

A Filling Day

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A Commission for ShantyShack

A fox's private love life spills over into the public sphere after he forgets to take off a portal-based toy in the morning. Over the course of the day, he learns exactly how productive his ursine partner is.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Male Fox, a Male Bear, Portal Toys, M/M Anal Sex, Cum Inflation, MPreg, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Borderline Mobility

The sharp chirp of an alarm cut through the darkened bedroom, subjecting its occupants to a sonic attack. The fox sleepily grabbed his pillow and squished his ears to his head, while his ursine boyfriend rolled over and brought a fist down on their nightstand. A lamp rattled with the impact and the clock bounced across the table, continuing its assault just out of smashing range. A few more fruitless pounds thumped through the room, until with a deep grumble, the bear rolled onto his side and mashed the snooze button. Peaceful silence returned to the bedroom, but it would only last an instant. The fox's eyes snapped open with unfortunate realization, and adrenaline lanced through his system. The bear lazily stirred as his vulpine partner threw the covers back with frenzied strength, uncovering both of them to the chill of the morning. Still, the pudgy ursine had little trouble returning to the embrace of sleep, physically or mentally. The dull hiss of the shower from the neighboring bathroom did nothing to part him from his dreams, nor did the scrabbling of his partner as he gathered his workday clothes. He did however crack a grin when the fox kissed him goodbye and promise to make the morning disturbance up to him later.

The fox closed the bedroom door in his wake, and his rushed routine carried him to the kitchen. He snatched a modest breakfast from the fridge and fetched his coat from the closet, then tossed it over his shoulders and wiggled his arms into its sleeves. Even hastily put together, the fox retained his charisma. He paused for a moment at their hallway mirror, struck a pose and took stock of himself, then left their house. He carefully opened the front door and brought it to a quiet close behind him, then dashed to his car and took his place in the driver seat. The vulpine let out an involuntary wince and moan when his weight settled, and his muzzle blazed with realization. His tail frizzed and swayed as memories of the night before flooded back, first and foremost his intimate activities with his bear. The ursine was unfortunately too large for him to take, though they had found a workaround that would solve the problem in the short term and remove it in the long term. A pair of portal belts with built in scaling allowed the fox to train and practice with his partner, eliminating the worst of their bedroom woes. The technology was a marvel of science and triumph of engineering, all of which was overshadowed by his simple mistake. In the interest of speeding his progress, the fox left the belts on overnight, and in his morning haste forgot to remove them.

The stuffed vulpine let out a waving sigh and forced his muscles to relax, and the smoldering strain of a sudden stretch dissipated. He glanced at his car's clock and considered rectifying his mistake, but decided against it. Showing up late again could very well cost him his job, and finding another simply wasn't worth the trouble. Plus, a distinctly kinky part of him enjoyed the idea of grinding on his mate all day. The fox took in a deep breath and wiggled his hips, which both settled the bear comfortably in his depths and teased his sensitive walls. His own cock stirred with the stimulation, though he drew upon his restraint before his arousal fully bloomed. The vulpine practiced his self control as he reversed from his driveway and pulled onto the street, and for the first time in months, he genuinely looked forward to going to work. In the grand scheme of things, his drive to the office was uneventful. The traffic was expected, and he had only minor luck with lights. The fox did however learn the location of every bump and pothole along his commute. Every bounce and jostle reminded him of the surprise beneath his tail, teasing and edging him

closer to finishing for the day. The fox bit his lip and seized his libido to spare himself from embarrassment, though only partially succeeded. A small patch of pre soaked through his underwear and darkened the front of his pants. The garment's dark color hid most of it however, allowing him to slip through the office and into his desk.

