

BIG AND SMALL



Vic Waite

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Big and Small
-=*Pudding of the Month*=-
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A Collaboration with SmallerGod
Jenny Belongs to SmallerGod
Vic Belongs to Vic Waite

A tale of tasty transformation! Jenny and Vic receive another pudding of the month, which Jenny eagerly claims. It takes a moment to kick in, but once it does, her stature shrinks and her figure fattens. She becomes a perfectly sized play toy for her gluttonous lover.

Content Warning: This Short Story is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Collaboration, [Vic], [Jenny], (Smallergod), Adult, Short Story, Female, Mouse, Cowsune, Teasing, Belly Play, Weight Gain, Shrinking, Size Difference, Immobile, Blob, Fingering, F/F, Oral Sex, Maw Play, Vore, Oral Vore,{Pudding of the Month} Bovine

The Pudding Arrives

The low buzz of an electric mixer filled the air, mixed with the gentle humming of the cowsune behind it. The hybrid swayed her broad hips to the beat of that soft song, keeping a rhythm that wobbled across her frame. Her substantial belly bounced in time, testing the strength of her apron strings. The weight of hybrid's bountiful chest further strained its limits, though despite the trial, the garment held. It even concealed the thin spatters of milk that leapt from the jug and dripped down from her chest. A grin spread across her broad muzzle as she reached her favorite verse, spurring her to shut her eyes and lose herself to the moment of mixing and creation.

Vic's mind might have drifted to places unknown in that instant, but her lover's remained perfectly rooted in reality. Fixated on those wide vulpine hips, Jenny could think of few other places she'd rather be. The mouse reclined in her reading nook a few feet away, nestled into a window sill and bathed in natural light. The pages of an ancient tome crinkled between her fingers while she carefully leafed through it, perusing the wisdom of those who came long before. It was unfortunate, or perhaps fortunate, that the movements of her wife proved far more appealing. A faint warmth tinged her cheeks while she watched the bountiful cowsune dance, paying particular attention to her wobbling curves.

In a stray, sympathetic thought, her free paw drifted to her own belly.

While Vic was larger of the two, that margin had recently closed, and Jenny's heart fluttered with the memory of that event. The mouse's fingers traced over a shelf of flab that had only recently been a fold, and the freshest padding of her thighs squished

together with a rekindling of her desire. The tip of her tail flicked across the floor with a growing restlessness, and her fingers unconsciously dug into her plush apron. Vic remained oblivious to that subtle exploration, until a low groan tumbled from her lover's muzzle. It was a soft sound, one not likely to disturb the ears of many, but the cowsune was distinctly attuned to such utterances. She looked up from her work with a knowing grin, then locked eyes with Jenny and waggled her eyebrow.

"I see you haven't tired of my handiwork yet," she teased.

Jenny flushed brighter, but shot back. "Not yet, at least. You've given me so much that I haven't had a chance to feel it all yet."

Vic gave a somewhat vulpine purr. "You know I'm always happy to help with that. Kneading dough is a specialty of mine."

The mouse acknowledged that point with a chuckle and shook her head. "How is it I still ended up being that one that changed after you had last month's pudding?"

The cowsune bent over the counter and folded her arms, offering a deep view of her cleavage in the process. "I must be losing my touch if you've already forgotten," Vic teased, her voice low and sultry. "Would you like me to give you a refresher here on the counter?"

Jenny's cheeks blazed deep and her words stumbled as stammers. Before she recovered enough to reclaim her language however, a knock sounded at the door. It echoed from the back, the home portion of their live-in shop, and a shared silence followed. That pause lingered in the air for just an instant, until both rushed to check it out. Jenny found small difficulty in climbing down from her nook, an effort mirrored in Vic's struggle to squeeze through the gap in the counter. Jenny reached the door just ahead of her partner.

She wasted no time in throwing it open, and both marveled at the sight.

