

Soft Served

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A Commission for Garuda

Reese belongs to Garuda

May belongs to her owner

May has decided she's ready to show off the results of her capacity training, and what better place to do it than at a soft serve machine? Reese has promised to make sure her indulgence goes uninterrupted, but can he really keep his hands off his bloating bunny long enough?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Bunny, a Male Fox, a Public Setting, Ice Cream Stuffing, Belly Bloating, Teasing, Oral Sex, Masturbation

A din of metal spatulas and utensils echoed from the kitchen and filled the quaint restaurant, resonating between empty tables and clear windows. Soft radio music filled the breaks in the chorus of cleaning, mixing with the soft hum of the air conditioner in a tranquil ambiance. Fluorescent lights dissolved the early evening shadows and poured onto the sidewalk beyond, inviting passerbys in for a snack and break. Despite the warm welcome, most walking by kept to themselves and stayed their course. The scent and call of greasy food failed to sway them from their path, and for a lengthy while, it seemed the building would remain vacant for the rest of the night. The sharp ring of a digital bell spared it from that lonely fate, however, announcing the arrival of a bunny and fox. May waddled into the den of calories and wobbled with every step, threatening to escape her tight clothing with each sway of her wide hips. Reese followed in her wake, cheeks tinted with arousal, and looked around. The bunny's gaze locked on an ice cream machine near the counter, and the pair shared a conspiratorial nod.

The pair sauntered to the counter and took their places. Reese stood before the register and skimmed the menu with artificial indecision, keeping an eye out for unwanted interruptions. He gave the go-ahead to May once the coast was clear, and her eyes glittered with anticipation as she made her move. Soft, sticky sounds followed in her footsteps as she approached the soda machine, then continued as she passed it by in favor of its frigid brother. The bunny bounced her paws on the tray rails in front of the ice-cream machine, testing their strength, and once satisfied climbed onto them. The faint groans of straining metal briefly joined the soft radio as she hauled herself up, a surprisingly difficult feat of strength and flexibility. Her soft belly pressed and squished into its rounded edge and fought her at every step, though it couldn't keep her from her perch for long. Her waistband dug into her love handles and slipped down the curve of her ass as she reached up, and a strained sigh poured from her muzzle when she found her handhold. May hauled herself up and set her stance wide, spreading her legs in a wide split until her soft thighs squished against the rails. She playfully tapped her chin and hummed while she eyed the trio of nozzles and made her selection, then turned to Reese and shot him a wink. His slight blush and subtle tent made it clear she held every bit of his attention, which she readily exploited with a wiggle of her hips. The fox glanced away as the heat in his cheeks kindled, then reconfirmed their privacy and gestured for May to continue.

A broad grin stretched across May's muzzle before she wrapped her lips around the chilled spout, and a shiver of anticipation ran down her back as she blindly reached for its lever. Her tail wagged with delight as she pulled it down and jammed it in place, unleashing a slow, steady column of chilled vanilla. A rich rush of flavor spilled across her tongue and puffed out her cheeks, coaxing out a muffled moan of delight from deep within her chest. A visible lump traveled down her throat with an audible gulp, drawing Reese's attention once again and sparking his arousal. May paid him little mind and remained focused on her gluttonous goal however, guzzling down more and more soft serve and adding to the growing weight in her middle. The soft rolls of her belly gently swayed while she adjusted and maintained her balance, compensating for her building, frigid mass. Her fur bristled as the treat's chill suffused her form and spiked her nerves, though her generous padding spared her the worst of it. Still, her persistent stuffing took a slow toll on her endurance.

Her thighs trembled with sustained exertion as her belly peeked from her tightening shirt, spreading over the cool bars and compressing her bloating stomach. Fortunately, her efforts came with a delightful side effect.

A sly smile graced the corners of her mouth when she glanced to Reese and caught him staring. A mischievous spark twinkled in her eye, and she took advantage of the moment. May's gluttonous pace briefly slowed as she reached back and tugged at her stretched waistband, guiding it over the curve of her ass and revealing a sliver of plush fluff. She hiked her hips and wiggled her tail, wobbling her globes and inching her shorts down a little more with every bounce. A visible heat kindled in her cheeks as her stance widened further yet, and a jolt of bliss jumped up her spine when her sex kissed the bar through her shorts. Her underwear strained to cover the soft expanse as she chased the spark again and gain, spurring her to thumb its waistband and snap it to her curves. Reese's tail fluttered with lustful interest as the tent in his pants throbbed, betraying his lapse in attention. May pulled her lips away from the nozzle just long enough to bat her eyelashes and bite her lip at him, then teasingly slid her panties completely down. One of her hands drifted between her thighs and spread her exposed lips, while the other found its way back to the lever and resumed the flow of dessert. She moaned into the vanilla pillar and traced a fingertip around her entrance, inviting Reese to abandon his post and enjoy the pinnacle of her gluttony with her.

Once he realized he wasn't day dreaming, Reese did exactly that.

