

Into the Reach, Part 2

by Cerine Hero

“Stars above, slow down, I'm full of milk,” Sienna wheezed, leaning on Megan's forearm as they climbed up the steeper grade on the hill. “Why did I drink so much; that was a terrible idea.”

“A mistake I make-” Megan whined- “daily...”

Ahead of them on the trail, Rachel and Cerine paused. The coyote, the fittest of the bunch and armed with a pointy-tipped walking stick, looked none the worse for wear on the adventure so far. Beside her, Cerine had caught her second wind, mostly because she had foisted a lot of her excess weight onto the wolf and tigyote. Her shirts were fitting better now that her breasts were less bloated, and she was feeling lighter on her feet. The dairy fox offered her childhood friend a grin and looked back down the trail.

“So am I,” she reminded them, drumming her paws on her huge boobs. “It's not that bad.”

The wolf and tigyote just groaned and kept climbing.

“Are you seriously still full?” Rachel asked as she and Cerine headed up the hill. The plateau wasn't much further, the trees were beginning to space out, and they'd be at the spring in a few minutes.

Cerine shrugged, bracing herself by grabbing a crag of rock on the cliff face beside her as she climbed. “Welcome to the life of a dairy fox. I can pump them dry and then be bloating bigger and bigger again within a couple hours. Especially a day like today. They're massive.”

“Yeah, I noticed,” Rachel agreed. She shifted her spear to her left paw and reached out with her right, cupping her palm and fingers underneath the fox's huge tit and giving it an experimental bounce. It was clearly heavier than the coyote expected, because it barely budged from her light push. Then she added, with a snicker, “Megan seems pretty pleased with them.”

“She loves starting the day with breakfast in bed and a side of ear rubs, for sure.”

The coyote barked a laugh. “Good to know; I asked her and she got really coy about it. Then she saw Sienna and figured there wasn't much reason to be shy.” Rachel breathed deep and let her breath hiss through her fangs. “You know, I'm really happy you two are together. You two had a bond way back. I guess other stuff just got in the way. But that's all back then. Now I've got my all my girls here and we're going to have a ton of fun.”

Cerine nodded quietly. “And, honestly, I wouldn't have noticed how much she was into me if Erin hadn't given me a nudge.”

Now the coyote let out a full-throated, high-pitched laugh, confusing the fox and getting the attention of the girls back down the trail. “Oh, man,” Rachel gasped, trying to catch her breath and waving her paw at Cerine, “that is *you* in a nutshell.”

“Huh?” the fox asked, furrowing her brow. But Rachel was already heading off up the trail, still giggling to herself. “What did that mean?!”

The spot Cerine had scouted before was gorgeous. Up in the hills, a flat-ish terrace with thick trees surrounding a clearing sat on the side of one of the mountains. The open space was perfect for them to set up their camp, and as promised, there was a nearby pool. A spring higher up in the bare rock poured down the cliff, running pure until it hit an old basin worn over millennia in the center of a wide, flat space free of dirt and plants. The water was crystal clear and ice cold, with the pool deep enough in the center to come up to their chests – or Sienna's shoulders and neck.

It only took them a little while to get everything situated. Rachel and Sienna got the tent set up, a fairly spacious number for them all to share. Cerine found herself a spot to set up a makeshift alchemy station and put together some pouches full of prepared herbs, and then she tied them all to strings and went around the camp, swinging them overhead and tossing them so they hung overhead from branches.

“What are those?” Sienna asked, coming over and watching.

“Bug repellent,” Cerine explained.

“I brought some spray in my pack for that.”

The vixen shook her head. “We can use that for normal bugs.”

“...Okay, so what kind of bugs are *those* meant for?”

“Terramoths,” Cerine replied. “They're harmless, but they eat stuff.”

“And how big are they?”

“Big enough.”

“Oh, good.”

