

Dairy Stream

by Cerine Hero

When the stream feed started, the view looked like frozen static. The image was blurry and blown out, and the camera struggled to automatically adjust the focus and the lightness balance. As things became clearer, the static resolved into mixed gray tones. Lighter colors intermingled with the darker grays in woven patterns, like fabric. Suddenly all the static moved at once, shifting to the left before swinging heavily back, rocking like a pendulum for a moment before coming to rest. As the view changed, a long, white strand became visible on top of the gray.

"I don't think the camera is working," a woman's voice said. "I turned it on and I'm getting something on the stream, but it's just fuzz."

"Hang on, let me look." The other voice was deep and male. "What is that...? Where did you put the- Cerine, look down."

"What?"

"That's your chest."

"Wha- Oh!" She laughed. "Shit. I feel dumb."

The view changed again, with the "static" suddenly rising up and then pulling away from the camera. A figure stepped back from the camera, where she'd been completely filling the view of the lens with a few square inches of her shirt. She was a tall and relatively slender vixen, aside from some pronounced hips and a bosom that filled her heather gray top nearly to its limits. An excessive amount of pink tail surrounded her, hanging low in a loop around her bare legs. In addition to her top, she wore a pair of loose, dark sport shorts around her hips, half-covered by the long t-shirt. Black-furred socks and gloves seemed to add to the ensemble, framing her outline with her dark ears. Snow-white hair rest on top of her shoulders and hung down to the vixen's rump behind her.

Behind Cerine, the stream's view was situated on a bedroom. The camera was looking directly at the end of a wide bed with a blue comforter spread across it, with afternoon sunlight filtering in from the window on the western wall. The room was bright, with white walls and shelves covered in books above the bed's headboard. One of the bookends at the edge of the shelf was a bleached wolf skull mask, sitting quietly as it propped up the books.

Cerine leaned over a bit to be eye-level with the camera and waved, smiling. Her rimless glasses sparkled from the soft, diffused studio light set up behind the camera. "Hey, everyo- whoa, okay. Almost tipped over." She smoothed her paws down over the front of her top and blushed as she held her swinging breasts through the garment. The vixen was more than a little endowed; her bust was wider than her torso, and leaning over, the pair of pendulous boobs held more sway over her body than her legs did.

"You okay?" the male voice asked from outside of the camera's view.

"Yeah. I just forgot the girls were loose, haha." Cerine leaned back up and decided to drop down onto the end of the bed with a bounce. The decorative golden cowbell on her choker chimed pleasantly as she landed. The mattress also sank slightly underneath the deceptively-heavy fox, and she spread her seven-foot tail across the comforter behind her, the tip waving slowly. Brushing her hair back from her face with one paw while the other rest on top of her bust, she said, "There we go. Almost ridiculously embarrassed myself first thing on stream."

"You sorta already did."

Cerine pointed a finger at someone behind the camera. "Shush. Anyways. Hey, everybody! Welcome to our stream! I can't see the status screen and stuff from over here, but I'm sure I've already got a bunch of eyeballs on me, watching my every move, waiting for me to- ahem."

"Performance anxiety?"

"Lil' bit," Cerine replied, grinning awkwardly.

"It's for charity."

“Yeah, I know.”

“It's kinda like jumping in a cold pool. You'll get used to it and then it's fine.”

“You almost sound like you're speaking from experience.”

“No comment.”

“Naughty boy.” Cerine brushed her hair back again and looked back to the camera before pointing at her mysterious companion off-camera. “I guess I should mention, my friend Gray is here to help with everything, because he's a nurse. The really sexy kind they don't show us in movies. He'll be over here in a minute. But anyways! We know what you're all here to see. I've brewed up a couple quarts of my personal boob-booster formula – and that's a lot – and Gray is going to come over and hook me up to the IV pump we've got set up over... there. Somewhere. So it's going to be completely automated!” Cerine squished her enormous breasts together with her arms and smirked at the camera even as she blushed. “You guys will be in complete control. Donations through the app will send a signal to the pump and fill me up with enhancement juice. Instant-ish results! So more donations will mean a much bigger fox. I remember seeing on the pre-stream chat that a lot of people don't think I'm actually *this* big. Trust me, y'all, this is not padding or balloons. Not implants, either.” Cerine put her paws underneath her huge breasts and lifted them up. Her arms tensed from their weight as they spread over the top of her paws. “Well, I am big, and I'm about to get a lot bigger!”

Gray said from off-camera, “I don't blame them. Dairy foxes are rare, rarer still if you encourage your... features.”

“Tigyotes are rare, too.”

“Fair enough. I've got everything ready back here if you're good to go.”

“Yeah, I am. Well, hang on, where's Zaress?”

“She wanted to come in *after* you got stuck.”