Ultimately, the package itself was unimpressive. It was a small cardboard box, marked only by the pair's address and the postage to get there. Their shared excitement leapt at what it contained, and Vic dug into the package before it reached their table. The sounds of tearing and shredding filled the air, and scraps of paper and cardboard alike fluttered to the floor. When the cowsune finished, a single cup of pudding and a note sat before them. Vic cocked her head at the curious hues and swirls of the treat, and Jenny took the initiative to read the letter.

"Big things sometimes come in small packages, and the smallest surprises can pack the biggest punch."

Another beat hanged in the air.

"What do you think it means," Vic openly wondered.

"It's probably about the pudding's flavor, but that doesn't mean much itself."

"It's colorful at least. Maybe some kind of fruit or berry flavor?"

A grin cracked Jenny's snout. "I'd rather just taste it than talk about it then."

Vic nodded and shrugged. "I'll let you have the honors then. I had the last one."

"Bold of you to think letting you have it crossed my mind at all."

Vic gave a playful shout and laugh, but the moment to dispute the point, even mirthfully, had already passed.

Jenny Takes the Pudding

With a quickness that sent her arm jiggling, Jenny snatched the pudding cup from the table and ripped its top free. Vic could only offer a look of shock as she upended the container over her open mouth, but grinned broadly as it slowly slid free. Sheepishness crossed the mouse's eyes while both waited for that treat to finally drop, a few seconds that felt like minutes, though the cowsune was content to let her partner have that one. It finally slipped free with a soft pop, a sound echoed by a wet splat when it landed on her tongue. A moan of approval resonated in Jenny's chest with its flavor, and she wasted no time reeling it into her mouth. The mouse stretched to bring the sagging cylinder under her lip, and her cheeks bulged with its volume when she finally closed her mouth.

"Well, how does it taste?"

In the moment the mouse couldn't answer that question, partially because her mouth was full, and partially due to the fact she wasn't sure. The pudding carried a creamy flavor, one that formed the base of its profile. Notes of berries and fresh herbs danced with it, though Jenny failed to pick out exactly which ones. Her brow furrowed in concentration while she struggled with that puzzle, perplexed by that unusually difficult question. Her stomach soon rumbled with dismay at the delay to its snack, spurring the stumped mouse to simply shrug. Vic let out a melodic laugh with that, and Jenny softly snickered as well. The mouse's belly won its argument when she finally swallowed, sending the slick treat down her throat in a single gulp. Vic marveled at its bulge as it glided down her partner's chest, then gave a sound of approval when it finally vanished.

"It was kind of creamy with some berries mixed in, I think," Jenny finally answered. "A lot of other weird notes though. I wish they sent

more so we could have figured it out.”

Vic stepped to Jenny’s side and placed a paw on her plush belly. “I would have liked that too, but I’m happy to take your word for it. Plus, watching you eat it makes up for it.”

Jenny opened her mouth to say something, only to be interrupted by a belch.

Vic laughed. “Lets go relax while we wait for it to take effect.”

Jenny did not need to be convinced. Hugged side to side, the pair waddled for their living room, only parting when doorways forced them to. When they reached their couch, a sturdy piece of furniture worn well beyond its young age, Vic sat down first. Her fattened hips nearly spanned it on their own, and once her thighs squished out under her weight, there were only a few fractional inches between herself and the arm rests. Fortunately, Jenny didn’t need to squeeze into their impossible gap. She took her seat in the cowsune’s lap, nestling in atop her thick thighs and laying back against a plush belly. She scooted back into that warm flab for a little extra space, and once settled, Vic wrapped her arms around her plush mouse. The TV flickered on with a command from the remote, and the pair surfed until they found something worth their idle attention.

For better or worse, it wasn’t long before the pudding’s effects kicked in. The change was subtle at first, a slow, generous filling of Jenny’s figure, and Vic was the first to notice it. Her exploring hands stopped with sudden interest, which she indulged with a few gropes. Another confirmed her suspicions, and she roamed the rest of Jenny’s figure to confirm her findings. Naturally, the cowsune began with her belly. A deep, two-handed squeeze found just slightly more than she remembered, and that discovery coaxed a moan from Jenny. Those soft sounds of pleasure grew in number as the

cow's udder went. She wiggled her hips when Vic groped her love handles, and her breath caught in her throat when the cow's udder cupped her modest chest. Curiosity finally got the better of the mouse, spurring her to tap Vic's nose with the tip of her tail and offer a tease of her own.

