

Ashley let herself fall back against the couch after having put the grocery delivery away, most of it anyway. Pink hair and green eyes stared at the lone anomaly that had been in the order – a sack of small donuts, a *big one*.

“Doe.. nuts. That, that doesn't even make sense? I mean they seem pretty good for snack donuts if nothing else, but-”

Lifting one of the little things up, Ashley sniffed at it. There was a bit of an apple cider aroma to the thing, and a lot of sugar, and maybe caramel – and.. Ashley shrugged, putting the first of the smallish donuts in her mouth. The general idea she'd had about the flavor was close to right, it just underestimated the intensity of it. By a lot. Ashley's whole frame twitched a little as she reached for another one and crammed that into her mouth, and then another, and then plucked up the whole bag and went to the kitchen to grab one of the iced mochas she'd gotten along with the groceries. She ended up bringing three back to the couch with her though – and had stuffed two of the donuts into her face at once.

It didn't even really register to her when she reached for the bag the next time and her arm had gone from creamy pink skin to a darker hue, almost matching the coffee drinks, as a layer of fine fur grew in. Or that it wasn't just plump anymore – it was downright *fat*. Ashley's arms wobbled as she stuffed herself, growing a little more cumbersome to move with each bite she took – the rest of her was doing so too but at least she had her ass on the couch for that part. It wasn't the only problem though, the whole of her body starting to bloat outward was stressing her clothing's capacity to keep her inside it. She swallowed again and it was to a chorus of threads and seams snapping, and the creaking of her bones.. or the couch?

It was hard to tell. Some part of Ashley was clawing back just enough awareness of her situation, of how her body was spreading wider by the moment and that fur had crept over most of it at this point and how she was starting to be able to see her now fat, black nose as her face pushed outward, to try and panic like she ought to be doing. That part was struggling as every time she put one of those odd little doe-nuts onto her tongue her whole being spasmed while a rush of pleasure ran through her. Enough that she let out little moans, enough that her free hand pressed into her soft flabby belly and kneaded at it instead of reaching for her phone.

The tension in her clothing reached a breaking point as Ashley got halfway through the bag. A snarling in her belly and that creaking sensation joined, growing more intense, leaving Ashley

hesitating to finish her sugary feast before- *Fwurrpghhbb- VWRPHHBBT- SHRRRP-*

“Ohgod.. oh g- *HWURPHHBB- awd..*”

Everything failed at once. Ashley's clothing stopped holding back the tide of fluffy, fat-saturated flesh and burst outward in every direction. A body-wide sloshing bounce of blubber coupled with another outburst of farts that she entirely ignored, snatching the donut bag back up again and cracking open another iced coffee. Then.. she hesitated.

Fingers – ending in dark little nails now – hovering over the bag Ashley looked at herself. At the speckled fur, the end of her snout, the way she could feel her ears perking and moving around now – and all that *fat*. All that sweaty, pungent fat and.. Ashley winced. Her whole frame tried to clench on itself, her head throbbed, like a hunger pang but worse. This body she found herself in knew why – it knew what it needed. Reaching out for more of the little doe-nuts, she started feasting again – and reached for her phone to place another order.

Jeremy found himself suspecting something was off well before he got inside the door of the apartment. The windows were foggy, the door was ajar, and he smelled.. something. It was acrid, sweet, with a bit of a yeasty funk to it. Initially it hit him as quite unpleasant but as he approached the door with his face tucked into his shirt and had to spare some breath to call out-

“Ashley..? Hun, everything alright? Did.. did something break, or leak, or..?”

There was no way to avoid sucking in more of that miasma, or to avoid spotting the source of it. Ashley was sprawled out on the couch, every inch of her changed from just earlier in the day. It still had her green eyes, her wild pink hair, but the rest of it was covered in fur stretched over hundreds of pounds of sweating fat rolls. She was covered in crumbs and surrounded by sacks of something called 'doe-nuts' that were mostly empty. One of her arms was busy fumbling for the few that weren't so she could keep feeding herself, the other was buried deep between her pillowy thighs and her mudslide of a stomach where it dangled between her legs. She kept grunting and jerking, except for the moments when she'd slip into shuddering moan and fight to breathe.. then do it all over again, more intensely than before.

“J-Jer.. h-help! Please, I-”

The need to help his wife overtook the attempts to keep the smell out. Jeremy dropped his shirt, reaching for his phone, and then stumbled as he stepped closer and a wave of vertigo crawled

into his ears, through his head, down his fingertips.. between his legs. It left him unsteady and fighting to claw back some focus and concentration. If nothing else he had to remember what phone number he was going to dial, but..

“A-Ashley..? What.. what happened? I- just.. I'll get help. I- let me just.. go get..”

The fat wreck of a doe reached one arm out, shaky and fumbling, snatching at the hem of Jeremy's shirt and yanking him in closer. Enough that he could feel her breath, smell the cider-syrup sweetness of all those confections.

