

Pumpkin Smuggling

by Cerine Hero

It was a perfect autumn day. The sky was overcast and the clouds were a silvery-gray as they drifted overhead like a weightless blanket. The light washing down through the cover was diffused and soft, banishing shadows and giving the world a pleasantly dull and matte glow. It was moody more than gloomy, and that was how she liked it.

Accenting the perfect weather was the perfect environment. Cerine had gotten out of the house for once and gone to visit a farm outside the town limits. It was a good way to get away and be alone for a little bit, even if she was in the modest gaggle of a tour group being led around the property. It wasn't anyone she knew, so she was able to hang out at the back of the group and keep to herself. That was also how she liked it. Of course, that didn't stop some of her tourmates from glancing back over their shoulders at the tall, slender, and – most noticeably – comically buxom pink fox behind them. That was nothing unusual for her, either, even if she was far more covered than usual.

Cerine adjusted her bag strap on her shoulder and followed the group on a small trail between two huge rows of golden-brown oak trees. The leaves were scenically falling and fluttering through the air. One landed on the front of Cerine's chest, sticking to the strands of her light purple sweater. She plucked it off with a pair of pinched fingers and adjusted her glasses as she looked the leaf over. Satisfied, she let it fly off with the wind – where it promptly landed into her extra-fluffed tail. The red fox's coat was bulking for winter already, her fur poofing thick around the turtleneck of her sweater and around the slight gap between sweater and leggings. Her winter coat always made her look a dozen pounds heavier, and so did the holiday snacking. She had dug out the thick leggings for more than just warmth – they made the extra curves look better.

She really wasn't listening to anything the tour guide, an arctic fox almost a full foot shorter than her and twice as fluffy, was saying. She didn't really care a whole lot about the history of the farm, the owners, what kind of crops they grew, and their province-famous milk. Cerine did perk her ears at that last part, because she hadn't seen any ruffali so far on the tour. But they probably weren't finished yet, either, just making their way along a back trail to another part of the farm. Soon, the trees parted and the tour found themselves walking out to a large field. There was a dirt path to follow through the crunchy, browning grass, separating the wider field from a fenced-off pumpkin patch on the right. Cerine, mostly distracted with plucking leaves from her tail, just followed behind the group, but she glanced up and to the side to notice a surprisingly large red barn on top of a hill off to the left, its doors shut.

But the tour guide led everyone the other direction, to the pumpkin patch. He unhooked the gate, ushering everyone inside before shutting it behind them. The tour group fanned out in the large dirt patch, criss-crossed by vines and pumpkins of various sizes, all growing in somewhat neat little rows. “Alright, everyone,” the little fox said, raising his voice to be heard. He also waved his long spear in front of him, the orange flag fixed just under the sheathed tip waving to get attention. “Let me tell you about the farm's history of how we got our first pumpkin seeds, and while I tell you that, you're welcome to place the sticker you got at the start of the tour on one of the pumpkins. We'll have it ready for you to take home as a souvenir once the tour is over.”

The group murmured among themselves, pulling out the blue ribbon stickers they'd been given earlier. Cerine fished hers out of her pocket and looked at it. It had her name written across it in marker, only slightly smudged. Might as well pick one, she told herself, wading into the big patch of orange pre-pies and looking at them all. Now, little ones were good for pie, right? Ugh, Erin would know...

As she roamed and looked about, she noticed that she was getting a few more stares now that she wasn't tailing the rest of the tour. Despite showing as little fur as possible, it was hard for her to hide her ridiculously-big bust. Her sweater was stretched around her huge chest, and if it hadn't been tailored to fit her figure, with the vast difference in size between her bust and waist, the sweater

would've been pulled completely away from her belly. Surrounded by distracted eyes on all sides, the fox smiled wryly under the attention and pulled at her sweater to adjust it. The mildly anxious tic didn't encourage anyone to look away. Each breast was the size of four heads, and there were practically no pumpkins in the field that could match them in size *or* weight. Cerine just let the stares wash over her, as she always did, and idly searched for the perfect pumpkin to stick her sticker on. The tour group kept fairly close tabs on her, if only because her cowbell on her choker jingled lightly with each step. Behind her, she could hear the tour guide rattling off facts and information about the farm and its pumpkins. Apparently there was a second, much bigger field for pumpkins somewhere else; this one was just for the tour.

