

*Warning: This story contains chubby anthro pokemon and large dildos going into said chubby anthro pokemon pussy.*

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Renée plopped down on the couch, sinking into it with something between a relaxed sigh and a frustrated grunt. Sometimes, having nothing to do on a saturday was a blessing; work had been hell recently as the dev team desperately worked to bug test and push out their latest software update. The nidorina couldn't remember the last weekend she didn't spend slaving away at a computer from sunrise to sunset, and finally having a saturday to herself felt like a better treasure she could ask for. Even if it was a million fucking degrees outside.

If her weariness made Renée not want to leave the apartment, the sudden heatwave ensured today would be best spent in nothing but underwear with the blinds closed, the TV on, and a bowl of peanut butter ice cream resting on her plump belly. Her scrafty roommate, Jamie, had much the same idea as she slouched on the sofa next to Renée, pantsless legs spread as she idly surfed through channels. It was a good thing the two of them found out fast they were comfortable around each other, Renée thought, because it was too damn hot for modesty.

"So," Jamie said, switching the channel to an animation network, "you make a lot of overtime bank?"

Renée grimaced as she scooped a spoonful of ice cream into her mouth. "Mmph. Really don't wanna talk about work right now, Jamie."

The scrafty tilted her head back over the couch. "Sorry, sorry. Just ain't seen you in, like, weeks, dude. At least not passed out the couch when I get home from my shift. I was worried you were overworking yourself, is all."

"Nah, that's just how the job goes," the nidorina said, before shoveling a few more spoonfuls of her cream treat into her gob. "I don't think I wanna see another line of code in my

life. This is my day off, though.” She took a few more bites of the melting ice cream before continuing. “Mm, and I’m sure as hell gonna enjoy it.”

Jamie looked over at Renée, the tip of her tail casually prodding the remote to switch it to another channel. “So you got any plans, then?”

Renée simply licked her bowl clean before shaking her head. “Nope. Just gonna be a lazy piece of shit all day. I deserve it.”

“Heh. Works for me. Oh yeah, you got a package yesterday.”

“I did?”

“Yeah, I put it over by the coat closet,” Jamie said, pointing in the direction of the doorway. “Thought you woulda saw it, but you did just wake up.”

Despite her weariness, Renée bolted up with a huff. “Sheesh, why didn’t you tell me? I’ve been waiting on that for weeks!”

“Cause you zonked out when I brought it from the rental office?”

“...That’s fair,” Renée said, before setting her bowl down on the floor and making her way over to the closet. There, on the mantle, it rested: a shipping box with her name on it. Very big, and very long. The nidorina didn’t even have to check the shipping label to know what it was. She rubbed her claws together. “Finally!”

“Hm?” Jamie looked over casually. “What is it?” But Renée was too busy snatching the package off the mantle. She laid it on the floor before tearing through the tape holding it closed faster than a kid tearing apart wrapping paper on Christmas Day. Renée cackled as she reached in and felt exactly what she was looking for.

Raising an eyeridge, Jamie pulled herself to her feet and walked over, hands on hips as she tried to see what her roommate was hiding. “Alright, spill it dude,” she said with a slight smirk. “What’d Santa bring you this time around?”

With a glint in her eyes, Renée slowly stood, making sure to block the view of her prize. The nidorina could feel the gaze upon her back; the suspense was part of the fun. Before her roommate could ask again, she made her move. Like a magician revealing her trick to an enraptured audience, she whirled around with a flourish and held the package's contents out in front of her with a "Ta da!"

And like a magician, the display certainly left Jamie speechless. Renée couldn't help but grin as her roommate looked down at the thing in Renée's claws, then to Renée, then back down. Finally, she spoke. "Holy shit, dude, I ain't ever seen a dildo *that* big!"

"Yup!" Renée said, holding up the dildo shaped after an extremely well-endowed lycanroc, thick knot and all expertly modeled. "I ordered the extra large model!"

"Yeah, I can see that," Jamie said, leaning in. She put her forearm parallel to it and baulked at the result. "It looks good, but don't you think that's a bit much? I mean you don't really think you're gonna take all that, right?"

The nidorina laughed, and hitched a free digit about the hem of her panties. "Only one way to find out!" she said as she pulled them down.

"Whoa whoa whoa!" Jamie took a step back, holding up a hand. "You're gonna do that *here?* In front of me?"

Renée could only give a nonplussed stare. "Yeah? That a problem?" she said. "No one can see in, and we've done worse together. Besides..." The nidorina puffed out her chest, looking up with smug grin. "I need someone to witness my greatest triumph yet!"

The scruffy rubbed the back of her head as she looked towards the ceiling. "Alright, fine," she said, "Just make sure you don't hurt yourself. I mean that thing looks legit big."

