in the sand as wave after wave

pounded at their walls. Under the tide's steady and relentless rhythm they slowly crumbled apart as more and more clumps of darkened sand came to fill in her tracks.

The tigress' paws thumped heavily upon the sand. Muffled rumbles sounded out across the shore while the sheer kinetic energy captured in every footfall dissipated harmlessly across the beach. Grains of sand rolled up and down the sine waves that emanated out from the towering feline. Golden peaks and valleys, that glowed gold in the glowering orange orb that hovered above the watery horizon, came to decorate the beach.

Sleepily smacking her lips the tremendous tiger set the most straightforward course towards her destination. As opposed to navigating around the fields of beach umbrellas embedded into the sand she simply splayed her toes to avoid stabbing her soles upon their colorful plastic points. Tucking her toes together, red, white, and yellow canopy resting atop the tips of her fuzzy digits, she took to playfully rolling it between them. A shy smile creased her cheeks as she reached down to pluck it up. Her sapphire eyes swiveled to and fro along the, just to be sure, empty shoreline. Lips pursed, she hurriedly and discretely tucked it behind an ear with a flourish. Sporting a toothy grin she let loose a rumbling giggle. The pale yellow artificial lighting illuminating the boardwalk dimmed as more and more shops boarded up for the evening. "I'm coming I'm coming, hold the hell on!" she mewled before picking her pace up to a jog.

Arms swinging at her sides, the tigress grunted as her breasts bounced to the beat of her gait. Her black and white striped cheeks flushed with shades of crimson as her generous chest clapped gently against her biceps. Rolling her eyes, she pulled her lips flat. She could already hear the imagined cat calls ringing in her rounded ears. Although... she pouted as her pupils darted down to take in the lavender cloth cupping her curves. "It's flowery as all get out but this two piece really is cute as can be..." Growling, she tossed her head back at the mental gymnastics she could feel her thoughts undertaking to try and reconcile wanting to strut her stuff without being ogled at.

"Well. Now would be the time," she acknowledged her absent audience with a blush. Sashaying her hips with every step, ripples spreading across the exceptionally form fitting cloth wrapped around her rear, the timid tigress allowed her ample assets to bounce about as she hustled. With the titaness' every footfall the displaced grains of sun baked rock leapt up into the air and all but buried anything and everything that simply had the misfortune to be in her vicinity. Sheets of sand rained down upon the colorful umbrellas that pocked the shore. Noisily, they drummed against the taut fabric as they dribbled off its circular sides.

Posture erect, the tigress noisily breathed in and out through her petite pink nose. Her thick feet slammed ever more forcefully against the sun and surf each time another window or storefront went dark. "I think I can, I think I can..." she resolutely told herself. With a resounding click the luminescent lights that bathed the interior of an entire row of shops simply shut off. "I will I can, I will I can!" the frustrated feline told herself as she abandoned any pretense of putting on a show and took to hauling ass. Jaws parted, she panted heavily while her chest expanded and contracted with her every inhale and exhale.

The force with which those broad black padded soles slammed against the sand forced the tigress' toes apart as more and more of the beach collected between them. Radiating warmth, the glowering grains

came to trace every wrinkle upon her padded feet. Every time she so much as arched her heel or splayed her toes she could feel the tiny seaside stones grind between folds of her soft leathery flesh.

Door propped open, a salty breeze wafted into the ice cream parlor. Slanted lines of orange light pivoted along the base of the wide windows spanning the front of the frosty shop as the sun dipped beneath the horizon. The tiled floor practically glowed as nary a grain of sand or slosh of seawater was to be found. Every chair tucked in at their prim and proper tables. The ice cream freezer running alongside the register was stocked and replenished. Hell, the glass upon it had been wiped clean and free of any and every smudge. The parlor was primed to be placed to rest for the evening.