"See something you like~?"

"You should know by now I'll always say yes," Vic grinned. "But yes, there is something special this time."

"Are you going to tell me or am I going to have to guess?"

"I'll give you a hint~"

Vic lifted and dropped Jenny's belly into her lap, filling the living room with a resounding plop. The mouse blushed with the gesture, but the hint clearly didn't land. When she turned to look to Vic, the cow's udder grabbed both of her love handles and jiggled. Jenny bounced and plumped in her lap with that, though her partner's point still wasn't clear. Only when she cupped the mouse's chest did she finally notice. Before that moment, Jenny sat at a very specific size, where her breasts neatly filled Vic's palms. When they overflowed from her lover's fingers, her weight gain became obvious. A heat kindled in her cheeks, and a soft moan resonated in her chest as Vic played with her newfound dough.

"You see it now, don't you?"

"Yesss," Jenny groaned.

"My sweet little bread loaf, I wonder just how much you'll rise~"

Whether intentional or not, that phrase stuck in Jenny's mind. Her gaze turned down, where she could watch her lover's hands at

work, and she kept a keen eye for any changes. Given the subtle nature of her growth, that proved more difficult than expected. The lazy creeping of her curves escaped the mouse's focused attention, still more felt than spotted. The slow tightening of her garments became a much more reliable indicator, though even then it wasn't obvious for a long while. Minutes passed before the first pop of a strained thread giving way rang out, and many more crept by until the second. The hem of Jenny's shirt crawled up her middle with a glacial pace, unveiling the fur of her belly a single hair at a time. The transformation's lethargy rubbed off on Jenny in the ensuing minutes, and her excitement dissipated in a soft sigh.

"If this is all there is, I want a do over," the mouse admitted. "It's a little underwhelming."

"Really? You haven't seemed to notice the other part of it yet. I think you should wait a few more minutes before you decide."

A grin spread across Jenny's muzzle. "If I didn't know better, I might think you know something about the pudding, Is there anything you'd like to share~?"

When Jenny turned to Vic for that answer, she got exactly that. The cowsune didn't speak a word however, instead grinned when the mouse peered into the lower curve of her cleavage. A puzzled look crossed her eyes while she processed the unexpected view, an angle several inches lower than what she remembered. Jenny put it together when she noted Vic's expression, and in that instant, she mirrored her partner's grin. The mouse had no problem being the slightly smaller of the pair, though a small part of her remained curious what it would be like if that difference was bigger. A light blush spread across her muzzle, and she reclined into Vic's warm curves, ready to explore that enduring fantasy.

The mouse wiggled her hips in delight when the first major change crept upon her. Like her weight gain, the process was slow,

though she notices instantly when the top of her head sank into the shadow of Vic's breasts. Those weighty mounds wasted no time squishing over her head, pinning Jenny's round ears down. The sounds of the outer world fell away with that, immersing her deeper in her lover's presence. Jenny heard and felt the slow rise and fall of Vic's chest, an easy rhythm backdropped by the faint beat of her heart. It filled her perception even more when the hybrid hugged her closer, spilling her plush chest over her eyes. That plush flab encroached her vision for just a moment before the room went dark, plunging Jenny deeper into Vic's experience.

The sounds of sloshing milk joined the song of Vic's body when she shifted her hips, drawing the mouse deeper yet into her warmth. The plush edges of the cowsune's belly squished around her sides as she lost width in addition to height, further emphasizing the difference in their scales. The thought of using her lover's plush belly as a bed rose to the front of Jenny's thoughts, kindling the blush in her muzzle higher. She reached back and groped the deepening ridges in Vic's middle, earning a sound of approval that resonated through her wobbling figure. Her stomachs echoed with a groan, a deep basey rumble that sent a shiver down her spine. That potent noise proved all the more powerful with her reduced scale, setting a number of fantasies into motion. The mouse's thighs squeezed together as her lust sparked, bringing another aspect of the pudding into focus.