"Don't worry, I got plenty of lube and practice!" Renée kicked her panties away and reached down into the box, drawing out small bottle of lube. It was labelled as high quality, and

she knew she'd need it; sure, the nidorina had been practicing with bigger and bigger toys, but with one this size she wasn't about to take any chances. Jamie leaned back against the back of the couch, arms crossed, as she watched Renée bring the dildo into the living room proper. The nidorina wasted no time setting it on its base, letting the toy stand like some sort of monolith of indecency, before she uncorked the bottle and let the viscous white liquid coat the dildo in rivlets.

Renée reached out, and the squelches of lube on silicone filled the room as she rubbed it evenly over the toy. When she was done, she brought her slick hand between her legs to prod and rub to moisten her own snatch. Sure, she was already wet with anticipation, but every bit helped against this monster. The nidorina went at it for at least a minute, her roommate gulping as she watched the display. Finally, when she was satisfied and the inside of her thighs a slick mess, Renée straddled the dildo, squatting down let the tip just graze her. She looked up to Jamie and wagged her eyebrows. "Ready?"

"Shouldn't you be asking yourself that?" Jamie said, bringing a hand up to her chin.

"Well you are my witness," Renée said, "But feel free to join in if you want!" She looked down once more—she couldn't quite see the toy due to her belly rolls blocking the way, but she definitely knew it was there. The nidorina closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "And a one and a two and a..."

Renée squatted down low, roughly, and couldn't help but give a small squeak. She felt inches slip into her with ease, thin at first before widening and spreading her. She sunk down a bit lower, before raising herself and going down again. It was a slow, smooth rhythm, each bob giving her just a little more. She peeked open an eye to see Jamie with one hand over her mouth, and one hand resting on her lower waist just trying not to snake its way down further.

But then Renée felt it. Though each thrust left her shuddering and full, Renée felt herself

hit the knot. She could go down no further, at least at the pace she had been going; the nidorina dropped to her knees, wiggling and jiggling as tried to work down a few more centimeters. Panting, she looked up to her roommate, filled with some satisfaction to see the scruffy had abandoned all pretenses and had a finger rhythmically plunging her slit.

“Well...” Renée said, trying to catch her breath. “This one’s a doozy.”

“Looks like it. Hell, it’s pretty fun to watch...” Jamie said, sinking down against the back of the couch until she hit the floor. “Can’t say I don’t enjoy it, but you sure you’re gonna be fine taking all that?”

Renée’s face hardened. “What, do you think I can’t take this?”

“No no,” Jamie said. “Was just worried about you. Although...” A wide smile spread across her face. “If ya wanted to throw in the towel now, that’d be fine. It’d be disappointing, yeah, but I wouldn’t think any less of you, dude.”

“Throw in the...what? WHAT!?” Renée could feel the spines on her back stand up as she puffed out her cheeks. “I’ll show you throwing in the towel!”

“That means you’d show me giving up.”

“Shut up! You know what I mean!” That was it. This stupid knot wasn’t going to beat her! Placing her claws on the floor, Renée gritted her teeth and grinded against fake cock. She already felt full, but that wasn’t enough. Her claws scratched at the hardwood floor as her small humps grew faster and faster. This was the moment the nidorina dreamed of, the fantasy that she drifted off to when she was bored out of her mind at her desk. To give up now would be inexcusable, inconceivable!

Renée panted and huffed as she forced herself more and more. Her whole body shuddered with each motion, and all the while Jamie watched intently with one hand’s fingers plunging her damp depths deeper and deeper and the other being bitten down upon so the

scrafty wouldn't make a sound. Renée, for her part, had little cause for modesty, her moans growing louder and louder. A mix of lust, determination, and pure spite kept her going, and eventually a surge of energy filled her. Throwing her head back, the nidorina threw herself back on the dildo decisively, and with an audible wet pop she slipped past the knot to land firmly on the base with an unsubtle thud. Renée felt her belly bulge outwards, and she greedily brought the knuckles of her claws down to rub at her clit and finish the job that had been building up inside her.

Renée panted, slumping over. She brought a slick claw beneath her to hold the toy inside as she looked over to her roommate who seemed entranced by the show. Propping her head up on a free fist, the nidorina said, "So? Whaddya think?"

"I think...ngh..one s-sec..." Jamie scrunched up her face and pulled her legs in as she furiously prodded and rubbed at herself, before shuddering and letting out a content sigh. The scrafty let herself ride out her orgasm for a few seconds before looking back with a content smile. "Phew. I think you're freakin' crazy, Renée."

"I try. Gotta be crazy to get new records, yeah?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Jamie said. "Though who's gonna clean this up?"

"Ah, don't worry about it," Renée replied, laying her head down to rest against the floor. "Like I said, this is our day off, and I ain't doin' shit."

"Fair enough." The two of them became intensely aware of the summer heat once more. After something like that, moving wasn't an option, so the duo rested where they were: Jamie leaning against the back of the couch, and Renée using the floor as a bed. Now was a time to relax and do nothing.

Though, as Renée felt the dildo begin to slip out of her, she figured maybe another practice run wouldn't hurt...