When they turned back around, there was, mysteriously, a trio of fallen tree logs organized around the middle of their camp as seating for the campfire. Sienna rubbed her muzzle in confusion and tried to ask Rachel if she'd done it, but the coyote was still neck-deep in tent fabric and extendable plastic poles. Cerine seemed nonplussed by their sudden appearance, and sat down on one of them with her backpack between her knees, reaching over the top of her cleavage to begin pulling more things out of it. The only person unaccounted for was Megan, and the chubby wolfess was nowhere to be seen. Her pack was sitting nearby, right where she'd left it.

“Cerine,” the tigyote asked, walking over and putting her paws on her hips, “uh... where'd Megan go?”

The fox remained face-first in her backpack and chest. “I asked her to collect some sticks and stuff. The sooner I can dry them out the sooner we can have a fire.”

“So... she got the logs, then?” Sienna asked.

Cerine looked up. She glanced at the logs as if noticing them for the first time. “Oh. Probably.”

“Probably?”

“It's the Reach, Sie. It's weird. It was probably Megan, but sometimes the forest is nice to us.”

The tigyote crossed her arms around her chest, frowning. She didn't believe Megan could move those logs by herself. None of them could, at least not without leaving some long drag marks in the earth. So maybe the forest *was* being 'nice' to them. “Does that mean sometimes it's not?”

“Only if we're unkind to it first,” Cerine explained. She began setting things on the log beside her. “Think of the Reach as a person, and we're guests in its house.”

Sienna exhaled softly, running her tongue around her fangs. “That... I can actually understand. Thank you.” She retrieved her backpack and dragged it over to the log, sitting down beside the big-chested fox and beginning to unpack her things, as well. She tossed her rolled-up sleeping bag towards the tent and then began to dig through a couple changes of clothes, including her swimsuit.

“Oh, that's cute,” Cerine interjected with a grin. With a vial of icy-blue liquid between her fingers, she reached out and teased the fabric between her claws. “Straps on stripes.”

From the tent, Rachel yelled, “Did you bring the green one?”

“No, I got the blue one,” Sienna replied.

“Damn, I like the green one.”

The tigyote rolled her eyes and put the swimsuit back in her pack. Looking towards Cerine, she noticed the pile of odds and ends she had stacked on the log between them. “So what are all these?”

“Hm?” The vixen pulled her gaze away from empty space and looked down at what Sienna was pointing at. “Oh. Just standard things. Water purifying salts, heater bottles, and liquid mist.”

“What's liquid mist?” Sienna asked, picking up the vial with the icy liquid inside.

Cerine answered by pulling a collapsible container from her pack, unfolding and expanding it to the size of a portable chest with a lid. She held her paw out towards the container in front of them and Sienna emptied the vial into it. The liquid bubbled from the end of the glass, turning into wispy fog that fell into the container and filled it all the way up. She could feel the chill of it against her knuckles and watched with a grin as Cerine tossed some soda cans into the heavy, thick fog.

The sound of tumbling wood got their attention and they turned to see Megan dropping an arm load of sticks and small logs into the middle of the camp. The exhausted wolfess stretched and rubbed

her arms before flopping down on the opposite side of the fox and burying her face into her exposed chest. Cerine just smiled and rubbed the wolf's ears.

"Good girl," she told Megan, eliciting a furious tail wag.

Sienna grinned playfully and pressed her paw into the side of the vixen's other breast. "So, did you tell Megan you promised that we could make your tits as big as possible today?"

"Wait, what?!" the wolfess barked, pushing herself upright. Her fatigue from the hike and setting up camp seemed to be long gone. "Who said what, now?"

Cerine held fingers out to both of them. "*After* we get camp set up and the sun goes down. Unless you want to do it all yourselves without my help. And that does include hanging up the alchemical lanterns."

The tigyote grinned playfully. "I know. I'm looking forward to it, though."

Sighing and shaking her head with a smile, Cerine dug in her backpack again. As she shifted some of her clothes, she uncovered the empty, morbid gaze of the skull mask she'd tucked away inside with her things. Beside her, Sienna glanced down and noticed it.

"Hang on, is that-" she began to say before recognition dawned on her. "That's the skull thingy! Why do you still have that?!"