Fingers twiddling anxiously along the counter, the lonesome fennec fox manning the store mouthed out the minutes remaining before closing. His eyes went wide when rhythmic thooms sent the chairs clattering along the floor and dust trailing off the light fixtures. Brows furrowed, he furiously thrummed his digits against the reflective granite before slinking around the counter. "No no no no no!" he yelped as the rueful reality of it all sank in. With a cacophonous thoom that nearly shook the parlor off its foundations two orange and black striped pillars slammed against the boardwalk. The sun bleached wooden planks caught beneath them splintered apart as a disheveled feline face rose up behind them. Shoulders slouched, the vulpine's ears went flat. "Hi Rena."

Huffs and wheezes sounded out as the tigress held up an index finger and wagged at him to wait. Dragging a free hand back through her black hair, she breathed in deeply as she composed herself. "Hey Lucas. I'll take-" Slouching forward, she let her forehead rest flat upon her forearms. "Actually. Mind telling me what's the flavor of the day?" the tigress mumbled into her limbs.

Those rumbling purrs could be felt in the fennec's chest. "Rena, it is three minutes to friggin' closing! It's already been put away for the day."

"Fine. What's the flavor of tomorrow? Closing shift is supposed to prepare all that in advance, I know that much." Rena leaned into elevated rafters and the lattice of woodwork that held the boardwalk aloft for support. Creaks sounded throughout the structure before she reluctantly eased back. The ever rising tide lapped at her toes and prompted a sigh. The feline clenched her digits and dug them into the sand as she arched her feet. Salt water and foam sprayed against her soles in the roaring rush of the tide's recession. Tail flitting behind her, she hummed contentedly while streams of sand trickled down along the wrinkles in her moist padded flesh. Her thick toes splayed apart, cleaving through the cool shade-soaked beach beneath the boardwalk, as they curled at the ticklish sensations.

Lucas simply stared down his would-be colossal customer. Walls of furred flesh, Rena's arms crossed about each other, slid forward and all but trapped him inside. "Rena, no. I'm heading home." That mop of black hair resting atop her forearms ruffled side to side in protest.

"I'll tip," she mumbled.

"No." The fennec sighed when she tilted her head up slightly. That pink kitty nose and those enchanting emerald eyes peeked above the big tig blockade of fuzz and flesh.

"I... can give you a ride home?"

Arms crossed about his chest, the tan colored fox snorted. "Don't need one."

The tigress' gaze swung down along her sockets. Eyes half lidded she exhausted her very last available option. "Please?"

Muzzle scrunched, Lucas growled gently before letting out a heaving sigh. "...It's Red Velvet." Her elated expression, brows arched and eyes gone wide, filled him with a bitter sense of resignation. His fluffy feet papped gently against the polished tiles as he trudged back round the counter. The fennec, standing atop his tippytoes, ran his fingers along a wooden row of hooks nailed into the eggshell white walls. He gingerly plucked an apron off the smooth piney wood and slung it over his neck. Muscle memory kicked into operation as his arms moved of their own accord and effortlessly knotted the straps dangling down at his sides around his waist.

"Don't forget the hat!" Rena giddily chimed in.

Rolling his eyes hard enough to send them launching up and out of his skull, Lucas swiped a hand along a pile of paper cutouts beside the register. The crinkling of paper, barely audible over the hum of the refrigeration units, served as the vulpine's irritated response. A roughly rhomboid shape took form. With a poff Lucas placed the paper hat between his ears and silently trudged off into the back of the building.

"Thank youuuuu!" The tigress mewled in rumbly delight. Rotating her hand about her wrist, Rena dipped her fingers between her lavender clad bosom. Upon their retreat a phone could be seen clutched between them. "Charge me whenever!" she stated aloud as she took to swiping through her emails. The boardwalk groaned raucously as she shifted her weight onto her arms arched her back. Higher and higher into the air her rump rose.

