

Bulking Commentary

by Cerine Hero

There was going to be trouble today. As soon as the huge vixen stepped into the supermarket, eyes tilted in her direction. She was hard to ignore. She was tall, with light pink fur dressed to show it off. More importantly, the vixen was smuggling a few hundred pounds of muscles under her tight skin. Her figure bulged, swelled, flexed, and shifted underneath her fur every time she moved, making her body seem to ripple with barely-contained motion. Hulking biceps flexed, stretching the skin around her arms as she grabbed a shopping cart. Cerine just wanted to mind her own business, but there was no way that was going to happen.

The floor shook under each of the vixen's steps as she looked her way down her shopping list and wandered through the produce section, collecting what she needed. Other customers watched in shock and interest as the fox idly picked up a watermelon the size of her bicep and heft it in a single paw like it was a feather. Her thick, pumpkin-shaped deltoid flexed and swelled as she lifted the watermelon to test its weight.

Another shopper, a wolf, pushed his cart over next to Cerine's and looked her up and down. "Wow, girl. Where do you work out?"

So it began. Cerine's heart immediately kicked into gear, thumping firmly in her chest. In response to his question, adrenaline flooded her body, coursing through her veins and filling her massive muscles. She could feel her blood pumping, roaring in her ears and her neck. The vixen's pupils opened and her breath caught. Fur stood on end. A shiver rippled down her spine and sent tingles across her skin. The tension built in her body until the only outlet was to begin expanding.

Cerine's skin stretched around her swelling muscles. Her body grew tighter and tighter as her musculature bloated even more. The vixen was already massive, and she was becoming even more so. She inhaled deeply, feeling her claws extend involuntarily. Veins bulged with the pressure, though they could hardly be seen under her thick fur.

"Excuse me." The vixen put her watermelon in her cart and stepped away with it. Her blood was still pumping as she walked, and she could feel her clothes straining around her figure. She tried blowing the steam out through her nose, to calm the sudden reaction.

"Whoa-oh, she's huge. Look at that." More people turned and stared.

Cerine's pecs bulked. Her body burned like fire as her muscles rippled from the commentary. She couldn't stop them from getting bigger and overflowing. Flesh tightened around steely muscles, making her abs and obliques cut through her thinner belly fur. Hot breath blasted over her tongue and between her fangs.

The vixen didn't want to bloat up right now. She was out in public! Embarrassment somehow found room to crawl between her skin and her gargantuan muscles, what little room there was left. Every off-hand comment and question made her swell, stretching her already abused clothes even more. She didn't have many outfits that would fit more than six hundred pounds of muscle. The fox just wanted to get her groceries and get home without becoming a monster!

Cerine kept walking. She adjusted her glasses and tugged up on her slipping pants. Her swelling thighs were dragging them down. The clasp over her tail groaned and complained, and her black undies peeked above her pants. She turned down the cereal aisle, her width taking up almost the entire aisle, and hunted for her favorites. There were a couple otters here, filling up their cart with snacks. They both looked up to see the hulking vixen coming towards them, and one of them just couldn't resist.

"Sheesh, I bet she could bench press you."

Cerine tried to flatten down her ears, but it didn't work. Her skin creaked and groaned, and a full shiver rolled down her body. Muscles bloated and swelled, bulking her up even bigger. Her muzzle rose upwards on the top of her slab-sized pecs and her halter top dug tightly into her neck. The heather gray fabric stretched around her widening body. It hugged her breasts snugly even as her pecs bulged

through the widening neckline.

The vixen bared her fangs and started to back up, but she found her shoulders and triceps smacking things off the shelves now. She was a *lot* bigger than she was than when she walked into the store. Grabbing any old cereal, she tossed it into her basket and went to pick up some hamburger and milk. She went quickly, feeling her heart thump louder and louder in her swelling chest as she shrugged comments about her exceptional physique off her bloating shoulders.

Cerine grabbed everything she needed and went up front to the registers. These aisles were even narrower, and she had to squeeze her way sideways between them. Even then, her bulk knocked candy and magazines to the floor. She tried to pick them up, but she was so musclebound and oversized for where she was, she couldn't possibly reach them, let alone not make an even bigger mess in the attempt.

At the register was a sweet, old cat lady, who rang up each of the massive fox's items at her own pace. Cerine hoped, for a moment, that she could get a moment of relief from her pounding heart and throbbing veins.

She would not.

"You're so big, dear, how do you do it?" the cashier asked. No, no, no, no! Cerine's body tensed and bloated, heaving even bigger. The vixen's jugular pulsed in her neck even as the muscles bulked around it. She offered the nicest smile she could even as the cashier kept talking. "My granddaughter loves big girls like you. She would just adore meeting you."

"That's, uh... thank you," Cerine rumbled politely through gritted fangs. Everyone turned and watched as the vixen ballooned bigger and struggled to stay in control. Her fur rippled over her hefty muscles, and she could only watch, wide-eyed, as her inflating pecs filled her vision.

"How much can you lift, dear, so I can tell her?"

Cerine's clothes began to rip and tear, bursting seams along her thighs and down the sides of her halter top. Pink fur was propelled through the rips by surges of rippling muscle. Everyone watching the vixen from behind gasped as her bare lats hulked wider, expanding her silhouette more and more.

"Can we, um, just hurry, please?"

Cerine felt her arms rising higher and higher as she grew more musclebound. She was a humongously-swollen reflection of the massively-swollen reflection of a vixen that first walked into the grocery store. The neck strap on her top pulled against her shoulders, the fraying fabric caught between her traps and deltoids.

"Holy cow, she's getting huge!"

"Is she gonna pop?"

"Damn, look at those arms."

Cerine's vision jolted and wavered in time with her heartbeat. Her pecs were almost completely encircling her nose now as she ballooned up. Thigh muscle pressed against both the cashier's stall in front of her and the one behind her. It took all of her effort to bend her arm enough to run her debit card through the card reader. Even then, she couldn't see the buttons she was trying to hit past her pecs and bicep, so she had to hope on it through memory. Muscle memory.

"Here you are, dear," the cashier said, handing Cerine her receipt.

"Thank you."

The vixen twisted and squeezed, ripping her pants more as she pried her hulking body free from between the cashier booths. Jaws dropped all around as the hulking mountain of muscles grabbed her groceries and left without a word.

Cerine pushed the door to the apartment open and wrestled her way inside. As soon as she got the door closed, she dropped the grocery bags at her side and tried to exhale all the tension out of her body. Her skin groaned and strained around her way-too-big form.

Nearby, Ceres reclined on the couch, his phone propped up on the top of his belly as he idly

tapped a hoof on his middle. He heard her come in and looked up, smiling wide.

“Oh! You're looking big.”

Cerine's heart gave one big *thump* and her muscles expanded another half inch. That was too much for her clothes. Gray and black fabric ripped all over, shredding from neck to ankles. A cloud of clothing swirled around her before fluttering to the floor. Cerine put her paws on her bulky hips and looked at the horse, scowling above her pecs.

“Thanks,” she grumbled.

“You're welcome,” he offered, smiling.

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