



Endra quietly hummed to herself as she tidied up the store and prepared for closing. All that was left to do was ring out the cash register and lock up. The voluptuous kitsune pranced between shelves of knickknacks with the grace of a dancer, her wide hips narrowly avoiding tipping them over. She was in high spirits tonight, and nothing could bring her down, not even the paltry sum of money in the cash register. It was the night of her anniversary, and she knew her mate was up to something. Gods, just the thought of what he might be cooking up made her want to drop everything and rush home! But, she was a responsible business owner and forced herself to put everything away.

After straightening all the trinkets, she turned out the lights and locked the door on her way out. The five tailed fox took a brief moment to admire her darkened storefront as she went over her mental check list. The more sensitive artifacts were in their cases, the lights in the back were extinguished, and the day's money had been safely tucked away. She fondly looked up at the wooden sign hanging above the entrance, the only thing setting her store apart from its clones on the row.

Endra's Web didn't look like much from the street, but anyone who had been inside would tell you not to judge a book by its cover. She dealt in ancient and magical artifacts, most of which had been acquired by either herself or Victor, her mate. Each piece had a story, and she was more than happy to share it with anyone willing to listen. Unfortunately, only a few people in the immediate area had both the wealth and interest to actually buy anything. Still, it only took one or two traveling collectors a month to keep the shop running.

She whispered a phrase under her breath, activating a number of security wards throughout her building. The area wasn't what she would consider seedy, but it never hurt to have a little extra magical protection. With the last item on her list checked off, she began her walk home. The sun had gone down quite some time ago, allowing a chill to creep into the air. Of course, these winter evenings never bothered the plump vixen much. Between her thick blonde fur and luscious rolls, she could shrug off anything but the harshest of weather. It was just one of the many advantages of having such a motherly figure.

As she strolled down the sidewalk, she couldn't help but think of Victor. A blush rose to her muzzle as she thought about what the silver fox was planning tonight. A romantic dinner was a given. It was the dessert that had her curious. Her belly growled at the thought of his delectable cooking, bringing a smile to her muzzle. She idly rubbed her expansive stomach as she continued home, not particularly caring if anyone saw her dreamy expression. He was definitely getting a reward for filling out her figure so nicely.

Her evening jaunt only lasted about a half hour, and soon she was standing in front of their home. It was a modest two story abode with a decent sized yard in a pleasant neighborhood – the perfect place to raise kits should they ever decide they're ready. More importantly, it was their sanctuary, a place of peace and rest. The lights were on downstairs, and she could smell the meal Victor

was preparing from the sidewalk. Her mouth watered as she picked out the scent of his famous beef stew from the chilly air. There was something else too, but she couldn't quite tell what it was. Some kind of pastry maybe? Endra made her way to the door with renewed eagerness, each step jiggling her bountiful breasts and belly.

When she opened the door, she was greeted by all the comforts home had to offer. The warm air inside was thick with the scents and sounds of dinner in the making. She quietly padded towards the source of the commotion, something she was surprisingly good at considering her size. What she found did not disappoint her. Victor was hard at work, darting about the kitchen in nothing but a white apron. His bushy tail swayed behind him as he added the finishing touches to his colossal brew.

The svelte fox apparently hadn't noticed her yet, leaving her with an opportunity she couldn't pass up. While he stirred the simmering pot, she snuck up behind him and wrapped him in an almost crushing bear hug. He jumped as she pressed him into her squishy middle, but relaxed when he figured out what was going on.

"Happy anniversary, hun," Victor wheezed, returning her embrace as well as he could. "You're home a little early."

"Happy anniversary," she cooed. "Things were pretty slow today, so I decided to lock up early. Besides, I couldn't wait to get home to my favorite fox," she added with a kiss to the side of his muzzle.

He let out a hum of affection and hugged her tighter. "Dinner should be ready in just a couple minutes."

Her belly let out an impatient rumble, something both of them heard and felt. It brought a smile to her muzzle and a blush to his. "Sounds great, love. I'll head upstairs and change into something a little more appropriate."

