

## Window Pain

A story from the brain of SnapHappy

Sliding its door open with the usual mechanical hiss, the bus slowly came to a halt by the roadside. Many decades had passed since the Animal Integration Hybrid Research Operative, more commonly known as the ANTHRO Project, which sought to engineer examples of existing animal species, but with many characteristics of humans, primarily body shape, bipedal movement, and the ability to speak. The project very nearly failed to get off the ground, after numerous protests concerning the immorality of such an experiment, but nearly a century and a half later, it was commonplace to see humans holding conversation with wolves, working alongside tigers, or even a whole new form of swimming with sharks. So it was a wholly unsurprising sight to see what appeared to be a mongoose swinging itself down from the top step of the bus, along with a squirrel heading down the steps to the pavement alongside.

As the bus pulled away, the pair strolled through the midsummer afternoon, chatting to one another as they went. If one were to eavesdrop on their conversation, they'd learn that the mongoose was known as James, and the squirrel, Alexa. They would also learn that Alexa worked at a small restaurant, whose specialty was roller-skating waitresses, and James at a nearby music store, with a small but loyal clique of customers. They would apparently have lived together, renting out a small house, had known each other for a few years, and met up on the bus ride to their respective workplaces. But if one were to simply cast a glance at the two, they would wonder how it was the squirrel and the mongoose became such close companions.

James, being part ferret, had never been destined to be particularly tall. Or strong. Or intimidating. Since he'd turned 14, he had been stuck at three inches under five feet tall, and not even 80 pounds soaking wet. But he was still a rocker through and through, with darkened brown hair trailing down his back, the simple black t-shirt supporting the industrial metal group "Ziershcrift", teamed with simple stonewashed jeans and black boots. The appearance had helped him find confidence in himself, the confidence to find a job, and confidence in others, which had led almost directly to his cohabitation with the squirrel girl.

Alexa, however, was big. She had always been big. Normally, one could chalk this up to her height, but even now, standing six-foot-three, that wouldn't explain everything. When James had first met her, she only had a small amount of extra weight, but a distinct hourglass figure about her. However, the restaurant's curious ruling that workers could eat there for free has quickly taken its toll. Months passed, with Alexa more often than not returning with some sort of takeaway meal from her workplace, and James had watched his housemate progress from pudgy, to chubby, to plump, and eventually to just plain fat. Yet somehow she had retained her hourglass shape, with watermelon-sized breasts and beach ball buttocks that many other people would consider a practical joke.

With the sun slowly but surely blazing its way through the afternoon sky, the mismatched pairing approached their abode, just as James was inquiring about the slightly inflated appearance of Alexa's stomach. "Big lunch, was it?" he asked her. The squirrel girl giggled, and gave her midriff a small pat, allowing it to jiggle for just a second. "Yeah," she replied, "those chicken wings were unreal!" Always chicken wings, James thought. And if it wasn't chicken wings, it was normally something else of that nature. Fish, perhaps, or maybe pizza. At least they were home now, and at least there might be something for the squirrel girl to eat that wasn't deep fried. As they reached the front door, however, and neither of them attempted to open it, an entirely different problem arose.

"I thought you had the key."

"I thought YOU had the key."

The mongoose let out a frustrated groan. This was the third time since they'd been living together, despite his persistence in reminding her. The squirrel simply giggled. "Alexa, this isn't funny..." James told her, a slight quiver slipping into his voice, and a slight smirk crossing

his face. It was the normal response for Alexa to see the funny side in life, but James tried to avoid problems like this in the first place. He didn't necessarily enjoy situations like this, he would much rather things...well, worked. But the big girl's optimistic demeanour was nothing if not a little infectious. His spirits lifted, the mongoose made his way over to the kitchen window as he usually did when this sort of thing happened and, placing one hand at either side of the pane, pushes upwards as best he could. After a few small squeaks of skin on glass, the window slipped upwards enough for him to get his fingers between it and the ledge. 'Maybe I shouldn't get that latch fixed after all, huh?' James thought to himself, and he hoisted the window up as far as his diminutive stature could reach. "Could you get it up the rest of the way, please?" he asked his companion, who dutifully skipped over towards him, and took her position directly behind the mongoose. James watched her grab onto the underside of the window, her hands alongside his (which always brought back to him just how small his hands actually were), and hoist the window as far up as it would go, sliding into place with a satisfying clunk. "There you go!", Alexa said, holding the window up for him. "Th-thanks," James stuttered, as it was quite hard for him not to notice the way the squirrel girl's almost comfortingly warm, soft bosom was pressing against the back of his head. Although at the same time it was pretty intimidating, standing between a wall and a woman of that size. He'd better get himself through the window, he thought, otherwise neither of them would be getting in. James gave himself a small push upwards, and perched himself on the ledge beneath the window, before ducking his head underneath, swinging both legs through in one swift motion, and pushing himself down from the countertop on the other side.