Eventually deciding *any* pumpkin was as good as the rest, and wanting to go take a load off her feet back at the fence, Cerine knelt down and slapped her sticker on the nearest orange gourd. Now, the fun part: getting back up. The pink fox fanned her tail out and braced her feet, knees under her huge tits. With a *huff*, she pushed herself up, bent at the waist but knees straight. She took a moment to catch her balance, boobs sloshing below her torso, and then she leaned her body upright. The vixen was slightly out of breath once she was standing fully again, and she hugged one arm under her melons to lift them slightly and inhale while she slid her glasses back up her muzzle.

Off on her left, she heard the fence gate open and then slam shut. She heard the high-pitched voice of the tour guide protest over something, and Cerine turned to see an absolute hulk of a dire wolf striding across the pumpkin patch. He was a brick wall of black fur and bright green eyes, in jeans and a plaid shirt with rolled sleeves, and would be pretty handsome if he wasn't barreling directly down on her like a steam train. Cerine raised her eyebrows as the wolf came closer, revealing his ridiculous height. The vixen was tall, over six feet, and she felt minuscule against this guy. She knew a dire wolf from high school, who was only half a foot taller than her. This farmer was massive for his species.

Actually, wait, her school friend was small for a dire wolf. This guy was normal size.

"Hey, you," the dire wolf said, pointing directly at her. He stopped just outside of arm's reach, the finger poised just a little too far for her to bite. Especially being as unbalanced as she was.

"Me what?" Cerine replied, straining her eyes at the claw in front of her muzzle and then looking up at the big wolf behind it. His buttoned shirt was stretched around his broad chest as much as it would be if she tried putting it on.

She was trying really hard not to purr.

"Tour guests are allowed only *one* pumpkin to take home," he growled at her.

The white-haired fox balked. Squinting her eyes behind her rimless glasses, she turned and pointed a paw at the pumpkin beside her foot, complete with blue sticker she'd slapped on it.

But the wolf shook his head. "Not that." He thrust his paw down at her big boobs, claw nearly touching her sweater. "*Those.*"

That got a mutter of confusion and curiosity from the onlooking tour group, who had stopped everything they were doing to watch the big, buff wolf confront the fox. With his finger pointed at her, all eyes were on her bust now, and she heard whispers from people who were just now noticing how stuffed her sweater was. The fox now blushed slightly under all the attention, tucking her arms around her big boobs.

"They're... not pumpkins, I promise you," she told the burly farmer, and she leaned slightly around the wall of fur to look at the tour guide. "Hey, uh... tell him? I came in with these..."

The arctic fox looked confused and muddled, and stumbled over his words uselessly in the face of the wolf nearly double his size. No help there. None of the other tour members were jumping to her defense, either. They were all watching awkwardly – or hopefully. Cerine rolled her eyes. She pushed the wolf's paw away from her boobs and then reached down to her waist. If they wanted proof, she'd give it. Everybody wanted it.

Cerine grabbed the hem of her sweater and folded it above her tits. Because of the shaped fit, it took a bit for the sweater to stretch and slide up over her bust, but slowly, the view of a black bra was

unveiled, nearly overlapping her tummy from the sheer size of her boobs. The bra cups touched the top of her leggings. Once the sweater was dragged up *enough*, the bra, weighed down by two tubs of titty, bounced free from the snug fit, with pudgy white fur jiggling all around the tight confines. The black straps sank into the excess flesh, squishing fur out to the sides and overflowing the cups. There were some gasps and whistles from the tour group as the dairy fox revealed her massive assets and proved she was, in fact, bigger than any of the pumpkins available to take home. And they weighed a *lot* more, to boot.

She hugged her arms around her big bust and wriggled her nose at the dire wolf. "There. Are you happy now?"