Her climbing weight had not stopped with the onset of her shrinking.

The mouse failed to register that fact until her thighs closed much sooner than usual, fattened to a size that stole her breath away. Jenny's thighs were proportionally as thick as her hips once were, and her ass had swelled to figure-dominating sizes. The gains to her belly almost completely offset the losses of shrinking, leaving the huffing mouse to sink into her own figure. Those little details of her changes grew all more obvious by the passing second, some

impossible to ignore. Jenny's waning muscles lost the strength to move her legs, rooting her in place as Vic's belly button rose above her shoulders. Her tail seemed to retract between the cheeks of her rear, lost in the expanse that stubbornly filled Vic's lap. The curves of her breasts encroached on her vision while her muzzle dipped into her cleavage, but failed to block her view of her belly as it spilled forth. The relative weight of her arms grew too great to lift, completing her immobility and leaving her helpless in her lover's lap.

Jenny huffed and squeaked with arousal in her bloated state, but despite her inability to move, the pudding was not yet done with her. Perhaps due to simple timing, or some advanced magic on the treat's part, the mouse's shrinking accelerated once rendered immobile. She mentally braced herself while her perspective shifted, only able to close her eyes as the world shifted dramatically around her. A sensation of vertigo rushed through her head, disrupting her balance despite her stable base. Had she the freedom to, she would have teetered and wobbled with unease. Though she neglected to watch her lover rise and tower above her or observe their living room from an intimidating angle, she felt the air rush around her as her head dropped. Jenny's whiskers fluttered with momentum while she raced toward her final size, and her entire body jiggled when she arrived there.

A soft groan dripped from Jenny's muzzle. Through her closed eyes she sensed the room spinning, and she kept them shut until it finally stopped. Fortunately the vertigo lasted only a few seconds. When she looked out across the expanse of her body, a new perspective greeted her. The haze of distance touched the living room's opposite wall, tinting it with the blue of far-off backdrops. She hardly recognized the space from her lowered angle, though its major features remained obvious. The mouse noted the strangeness of sitting below the TV's mid line, and she couldn't help but feel how high the ceiling rose above her. Jenny felt as if she sat

within an airplane hangar or indoor stadium. The mixed sensations of that state gave way to awe when she craned her head back and looked up her lover, however.

While intimately familiar with the hills and valleys of Vic's form, regarding them as features of the landscape never felt more appropriate. The cowsune towered over Jenny as a plush, rolling mountain, complete with ridges and ledges to grasp. The thought of scaling her flashed briefly in her mind before the impossibility of the task ruled it out. Still, maybe she could explore Vic if she laid back and eliminated the harshest climbs. She opened her mouth and voiced that question, but no answer rang out in response. She furrowed her brow and tried again, and only then did the full ramifications of her size hit her. Perhaps only a few inches tall, her voice stood little chance of reaching Vic's ears. That realization kindled an unexpected heat in her snout, and it only grew while she struggled to think of a solution. Fortunately, the problem solved itself when Vic scooped her up from her lap.

Vic Plays with her New Toy

A surge of trust and lust ran through Jenny in that moment. Her thighs quivered as Vic cupped her fingers beneath them, and her breath caught in her throat when each half of her rear filled her palms. Every roll on her body wobbled and bounced with even the most careful motion, lending her that quality of the pudding she so eagerly swallowed. Jenny closed her eyes and braced as Vic lifted her up, though the gentle motion proved much more manageable than her descent. The dizziness of her climb never struck, and after some careful manipulating, the mouse opened her eyes to meet her lover's gaze. Once more her breath snagged in her chest. Perhaps it was the vast size difference between them, or the details revealed by her relative proximity, but the cowsune's face had never looked more beautiful.