He was just about to head off to find the keys to the front door, before a chipper exclamation of "Right, my turn!" halted him. Spinning round, he saw his squirrel friend attempting to hold the window up with one hand, and simultaneously brace herself on the ledge, ready for her own jump. "Wait," snapped James, quickly leaping back up onto the countertop, and grabbing onto the window himself, "what do you mean 'your turn'?" Alexa looked up at the mongoose, and noticed that his hazel eyes were directly level with her own azure ones. That was a rare thing. "Well you got yourself through here," she explained, "I'm getting myself inside too." James briefly glanced at either side of the window, his expression now a little tainted with worry. He'd known Alexa long enough to know that with her near eternal cheery optimism came a certain amount of childlike naivete, which had gotten them both into trouble on more than one occasion. "I don't think that's such a good idea, Alexa," he warned her. He had a feeling this was going to turn into one of those occasions. "James, it's a window," Alexa stated, in her usual upbeat tone. "True," the mongoose agreed, giving a small nod. "Besides," the squirrel girl continued, moving away from the window a little, and giving her midsection a small pat, "My tummy's not THAT big." James remained silent for a moment, and watched as her adipose midsection wobbled slightly. "One," he began, "Yes it is." Alexa glanced downward almost instinctively, looking a little surprised at her friend's assertion, and cupped her middle in both hands. "And two," the mongoose continued, "That's not really what I'm worried about..."

Sure, he thought, Alexa's stomach was definitely bigger than she thought it was. But then why was she trying to see it in the first place? Those ridiculous breasts of hers blocked pretty much any view she had of her abdomen, short of using a full-length mirror. And her incredibly wide hips, coupled with that gigantic backside, held up by thighs which the mongoose guessed were nearly as wide as he was on their own, were going to be a challenge in their own right. They were certainly giving her uniform a challenge, James was sure that the expanse of maroon fabric covering her rear wasn't supposed to be a pair of booty shorts. However, given just how much ass they were being stretched across, it was impossible for it to be anything else. He couldn't see the button either, the girl's middle bulged straight over the waistband, blocking most of the zipper from view as well. But her shirt...buttons being left open had transcended preference into necessity, leaving only two buttons secured on the matching top, and they looked like they could burst at any moment. James could even glimpse part of her violet bra behind her top, each breast bulging out of the cups to an absurd extent, creating a tsunami of exposed flesh, meeting in the middle at her trench-like cleavage. Sure, he thought, she might have been optimistic, but no way was Alexa making it through the window.

"Wait here," James told her, "I'll get the keys." Alexa barely had time to reply before the

mongoose pushed himself off of the countertop, allowing the window to slam shut in front of her. As she watched her housemate heading out into the hallway, Alexa began to once again take a look at the window. Placing her hands on either side of the pane, and pushing upwards, she managed to crack the window open again, and slowly wiggled her plump fingers through the gap underneath. Sliding the window open, the squirrel girl made sure not to push it all the way, lest James hear the clunk it always made. Holding the window open with one arm, Alexa slowly reached forward, grasping for the edge of the countertop. However, while she was silently grateful for being so tall, she was also aware of each of her breasts brushing against the sides of the window frame. The big girl hoped this wouldn't leave too much of a mark on her uniform, but it would be worth it if she could get herself inside. Fingertips away from the edge of the countertop, however, Alexa felt her already tight shirt tightening a little more. Glancing to the sides, she noticed the window frame digging into her chest a little more than it had been. A swift jerk was sure to slip them out, she thought. So, bringing her arm back from the countertop and placing it against the kitchen wall, she gave a sharp push, which did slip her breasts through the window frame. However, the squirrel girl hadn't noticed just how low those melons of hers were hanging, and while the frame had indeed been pressing against them, the overtaxed buttons on her shirt had become caught on the broken window latch, along with the straining fabric of her bra. The push forward had been too much for them to take, and both buttons popped from her shirt in quick succession, followed by her bra splitting clean in two. All Alexa could do was give a startled yelp, as she watched her massive mammaries explode out of their constraints.