As Lucas stomped back into the heart of the parlor, standing before the register so as to mete out the damage done to the store's stocks directly to her bank account, he couldn't help but blush. From what little he could see it was almost as if Rena was balancing the celestial fiery orb that filled the sky atop her derriere. As she impatiently swayed side to side it appeared to roll back and forth across those colossal curves. A knowing smile from the tigress, toothy and sincere, sent him skittering back to tend to her order.

Rena sighed contentedly. Her cheeks strained as she nuzzled into her forearms when she felt her fluffy face grow warm at the reaction she elicited.

"A little help here," Lucas whined. Streaks of purples and pinks had come to coat the evening sky. Panting, he leaned into the swimming pool sized paper tub and agonizingly inched it along the uneven planks lining the board walk. Eye level with its rounded curves he regarded the literal hill of flavored frozen dairy, pale red and pocked with frozen white chunks comprised of equal parts chocolate and cream cheese, with antipathy. "Renaaaaaaaaa."

Fingers, many times thicker than the fennec fox, descended from on high and clasped the sides of the decadent dessert. Loud pops sounded out as the thick walls of paper bowed inward wherever those padded digits pinched against them. The planks lining the ground popped up as hundreds of pounds of paper and dairy were lifted off them. "Lucas, you're a life saver!" Licking her lips, Rena's tail undulated

excitedly. The tigress scraped a clawed finger along the top of her treat and carefully balanced a dollop of her dessert upon her digit. Jaws parted, she popped it between her lips and shuddered in delight. "Mmff... so good but so bad for me." With a loud glurk her throat bulged. She sighed contentedly, or tried to anyway, before clenching her teeth together and shuddering for an altogether different reason.

"We done here?" The fennec slouched forward while he dragged an arm along his fuzzy forehead.

Folds of fur scrunched around her eyes, Rena tensed up while she suffered through a bout of brain freeze. "Noooooot quite!" The tigress wagged a finger at the fox as her lips curled up into a smirk.

"Yes quite," he flatly replied. Back turned to the tigress, whose free hand drooped down dejectedly at her side, Lucas meandered past the now darkened parlor. "It's late and I'm opening tomorrow. Night."

Rena's teeth clacked together uncertainly. Lips pursed together into a pout she huffed through flared nostrils. "Don't be like that." She grunted gently as he simply continued walking. "Lucas. I don't do this just to give you a hard time, you know."

The fennec fox stopped in his tracks. "I know, I know..." A thunderous thump besides him sent Lucas scrambling off balance. The planks beneath his feet had bowed inward beneath an open palm, padded and awash with warmth, that had been laid out as an invitation.

"C'mon. Indulge me, just this once?" Rena's eyes gently settled upon him. She forced down a welling lump in her throat as the fennec shyly rubbed a hand along the back of his head. "Preferably before my ice cream melts," she teasingly prodded.

"Keep telling you this isn't gonna work," Lips pulled flat, Lucas raised an arm and let it rest against the side of her upturned hand. His fingers came to clench at the velvety soft strands of orange fur that lined her black padded palm. Tugging at them gently the fennec pulled himself up and onto his loomy lady friend's open invitation.

Eyes half lidded, Rena hmphed. "Not with that attitude it won't," she chided him. Gingerly, she curled her fingers inward until she felt them just barely press against his fragile form. She couldn't help but giggle as Lucas wriggled his way up into the gap between her thumb and index finger. The tigress timidly took to stroking at his ears with a black padded finger that matched, if not eclipsed him, in size.

Walls of water, frothing with white bubbly foam, noisily splashed about with Rena's every footfall. Clouds of displaced sand whorled about under the waves as the big tig lumbered across the buried beach. "Look... this doesn't have to mean anything if you don't want it to. There's nothing saying two friends can't enjoy one another's company-"

"Under the pretense of ice cream," Lucas smirked as a leathery plane of pad ruffled his ears.