Vic's eyes glittered with a mixture of admiration and mirth, exploring Jenny's reduced figure with matched interest. Her ears perked and tilted while they struggled to find the mouse's voice, a faint echo of its full-sized counter part. Still, they said all that was needed in silent conversation. A grin spread across Vic's muzzle and reveled a slice of her pearly whites, a clear sign of approval with the situation. Most of her fingers remained occupied supporting her fruit-sized partner, though her thumbs found the freedom to tease and massage. They started with Jenny's expansive belly, a double roll of blubber that threatened to spill over Vic's wrists, The cowsune carefully traced over her plush curves, sweeping over doughy love handles to explore the rounded slope of her front. With a bit of work, she slipped a blunted nail between the central folds of her flabby apron, sinking a few fractional inches into the mouse's belly button.

Though the sound of the resulting moan escaped Vic, its effects on Jenny's body did not. The cowsune watched her lover's head tip back in pleasure and felt that delighted sound reverberate through her body, spurring Vic to keep up the teasing. A gentle, subtle circular motion kindled the mouse's needs higher and higher, spreading desire throughout her wobbling form. The soft pads of Vic's thumbs glided up and down the slope of Jenny's middle, and once sufficiently teased, her other fingers joined in as well. Their range was much smaller, limited by supporting Jenny's generous bulk, but the areas they reached far offset that limitation. The cowsune's fingertips curled up and cupped the mouse's flabby rear, sinking into that plush, wobbling flab. It only took a few of her fingers to span the length of the mouse's backside, and she made sure no inch went unexplored. The longest of Vic's digits reached up to Jenny's back, where she kneaded and groped the rolls there as well.

It didn't take her long to reduce the mouse to a panting, huffing mess, and even though her voice couldn't reach her lover's ears, her body language came through loud and clear. She loved every second of that teasing, and she demanded more.

Fortunately for Jenny, Vic was of the same mind. An indulgent grin spread across the cowsune's comparatively vast muzzle, and the rhythm of her curious fingers starkly changed. Emboldened by Jenny's approval, the gentle exploration of her curves turned to a much deeper interest. A ginger shuffling roused Jenny from her lustful trance as her lover got started, however. Her flabby arms stretched out and wheeled in the open air while Vic adjusted her grip, pouring the mouse into a single palm to free her other hand. The sides of Jenny's ass spilled over the edge of her palm and made her acutely aware of her perch, through more pleasant thoughts quickly pushed that aside. She wiggled and maned in anticipation when Vic traced a finger down the apron of her belly,

and lust kindled in her chest when she didn't stop at the mouse's belly button.

Jenny spread her legs as wide as she could as that blunted claw glided across her middle's lower curve, though that was more of a sentimental gesture than a practical one. She managed only a few degrees of movement, and even then the lard of her thighs filled what little gap she opened. It earned a soft chuckle from the cowsune however, a melodic sound that kindled a deep blush in Jenny's muzzle. What feelings she might have had about her helplessness dissipated when Vic's finger carefully squirmed between her legs, parting that fat with ease until she reached the mouse's sopping sex. A muffled squish sounded out when the cowsune's fingers found that needy divide, echoed by a shuddering moan from the tiny mouse. Given the relative size of those digits, Vic lacked her usual precision. She made up for that with attention however, carefully noting her partner's shakes and shudders.

Ultimately, it was all Jenny could do to hold her climax back. Though Vic's fingertip proved too large to take, the sensation of it squishing and kneading her mound was more than enough. Jenny's lust saturated the fur of her finger with those subtle strokes, rewarding those delicate efforts with squeaks and moans for more. The mouse's breath caught in her throat when her clit gingerly caught the ridge of her partner's finger, sending a lance of bliss up her spine. The diminutive rodent shuddered and shivered in the wake of such an experience, a set of subtle motions that only enticed the cowsune to do it again. With something of a devious smirk, the cowsune eagerly obliged. Vic kept a slow pace for a lengthy moment, taking care to ratchet up her lover's desire without pushing her over too quickly. Jenny rewarded that effort with a litany of huffs and pants, each one more needy than the last. It was only a matter of time the mouse fell over that climactic edge, tumbling into an orgasm that shook and wobbled through her entire, bloated form.