The fox plopped down into his seat and stifled a moan into his fist. A subtle blush tinted his cheeks and a grin spread across his muzzle as he wiggled his hips, indulging in a joy only he was privy to. His breath caught in his throat when his partner responded, and he pulled his chair close to his desk. The fox went through the motions of starting his day, booting his computer and eating his breakfast, though it was little more than empty gestures. His focus fixated entirely on the warm, growing spire under his tail and its rhythmic throbbing. The vulpine rolled his hips as deeply and slowly as he could, grinding that length against his inner walls. A fluid warmth accumulated in his core as he teased his sleeping bear closer and closer to release, subtly swelling his soft paunch. The buttons of his shirt dug into the gentle swell with gradually increasing pressure, spurring him to bring his hands to it. The fox glanced from side to side to ensure no prying eyes fell upon him, then wrapped his tail around his waist and massaged his belly. His own ministrations stoked his arousal to its full length and he struggled to maintain the subtly such an environment demanded. The fox rolled his head back and lost himself in the moment for just an instant, until a familiar, intimate pulsing drew him from his trance.

The fox grabbed the bottom roll of his belly and relished the sensation of it filling his lap, and he teetered on the edge of his own release. He clenched his jaw and thought of burying his teeth in ice cream, and the fire in his core dwindled. A sigh of relief tumbled from his muzzle with the near miss, and he slumped into his seat as tension drained from his posture. A buzz from his phone spiked him with a lance of panic. A paw to his chest and a deep breath brought him back, and a grin spread across his muzzle when he saw who it was.

"Hey hun," the bear texted. "You uhh... remembered to take off the belt before you went to work this morning, right?"

The fox flexed his inner muscles and wiggled his hips, earning a throb from his partner. "Does that answer your question?" He kept up the intimate massage while the ursine typed, delaying his reply a little more with each clench.

"It does, and I hope you realize how sore we'll be if you keep this up all day. Would it be possible to go into a bathroom and take the belt off?"

"I could, but there's a bit more to the issue now. I forgot how productive you are in the mornings, and without a plug, I'll leak all over the place." The fox's grin broadened when another shot of lust filled his middle.

"You're gonna make this problem even more problematic if you keep talking like that hun. *huff* Is there any chance you can send a picture? You know, so I know what we're dealing

with?"

The fox glanced about, and once sure no one was about to walk up on him, pushed away from his desk. Tufts of orange fur poked through the button-up front of his shirt, taking advantage of the growing gaps. He made sure to capture that detail as he took a picture with his phone, then sent it off to his lover without delay. "You horn dog~" Another needy throb confirmed the picture's arrival.

"Gods hun, you're not gonna be able to fit at your desk by the end of the day! Are you able to come home for lunch? We could get the belt off and get you cleaned up then."

"Bold of you to assume I want to stop this~ Maybe I want all my coworkers to know I'm your cum balloon." Another heavy throb and rush of warmth. "Besides, at this rate I won't need lunch at all."

"You're not gonna be able to hide it if you keep teasing me like this~ But seriously hun, be careful. I don't want you hurting yourself or getting caught."

"I will darling. You don't have to worry about me. I'll take an early leave if things start getting too dicey."

"Good. *Smooches* Keep me posted, and let me know if I need to bring the van ;3"

The fox's smile broadened further with that reply, and his paw drifted to his middle as he put his phone away. His own arousal stirred as he lifted and dropped his growing belly in his lap, relishing the fluid warmth within. The vulpine shut his eyes and focused on the fullness under his tail, then ran through his routine of muscular exercises. He clenched his inner walls and flexed his passage around the growing intrusion, coaxing it closer and closer to a proper orgasm. It's throbbing accelerated and a steady river of lust flowed into his system, which in turn pressed it against the fox's most sensitive regions. His own cock escaped its sheath in the shadow of his belly and pulsed in sympathy, spurring him to grind his hips harder. A gasp tumbled from his muzzle when he rolled his prostate across his bear's length, a motion he repeated again and again. The scent of his need threatened to fill the office as he tended to their needs, though his partner came and cut his ministrations short. The vulpine covered his muzzle and put his head on his desk, muffling the moans and groans that came with his partner's climax. He redoubled his efforts as an intimate heat bloomed in his core, suffusing him with the unmistakable rush of matronly hormones.