"*Thank you!*" Megan hissed, pressing her palms and fingers together. "It's gross!"

"It totally is!"

Cerine just sighed and zipped her backpack up again.

Eventually, Rachel dragged Sienna to go help her finish putting the tent together. While they did that, Cerine and Megan created the alchemical lanterns. With some paste made of a mixture of bright dust and silver-sheen in a small glass bottle, tied with string and placed around the camp, the lanterns looked like small, bright stars shedding golden light just overhead. They looked especially beautiful as the sun began to set and the sunlight faded, and Rachel put together a self-feeding rick for the campfire. Between the lanterns and the fire, the campsite was aglow as the girls gathered together to make s'mores.

Sienna sat with Cerine, leaning against her shoulder while the vixen roasted a marshmallow. Across from them, Rachel had convinced Megan to sit on her lap, holding her chubby middle with one arm while she fed her a prepared s'more with her other paw. The attention and desire to be paw-fed overwhelmed the anxious wolf's self-consciousness about her belly. Sienna watched them play, as the coyote sucked melted chocolate from her thumb and Megan's tail wagged behind her. There were still a few pangs of jealousy in her chest...

...but there was a huge cow-fox right here for the taking. One whose breasts were getting bigger by the minute. Now that Sienna knew to watch, and didn't feel awkward simply gawking at them for minutes at a time – when Cerine did catch her staring, she inhaled deeply and did something to draw even more attention to them, like unbuttoning her shirt, drumming her paws on the flanks of her huge chest, or pressing her elbows into them – she was able to notice that Cerine's bust size really was expanding and getting bigger, her fat udders gaining more weight and size as they filled with milk. It was enough to make the tigyote rumble in delight. Cerine's tail was snaked around her, keeping her warm alongside the fire, and she snuggled in tighter, reaching out and feeling where the fox's breast was overflowing her bra under her shirt. A wry grin curled on the fox's face as Sienna brazenly fondled her, and her tail tightened more around the tigyote's body. The overflow of the fox's boobs was as big as Sienna's chest, and the curvy hybrid was fairly large in a non-dairy fox way.

A mixture of frustration and infatuation pushed her over the edge, and the usually-shy tigyote wanted to be noticed. Sienna pulled herself up on her knees and swung her arms tight around Cerine's neck, pulling her in close to nuzzle their muzzles together. The fox was momentarily surprised, her glasses sliding down her nose, but she caught them and pushed them back up with a smile. Sienna went further, licking her jaw fur with a subtle chuff.

“Well, hi, there,” the fox whispered, leaning into the tigyote and feeling Sienna's full bust press against her flank. “Trying to get a snack, too?”

“Something like that,” Sienna said back, licking her muzzle. “I'll take a s'more. Or something strawberry.”

Cerine grinned, pulling back the marshmallow from the fire and pressing it onto a cookie cracker while Sienna watched. Stacking a piece of chocolate on top, she held it out to the tigyote, but pulled it back before she could take a bite.

“What?” Sienna asked, cocking her head.

Cerine took her glasses off and set them somewhere safe. She cut her eyes towards Rachel, teasing the blushing wolfess' belly, as she said, “I was told I can be obtuse when someone's into me. But I like to think I'm not *that* dense.”

“Well,” Sienna purred, wiggling, “you remember when we came out here before? When you found that skull? We were trying to get you in our sleeping bag.”

The fox squinted hard as loose white hair fell down onto her face. “Well, fuck.”

“Not like you'd fit in it now,” the tigyote teased, brushing the hair back. She blushed, licking her muzzle as she leaned slightly closer. The firelight was flickering in her blue eyes. “Can I kiss you?”

“That's what I was going to ask for,” the fox told her.

Sienna felt Cerine's other arm snake around her waist and pull her in tighter, and she chuffed in delight as she pushed her lips against the vixen's and parted them. They locked muzzles and fangs, sinking into a deep kiss born of mutual attraction. Sienna could feel the Cerine's purring vibrating through her own mouth, and she pressed herself tighter against the fox's side, helping to crane her neck back and work keeper into the kiss. As her large breasts squished against the fox beneath her sweater, she felt Cerine's purr double in strength, making the tigyote blush brighter in joy. She pulled her paw back to that exposed white neck, gently stroking down the fur and feeling the vixen's winter coat puff up thicker, responding to her touch with arousal.

