

“Mmmhnnf... ffrnng.. f- h- *huff*.. *HwUURPHhbb*.. F-Foohxx..?”

The sound was a familiar one for Fox McCloud, and by now it had an effect on him every time he heard it. It started with a shiver that ran from his tail all through his skin, and finally took root between his legs. Just thinking about what came next left him stirring as he got up from writing reports about missions and shut his work station down, shedding his clothes as he walked toward his and Krystal's bedroom.

Krystal wouldn't hear him coming. She couldn't really – not with how much ambient noise was always going on in the room around her. Heaving breaths, the constant thundering of her heart and the gurgling in her stomach, not to mention the occasional outburst from other parts of her. Fox listened to her heave and pant as he got closer, lingering outside the doorway and reaching between his legs. Just the *sound* of everything going on in there had him hard.

All the air wafting from the bedroom was hotter than the rest of their home, humid with sweat, and saturated with the little mewling sounds that came from Krystal along with the ever present grumbling of her belly. Fox finally turned the corner to *look* at her and came to a stop all over again.

The blue and white vixen was a monument to obesity. Little movements from her fat-wreathed limbs were the only agency she had left, useless pudgy sausage-thick digits and helplessly near-swallowed feet wriggling just enough to make her body undulate gently. The bed creaked under her, she let out a whimpering groan, and struggled to lift her arm past the sagging gigantic breast it was resting against. The effort went nowhere, between the single breast dwarfing her head in size and the fact that her upper arm was so caked in lard she could've hidden her whole body inside it before she'd grown like this it just left her panting and heaving that much more when she collapsed back down and jiggled gently.

Fox watched the display and felt that thrill run through him again.

“Hungry, Krystal? Or is it something else~”

A bit of frantic jiggling was the immediate response. Krystal, as soon as she heard Fox's voice, went into as much of a frenzy as her lard-saturated frame was able to manage. Which wasn't much.

“Hhnngh! P.. pleasz.. Need idt szo much.. Fox, n-need to cum.. t-then eat~!”

Stepping closer, Fox looked at the dense cavern of flesh between his wife's legs. A landslide of white furred blubber from her belly rested atop thighs as wide as Fox was tall with a bulbous fupa

right in the middle of it. Krystal had lost the ability to pleasure herself *long ago* at this point and now she was almost so fat that it was out of the question even with Fox's help. He had to walk up, plastering himself as deep against her sprawled thighs as he could manage, reaching an arm inside the slick and sweltering corridor. Bathed in the sweat-soaked funk of that pussy channel, Fox began blindly feeling around for the cleft at the center.

Dark, humid, and hot with a faint smell of something sweet was what his wife's cunt was like. It was a constant reminder of how this had happened, a mission following Star Wolf onto a jungle planet and finding out that the clearing with the strange indigenous fruits growing in it was a trap. Star Wolf had gone through there on purpose, and Krystal had stopped to eat when they made camp near it.. Fox had stuck to the rations he brought.

The next day they were retreating to the Great Fox and Krystal had been voraciously feasting for hours, non-stop, and gained thirty pounds overnight. Fox never brought up how every bit of her fluids smelled *just* like the fruit nowadays. He just made sure they had a garden of the stuff at their home that always had *just* enough to keep his wife's addiction sated if he fed her enough on the side.

“Nnn.. gnn.. a- *HWURPHHB*- almost g... ghoddit~”

Fox dug in a little harder, pushing up against the gargantuan mound of belly fat and thighs that tried to keep him away from his wife's desperately needy puss. Listening to her pant and whimper like this while she lay there *utterly* helpless and dependent on him for pleasure made the fox think sometimes..

Particularly when she came. Fox buried his hand in cum-soaked fat and grabbed hold of the plump bulge at the core of Krystal's body, and she *came*. The big blue gumdrop shaped heap of flesh started to quiver and moan, she made the bed frame under herself creak and groan in protest and Fox knew they'd need a new one soon.. and another crane and gravity unit to move her. It lasted what seemed like ages, with Fox gently stroking in exactly the same rhythm and spot he'd been when she tipped over into this ragged physical bliss. Krystal could hardly even muster the strength to buck against her own immense body but Fox felt her trying just the same.