The curve of the fox's belly tightened and grew beneath his desk, swelling with the seeds of what would surely become a large litter. His shirt pulled tight against his frame and struggled to keep up with his shifting anatomy, riding up the arc of his dome. He had the forethought to reach down and unfasten buttons before they shot away, sparing him of unwanted attention. He reached farther and did the same with his belt, buying a few seconds of relief until his hips began to spread. The fox clenched his inner muscles and maintained his grip on his partner as he filled and overfilled his seat, spilling over its edges

with an increasingly bottom heavy figure. The waistband of his pants dropped down the curve of his ass as muscles and fat alike accumulated, granting the strength to support his frame and a counterweight to keep his balance. His expansion tapered off as the armrests of his seat bent out, though that did not mark the end of his transformation. The fox stifled another groan as his chest flared with sensitivity, making him acutely aware of the threads in his shirt. He rested an arm across the top of his belly as his breasts developed, filling with more than enough milk for his impending litter. Damp patches formed on his front as he leaked through, rendering his condition that much more obvious. His presence of mind returned as his body eventually settled, and before anything else, he drew a curtain across the entrance of his cubicle.

Another buzz from his phone drew him back to reality, and a pleasure-drunk smile spread across his face.

"Hun, did I just feel a kick?"

"Yeah, probably~ You hit your mark good."

"Any chance I can convince you to send me another picture?"

"We'll see~ Maybe I can be swayed if you keep bloating me bigger."

"Don't have to tell me twice *huff* Just let me know if things start getting uncomfortable."

"Can do~"

The fox stowed his phone and returned to his work, though his thoughts never fully left his middle. One of his paws stayed on its curve constantly, gently raking through his fur and tracing over stretch marks as they formed. Each sensitive line sent a burst of pleasure across his nerves, which rippled through his muscles and fed back into his lover. They served and returned bolts of bliss all through the morning, filling the fox fuller and fuller at a lazy pace. The occasional pops of fabric snapped through the office as his hips continued to widen with pregnancy, instilling him with the perverse fear and delight of going home bottomless. The fox reached under the globe of his middle and fully unzipped his pants, granting his middle the space to drop a few relieving inches. The released pressure gave him the mental space to respond to a couple high priority emails, though his productive drive ended shortly after. The life growing in his belly bloomed into a constant distraction, teasing both him and his partner with intermittent flutters. Between that and his other sources of stimulation, the fox struggled to maintain his focus. He fought the temptation to simply address his lusts at his desk, an option that became more appealing by the moment. He found renewed restraint when one of his coworkers stopped by with an invitation for lunch, however.

The fox strategically curled his tail and concealed his rounded belly, then turned to face his coworker. He only just hid his blush long enough to turn the invitation down, citing the

truth that he had quite a bit of work to catch up on. The canine looked crestfallen, but didn't press the issue and went on his way. The vulpine let out a sigh of relief, then began his working lunch. The clicks and clacks of his keyboard filled the small space as he tore into his in-box, slinging information to clients and coworkers alike. All the while he kept his hips rolling, wiggling and wagging to bring his bear to another climax. Despite his earlier performances, the bear delivered with flying colors, bloating the fox with another blast of virility. The rounded curve of his middle softened with the tide of his partner's carnal prowess, burying his bump under a fluid paunch that only kept growing. It spread his thighs apart with its weight and squished around his own needy member, whittling away his endurance from both ends. He stifled a belch into his fist as the thick fluid bubbled up into his stomach, filling him with one of his favorite meals. One of his hands stroked the upper curve of his middle while the other massaged the lower, relishing his swelling curves. There was no hiding what his bear had done to him by that point, and the realization sent an electric thrill through him. A buzz from his phone tugged at his attention as the ursine checked up on him, but it went unheeded. Instead, the fox rolled and clenched his hips with renewed vigor, drunk on lust and hedonism.