Slowly, Sienna slid her lips from Cerine's, and then she plucked the s'more from her grip before it tumbled to the ground. Wedging it in her lips, she flicked her eyes towards the fire, and saw two green and two golden eyes watching them from atop it. Sienna folded her ears back in embarrassment as Cerine, visibly overwhelmed, licked her muzzle.

“Hot damn,” Rachel whispered. “Well, don't stop on our account.”

“I'll say,” Megan concurred, still sitting on the coyote's lap and also eating half a s'more. Her top was pulled up to her bra, and Rachel's paws were teasing the wolfess's delightfully chubby belly. She pointed at the fox's throat. “Grab her collar; she loves it.”

Sienna finished her s'more, licked her muzzle, and reached her paw for Cerine's choker. “Is that so?”

“Megan,” the fox hissed, her pink face flushing redder.

But as Sienna reached her fingers towards the black collar around the vixen's throat, a noise drew everyone's attention. Somewhere far off in the Reach, an animal roared. Its voice was deep and resonant, and even from a distance they all felt the rumble in their bellies. Sienna pinned her ears back and pressed herself securely against Cerine. Across the fire, Megan leapt up from the coyote's lap, ears perked and hackles raised, and Rachel climbed over the log to grab her spear.

But Cerine barely reacted at all. She tipped one ear towards the sound and remained relaxed.

“Really far away. Won't bother us.”

“What is it?” Sienna barely whispered, instinctively afraid of being heard by a predator.

“I don't know.” She leaned and rubbed her knuckles gently against Sienna's cheek. “But it's probably, like, miles away. We're fine.”

“I'll keep this nearby, just in case,” Rachel said, mostly for Sienna's benefit, as she leaned her spear against the trunk of a nearby tree.

Cerine tilted her head as she looked over at Megan, the wolfess panting hard. Something

wordless passed between the two of them, and Sienna wasn't sure what. The wolf was visibly straining, and the tigyote thought she saw a glimmer of light in her eyes before she closed them and exhaled slowly to relax.

“Are you okay?” Sienna asked, raising her eyebrows.

Megan opened her golden eyes and nodded, smiling. “Yeah, no problem. Just nerves.” She brushed her hair back behind her shoulders and sighed as she sat down beside Cerine. “Well, I guess that kinda wrecked the vibe, huh?”

“Not for all of us,” Rachel said, leaning over the wolfess. She draped her arms on Megan's shoulders and kissed the top of her thick, lupine muzzle. Then, turning and looking at the fox and tigyote, she asked, “Do I have permission to drag this gorgeous wolfess into the tent?”

Sienna ran her tongue across her gums, hesitating slightly. Part of her wanted to say no. Another part was firmly aroused by thoughts of expanding breasts. Her arms were still clinging tight around Cerine, and she inhaled.

But before she could answer, Cerine said, smirking awkwardly and rubbing the front of her breasts with her paws, “Well, I promised to make my tits huge earlier.” She nosed the wolfess. “What do you wanna do?”

Megan wriggled in place, indecisive. She'd clearly been having fun with Rachel, but she *was* an incorrigible milk-hound, too, and the thought of the fox's boobs growing massive and full of milk was right in her wheelhouse. But her gaze shifted from Cerine over to the tigyote, and she smiled warmly. “I can do that to you anytime. I think I'd like to wind down a little in the tent.”

“And get fed lots of snacks,” the coyote teased, kissing the midnight wolf's neck and popping her belly out of her shirt again. The small globe of gray fur jiggled onto Megan's lap and her face exploded into a red glow.

Cerine made a playful show of protecting her girlfriend from the “mean coyote,” hugging her to her body with a smile... and then grabbing the wolf's belly herself, giving it a healthy jiggle. Megan bit down a howl, fanning her ears sideways as she came to grips with the fact her lovers were more than a little accepting of her weight.