Several seconds passed while Jenny processed that pleasure, a blissful instant drawn over what felt like hours. For better or worse, the mouse eventually came down from that divine high. Her chest heaved with delight while she caught her breath, and her cheeks blazed with residual pleasure while the heat in her core smoldered. Jenny's breathing slowed and evened, until eventually, she reclaimed enough control of herself to speak once again. Her voice still lacked the volume to reach her lover's ears, but the sentiment of her words shined in her eyes, and Vic got the message perfectly clear. The cowsune's expression softened to one of love, but only for an instant. Her familiar, teasing smirk returned swiftly, and it only deepened while she shifted Jenny in her palms. With some effort and a great amount of care, she poured the mouse into one hand. The other drifted to her maw, and with an attentive gaze, she licked Jenny's lust from the tip of her finger.

Though barely enough to be considered a sample, the cowsune made a show of tasting it. A deep, rumbling hum of approval resonated in her chest the instant that digit touched her tongue, spurring her to stick the full finger in her mouth. Vic made a show of licking every inch of it clean, a display that easily rekindled her partner's desire. Jenny made that need known with an eager wiggle, a clear sign that teasing had its desired effect. As an idea twinkled in Vic's eye, Jenny realized that teasing went both ways. The cowsune made an obvious show of licking her lips, a prelude to her intentions as she raised her partner to her muzzle. Jenny's head threatened to spin with that relatively quick burst of movement, but she staved off vertigo until she came to rest. Her world inverted once more as Vic rolled her over in her hand, settling the soft blob of her belly neatly into the divot of the cowsune's palm. Her partner's free hand gingerly lifted her tail, and it flagged on its own with the next intimate touch.

Jenny's eyes rolled back and her thighs quivered when Vic's broad tongue probed between her legs, spreading those doughy

thighs just enough to reveal her sex. Much like her finger, Vic's tongue stood no chance of slipping into her passage. The texture of that slick muscle proved infinitely more satisfying however, each and every taste bud nudging her most sensitive regions. Already warmed up from her previous climax, it didn't take long for Jenny's next to approach. Her breath grew heavy and heaving, her legs trembled with bliss, and her toes curled with impending bliss. The mouse's need flowed like honey, which Vic was more than eager to lap up. That nectar only enticed her to lick with rising intensity, revisiting that flower faster and faster until she simply sealed her lips upon it. That deeply intimate kiss shoved Jenny over the precipice once again, though Vic's continued attention drew it out much longer than her previous release. The mouse quaked and came for what felt like hours, each clench and throb of bliss coaxed out by a swipe of Vic's tongue. There wasn't a dry patch of fur below her waist by the time the cowsune relented, and Jenny slumped into her own plush figure when finally released.

Echoes of bliss danced on the mouse's nerves for several seconds in that aftermath, sending jolts and trembles through her form. Lost in the afterglow of such a release, she didn't notice the subtle shift in her soft platform. Nor did she feel the rush of hot, humid air from behind. A puff of gluttonous desire spilled from Vic's mouth and swirled around the shrunken, immobile mouse, but even that failed to penetrate her pleased haze. Jenny only realized her position when a demanding rumble sounded out from below her, a thunderous grumble that consumed her senses. She felt her lover's breath in that moment, and when she chanced a look over her shoulder, a cavernous maw greeted her. Framed by Vic's vulpine teeth, that opening glistened with hunger and saliva. Her tongue spilled out and beckoned with a call Jenny couldn't heed, but luckily, the cowsune was prepared for that as well. The warmth of that maw intensified as Vic drew her closer and closer, until the flat of her tongue scooped the mouse from her hand.

Despite her shrunken stature, Jenny still proved quite the mouthful. The rounded points of her lover's fangs pressed into her rolls, prodding in and running through her fur. The cowsune strained her jaw wider until the pressure released, allowing her doughy treat deeper entry. Vic's cheeks bulged as the mouse slipped deeper between her lips, filling the space above her tongue until there was nearly none left. Still, Vic gingerly worked her jaw and coaxed her lover deeper and deeper, until only her shoulders and head remained outside of that cavern. The cowsune brought her lips together and collared Jenny, a loose seal that served to tease her more than anything else. The diminutive rodent began to wonder if she would take the plunge down Vic's insatiable gullet, but a new distraction derailed her thoughts before she gave that question any consideration.