A shiver of anticipation raced down May's spine as he rushed to grab her hips, and she let out a muffled squeal when he playfully smacked her rear. The fox sank his blunt claws deep into her love handles and squeezed tight, measuring and indulging every extra inch on her figure. The corners of his mouth turned up in a lecherous grin while he squeezed and kneaded, guiding his attention tantalizingly close to her swelling belly. The bunny shivered under his touch and renewed her gluttonous efforts, intent on adding even more to her generous flab. Soft and lewd slurping and sucking sounded from the machine as she glugged herself, more determined than ever to reach her gluttonous goal. Her stomach firmed between Reese's fingers and battled with her thighs for space, lifting her rear higher into the fox's chest. A shudder ran through her curves as she ground against his shirt, torn between arousal and gluttony. Her boyfriend took the gesture as an invitation, which he eagerly accepted. May let out a muffled moan as he buried his muzzle beneath her tail, driving his tongue over her quivering lips and pulsing clit. The bunny nearly slipped from her perch under the rush of pleasure, though she recovered just as he found his rhythm. Her thighs trembled as the sounds of his feasting joined hers, and she gripped the dispenser with white knuckles as the last of the vanilla soft serve dribbled into her maw. She slurped those last, sweet drops down with an unabashed moan, then shuffled to the second flavor and continued her feast.

Reese's fingers traced furrows over her soft thighs and spiraled inward, teasing her growing rolls until he reached their center. He spread her sex with his thumbs and rubbed her folds while his tongue lapped away, coaxing out a chorus of muffled moans. May

wiggled and jiggled under his relentless teasing, torn between her gluttonous challenge and chasing his pleasure to climax. The bunny's ears perked when an idea dawned on her, and she slid her free paw down to make it so. She lifted the hem of her shirt and let her bloated belly swing free, then indulged for a moment and indulged its growing expanse. The chilled contents of her feast radiated to her pelt and kept it delightfully cool, soothing her growing stretch marks. Her tail puffed as she slipped a thumb into her belly button, pressing through the surrounding rolls to its sensitive end. Her legs trembled with unrestrained glee while she teetered on the edge of popping it out, though she resisted the temptation of doing it herself. Instead, she resealed her lips around the endless dessert, then caved her cheeks in and sucked the treats from the machine. A subtle whine filled the room as its pumps struggled to keep pace with her vigor, slipping over gears and belts to match her need. May gulped the dessert as quickly as it came, pushing herself closer and closer to her limits. Reese wasted no time teasing and lavishing her rolls as they tightened, squeezing and groping his way up to her chest.

The bunny let out a muffled groan of delight as he teased the peaks of her breasts, chipping away at her endurance and compromising her rhythm. The sweet flow ended before she spilled it over herself however, and she released her gluttonous grip on the machine to face Reese. A heated blush and a mirthful grin spread across her cheeks when she found him addressing his own lusts.

"You suck at looking out," she huffed and moaned. "But with a view like this," May bounced her hips for emphasis, "I guess I can't blame you."

Reese nudged her clit with the tip of his tongue and stole her breath in retaliation. "You called me over here," he grinned. "But yeah, it was gonna be hard to keep away." He slipped his arms over her thighs and reached down for her over-stuffed gut, then bounced it in his palms. "Ready to call it quits, bouncy bun?"

"Hardly," May shuddered. "I've still got a whole 'nother flavor left."

"Think you can handle it?"

"You know who you're talking to right?" the bunny patted and sloshed her firm middle. "I don't think my clothes are gonna be able to keep up though."

"You say that like they haven't already given up."

May snickered and waggled her hips. "Then there's nothing wrong with outgrowing them~"

Reese's cheeks ignited.

The mischievous bunny took that as a positive sign and turned her attention back to the ice cream machine. Her stomach gurgled and groaned in worried anticipation as she

reached up and jammed the chocolate handle, then helped herself to the last of the machine's reserves. The rich rush of flavor renewed her appetite, granting a second wind that countered her rising nausea. She wrapped her lips around the frozen spout and guzzled with all the vigor she could muster, forcing more and more calories into her overworked middle. Gastric groans of protest echoed through the otherwise quiet restaurant, though Reese's sympathetic grunts of bliss soon overshadowed them. He rubbed and massaged her belly with one hand, offering his encouragement in the final stretch, while the other tended to his own needs. Reese's blunted claws traced blissful paths across her tight hide, following the her stretch marks as they formed. Even through her flab, the slightest tap to her rolls resonated like a drum, carrying his rapturous beat and driving her closer to release. Her toes curled and she stifled a whine as he rhythmically squeezed, sending a pulsing pressure through her figure that stole her breath away. The mixed scents of their combined lust filtered through the air as he spurred her on, May by bouncing on his face and Reese by shamelessly eating her out. spurts of pre mixed into the pool of melted ice cream spreading across the floor, and their decency and modesty diminished as a shared climax approached.

The bunny's muscles tensed and trembled as her navel popped out, sparking her with an abrupt burst of bliss that sent her over the edge. The last of the chilled dessert filled her muzzle as she rode out her climax, kneading and rubbing her belly while she basked in its fluttering bliss. Her balance wavered in that instant, and she hardly noticed herself slipping from the rails. Muzzle deep in his girlfriend, Reese didn't notice his half-ton bun falling until it was far too late. He opened his eyes just as her rear to eclipse his vision, and her momentum slammed them to the floor. A foundation-shaking thump rattled the restaurant's foundation and echoed in her bloated belly, and Reese painted her thighs with his lust and descended into an orgasmic haze. May wiggled her hips and indulged him, until a shadow crept over them and stopped her cold. Reese struggled and eventually freed himself from the smothering globes of her ass, only to fall under the withering gaze of the manager.

A tense moment hung in the air, until the tent in the cat's pants grew enough to show through his apron. His cheeks flushed with heat and undercut his authority, though he didn't falter completely.

"Help me clean this up, and we'll call it even."