It was a sluggish process when it wound down, taking what seemed like minutes at least, leaving Krystal that much sweatier and too lost in panting to say anything – at first at least. Fox pulled himself free with an audible wet sucking sound and wandered around his wife's side, tugging one of the many hose-mounted feeding devices out of the wall panel by her. There were a half dozen

of the things, some of them dedicated to her favorite extra rich treats, a couple that could be anything they needed at any given point, and the last one – which was just water but that *was* crucial. It gave Fox something to rinse his arm off with, and it made sure Krystal hydrated after an orgasm like that. Making sure that his wife got that taken care of in short drinks while he patted her cheeks and leaned against her breast and belly fat made for endearing aftercare.

During which time Fox had ample opportunity to look forward to when Krystal recovered enough to get her voice back.

“Hw.. y- yhour turn.. n- *Bwurphhbb*- now~”

A grin crept over Fox's face. It wasn't always easy to be patient and wait his turn, but it was worth it. Leaving a trickle going for Krystal if she needed it Fox turned around to look at the gently undulating tower of lard that was his wife's belly. Scaling that fat was tricky, what with how his arms and legs sank into the stuff. Fox had to sprawl out, like he was crawling through mud, so his limbs didn't sink so far into the blubber that he couldn't properly climb. Even with that precaution the giant belly still shifted around an awful lot, gurgling all the while, threatening to throw him off until he crested the peak. Fox let himself rest when he got up to the top, all while the blubber sloshed and fro like some kind of furry waterbed.

If it weren't keeping him so damn hard to stay up there and listen to the gurgling and whimpering of his wife it would've made a fabulous place to fall asleep.. which did happen from time to time, *after* the fucking. Fox slid himself over until he was right atop the cavernous, sucking depth of Krystal's navel and mounted it. He sunk into the fat there and waited until it settled enough for him to be able to grab hold and really dig in. Krystal's belly was the most welcoming fuck he'd ever experienced but it did need to be handled with a bit of specific care – and then it would slide over him, latch on, and all he had to do was get the momentum started.

A few good thrusts was enough to begin with. Krystal's belly fat was the softest part of her and it was the most ready to start sloshing about and do half the work for Fox. It would swing him one way and grab at his dick in the process, then he'd help it sway back while he clutched at his wife's fat rolls and rode her like a cloud of lard. Keeping at it and digging deeper in kept the speed nudging upward slowly but surely, not that it had any chance of actually dislodging Krystal from where she lay. It just bunched her belly up and then stretched it out, and sucked at Fox's cock in ways that left the pilot gasping and muttering incoherently.

Krystal wasn't any clearer headed. Every time Fox dug his hands in and swung her blubber to and fro to make this work it left her fluttering inside, made her whimper and gasp quietly, and made sure she came close to yet another climax of her own. Fox could *smell* how close she was, stepping up what little focus he could actually maintain through all this was his only answer. He lifted his hips higher and brought them down harder, causing little ripples that traveled across his wife's body. The deeper he pushed the tighter her gut held on when he lifted up once more.

With how ferociously horny watching his wife like his left Fox he could only hold on so long before he came. It caught him off-guard like it always did, one *particularly* intense tug from that belly of hers and Fox was gurgling, going limp against her belly and humping as much as his battered nerves were allowing.

As a few aftershocks wracked Fox's hips and left him filling the deep reservoir of his wife's bellybutton with cum the pilot let the flab carry him back and forth and slowly, lazily, pulled himself half out.. and then fell back into her. With his face pressed to her sweaty, pillowy flesh the way it was Fox could hear the internal avalanche of pressure as it moved around inside his wife, seeking-

*Fwuuurrrphhb- FwurrumpHHHRRRRBBt- VWURPHHBHBBBT-*

-Release. Fox couldn't help descending into a fit of worn out giggling at the sound of all that gas erupting from his wife, at the way her helpless little hands wiggled and shook before her massive, fat cheeks started blushing.

“..You're cute when you're a big, fat mess. You know that? Especially when you're embarrassed about losing control of your own body~”

Krystal's blush turned just a shade redder as she wriggled harder.. not that it went anywhere. It just made for a bit of quiver and jiggle around Fox's body and coaxed out another little *Fwrrrrpbbbt* to add to the mix.

“Idsz.. s'too much, too good.. but only wifh you pmpring me~”

Letting the slosh and sway of his wife carry him, relax him, Fox felt himself starting to nod off. Krystal was already heading that way too, given how much she snored like this it was impossible to miss. She'd be *ravenous* when she woke up, but that would be it's own kind of fun.

In the meantime Fox let himself sink half into dreams much like he was half swallowed by his wife's own blubbery expanse, and as he had many times in the past, wondered whether it might be worth it to have his own little 'accident' with those odd fruits that had done all this~