

Come Get It

by Cerine Hero

It was a dark and stormy night, but down in the basement, there wasn't a lot of cold or wetness. The sound of rain was a dull, pleasant roar as it pattered on the house above, occasionally drowned out by the rumble of thunder. The small window in the wall above the working area in the basement occasionally flickered with light, revealing the splatters of water on the glass.

Cerine was curled up on the couch in the cozy space in her lab. This quadrant was dedicated to relaxing and getting comfortable while she waited for a solution to mix in her centrifuge... or just as a quiet place to get away all to herself for a while. The vixen had her pants off, leaving them on the floor between the couch and the coffee table. She was tucked into the corner of the couch, thighs pulled up slightly against the bottoms of her massive breasts. In her paws she held a pulp fantasy novel about heroes and intrigue in the Old World. Down in the dark basement, in a teensy island of light from a lamp over her shoulder, she was content.

Beyond the small cone of light she was using to read, the lab was almost completely dark. Opposite the couch was a small entertainment center, pushed against the divider wall. The television was turned off, but a glowing status light glowed like an ember at the corner. Another little light shimmered on the front of her video game console. The library and storage areas of the lab were almost completely lightless, save for a few dimly-glowing potion bottles. In the working space, her computer had a screensaver of a spark of light radiating rings of colored energy around itself as it floated in a dark ether. Several of the machines near it had glowing status lights, too. That corner of the lab had a dull shine from all the lights and the white casings on the alchemy equipment.

Cerine turned the page on her book, reaching down afterwards and brushing her paw along the curve of her swollen tit. She was practically pinned into the couch by the sheer size and weight of her breasts, all bearing down on her chest, stomach, and thighs. The dairy fox had on a white t-shirt with a black bra underneath, and they had both grown slightly too small as the day went on. Whether she wanted to or not, the vixen produced milk. Lots of milk. She hadn't gone up tonight for her evening milking yet, so her breasts were fat and heavy with about two quarts apiece. They were bloated and heavier than usual... and she was enjoying it. Yes, they were gigantic, and obnoxiously heavy compared to the rest of her body, but deep down, she loved it. The dairy fox was pretty used to her baseline size and weight, so letting them bloat up a bit with milk a little made her purr. She'd take care of them in a while, because going overnight without reducing the pressure would be more uncomfortable than it was worth. But for right now, she couldn't keep her paws off herself.

The vixen shifted her weight on the couch and gripped her book in one paw, bracing her elbow on one boob to hold it aloft. With her left paw, she ran her fingers against the edge of her overfilled cup, teasing where excess flesh and fur was bulging over the top of the bra. Stretched out beside her, her long tail wiggled in excitement. Uncomfortable, yes, but being big – *bigger* and *fat* with milk – thrilled her. After teasing her overboob, she opened her palm and held her entire breast with it, gently sliding her paw up and down her huge chest. She was making it hard on herself to keep track of the purple dialogue in her book. Whatever. She could re-read this part. The fox wedged her fingers between her breast and thigh and struggled to lift. No dice; not with just her paw. Her fingers and palm just sank in as deep as the fabric of her bra and shirt would allow. The white tip of her tail wiggled even more.

Cerine nudged her glasses up her muzzle and rest her book, open-faced, on top of her shelf of cleavage. With both paws free, she brushed her fingertips around her massive chest, letting the slow drag of her claws across her clothes excite her skin underneath. Pleasure rolled down the fox's spine and she moaned softly to herself, laying her head back. It had always been easy to excite her with breast play, even before she'd grown so large, but now, as a cow? Her fur was rising underneath her clothes, and her skin tingled like she was teasing herself with batteries. The vixen stretched her legs, toes flexed, and pressed them firmly into the opposite armrest as she massaged her nipples with her middle

fingers, the rest of her palm pushing up on her weighty bust. She tried not to tease herself *too* much because she was swollen with milk and her teats were looking for *any* excuse to soak her top.

But it was hard not to push the envelope. Her ribs heaved underneath her fat breasts, and she was feeling heated and excited...