While Cerine teased Megan, Rachel slipped over to her own girlfriend and knelt down. She nuzzled into Sienna's cheek and kissed it. “You don't mind?” she asked, smiling.

“Have fun,” Sienna told her, kissing her back. Rachel winked at her and took Megan's paws, pulling her to her feet with a giggle as they headed to the tent. The flap parted and they vanished inside to play.

It was quiet again, save for the crackling of the campfire. Sienna laid her paw on Cerine's full thigh, massaging with her fingertips through the denim. She cut her gaze over the fox's shoulder towards the tent with a lop-sided smile and exhaled.

“You don't have to play peacekeeper if you're not happy,” Cerine told her, her voice quiet.

Sienna shook her head. “I'm not. We came out here to be alone and have fun and that's what they're doing. And we've wanted to play with others before, too. Like...” Sienna gestured her paw at Cerine, who smiled sheepishly and looked away. “I'm just... I don't know...”

“Adjusting,” the vixen offered.

The tigyote's ears perked. “Yes. Yes! I'm adjusting. My heart is just fucking full of emotions right now and I can't pick one to be stuck on. I know I'm being jealous. I shouldn't be. How often is it you find an old friend and just... connect again like they did? And that's... that's just it, isn't it? Fuck... Stupid shit. I just feel lonely. I *am* jealous.”

They were quiet for a minute, with the tigyote curling up and pulling her arms tight around herself. Beside her, Cerine shifted her weight, dragging her toes along the dirt near the campfire. The dairy fox inhaled and knit her paws together over her cleavage as she licked her nose.

“Well,” she said, curling her tail behind her in an almost figure-eight, “you're not alone. I know I'm bad at expressing myself. But I've had a crush on you since we first met.”

Sienna looked up at her, eyes wide. “Wha- Why didn't you say so?”

Cerine made a huge shrug and when she relaxed her shoulders, her supersized boobs jiggled atop her lap. Sienna whimpered at them.

“Like I said, I'm bad at these things,” the fox said. “I've always liked Rachel, but felt like I missed my chance when she found you. Now I have Megan and she's my milk-hound, for sure, but earlier today, when you and her were both breastfeeding...”

“Did you like that?” Sienna asked, blushing.

“A lot,” Cerine admitted. “And that kiss...”

Sienna laughed and gripped Cerine's thigh tighter. “I guess we should have talked all of this out first, huh? But I was really wanting some affection.”

“And I was happy to give it.”

The fox reached out and brushed the back of her paw on Sienna's cheek. The tigyote chuffed under her breath and leaned into it, reaching her other paw over and squeezing the vixen's wrist.

“So,” Cerine whispered, pulling Sienna's paw closer to her so that the tigyote was leaning into her chest, “how about we let those two figure themselves out?” She tipped her head towards the tent. “And while they do that, we can figure us out.”

“I'd love that,” Sienna replied, leaning up towards the taller vixen and pressing her lips to hers. It wasn't quite that first kiss, but it was electrifying and liberating all the same. Sienna felt her anxiety wash out of her body as she wrapped her arms around Cerine's massive bust, squeezing gently without a care. The fox just grinned at her and pushed into her even more tenderly. Nosing at Cerine's cleavage, Sienna asked, “So how big can you get?”

There was a sparkle in the fox's blue eyes that had nothing to do with the firelight. “You love that, huh?”

“I've been watching them grow for the last hour,” Sienna told her, leaning up slightly and rubbing her paws up and down the front of Cerine's breasts, feeling their heavy weight against her palms, “and it has been unbelievable. It's really sexy.”

Cerine purred. “Well, if I try not to milk them for a few days, I'll get so big and bloated that they *really* start to become a problem. I won't be able to fit in my car and I'll bump into door frames and furniture.”

Sienna could commiserate. She'd whacked her tits on things before, and it was unpleasant to say the least. But at the same time, she was listening intently, her shaggy, striped tail swishing behind her.