"Alright fine. It was a convenient excuse if not a tasty one, I'll admit it." Feet rising high into the air, water trickling down between her toes and glistening upon her sand scrubbed soles, Rena casually made her way towards what remained of the shoreline. "My point still stands. This doesn't have to be..." the feline puffed out her cheeks as she felt her heart thump against her ribs. With a subdued thoom, butt cheeks cratering against the sand, Rena plopped down upon the shoreline that had yet to be submerged.

Lucas rested his chin atop a curled finger. Back and forth he rubbed his chin along the wrinkles in the furred flesh. "What? Doesn't have to be... romantic?"

Leaning back, her broad form rubbing along a seawall, Rena huffed while her thick striped tail flopped against one of her outstretched legs. "Your words, not mine," she hurriedly said with a blush. Be it the ambient heat of the slab of concrete she was resting against or her own flushed feelings, the tiger was feeling hot and bothered all the same.

"I mean." Lucas choked on his words as his ears burned. "I'm. Um. If you're really that willing to give this a shot I guess I could umm..." The fennec fox went quiet. "Goddammit, Rena," he shyly mumbled. Wriggling side to side he pressed his arms out against the tremendous tiger's doting digits. They unfurled at his prompting and dropped him atop a furred thigh.

Snickering, Rena hurriedly took to downing her dessert to both cool and calm herself down. "One of these days we'll figure out how to broach the topic," she mused aloud in between chews and chortles. Her tail snaked excitedly through the sand as Lucas' little legs took to kicking back and forth along the inside of her thigh. "A-anyway. Until then... umm." Rena rasped at the thought. "Would you mind uhhh... Well. I mean. Given that I did just haul ass and back..." she trailed off.

"The usual?" Lucas quietly inquired with his ears folded down shyly.

"The usual," the tigress huffed as she played her toes apart.

With a hup, the fennec slid down along the curves of those tremendous tiger thighs. He hurked and clenched his teeth as he painfully stuck the landing upon the sand. Nostrils flared, he inhaled deeply through his nose as he hobbled along in spite of his angry ankles. "You don't tell anyone we get up to this kinda stuff, right?" he nervously asked aloud. He pressed a hand against a looming leg at his side and let his clawed fingers trace along the subtle mounds of toned muscle and fur.

"Absolutely not," she blurted out as purring rumbles rose from deep within her throat. "Lord. The reactions I'd get from people if they knew this was what we got up to on a regular basis." She practically crunched her cup of ice cream in her grip when she felt his tiny hands tap at her heel. Sighing giddily, she shooshed herself with one fingerful of red velvet ice cream after another.

Tail tucked between his legs, Lucas dropped to his knees and sidled up alongside her foot.

"Saaaaaaame," he shyly stated. "We like what we like, right? Nothing inherently wrong with that. And. I guess.... It does help that I like the person attached to what I like and holy hell I'll just stop talking now."

"Lord almighty you're cute as can be," Rena mumbled between mouthfuls. "And here I thought you didn't want this."

Leaning back into her padded sole, the warm moist flesh just barely giving way and dimpling around him, the fennec ran a hand along its soft leathery surface. Sticking his fingers down into a wrinkle in her feetsy flesh he swept aside the sand that remained. A low and thunderous purr sounded out in approval of his actions.

Soon after, the tigress scrunched her sole. Walls of black padding came clamping down upon Lucas' limb while her toes tucked inward. Trapped in place, the fennec sighed as his heart skipped a beat and he leaned into that soft, supple, and inviting flesh.

"How long we plan on staying like this tonight?" the vulpine inquired as the sun finally dipped beneath the ocean and waves came to lap at his own feet. "I do have work in the morning, remember."

"I know, I know," Rena wistfully replied as she finished off the last of her tasty treat. "...Just a few more minutes of this? Just us?"

Lucas swallowed hard as he leaned back into her heel and continued to knead and massage at what fraction of her foot was within reach. "I'd like that," he bashfully barked back.