Cerine looked upwards towards the ceiling and unexpectedly caught a glimmer of gold peeking at her. The couch was placed at the bottom of the basement stairs, and two glowing eyes were watching her through the balusters lining the stairs. Cerine immediately flushed red and licked her nose. For a moment, she thought to call out and say something, but she stopped herself. Instead she inhaled, composing herself slightly and picking up her book. The pink vixen was still red in the face and breathing hot on her own cleavage, plump thighs still viced together tight enough to crush a melon.

Pretending to read her book, the fox glanced upwards again. The glowing eyes were gone. But she heard footsteps on the stairs, creaking the wood as they slowly descended towards her. Cerine gripped her book tight in her fingers, claws digging into the cover art. She looked at the words but didn't pay attention to them. She was pivoting her ears, listening to the gentle brush of pads on carpet. Her little lamp didn't illuminate much beyond the reach of her own body, but she could see out of the corner of her eye the curve of a plump belly and big breasts under a white t-shirt as her guest came closer.

Cerine continued playing along, not looking up from her book, even if her tail gave her away by curling tightly underneath the coffee table. Soft wolf paws touched her bare thigh and hip, gripping firmly as the chubby wolfess climbed onto the couch with the vixen. She didn't say a word; she just let herself in, straddling Cerine's legs on all fours. The fox shivered and bit down a whine of pleasure as those palms brushed upwards along her thighs, thumbs sinking into the tender meat between them. Just above the top of her book, she could see the cleavage of two beautiful breasts overstuffed into a snug top, the gray fur glowing as the warm light of the lamp fell on it, and the dyed purple tips of dark hair spilling across soft shoulders.

Megan leaned down and licked the white fur between Cerine's thighs, and the fox had to struggle to enjoy it quietly. Raising her book closer to her muzzle, she dragged her tongue across her fangs in private while her girlfriend continued to climb up her body, paws working their way upwards. The wolfess slid her nose underneath Cerine's shirt, and she kissed right above the top of the vixen's undies just as a bolt of lightning flickered outside the window. The flash of light illuminated a rapidly wagging tail in midair.

The wolfess continued teasing her belly, running her claws down the fox's thigh as she worked her way upwards, crawling closer and using her muzzle to lift the vixen's shirt upwards. She bumped nose-first into the fox's tight bra and playfully licked at the underboob squeezing out underneath the cups. Cerine cursed still having a bra on now. But Megan wasn't dissuaded. The wolfess leaned up and grabbed the fox's shirt, dragging it upwards over her chest until her fat breasts, crammed into a now-much-too-tight bra with lace cups, bounced free with a jiggle. The white melons, squished together with a line of cleavage longer than the wolf's head and neck, sloshed against each other as the wolfess tucked the shirt securely above her breasts and under her arms. Megan wriggled her head in underneath the fox's paws and forearms, forcing Cerine to lift her book upwards to continue "reading."

As a seductive tongue dragged slowly along her cleavage, the vixen again dug her claws into the armrest and tensed. Paws closed around her fat tits and jiggled them playfully, feeling their heavy weight and size. Megan was getting better at noticing when the fox was ready to be milked – although right now it was pretty obvious, anyways. Cerine's nipples were hard and aching under the bra, desperate to be teased and milked. Fingers teased the excess flesh peeking out underneath the sides of her shoulder straps, overflowing the edges of her bra.

The words on the book in front of the fox were beginning to blur into mush as her brain collapsed in on itself. Megan was nuzzling her nose down into her cleavage, licking playfully and using her fingers to lift and work her breasts out of the cups. She wasn't getting anywhere fast, so she leaned

up, lifting the vixen's elbow so she could reach in, plunge her fingers down between her girlfriend's breasts, and grab a pawful of heavy, soft meat. With her other paw, she tugged down on the cup, and white fur slowly slid up and out of it, until finally a giant breast flopped free from containment, completely burying the bra that had once held it. There was still a visible line in her fur from where the edge of the lace cup had dug into her skin, mashing down the fur. The breast was more than double the size of Megan's head as the wolfess laid her weight down on Cerine's body, using her own frame to push the monster melon upwards.

The pink nub of the fox's nipple, fat and swollen with milk, was just underneath the wolf's nose. Now that the bra was pulled away, dribbles of strawberry breast milk rolled from the overflowing udder, soaking into Cerine's fur. Megan licked playfully at the fur, lapping up the droplets of milk. Cerine leaned her head back, still pretending to read. Her tail doubled in volume under the coffee table as the wolfess's breath teased her bare nipple and areola, and then it reached maximum size when the tip of her tongue brushed delicately over the plump teat.