“But a bigger thing is the weight. I produce two gallons on a normal day. That weight adds up. After three days, you're talking an extra forty-five or fifty pounds in my bra. Pumped up huge like two swollen beachballs, very tender and feeling like I could pop.” Cerine paused a moment, rubbing her chest again, obviously teasing the tigyote and making her squirm as her black paws stroked up and down over the front of her shirt.

“But,” she added, letting the word float in the air for a while as she grinned and turned herself around to face the tigyote. The vixen swung one leg over the log and straddled it, leaning forward to purr in Sienna's ear. Her milk-swollen udders hung down nearly to pressing on the bark of the log beneath her. If she wasn't clothed, they would have overflowed it. Under her muzzle, her golden cowbell ornament wiggled loosely. “If you want me to get *big*, and I mean really big, you don't have to wait.”

Sienna inhaled, her breath rattling as she was wracked with anticipation and excitement. “How big?”

“As big as you please.”

The tigyote's eyebrows rose, and she turned to look Cerine in the eyes. Their muzzles were resting nose-to-nose, and Sienna could feel the fox's breath on her fur. Cerine's tail was poofed, swishing back and forth behind her in foxy glee, and the playful smirk on her face just screamed 'I know something you don't.'

And then it hit her. Oh, *duh*. “Where’s your potion bag?” Sienna asked, glancing sideways for it.

But Cerine snickered. She sat upright, grunting softly as she hefted her bust up on her chest again and stretched. Her open overshirt hung loose from her shoulders, accenting the stretched-out white top trying to contain her massive breasts and overflowing cleavage and losing handily. The outline of the black bra underneath was plainly visible. As Cerine raised her arms up higher, bending one behind her head, the shirt was dragged above the bottom of her bra, and the fullness of her chest began to escape. Sienna couldn’t resist helping, since it was obvious the fox was trying to bait her into pouncing again. The tigylote leapt up from her perch and scurried around behind the fox, standing behind her and reaching over her body. Cerine’s tail wiggled between Sienna’s thighs and the vixen leaned her head back into the tigylote’s own full chest, letting out a delighted purr.

Sienna grabbed the front of Cerine’s shirt and pulled, sliding it up over her chest until her soft-fabric bra exploded out of it, stretched near to bursting with milky udders. Was the fox even *bigger* now than she was earlier? It was hard to tell from this angle. When Sienna looked down from over the vixen’s shoulder, she could barely tell she was wearing a bra at all. She could see only overflowing white fur, jiggling like jelly on the fox’s thighs and against the wooden log between her legs. Pulling off the fox’s shirt, Sienna reached down with one paw and just sank it into the fat flesh on the vixen’s chest, letting her paw press into the soft fur and cleavage.

Cerine curled her arm around the tigylote’s head and shoulder, pulling her in tight against her craned neck. Sienna’s shaggy tail whip-cracked behind her as she buried her muzzle into still winter-thick pink fur, finding the edges of the fox’s black choker amidst her neck fluff. Opening her muzzle slightly, she took Megan’s advice and hooked her fangs around the edges of it, giving it a tug. The fox’s purring redoubled, vibrating the side of her neck against the tigylote’s muzzle. Sienna could feel her excited pulse against her teeth, quickening her own heart rate. Playfully, she wriggled and pulled on the choker, and heard the little cowbell ornament give a dull *tonk* as it wobbled about on the fox’s chest fur.

“Again,” Cerine whispered, brushing a paw over her breast fur, “try to ring it.”

Sienna did, giving the choker a shake until the cowbell once again gave a silly little *donk* sound as it landed, muffled, among thick fur. The tigylote was going to try again, but she felt something slap against her chest. Letting go of the choker, she looked down and saw Cerine’s wide, padded bra strap sliding down her arm. She let her gaze follow the strap downwards, towards her chest, and found why it was falling off.