Meanwhile, James had been busying himself in the front room, looking underneath cushions, inside drawers, behind chairs. None of which had yet yielded results, spare for a silver guitar plectrum he had lost a couple of weeks ago. Eventually, the mongoose found the elusive keys wrapped up with a half-eaten bar of chocolate. He was about to ask himself what exactly they were doing there, when a squeal caught his attention. Leaning out of the doorway, James wondered what the noise could have been for a moment, before remembering that Alexa was still waiting outside. Briskly making his way towards the front door, he slipped the key into the lock, smiling at the usual clacking noise a locking or unlocking gave, before heading back to the kitchen to give Alexa the good news. When he walked in, though, he stopped dead in his tracks. His eyes widened at the sight of his friend leaning through the window, shirt open and seemingly braless, and looking like she was eating something out of a box in front of her. After only being able to stare in bewilderment for a few moments, James found his voice again.

".....Alexa?"

"Whrmf?" she replied, looking upwards at the stunned mongoose, revealing a half-eaten box of cookies sitting just in front of her breasts. For a moment, James's gaze fell on the confections the squirrel girl had found, rather than the squirrel girl herself. "Where did you get those cookies from?" he asked her. Alexa pointed to one side, where the kettle sat, and tried to say something to go with her gesture, but became incoherently muffled through a mouth stuffed full of cookie fragments. James tried his best to figure out how Alexa's brain worked for a moment, before he gave a slight shake of the head, and hopped back up onto the countertop alongside her. "I said wait, didn't I?" he stressed, just as Alexa swept the half-eaten cookies to one side. "Yeah," the big girl replied, "but I just didn't want to wait outside for too long." A sigh escaped the mongoose. 'It would have been five minutes at the most,' he thought to himself. "Well, I've unlocked the door," he informed her, lifting the window up off of her back, "so you can get inside now." Alexa immediately perked up at this development, but when she attempted to push herself back out of the window, she was promptly brought back to earth by the next development - her chest was now refusing to co-operate. While they had been held back within her undersized bra, and equally undersized shirt, they had only just managed to get through the window. Now that they had been freed from their maroon and violet prison, and were now at their full size, her breasts were simply far too big to go back.

"Oh, don't tell me..." Alexa pleaded with herself, while James sat back and watched her trying to force her oversized bosom back through the window. Half in self-satisfaction knowing that he was right about her chances of getting through the window, and half in amazement of just how big they were. He had known other girls, but they'd always been comparatively slim, much like himself, convinced that thinner meant attractive. He had never bought into that

theory, though. Despite the fact they intimidated him a little, and despite the fact he was unlikely to be able to handle all of them, James had always found himself attracted to bigger girls. And through whatever luck or good fortune had befallen him, he was now living with one, and really getting along with her. The bad news was that she was now trapped in the window, unable to get herself out. "Do you want me to give you a hand?" he asked her after a few moments, hoping that she wouldn't take the request badly. Thankfully, the offer of assistance lifted her mood back up again, and her mouth grew into a wide smile. "Yes!" Alexa exclaimed, "Yes, please, get me out!" James gave a nervous smile, and slowly began to reach out towards those enormous mammaries of hers, before his hands were swiftly batted away by the plump arm of his companion. "Not that way," she corrected him, "Go outside and push me through!" The mongoose had to take a moment to process exactly what she had asked him. "...push you through?" he half-asked. Even if he could get her through, it was going to be torture. If her breasts couldn't fit through the window, then her backside certainly wouldn't either. "Yeah," the squirrel girl affirmed him, "I don't want the neighbours to see me topless..." Her muzzle turned a faint shade of pink at the thought of her standing there, every inch of bosom on display. James's did likewise. "I'll go round the back of you, then," he mumbled, heading out of the kitchen, trying his best to get thoughts like that out of his head.