But the dire wolf didn't seem quite as put in his place as she hoped. Or impressed. His face was almost impossible to read. The huge bulk of a wolf just stared. Cerine waited for her apology, and the longer she went without getting it and the more the awkward silence dragged on, still half-bare-chested in the pumpkin patch, the more she began to blush. She folded her ears down and coughed, reaching up to begin sliding her sweater back down.

The wolf reached out, cupped his paw underneath her huge "pumpkin," and jiggled it.

Cerine's face flushed instantly red. The wolf had a huge mitt for a paw, and even though his grip was wide, she still overflowed the span of his fingers by a substantial margin. But he still jiggled her big udders enough to make her cowbell ring as it rest on top of her sweater's collar. And that just made the fox's face flush even redder.

Before she even realized it, the wolf unhooked a braided rope leash from his belt with his other paw and had the latch between his finger and thumb. In a single deft motion, well practiced, he gently nudged her muzzle upwards with his knuckles and clipped the latch to the gold ring on her choker. Cerine's eyes went wide and she instantly pulled back against the leash, which spurred an immediate tug from the wolf in reply. The vixen stumbled forwards, her boobs squashing against the huge wolf's pecs and stomach.

"Looks like one of the cows got out of the barn," the wolf rumbled, his paw still underneath her muzzle with a tight grip on the leash and choker. "Time to head on back, cow-girl."

"Wha- Hey!" Cerine squeaked, finding herself tugged along by the leash. The dire wolf spun on his heel and started walking out of the pumpkin patch. He gave her a little bit of room on the lead, but then he spun the rope around his knuckles, getting a tight grip that ensured the captured cow-fox was coming along for the walk. The tour group watched, unsure what, exactly, they should do. The wolf was huge, so that meant he was right, right? A few people muttered back and forth that they couldn't *remember* Cerine joining them...

The vixen dropped her bag and fought to tug her sweater back down while stumbling behind the farmer. It wasn't working. As the dire wolf opened the gate and led her through, she glared at the tour guide, who was shrinking behind his tall spear and not saying anything. The vixen gave him a frustrated glare before having to follow along behind the strong dire wolf.

"I'm *not* a cow!" she protested, grabbing at the leash and tugging.

"Those udders, that cowbell, and the smell of milk on you says otherwise," the wolf said back over his shoulder. "Plus, I know a dairy fox when I see one."

Well, shit, the dairy fox thought. "But I'm not one of *your* dairy foxes! I was on the tour."

"Nice try, but if I don't get you back, it's gonna be my hide on the line."

The dire wolf took her up the hill to the huge barn, painted classic red and white. He stopped at the door, long enough for Cerine to wriggle her sweater back down over her big boobs, and pushed it open with his shoulder just enough for their mutually-broad chests to slide through. It was actually fairly clean inside the barn, much unlike what she expected. There wasn't a musty scent of hay or livestock, and the floor was smoothed concrete. Metal grating lined the sides of the floor. The dire wolf led her along the central walkway, where they were flanked by wooden stalls. The solid doors to each stall were shut, but Cerine could just make out the shadows of figures through the gap above the floor.

There were also odd windows at waist-height in the doors, which could swing downwards. Above each stall were silver tubes, joining together in a cluster overhead and flowing towards a central milk storage vat on the far end of the barn. From the glass window on the side of the tank, it was clear it was half-full and slowly filling.

“Here we go,” the wolf rumbled, leading Cerine to an open stall.

The stall was rectangular, with a milk pumping machine on the far wall. A silver bar padded with purple foam rest at roughly shoulder height – at least for her, not the wolf – in the middle of the stall. There were wooden pegs on the wall for hanging clothes and a large hook hanging down from the ceiling above. The dire wolf gave Cerine another tug to bring her into the stall, the bell at her neck chiming softly from the pull on her choker. The ring made her tail fluff out, and she eyed the milking machine in the back of the stall. Looking at it brought a tingle to her nipples and they stiffened underneath her sweater. Her paws began to subconsciously massage her breasts and she bit her lip.

Sheesh, she really was a cow if she was getting excited by the sight of a milk machine.