With that, she released him and sauntered off to their bedroom. She was sure to add just a little extra sway to her hips, knowing he'd be watching. Victor had always had a thing for bigger girls, and she was more than happy to indulge him. He stared longingly at that perfect jean-clad ass until one of his timers went off, snapping him out of his trance. It didn't matter that they had been together for years. She still knew how to catch his eye.

He returned to his craft with the beautiful vixen on his mind and finished up in no time. All that was left to do was set the table and serve it. Leaving the large kettle on the stove, he hung up his apron, collected two sets of dishes and silverware, and brought them to the dining area. Normally it was just a little alcove with a table hardly big enough for two, but tonight it might as well be the center of the universe. Victor set the table with great care, making sure everything was in exactly the right place.

Endra padded down the stairs just in time to see him bringing two bowls of stew to the table. She had shed her work clothes in favor of her lush blonde pelt, much to their mutual satisfaction. They had a "no clothes in the house" rule, and they both thought it was one of their better ideas. Neither of them had ever gotten used to the way clothes can tug on fur. Victor pulled out a chair for her and offered it with a flourish. "My, what a gentleman," she chuckled. The vixen graciously took her seat,

brushing her tails against her mate as she passed him. Victor sat down after regaining his composure, and the couple dug in.

"Mmm! This is fantastic," Endra commended between mouthfuls. "You've really outdone yourself this time."

"I'm glad you like it," he beamed. "I cooked the meat a little differently this time, and I wasn't sure how it'd turn out."

For a few moments, that was the extent of the conversation. Endra had worked up quite the appetite on her way home, and Victor had spent the better part of the day surrounded by food without eating any of it. They ate as fast as their manners would let them and managed to finish their first servings at about the same time. Endra started to get up to get a second helping, but he wasn't about to let her get it herself. He deftly snagged the empty bowl before she could react and carried it off to the kitchen along with his. He soon returned with two fresh basins and a smile.

With their ravenous hunger somewhat blunted, there was room at the table for things other than eating. "I really appreciate everything you do, love," Endra said. "I know I say it a lot, but I really mean it when I tell you I love you."

"I love you too," Victor murmured with the warmth of a lover. "I don't where I would be without you, but I know it wouldn't be as good as this."

"I know where you'd be," the kitsune smirked. "Stuck under some bitch who wouldn't respect you."

He groaned incredulously and rolled his head back in good humor. "Can we please not talk about Katelyn? Tonight is supposed to be about us. Besides, we both know you'd still be stuck with that feral tod. What was his name again? Rex?"

The blush on her face burned bright enough to show through her creamy fur. "Hey, I was in heat. What's your excuse?"

"I was a dumb college student that didn't know what was good for him," he jested.

"Clearly."

They shared a good laugh over past flings, and when it died down, Victor found himself falling into her eyes. They were a vivid green, the color of emeralds, and sparkled with more beauty and intelligence than most people had in their entire bodies. He remembered the first time he saw those gems in that little feral fox on the side of the road. The poor thing had been hit by a car, and he simply had to rescue it. Little did he know he was saving a kitsune in disguise.

"I still remember the look on your face the first time you truly saw me," she chimed in. Victor wasn't sure if she was reading his mind or just remembering the same thing. "I thought you were going to faint."

"It was a lot to take in," he chuckled. "What would you do if the envy of Aphrodite just appeared before your eyes?"

She leaned across the table and pulled him into a kiss. "That."

It took the fox a moment to recover from the sudden smoldering gesture. He felt like a kid with his first love again. "I love you so much."

"I love you too, my silver saint."

They ate and reminisced together until their bowls ran dry for the second time. Victor sighed in satisfaction as he placed a hand on his slightly bloated belly and pushed the dish away. Endra, however, was far from done. Again she began to get more, and again Victor stopped her. "Why don't you go lie down on the couch, hun. I'll bring the rest out to you." Her ears perked at his offer. He definitely has a plan, and she has a pretty good idea of what it is. She gave him another kiss on the side of his muzzle and padded off to living room.