When he went outside, the thoughts were put right back in again. Alexa was bent forwards, visible from her shoulders down, and it appeared that while the mongoose had been making his way round, she had decided to remove her burst top and ruined bra. Aside from her usual plimsole shoes, his big housemate was clad only in those maroon shorts, which left a small bulge of each cheek on show both above and below. Slowly walking up to her, James's eyes ran across every curve he could find on Alexa's body - her soft, round belly, her heavy, thick thighs, and of course that large, fat butt - before he leant in alongside her, doing his best not to brush up against her too much. "So what is it you want me to do?" he asked her, keeping the window up with one hand. Glancing behind her, the squirrel girl gave the mongoose what she thought was a small bump with her hip, but given the mass behind it, it nearly knocked the wind out of him. "Give me a leg up..." she said, not realising her friend was struggling to get his breath back. "Alright, alright," James wheezed, tentatively taking his companion's shoe in his hands. "You ready?" he asked her, before a slight downward push on his hands gave him the signal. "Okay," he gulped, "here we go..."

"One..."

"Two..."

"Three!"

The scrawny mongoose gave a sharp pull on the base of the plump squirrel's foot...and nothing happened. "...three?" Alexa asked, pushing her foot back down against her friend's hands. James gave another pull on his friend's foot, and she stayed where she was. He wrapped his arms around one of her meaty thighs, and tried from that position, but still nothing. "James, come on!" the squirrel girl told him, giving him a slight nudge with the overly chubby thigh he had his arms around. "I'm trying..." the mongoose grunted, doing his best to heave his heavy housemate up onto his shoulder. Alexa added her own effort, using the countertop her breasts were currently perched on to try and push herself up, but still, she got nowhere. "I'm not getting anywhere!" she whined, while the mongoose gritted his teeth and summoned as much strength as he could, "You're supposed to be helping!" "I know," groaned James, "but I can't lift you up!"

Then several things happened in the space of a second or so. First of all, Alexa let out a small sigh, which didn't entirely matter in itself, in the grand scheme of things. After this, however, with no warning at all, she suddenly used her free leg to push herself up off the ground and into the air. With her unforeseen help, James finally manages to hoist his companion onto his shoulders, much to his surprise. About a tenth of a second later, gravity got straight to work again, as almost all of Alexa's considerable weight was placed on the shoulders of the scrawny mongoose. He then rapidly lost his balance, and began stumbling backwards, while the squirrel girl pulled herself by the countertop, allowing what little height boost there was by being up on

James' shoulders to help her pudgy stomach slip through the window almost without impedence, her thick thighs pulling her mongoose friend back with her. After her midsection was through, Alexa came to an abrupt stop with a soft thump. James, however, came to an equally abrupt stop with a much louder \*CRACK\*, along with a sharp yell of pain. Unable to keep the hefty squirrel girl supported on his shoulders, he had lost both his balance and his footing, and smashed the back of his skull against the outside wall of the house.

"James!" exclaimed Alexa, "Are you alright?" She glanced backwards against the kitchen wall, almost hoping to see straight through it. If she could, she would have seen the mongoose lying on the ground, both hands wrapped tightly around the back of his head in agony. "I'm fine..." he lied, slowly getting back to his feet, using the wall for some degree of help. "At least it helped..." the squirrel girl said, which James supposed he couldn't really argue with. She WAS further through than she was before, and it seemed as though she didn't need him to lift her up any more, judging by the way her feet were dangling a few inches above the ground. "Yeah," he replied, "I guess it did-" After he'd taken a moment to come to his senses and shake off the double vision, though, he turned towards his stricken friend, and realised things would now be even harder. Yes, she was now closer to getting inside. Yes, he no longer needed to lift her up. But now the window, which he had previously swung his entire body through with no problem at all, was completely plugged up by Alexa's big, wide butt. "...help."

"That's what you're meant to be doing," the squirrel girl told her housemate, before using the countertop to give herself another tug forwards, with exactly no result. All the mongoose could do was watch. Every time Alexa pulled herself forward, several inches of plump squirrel backside would squash up against the frame of the window, prohibiting any progress she was hoping of making, and amplifying the sheer size of said backside. He did feel both sorry for her, being stuck in the way she was, and annoyed at her for getting herself into the problem into the first place. But at the same time, as was betrayed by his cheeks slowly reddening and his eyes widening slightly, he liked it. The way it managed to be both bouncy and somehow firm, the way it curved almost perfectly from her waist right down to her thighs, even the way her far-too-small shorts clung tightly against each cheek, stretching between them, doing their best to keep themselves in one piece. Sooner or later, he knew that the squirrel girl's backside would prove too much for the shorts to handle, and he would never tell anyone, but a significant part of him hoped it would be sooner rather than later...