Fortunately for the indulgent vulpine, the office slowed down considerably after lunch. The majority of his colleagues clocked out afterward in favor of starting their weekend early, but the fox had already granted himself that luxury. Only the hardest working of the crew returned to their afternoon stations, a detail that worked in favor of the fox. In the back of his mind, he thanked his lucky stars for the prevalence of noise-canceling headphones, which offset his deteriorating self-control. The fox huffed and panted without shame as he rolled and ground his hips, his work for the day entirely forgotten. His phone vibrated with intermittent check-ups from his partner, though they went largely ignored. The vulpine's single-minded focus set on swelling himself as large as possible, testing and pushing the limits of his body. To that end he spilled from his clothing. His sloshing muffin top overflowed from his stretched pants, and his thickening thighs tore open increasingly large holes. He burst free from his shirt shortly after his "lunch," scattering buttons across his cubicle and opening the dam of his chest. Trickle of milk flowed between the hills and valleys of his figure, saturating his pelt with his ivory bounty. The tight curve of his gravid belly sank into the softer swells above and below it, nestling neatly into his plush front.

The rest of the day passed swiftly under the trance of his hedonistic lust, and by the time he realized he was free to go home, it was a half hour passed quitting time. The fox's belly had pushed him far from his desk over the course of the day, far beyond the point of subtlety. Its fluid weight tugged him forward and tested his balance as he stood from his chair, which let loose a groan of relief. The fox's cum-bloated middle sloshed passed his knees and impeded his every step, slowing his pace to a crawl. His persistence proved equally detrimental and helpful, massaging his partner to further climax while carrying the fox to the building's exit. He paused to gather himself at the edge of the parking lot, steeling his nerve and gathering his reserves of energy. A laborious step carried him from the walkway, creating the momentum to keep him moving. The fox dared not stop until he reached his car, where new but expected problem presented itself. The vehicle pitched when he planted his hand on its roof, and he considered his options as he pulled the door

open. The fox moved his seat back as far as he could and crammed himself inside, only just finding the space to close the door behind him. He shuffled his rolls and settled himself enough to reach the wheel, then started it up and made his way home.

The sounds of a straining suspension system announced the fox's arrival a few seconds before the rumble of the engine. He only just cleared the low curb at the foot of his driveway, though the fox managed to pull in without incident. The bear opened the front door to greet him, only to be left standing there for a few minutes. Worry crossed the ursine's face while he waited for the fox to step out of the car, and just as he made his decision to help, the sloshing vulpine emerged. His belly spilled out of the vehicle and pulled the rest of him free with it, sending him into a stumble until his hips wedged between the seat and steering wheel. A labored wiggle freed him completely, and he staggered into the open. One of his hands rushed to the firm swell of his belly while the other planted itself on his ass, granting him the stability and balance to waddle forth. The bear watched the display, stunned and slack-jawed by their combined efforts. He only woke from his stupor when his partner reached the door step and pressed his cum-bloated belly against him.

A lengthy moment passed before the bear realized he was blocking the way in, and he stepped aside. The pair blushed in unison as the fox struggled to navigate the doorway. The bloated vulpine twisted and turned and flowed and churned, searching for the best angle, until he just shrugged his shoulders and tried to power through. The sight of his rolls squishing and sloshing around the frame sent the bear over the edge once more, flooding the fox with a wave of cum that dwarfed the others. His entire body gurgled and filled, both lurching him into the house and knocking him off balance. The foundation of their home shook with his landing, and he surfed atop the waves rippling through his form. The fox's belly groaned and wobbled as his liquid meal sloshed, stimulating every inch of his bloated body. The fox came as well, which in turn prolonged the ursine's release. Eventually the pair calmed down and caught their breath, and they shared a conspiratorial grin.

"We might want to finally get that belt off you," the bear suggested.

"Lets see how the rest of the weekend goes first~"