Quit teasing, she quietly begged. Just suck me...

But she couldn't spoil the game. She turned the page on the book to maintain the charade as Megan continued licking, wrapping her legs around one of the fox's and sliding her thigh between them until it pressed firmly against her groin. Cerine blew steam through her nostrils and whined softly as Megan leaned her weight into her, forcing the vixen to sink into the cushions.

Then, finally, the wolfess showed her some mercy and opened her muzzle slightly, letting the bulging nipple slip between her lips. She then closed her lips down around the pink flesh and sank the end of her muzzle into the plump softness of the dairy fox's charms. The wolfess arched her back, her own full bust lifting up the fox's and pressing against her stomach, and she began to claim her dessert. Milk flowed easily as she sucked, filling her muzzle with sweet, strawberry treat. Lightning struck outside again just as Cerine was experiencing a complete body shiver. Her arms faltered and went limp. Megan reached up with her free paw and wiggled her fingers into the black choker around the fox's throat, pulling it even tighter with her knuckles pressed lightly against Cerine's jugular. It was a surprisingly dominant move for the wolfess.

And it was working.

Cerine melted and her book tumbled from her fingers. It dropped onto the floor beside the couch, page number forgotten. The vixen slid down onto her back, shoulder blades against the armrest, and she leaned her head backwards over the edge of the couch. The motion dragged Megan's arm, gripping her choker, forward and with it her entire body. It pulled her muzzle deeper into her soft breast and her thigh pressed tighter between the fox's legs. Megan instinctively dug into the embrace, pushing her body against her girlfriend. Cerine's chest was heaving underneath her bust, bobbing her lover up and down in rhythm.

The fox reached a trembling paw to her face and plucked her glasses from her muzzle, holding them between her first and second fingers as she pressed her palm over her eye. The pleasure of relief was roaring through her, chasing the excitement and anticipation of being swollen and bloated like lightning. Megan gave her a tug, jolting the fox's senses further. She was a cow; a swollen milk bar to be suckled at someone's pleasure. Tied down, bare breasted, dribbling milk onto the floor, lovers hungrily wanting her...

She surrendered to the fantasy, letting go of everything else. Bills, struggles, worrying about everyone else... the fox finally, genuinely relaxed, sinking into pure ecstasy as Megan enjoyed her. Cerine reached out with her left paw, laying it on top of the wolf's head, running fingers lovingly through her hair and her thumb teasing that ear. But Megan shifted, pressing against her and leaning to get her own paw loose from under the fox's udder. And she grabbed Cerine's arm by the wrist and shoved it firmly against the couch beside her while she continued sucking. *I'm not your good girl, it said. You're mine.*

That broke her. Cerine couldn't hold it in. Leaning her head back over the armrest, the cow-fox

released a long, shivering moo. Megan's ears tipped upwards and a grin curled around her muzzle as she finished filling her tummy.

“Did I do good?”

Cerine smiled, nuzzling her wolfess's head. She lay, now stripped nude, across the couch cushions, with an equally bare bundle of curvy gray fur in her arms. Their clothes lay in a heap on the floor, and Megan was snuggled muzzle-deep onto the fox's cleavage. A soft silver glow from the TV highlighted them both. They'd turned it on to have something to occupy their brains while they settled down.

“Perfect,” Cerine told her, rubbing the tip of her ear between forefinger and thumb. “Good girl.” She continued petting the wolfess, feeling her body turn into jelly. “The choker grab was... wow.”

A gold eye tipped up in her direction from where Megan lay half-buried in breast fur. “You get really hot about that thing. I had that figured out day one.”

Cerine blushed, running her tongue across her fangs. Megan smirked, massaging the vixen's flanks as she pressed the attack.

“I could hook a leash to that ring on the front, you know...”

A flash of memory whispered in Cerine's brain. That was familiar. Why? A dream, maybe? Either way, it made her spine shiver in delight. She answered the wolfess by filling her paw with ear to rub and massaged it, making those golden eyes close sleepily.

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