But, technically, it wasn’t just sliding off, it was being pulled off, because Cerine’s boobs were *ballooning*. The cow-fox closed her eyes and let out a long, slow whine, tilting her head back as her breasts swelled bigger and heavier under her and Sienna’s paws. Thick, white fur was bulging out from under the overstretched fabric as the fox’s bust exploded in size, growing almost double what it once was. Sienna stared in pure... shock? Delight? Lust? Envy? She didn’t know which was more prevalent than the rest.

She just reached her free paw over with shaking fingers and slapped the cowbell again.

Cerine’s body tensed from her neck down to her tail, which puffed up in volume between the tigylote’s thighs. As the fox panted and kept her mooing under her breath, her breasts ballooned even bigger and heavier. Pink flesh peeked around the edge of her slipping bra as the vixen’s boobs grew too monumental to contain. Sienna was treated to an amazing view of rear boob as the fox’s bra straps slid completely off her arms, a tidal wave of milk-swollen flesh escaping to overflow the log between her legs. Cerine was bent forward with the weight of her breasts, leaning against them like they were her personal pillows. They were so *huge* that they engulfed her torso, giving the tigylote tons to fondle from behind.

“How does this feel?” Sienna whispered in the vixen’s ear from behind.

“Unbelievable,” Cerine panted, her spinal fur rising in a thick, erect line. The tigylote brushed her paw down it, making the vixen shiver. “I haven’t gone this big in a while...”

“Can you get bigger?” escaped from the tigylote’s lips before she even had time to think about it.

Her finger was toying with Cerine's cowbell already, lifting it up.

“Big as you... mmmf... want...”

Sienna let the cowbell slip from her fingertip to jingle free at the end of the gold loop. As Cerine ballooned even larger, her exposed nipples firm and dribbling strawberry milk, the excited tigyote helped her roll off the log to lay on her back, her monster breasts mostly laying on the grass to either side of her instead of her torso. A line of fluffy cleavage ran almost the length of her body from where the two heavy hemispheres of white fur were pressing together.

The tigyote stood beside the fox, unable to contain herself. She stripped off her blue sweater, undershirt, and jeans, and then pressed her bare fur against Cerine's breast. It was so big, it easily outweighed and out-sized the small, if plump, tigyote. Sienna ran her claws along the fur, pulling gently until the nipple was under her lips. Pink milk was dribbling in her direction, and she slowly lapped it up, letting the tip of her tongue flick off of the fox's firm nub.

“How long do you stay like this?” Sienna asked, running her tongue across her own muzzle now and tasting the strawberry flavor clinging to her fur.

“A couple... mmmf... hours. Plenty of time to enjoy them.”

“Can you get bigger?” she asked again, her tail snapping back and forth because she was sure she already knew the answer.

“Mmhmm,” the fox replied, nodding and bumping her chin against her cleavage as her breasts nearly engulfed her head. “I'm honestly... mooo... not sure there's a limit...”

“Well, maybe soon we can find out,” Sienna teased, “because I'm not sure how much more you could handle down there and I've got my paws full up here for now.” She grinned and used her whole body to jiggle Cerine's boob. The fox moored in delight and reached up with her paw, grabbing Sienna's round hindquarters and gripping firmly. The tigyote's blush only grew brighter. “Now, if you don't mind, I want a private meal before we ring the dinner bell for the girls.”

“If that belly isn't as full as it could possibly get,” Cerine told her, giving her butt a playful pat, “I'm sending you back for seconds.”

“Don't worry, I've been feeling greedy all day.”

Sienna pressed her body into Cerine's massive breast, the pressure increasing her milk flow. Mouth open wide, she wrapped her lips around the vixen's expanded nipple. Immediately, her cheeks filled with strawberry milk, and it was a race to gulp down milk before it escaped her lips. It was a battle she half-won, feeling milk soak down her chest and into her cleavage as she gulped it down by the muzzleful. She thought of the crystal-clear pool just a few yards around the corner from their campsite and the babbling stream rushing from it, and knew she'd be able to wash clean. So she let her mind go blank, thinking only about the warm milk in her belly, the fur against her body, and the paw kneading at her plump backside.

She was pleased.

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