The living room was just as cozy as the rest of the house. There was a small coffee table in the middle of the room, flanked by a modest TV set on one side and a long couch on the other. Two bookcases stood on either side of the TV, each brimming with aged tomes. The walls were painted in warm colors that combined with low lighting to give the feel of a fox den. Endra reclined on the inviting sofa, propping her head up on one of the armrests. She gently played with her belly fat as she waited for waited for part two of their romantic evening together.

Before she could get too deeply involved in her massage, Victor returned with a commercial-sized pot. The thing must have been at least seven gallons! Endra's mouth watered as she watched him set the cauldron down and squeeze into a spooning position behind her. She murmured as he kneaded her middle, testing to see how much more he could fill her. "Mmm, you can definitely finish the rest of this off," Victor cooed. "Just lay back and let me take care of everything."

A tendril of thick fluid emerged from the pot, winding its way towards the recumbent kitsune. "Ooh, nice control," she complimented before opening wide. Victor carefully guided the seemingly sentient broth to her waiting jaws, too focused to respond to her encouragement. She murred in approval as the delectable serpent slid across her tongue to the back of her toothy cavern, where it patiently waited for her to grant it entry. With an audible smack, her throat relaxed and the stew descended.

The plump kitsune's hands drifted back to her growing paunch as Victor charmed the savory snake from its stainless steel reservoir. The flow was smooth and even, masking the effort such a feat demanded. In a matter of moments she had eaten twice as much as she had at the table, and she was beginning to feel it. A wonderful sense of growing fullness radiated from her plush belly, and she was soon moaning pleasure around the column of ambrosia. Victor groped the underside of her food-warmed stomach, coaxing a few extra groans from her as he worked his hands lower.

Her gut slowly rounded out as more and more of his famous cooking disappeared behind her lips. Even after packing away half of the pot, she showed no signs of strain. Victor murred into her neck as he traced patterns in her downy belly fur. The normally soft expanse didn't give as much as it usually did, a testament to how much he was stuffing her. He gave her middle a light pat before moving to her hefty breasts. They were far more than a handful for the lust driven fox, but that didn't keep him from trying to knead and massage them. He blindly felt groped about until he found her nipples. The pink nubs were already standing erect, and it only took a small tweak to coax out a thin stream of milk.

The rope of stew began to fray as Victor's attention gradually shifted towards molesting his kitsune goddess. The tip of his shaft poked out of his sheath, nestling itself between her accommodating ass cheeks. With a low growl of lust, he ground his emerging member under her tails, rocking her back and forth and sloshing her weighty paunch. His concentration waned with every pump of his hips, and soon the telekinetic river of stew was losing drops to gravity. Neither of the vulpine lovers noticed this, too lost in the sensations of feeding and being fed.

Just as the last beads of stew cleared the rim of the container, Victor lost his tenuous hold on the spell. The flavored stream hit the hard wood floor with a thick splat, spattering beefy droplets on the furniture and Endra's face. He stopped mid-thrust when he realized what had happened. "Sorry dear," he half chuckled. "I guess I got a little carried away." Endra licked the errant stew from her muzzle and smacked her lips. She loved the warm liquid weight trying to hold her down, and she adored how Victor acted around it. "Don't worry about the mess. We'll take care of it later." Two sets of hands roamed the shallow dome of her belly, sinking slightly into her soft pelt. "I hope you're not full yet, my little glutton. I've got a surprise for you."

As much as his surprise interested her, she wasn't sure she was ready to let him up yet. After a moment of internal conflict, she reluctantly freed him with an audible slosh. "Hurry back," she called after him. The belly rubs weren't as enjoyable now that there were only two hands tending to her, but she would make do until he got back. She idly wondered why she enjoyed being fed so much as she stroked her bulk. Maybe it was a love of food or just had a bit of hedonistic streak. Maybe it was the intimate time she spent with her tod.