"James, what's the problem?" he heard someone ask him, before his brain snapped him back into the real world, the one where his friend was halfway through the kitchen window, and he figured out it had been Alexa. "Wh-..." he mumbled, noticing how her plump legs were swinging backwards and forwards in time with her butt squashing up against the window frame. Despite everything she was doing, though, Alexa was still getting nowhere. "James!" The mongoose jumped a little. "Y-I...the...it..." he stammered, struggling to find his voice again. Eventually he gave up on trying to find any gentler words to describe the situation, and he just blurted it out. "Your ass is too big." As soon as he said it, the legs stopped flailing, and everything paused for a moment. "...or the window's too small," the squirrel replied, with an exasperated tone laced with thinly veiled denial. "James," she told him, "I'm almost through, now come on and give me a push!"

The last four words resonated inside his head, as James' mouth fell open and his eyes widened even more at what she had said. Not wanting to keep either his housemate or himself waiting, he quickly took position right outside the window, still trying to get his head around the fact that she had ASKED him to put his hands on that impossibly big butt. It looked even bigger up close, squashing up against the window frame, the edges digging into her plush hips. Unable to be fully covered by those tight maroon shorts, leaving the tops of each oversized cheek bulging over the back of the waistband. Another big chunk of her backside on show beneath the leg holes, which simply could not stretch down over that ass to her thighs, where they would normally reside on anyone else. It left him wondering if that bang on the head had knocked him unconscious, and this was some kind of dream.

"Ready?" came the call from his heavy housemate. Almost instinctively, James's hands shot towards Alexa's ample rear, before stopping millimetres from the two orbs in front of him. He

couldn't be TOO forceful, she was a whole eighteen inches taller than him, and nearly five times as heavy. She probably could kill him if she wanted to. Tentatively, the mongoose placed his hands against the squirrel girl's trapped tush, his fingers stiffening a little at how incredibly soft it was. "Steady?" Alexa took a firm grip against the edge of the countertop, while James took a couple of steps back, bracing himself against his housemate's rump. He kept his gaze down, focusing almost all his energy on NOT giving those oh-so-tempting cheeks a squeeze, his hands sinking a little further into them. "Okay..." the plump squirrel said, and James closed his eyes, trying to channel as much strength as he could. With a butt the size of Alexa's, he was going to need it. "...PUSH!"

The mongoose thrust himself forward, pressing his palms into the troublesome backside of his companion. At the same time, Alexa began pulling on the countertop, hoping their combined efforts would help edge her through, but the lack of motion by her made her think that perhaps she would simply tear the countertop from the cupboards beneath them. "Harder!" she yelled, to which James obliged, but all that the pair managed was to squash the squirrel's plump rear against the window frame even further. "Alexa," her housemate grunted "it's not working!" She groaned, and slumped down on the countertop, letting out a frustrated sigh. But while she lay almost motionless, the mongoose was trembling. He could feel his fingers slowly curling, claws slipping out a little, eager to play with that incredible ass of hers. Squeezing it, spanking it, anything at all. Just as the thoughts were beginning to take over his mind, he yanked his hands away, backed up a little to assess the situation, and slowly dragged his claws around the back of his neck. He was HELPING her, not groping her. But at least it was clearer that their previous method wasn't going to work.

Inside, Alexa was glancing at the cookies she had been snacking on previously. She hadn't gotten the chance to finish them earlier, and it was something to do while she was stuck here. Reaching a chubby hand out towards the box, the squirrel pulled it back towards her, picked up one of the baked goodies, and was about to take a bite, when James said "I think I know how to get you through this time, Alexa." Quickly dropping her snack back into the box, and shoving it aside as if someone had suddenly walked in on her, she glanced back towards the window, and gave a thumbs up. "This might feel weird at first," the mongoose told her, "but I'm pretty sure it'll work..." Alexa wondered what he meant by that, but again took up her grip on the countertop, before she felt a slight pressure against her bottom, and a small gasp escaped her lips. Rather than being focused on two points on her bottom, this pressure was spread out almost all the way around it. Almost.