The wolf brought her in with him and stood her in front of the metal bar. With some wiggling and effort, off came her sweater, which she had *just* pulled back down, and her supersized boobs bounced and jiggled in her bra when the sweater let them loose. Once that was off, the dire wolf looped the leash over the hook above the fox's head, giving her just enough room to move but not enough to get away from the rest bar. Cerine felt the tightness of her choker against her neck, beneath her long hair, and she swallowed down a purr. She didn't try very hard to get away, either.

The wolf reached around her side for her bra, deftly unzipping the band and sliding the cups off her bloated milk jugs. Finally free, the fox's huge udders jiggled and overlapped her belly, reaching to the waistband of her leggings around her middle. Cerine leaned forward, panting, grabbing the rail in front of her with both paws. Plump pink nipples were already drizzling milk, with it running in streams down her breast fur before dripping down to her toes. The strawberry milk ran into a drain at her feet, so at least it wouldn't be forming a puddle around her beans.

After hanging her sweater and bra up on the pegs, the wolf returned to her. He pressed his broad chest against her shoulders and the back of her head and leaned against her. She could feel a delighted rumble in his chest, and her tail between his legs wagged slightly, which only egged him on. The wolf laid his dark paws on top of hers and then slid her arms out wide, past the edges of the cushioning on the metal bar. There were wrist restraints waiting for her, which the wolf expertly slipped her paws into and tightened down, securing her in place so she could be easily milked. It was a wonder how necessary that actually was, but it seemed the wolf wasn't taking chances with the “escapee.”

Cerine rest her collar against the comfortable padding, propping herself up as her bare breasts, filling with milk as she grew more excited and impatient, began to weigh her down. Her tits began to fill from the moment the wolf jiggled her, but now that she was bare-breasted, erect nipples exposed to the chilly air, she was *really* beginning to produce. The fox looked down, eyeing the line of cleavage beneath her muzzle, and she could feel her breasts getting fatter and heavier, swelling rounder as they swayed with their mass below her chest. Cerine tensed against her restraints, biceps and shoulders flexing as she tugged. Milk was dripping excessively now, droplets of pink-tinted milk covering the floor and filling the air with a strawberry scent.

“You're definitely productive,” the wolf purred in her ear. “We'll make quota for sure.”

He could feel her heartbeat against his chest and her half-hearted struggles. Reaching down with one paw below the bar, he felt his palm and fingers against the side of one bloated breast, giving it a few playful pats to make it jiggle and bounce. Her udders were fuller than his first grope, now heavier and less wobbly. He cupped his palm underneath her breast, fondling playfully with his fingertips. Cerine tried to mask a purr but failed, running her tongue across her fangs. The wolf's other paw slid along her bare, fluffy arm and held her by the muzzle, fingers curled underneath her chin and his thumb-

Teeth flashed and she wrapped her jaws around the meat of his paw. She bit down moderately,

enough to pinch but not hurt. The wolf just grinned as the vixen sank her fangs into him. He lifted his paw up, dragging her muzzle upwards with it, until his eyes met hers. Without trying to shake her off, he winked at her, extending his pinky and ring fingers to flick the cowbell on her collar.

The fox's eyes went wide, and her muscles tensed underneath her thick fur all the tighter. Immediately, before the chime of the bell was muffled by it landing again on her collar, her breasts began to swell. They grew bigger, ballooning rounder and fatter. The weight of them pulled her down deeper against the padded bar. Try as he might, the wolf couldn't keep his paw under her fatter tit, and her massive boob slipped out of his grasp. Her udders swayed from the force of their own growth, milk spraying in heavy streams towards the floor. The drain between the fox's feet gurgled loudly.

The wolf gave her another jingle on her bell, and Cerine closed her eyes. Her chest ballooned again, doubling in size from where she had started at the pumpkin patch. To think she'd once been a little more than a pawful, now a blessed cow-fox drizzling streams of milk down her shins and onto the concrete floor of a milking stall. She pulled against the restraints, finding her left wrist sliding free as she wriggled back and forth in excitement. The fox twisted her arm to keep her paw from sliding loose. Not yet.