Her plump vulva moistened as her hands worked their way further south, following the gentle curves of her body. A light gasp escaped from her muzzle as she idly traced the edge of her folds with her claw tip. She circled her clit, sending little jolts of pleasure through her thick body. Her inner passage clenched and rippled around empty air, silently demanding something to suck on. She was just about to oblige when she heard Victor set something down on the table. "Happy 10th, Endra."

The rotund kitsune was rendered speechless at the sight of the towering cake. It was 5 tiers of culinary mastery that must have totaled to 40 pounds of sweet deliciousness. Each layer was divided into top and bottom halves, and each subdivision was decorated with utmost care. A message in frosting circled each half-layer of the cake, immortalizing their most memorable moments together as well as icing could. Tears welled up in Endra's eyes as read the inscriptions and relived each memory. The first

time he had taken her to the beach. The first time she met his parents. The day Victor became a fox. The first meal they ever shared together – beef stew.

“I- I don’t know what to say,” she murmured, wiping her eyes. “It’s almost too gorgeous to eat.”

“Dig in hun. I made it just for you.”

Endra yipped as she wrapped Victor in an embrace that would have been crushing had she not been so pudgy. Still, it almost squeezed the breath out of him. “I love you too,” he wheezed. The ecstatic vixen finally gave him some breathing room as she eyed his magnum opus. Despite having consumed over seven gallons of stew, her middle let out an impatient growl as she sized up her gift. Victor wedged himself behind the now upright kitsune and rested his hands on her plush belly.

The corpulent vixen reached for the massive cake and scooped out a fist sized piece from the top. She cradled the labor of love as she brought it to her maw and took her first taste. Flavor exploded across her tongue everywhere it made contact, and she quickly shoved the rest of her chunk in her salivating maw. She chewed just long enough to properly savor the delicious mix before sending it down to her waiting belly. She reached for the next chunk before she had finished swallowing.

While she inhaled his latest masterpiece, Victor worshipped her growing paunch. He rubbed her in slow circles, as if meticulously polishing a holy relic. She was only just beginning to show signs of stretching as she crammed mouthful after mouthful of cake down her throat. He sighed hotly as he felt the faint tremors of each lump of cake splashing down into her cavernous gut. Judging by how much his hands sank into her fat, he gathered that she was about half full. There should be just enough room for her to finish off the dessert.

Endra continued to scarf down her quarry at full speed, even after devouring at least a quarter of it. Her hands had long since been covered in icing, but she hardly cared. She could lick it off when there was no more cake left. Her tank imperceptibly swelled with each gulp, much to Victor’s delight. His member had found its way into the small of her back, where it rested sandwiched between her growing mass and his slim front. Her own arousal was kindling as well. A damp spot appeared between her plush thighs, hidden by her overhanging stomach. It wasn’t long before they were rocking their hips against each other.

Their lusts burned hotter as time passed, fueled by the impressive amount of cake now resting in Endra’s burbling belly. Victor groped and kneaded his gluttonous kitsune with gusto, paying extra attention to the flab resting in her lap. She moaned around the dessert as he played with her bulk, reveling in his attention. His hands soon disappeared under the shelf of flesh, where they sought out her feminine treasure. It wasn’t long before he brushed against her vulva, sending a jolt of pleasure through his feasting lover.

With an unseen smirk, he traced a blunted claw around the outer edges of her sex. Endra gasped and arched her back, nearly dropping a softball sized chunk of deliciousness. He found her clit and tenderly rolled it between his lust-slickened fingers, tuning her up like a fine instrument. Had she

been in the middle of swallowing something, she probably would have choked. "Easy, love," she panted through frosting-coated lips. He offered her an apologetic nuzzle, which she returned before shoveling another handful of cake into her mouth.

Victor just couldn't keep himself away from her pussy, and soon he was sliding his fingers in and out of her. He kept his pace relaxed, fast enough to keep her grinding against his palm, but too slow to get her off. Endra whined in need as she rolled her hips, begging him to pick up the pace. Unfortunately for her, the devious fox was enjoying himself too much. He matched her thrusts, keeping her at the speed he set. The pent up vixen unabashedly moaned around a mouthful of cake as he circled her g-spot, teasing her with denied ecstasy.