Vic had little room to work around her mouthful of a lover, though she managed well despite it. No longer tasked with supporting Jenny, her tongue took its chance to explore the hills and valleys of her figure. Its root remained between her thighs while it snaked under and around the mouse's immobilizing middle, teasing the mounds of her love handles and exploring the rolls of her chest. The cowsune hummed with delight when the tip of that taster found her nipple, taking in the distinct sweetness that accompanied it. Vic briefly wondered if it was an effect of the pudding, but quickly decided that was not the moment to ponder. With that decided, the cowsune coiled her tongue up and around her lover's shoulders, draping around her neck as if it was a scarf. Jenny moaned and squirmed with anticipation of the tug that followed, slowly dragging her all the way into Vic's muzzle. She offered just a parting squeak to the outside world when those lips sealed before her, plunging her into the darkness of the cowsune's body.

In the absence of light, the sensations of Vic's maw were all the more intense. Every curious and greedy slurp carried with it an electric sensation, equally erotic and stimulating. Framed withing

her lover's fangs, there was little the mouse could do but endure and enjoy them. Even that grew to be a tall order as Vic discovered and learned of her weak spots, zeroing in on them with almost frightening accuracy. The root of the cowsune's tongue never strayed far from Jenny's needy sex, and its broad tip played upon her nerves like a professional. The mouse's entire being thrummed with mounting bliss, her needy moans only adding to those chords. Her toes curled and her fingers flexed when Vic's tongue completed its coils, wrapping nearly every inch of her body in slick hunger. From such a state, it only took a simple squeeze to send the mouse to her third orgasm of the afternoon.

While Jenny writhed in climactic bliss, Vic savored her lover's flavor. Deep moans and groans of delight resonated from her chest, resonating through the mouse and heightening her pleasure all the more. Those indulgent sounds drew her release out several more seconds, until a deep, thunderous rumble sounded out from Vic's stomachs. That gluttonous demand was lost on the mouse, still awash in the other noises of her lover's body, but the cowsune herself couldn't ignore them. Her hunger sparked and ignited, her mouth flooded with drool, and in seconds, there wasn't an inch of Jenny that wasn't saturated. Vic's tongue glided over her rolls and curves with ease, and the slightest pressure sent her sliding across that muscle. Whether accidental or intentional, it only took one to slide the mouse's ass to the top of the cowsune's throat.

Jenny's toes draped over the lip of that insatiable passage, and a gulp took them deeper yet. Lacking leverage, that first swallow claimed little of the mouse, dragging her only slightly deeper. That was all it took to complete that gullet's grip on her legs however, ensuring the next took her down to the hips. The greedy muscles below the mouse tightened with gluttonous greed in preparation for the next gulp, granting Jenny an instant to relish the moment. She watched the faint gleam of Vic's fangs lurch away with the next resonating tug, which dragged the curve of her belly over the edge

of Vic's tongue. The mouse's progress slowed for just an instant, until another rolling massage claimed the broad crest of her belly. Once passed that critical point, the cowsune made swift work of her shrunken lover. She couldn't stop her muscles clenching and squeezing her meal into her throat, where a considerable bulge strained her neck.

Vic tipped her head back and traced the swell of her partner down her chest, until Jenny disappeared entirely behind her generous chest. A soft sigh and indulgent moan belted out from Vic's depths, followed by a shameless belch. Vic made a show of rubbing her stomach to no one in particular, relishing the rhythmic motions of her diminutive lover. The rush of their arousal calmed with the cooling moment, spurring Vic to slump back in her seat and gently heft her belly.

"You're quite the treat hun," Vic teased. "No regrets letting you take this one."

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you read, and if you'd like more, there are
a few places to find it

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/victorthemaker>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~victorthemaker>

<https://victorthemaker.sofurry.com/>

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