The wolf wrestled his paw free from between the vixen's fangs before she bit down any harder. Flexing his fingers, he grinned and then ducked beneath the bar to stand on the far side of the stall, getting the milk machine ready to pump the now very bloated and milky cow dry. Cerine laid her muzzle on the bar under her, her shoulders burning from tension and the hefty weight of her fat boobs pulling down on her. She watched the wolf draw out two long hoses with suction cups on the ends and punch a couple buttons on the machine, causing it to begin whirring to life. He turned back to her, licking his chops at the sight of her now supersized breasts and the milk drizzling from her perky nipples.

Cerine tilted her head atop the bar, grinning mischievously. Her extra-fluffy tail swished and swayed behind her. "Hey, handsome," she teased, getting the dire wolf's attention, "you should probably test it for flavor before hooking me up, shouldn't you?"

The wolf's ears perked upright and a sly grin crossed his features. He set the hoses down on the floor and then climbed down to his knees. Being a big and tall guy, he had to fully settle on his butt in order to reach, and he held her swollen boob in both paws, lifting it eagerly up so he could wrap his lips around her puffy nipple. Cerine pinched her eyes shut and moaned lightly under her breath as he began to suckle, his muzzle filling with delightfully rich cream with every gulp. Electricity rippled on the cow-fox's spine and she tightened more even as the wolf relaxed, surrendering to his delicious meal. The beefy wolf's neck worked as he swallowed mouthful after mouthful, and steadily his eyes closed as he nuzzled deeper into the tit in his paws.

Cerine was panting hard, licking her muzzle, but she turned her attention sideways. Twisting her left arm, she worked her paw loose from the not-tight-enough restraint holding her down. With some wriggling, her paw popped free, feeling heavy after being held up on the bar. While the wolf was distracted, she reached to her throat and unclipped the leash, and then reached across herself to unhook her right paw. Now she was loose.

The cow-fox ducked below the bar and let go, allowing her hefty breast-weight to bring her down onto the wolf. He was surprised, and caught her, but not before she managed to pin him down to the floor. His head was stuck between a rock and a very soft, warm, milky place, and he instinctively continued suckling and gulping down muzzlefules of milk. The vixen's right breast completely buried his head and broad shoulders, and she squeezed her knees tight around his waist. White hair fell down in long strands around her face as she panted, excited by the breastfeeding and the relief from the pressure building up behind her nipples.

And the wolf couldn't stop himself. Kneading his paws into her gigantic udder, he gulped down as much milk as he could. He groaned and flexed underneath her, pinned down at *her* mercy now. His cheeks filled with milk as his belly bulged from the enormous meal, and milk ran in streams down his

muzzle and facial fur. But Cerine didn't let him up. She gripped him tighter, leaning her weight over him, coaxing him to drink more. He gulped down the big mouthful filling his muzzle and sucked harder, eyes closed and paws going limp. His tight shirt creaked around him until finally – *Pop! Pop! Pop!* – buttons began to blow over his stuffed stomach. Black fur over a firm belly bulged through the burst shirt, the buttons getting lost in the fox's thick tail fur. He sucked on her teats until he couldn't stuff down another drop, head flat against the floor as he groaned in indulged ecstasy.

Cerine lift herself upright, dragging her breast off his face and collarbone and licking her muzzle. She could just barely see his nose past her cleavage. The stuffed dire wolf lay flat beneath her, utterly incapacitated. He wouldn't be going anywhere for a while.

The fox flicked the tip of her tongue off one of her fangs with a grin. “I've tamed bigger wolves than you,” she gloated, grabbing the metal bar above and heaving herself up onto her feet with some difficulty, thanks to the weight of her breasts. She wasn't as full of milk now, but still, she'd be pretty buxom for a couple hours.

Cerine left the defeated wolf to sleep off his meal and grabbed her sweater from the peg on the wall. She pulled it on and dragged it down over her fatter breasts, just barely managing to get enough stuffed inside to be decent. The fitted fabric squeezed snugly around her underboob, but it was as good as it was going to get. She grabbed her bra from the next peg and slung it over her shoulder.

Now then, she believed she was owed a pumpkin...

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