“G-get me *MORE* of them! A-and fuck.. g-get me *off* too! And m-m-maybe g- *HWOUURP*-get th.. the t- tank from that time with.. w-with the aunt, and-”

A twinge in Jeremy's brain left his whole body quivering, and then going still. That voice, the smell in his nose, the way everything crept around inside his brain and clung like sweat to the inside of his thoughts – everything he would've been thinking on his own just withered in the face of it. Jeremy nodded and rushed off to do precisely what Ashley needed. One hand ordering a grocery delivery, the other opening doors to go dig in the closet for an oxygen tank a relative left before a couple months back, all while his dick started doing its best to strain free of his pants. He didn't want to keep her waiting, not with what she *needed*..

When he got back to the couch Jeremy found his wife in the process of rolling herself over, slowly and with obvious discomfort. He wheeled the oxygen tank up to the back side of the couch and then rushed to her side, plastering himself into the stinking, sweat-damp expanse of her side and helping push her over. Ashley's body rolled like pudding tumbling out of a mixing bowl over onto her belly. Tits sandwiched between the couch, her gut, and her ass dangling and open practically having steam rising off it – Jeremy had to fight with and yank his pants off at the sight of it. All of that was almost enough to distract him from getting the feed hose fitted into Ashley's nostrils for that air, but a gasping wheeze and a grab at his arm got him back on track.

“B-better.. *fuck*.. N-now, *more*. Pile em up and.. and then, *get in there~*”

Jeremy knew he shouldn't be doing this, that he ought to be going for help, but every breath he took just left him imagining himself lost in that swampy, humid ass of hers – and then some. He couldn't scrape together enough will to have his own thoughts about it anymore. All he wanted to do was enjoy her, and help her indulge. So he found all the remaining donuts and got them piled where Ashley could paw around and reach them, waiting for her grunts to turn a bit more satisfied.

Then he dove in. First it was just planting his body against her ass, arms spread wide and cheek pressing against cheek. A whiff of all that spicy, stinking flesh left Jeremy near to cumming on the spot but he had to hold back. His wife had asked for more than that. Jeremy had to fight his way through some of that blubber to actually mount her, prying her pillowy cheeks apart and pressing her thighs away from each other until he actually *found* her cunt under all that lard, but he managed it. Jeremy found the edge and then thrust up with enough force to set off a body-wide tremor in Ashley's bulk.

That time her bestial, desperate grunts sounded *almost* satisfied.. almost. When he got going, fueled by his own growing madness and need, Jeremy felt his wife clench a little harder on him every time she bit down on more of those doe-nuts. After a minute or so of working himself into a stinking, drenched sweat pounding away at the slapping wave-pool of all of Ashley's loose fat he could swear he actually felt – even *heard* – her getting fatter right then and there. All of which just served to make him harder still, and yet for some reason he couldn't quite seem to climax. Not even as every thrust started knocking loose little *Fwurrppb- Frrpphbt- Frphhbt* outbursts from her.

Not yet, at any rate. Not while it was just bestial grunts and moaning from Ashley, and tight fluttering from underneath her. The doe stuffed herself relentlessly, from both ends, with the couch creaking under her weight more by the mouthful. When a sharp crack from it dropped them both a couple of inches neither slowed down for it. Jeremy just doubled down, riding all that jiggling and letting gravity help. Ashley on the other hand, surprised by it but getting a fresh hit of oxygen just then and cramming three more doe-nuts into her maw, finally came. Her chest tightened, a sharp little sting before she was lost in a warm glow of indulgent, fleshy bliss, all while she snapped tight on Jeremy's cock and went limp apart from her grip on the couch's backside.

That little part of Jeremy's brain that was soaked through with the stench his wife was filling the room with finally allowed him to cum. Like using a hose to fill a gigantic pastry, he spent himself inside of the ruined flabby avalanche of his wife's body all while he sank into guttural moaning and staggered breaths.

By the time it was over both of them had collapsed in sheer exhaustion, at least for the moment. A few minutes went by of just the sound of them both breathing, of Ashley digesting, and the soft hiss of the oxygen tank at work. Eventually though, the doe caught enough breath to speak.

“B.. be *BWURPHHB*- ready to get the door when that next batch comes, yeah? A-and.. and

get another tank ready, and then *get to work on my ass next~*”

Amid that sweaty, yeasty ass-funk Jeremy pried himself up from Ashley's sticky backside and realized there was a bit of brown fuzz growing around his cock.. and that it was looking weirdly thick and different compared to usual. That didn't matter though. Not even the musty *Vwurrphht* that bubbled up from Ashley all over his waist as he peeled loose did, he just breathed deep. If Jeremy had the wind for it he would've said 'yes deer' to Ashley's demands, but as it was all he could do was give her ass a shake and let out a crudely bestial sounding grunt.

It would get the job done. A little bit of a breather, then more indulgence. That was what mattered.