Finally fed up with his coyness, Endra decided to take charge. With noticeable effort, she picked her heavy belly up off the couch and stood in front of the silver-furred flirt. Realization dawned on him, but she quickly bound him with her tails before he could move. She shot him a grin as she lowered her wide ass onto his lap, slipping his spire into her aching folds. They groaned in unison as she took him to the hilt in one smooth stroke and rested her full weight on him.

Now it was Endra's turn to drive him crazy. She leaned back, pressing him into the couch while she continued to inhale the massive dessert. With unmatched control, she rippled her tunnel around his buried meat, drawing a steady stream of pre from him. The suddenly dominated fox grabbed her nearly drum taught belly in a search for leverage, anything to make her slow down, but found nothing. He was pinned under her now titanic bulk, preventing him from reciprocating. He was at her mercy for as long as she saw fit.

Victor whined in subdued pleasure as her satin tunnel milked him for everything he was worth. He had no idea where she acquired such talent, but it was the farthest thing from his mind right now. She mercilessly rippled around him, bringing him to the edge of release much faster than he liked. When she felt his knot fully inflate, she backed off just enough to keep him from painting her insides. His hips twitched as he desperately fought for that last little thrust that would push him over, but he won nothing but a grin.

The pleasurable torture went on until the last piece of cake disappeared down her throat. With a grand sigh, she leaned back in her seat, totally enveloping Victor in her soft mass. He yipped in frustration as he was deprived of all movement from the neck down, save for his arms. His trembling cock screamed for release, but there was even less he could do about it now than before. Endra giggled as the silver fox's predicament. "Oh shush, you know you love it." She was right, but that didn't stop him from letting out a defeated whine. "How about this? You help me rub my belly, and I'll help you cum."

He needed no more encouragement than that! The horny fox eagerly got to work massaging her massive globe of a stomach. He couldn't hope to encompass it, as it reached almost to her knees, so he did his best tending to her sides. The stuffed kitsune purred as he caressed her taught hide, working out some of the built up tension. She had stretched out to the point that her skin was visible through her fur, adding a pink hue to her creamy coat. Her hands joined his in rubbing her flank, and soon she was

moaning and cooing in delight. She loved the feeling of being so full, and it was always nice to have an extra pair of hands massaging her.

Satisfied with his efforts, it was time for her to make good on her word. Endra's kitsune ancestry granted her many powers, one of which was almost supernatural muscle control. Victor felt every bit of her heritage as her silken depths constricted his shaft in ways he didn't think possible. Her entrance squeezed and tugged at his knot while the rest of her tunnel twisted around his barrel. At the same time, her cervix suckled at his tip, drawing out a continuous stream of clouded pre. It was like the world's greatest hand job and blow job rolled into one.

Victor only lasted a few seconds under her skilled assault before crying out in orgasm. He held her tightly as he pumped his seed into her waiting womb, flooding her with a warmth nothing else could match. The sudden burst was enough to set the overfed vixen off, adding her shouts to his. They stayed locked in bliss for what seemed like hours until the haze of afterglow overtook them. The tied lovers worked together to find a more comfortable position, eventually settling into their initial spooning arrangement. The couch protested under her considerably increased weight, but held up. This wasn't the first time it had been loaded up like this.

The foxy pair spent no small amount of time laying together, just enjoying the feeling of being close to one another. Energy slowly returned to them, first in Victor's roaming hands. They glided up over the swell of her middle before coming to rest under her massive breasts, delicately cupping each one as well as his relatively small hands could. The quiet of the living was broken by Endra's burbling stomach as it began digesting its giant meal in earnest. Both of them could feel her powerful muscles bearing down on it, breaking it down into a slurry of nutrients that would only add to her voluptuous form.

"Best anniversary ever," Endra sighed.

"It's not over yet, dear. We still have the rest of the night to celebrate. As soon as you're ready, we can head up to the bedroom and really get started."