What James had done was wrap his slender arms around her expansive rear. But it wasn't quite as simple as that. Given his small stature, and how big said rear was, his arms wouldn't go all the way around, his hands being kept apart by inches of ass. Plus, in order to reach the top of her cheeks, the mongoose had been forced to practically bury his muzzle between them, the adipose orbs engulfing half his face, almost completely cutting off his breath. "Okay, when you're ready..." he mumbled, though it was harder to make out being spoken directly into the vast amount of squirrel backside in the window. Alexa wasn't quite sure what to think at first. She was torn between confusion, anger, disgust and humour, but she did what she usually did with situations vaguely like this one, she laughed. She began pulling herself against the countertop once again, and James - after letting out a muffled, slightly quivering laugh - squeezed as hard as he could.

As strange as the situation was, it was working. The skinny mongoose was managing to compress the oversized squirrel's backside just enough for her to edge herself through, little by little. They had to pause every inch or so to allow James to reposition himself, which allowed him to relieve himself of the overwhelming ass flesh he was grappling with, squashing against his nose each time, leaving him momentarily unable to breathe. As Alexa progressed through the window, however, the part of her butt inside the window frame became steadily larger, her companion's arms further apart every time. Eventually, the pair came to the widest and fattest part of the squirrel's rump, and James's arms wrapped around it once again. This time, however, James's hands were kept apart by almost a foot, and his entire face was being enveloped by Alexa's giant rear end. "Okay, James," the squirrel girl said, pulling against the countertop once more, "GO!"

James tightened his arms as much as he could, hoping that this would soon be over. He was shaking, his claws almost fully extended, being driven to the edge of restraint. His brain was being overloaded with increasingly intimate thoughts and images concerning himself and his housemate. Some of them were along the lines of simply cuddling up to each other, his own slim body being held close to her, him attempting to do the same with the large amounts of her warm, comforting softness. But at the same time, their relative sizes made some of them downright scary, Alexa kneeling ominously over him on his bed, her powerful, thick legs either side of his, the springs beneath them groaning in time with her motion, as she slowly but surely pounded his pelvis into dust. All the while the impossibly large and plush cheeks pressed heavily against either side of his head, sealing off any oxygen his lungs would have hoped to obtain, and damn nearly blocking off his view of the outside world. Seconds away from both blacking out and completely losing it, Alexa's voice said "Forget it, James, it's not working..."

The mongoose instantly relinquished his hold on the big squirrel's rear, and stumbled back slightly, taking a great gulp of air to silence the cries from his lungs. On wobbling legs, he saw that they had nearly managed to get her all the way through the window. Only the vast expanse of her rump was stopping them, pressing firmly against the frame from all sides. "Right..." he panted, the shaking permeating into his voice, already having a great deal of energy sapped from him. "I'm nearly in," Alexa said, "you've just gotta give me a really big push or something!" James nodded in agreement, not that Alexa could see him. However, their previous pushing plan had failed, so this time he decided on something different. "I think I know what to do, Alexa," he told her, taking a few steps back towards the edge of the garden, "you might want to brace yourself." Again, Alexa felt a little confused, but dutifully took her grip on the countertop, as James placed both hands on the ground, with one foot against the base of the fence. He might have had very little raw strength to offer, but he more than made up for it with speed.

"Brace!" he yelled, and Alexa began to pull. What was he doing, she wondered. And why was he acting so nervous? He was never normally like this when they were around the house, on the bus, or even when they happened to run into each other on their own nights out. In any other situation, he would have normally been the first one to point out the flaws in her ideas, and even quicker to offer advice when those ideas went awry. For someone so small, he was certainly able to dish out some discipline when it was needed...so what was it that was bringing this out in him? A pair of hands slamming into her butt snapped her out of her thoughts, and she gave a small squeal of surprise. "James!" the squirrel girl exclaimed, "that hurt!" James stood a couple of steps behind Alexa, having taken a good run towards his stuck housemate, before throwing himself palms-first into her rear.

"I did tell you to brace yourself," he told her, before he noticed what looked like ten small pinpricks in her ill-fitting shorts. Evidently he had forgotten about his claws, and instantly retracted them again. Alexa growled slightly, but it did feel like it had helped. "Let's try it again..." she said begrudgingly, gripping the countertop one more time. "One more," James replied, before heading back to the other end of the garden, the squirrel shouting after him, "Give me some warning this time!" The skinny mongoose took up the competition running stance against the fence once more, rolling his eyes. That was just Alexa to him. "Okay, ready!" he yelled back at her, before a brief lifting of her legs gave him what he presumed was the green light. "Brace!" he shouted, as he began his full-speed charge towards his big housemate's backside. "PULL!" was the final command, and Alexa did so, James leaping into the air at the same time, arms outstretched in front of him, palm-first, preparing to meet their target.

The mongoose's hands did indeed find their mark, mashing into the squirrel's rump just as intended, and this final assault was enough to finally get all of that ass through the window, as Alexa lurched herself forward with a jolt. James, however, rather than simply bouncing off like the first time, went straight through the window after her, his own rocket-like momentum sending his hands shooting up into the air, and carrying him headfirst into the plushness of Alexa's behind. "Ow!" she yelled, being shunted a little further, before her previously troublesome breasts slipped from the countertop, her belly starting to edge over, physics now

coming into play. As James recovered from a second, much softer collision involving his head, he noticed his companion slowly sliding forwards, her plump thighs being lifted up on either side of him, her equally weighty upper half dragging her from the countertop towards the floor. "...James...?" she asked, arching her back in an effort to heep herself on the countertop. Thinking quickly, he grabbed onto the waistband of her maroon shorts, and placed his feet against the wall outside, using as much of his remaining strength as he could find to keep her from slipping. "I've got you, Alexa...!" he said through gritted teeth, as he could feel himself somehow managing to pull her back up. Suddenly, he shot away from the window, landing on his back, expecting the heavy \*thump\* of his housemate on top of him.....but it didn't come. "Alexa?" he asked, sitting up and glancing back towards the window, which appeared to now be stuck open, just in time to see her lower legs falling out of sight, accompanied by a loud thud, a groaned yelp, and a few clinks of disturbed glasses. Looking down at what he had in his hands, the mongoose realised why Alexa had simply fallen through the window. He was holding both Alexa's maroon work shorts, along with her violet panties, both of which he had obviously stripped the squirrel girl of. "Oh, crap..."

The front door slammed shut as James ran inside, still clutching his companion's attire with both hands. "Alexa," he said as he ran into the kitchen to check if she was okay, "I'm really so-WOAH..." Words completely failed him as his mouth fell wide open, his eyes nearly popped out of his head, and his brain attempted to register what was happening.

Alexa, his housemate, was standing in front of him. All six-foot-three of her incredibly heavy, voluptuous frame.

And she was completely naked.

The squirrel girl's eyes widened as he appeared in the doorway, her legs crossing as best she could manage, but the size of her thighs simply wouldn't allow it. Her arms immediately wrapped themselves around her bosom to maintain a modicum of modesty, but at the same time squashing them heartily together, creating a ridiculous cleavage that James quickly became lost in. The truth was, though, he was lost in all of her. Her thick legs, her ridiculous backside, her absurd hips, her round tummy, her chubby arms, her incredible breasts, and her cute, round face. When his eyes finally met hers, he saw that her muzzle was a deep, deep crimson hue, and she noticed his own cheeks flushing a similar shade. Glancing down a little, however, Alexa let out a loud shriek, and recoiled against the kitchen cabinet a little. The mongoose looked downwards, and his previously scarlet face drained to a deathly white, a horrified look falling across it, as he realised there was an painfully obvious swelling in his jeans, right between his legs. He had no time to process it, though, as he glanced back up just in time to notice the big squirrel girl running straight at him. Had the mongoose not leapt to one side and flattened himself against the door frame, he may very well have been run down. "Alexa, wait!" he yelled after her, as she ran through the door, down the hallway, and into her bedroom, the door slamming shut behind her. James cursed himself under his breath, as he climbed up towards the window and yanked it shut. He hopped back onto the floor, ran a hand through his hair, and sighed heavily, before trudging into his own bedroom, and slowly closing the door behind him.

THAT was going to be a tricky one to explain.