“Oh, right. Well, let's get to that, then.”

A moment later, another figure stepped into view of the camera. He was very muscular, with striped, gray fur showing around the edges of his light blue scrubs. Long, ashen-colored hair was pulled back into a ponytail behind a canine head, and a shaggy, striped tail swayed back and forth behind him. The tiger-coyote pushed a small metal cart with the pump into the back corner of the bedroom while Cerine watched. He uncoiled a plastic tube and set something up before looking over his shoulder at the fox.

“We need to get your top.”

“Now?”

“Once you're hooked up it's not gonna come off easily.”

“Oh. Good point.”

Cerine stood up and reached for the bottom of her shirt, but she wasn't expecting Gray to walk over. The big guy put one paw on her hip as he slid in behind her. The vixen blushed, feeling the huge tigyote's pecs against her shoulder blades and his breath against her neck. Her eyes were wide behind her glasses, darting left and right before looking towards the camera. She flicked her tongue over her nose as Gray reached around beneath her arms and cupped the fox's breasts from underneath. Her sheer, ridiculous size was hard to really grasp unless they were compared against something else, and Gray's paws, even with his fingers fully spread out, could not even cover the bottom of the vixen's bust. Cerine shivered with the touch, and her tail instinctively wrapped completely around both of their waists, with some to spare.

“Too much?” the tigyote whispered, leaning around Cerine's shoulder. He was just a touch shorter than her.

“N-no,” she replied, looking back at him. “Might as well have some fun. I figured Zaress wouldn't resist, so go for it.”

Gray winked towards the camera and then slid his paws down further, grabbing the bottom of Cerine's top. He lifted it above the waistband of Cerine's sport shorts, but there wasn't much further to

go between that and exposing her underboob. Gray balled his paws into fists and used his forearms to lift up the fox's heavy melons. The tip of Cerine's tongue pressed out between her lips as she felt him lift her breasts, to the point that her top brushed against her muzzle, with both of her large boobs almost against her nose. Gray relaxed his grip just enough that Cerine's white-furred monsters flopped out, first one and then the other, springing free from her heather gray shirt to almost completely cover her belly. They bounced hard before springing up to their natural resting place, pink nipples sticking out against her light-colored fur. The fox shivered from the bounce, and her face was flushed as she glanced at the camera again.

"I can see the chat scrolling," she said, nodding towards the monitor beside the camera. Gray stepped out from behind the fox while she removed her glasses and set them aside, finishing the job of removing her top. Her hair spilled out of the neck hole like a waterfall.

Gray leaned over and looked at the chat. "Mostly compliments. They're saying you look bigger without the top."

"Never known gray to be slimming," Cerine replied, putting her glasses back on with one paw while her arm was wrapped around her chest. She sat down on the bed once more, and her dark shorts practically vanished from her lap. Breast flesh almost filled the fox's lap, and Cerine massaged her paws up and down along their sides while she kept an eye on herself in the stream window. "Thank you everybody for the kind words – at least, I'm assuming they're all kind! A lot of folks like to voice their 'opinions'... anyways. I'm... not sure what I should be doing now, hah. Kinda awkward sitting topless on camera."

Gray leaned, looking over his shoulder, and shrugged. "Just... act natural. It's just boobs. Big ones, but boobs."

"But they're my boobs."

"Have you *never* looked at another pair of boobs online before?"

Cerine lowered an eyebrow and glanced away, adjusting herself on the mattress before replying. "I'm not sure if that's... rhetorical, or... I think that's also easy for you to say, Mr. Medic."

"Maybe. Will it get easier as you get bigger?"

"Uh... I think I'll just get more distracted as I get bigger."

"That works. Chat's ready to see you get bigger. Of course, there's a bunch of comments thinking this is all nonsense. Ready to prove them wrong? I think once we get a couple donations, it's really going to take off."

"I'm ready." The vixen leaned back on her paws, smiling for the camera. "Okay, we're gonna cut the video for just a minute while Gray gets me hooked up, since, y'know, squeamish folk and all that."

Like Cerine said, Gray pressed a button on the stream controls and replaced the video feed with an animated image of a pink fox blowing up two balloons. The tigyote walked back over to the pump on the far side of the room and sat down. He pulled two rubber gloves on over his paws and prepared the tube from the pump.

"You could've just used your cowbell for this, you know."

Cerine subconsciously glanced at the skull mask above her bed. "Yeah, but the pump's more interactive, and they can donate as much as they want, not just 'ten bucks for a jingle.' Oh – hold on, other arm. I'm a lefty, I need that paw."

"True. Alright, you can look away. It'll pinch a bit."

"I'm good."

"You're just gonna watch?"

"Yeah."

"...You're weird." There was a short period of silence. "And there we go. Let me wrap you up and then hook up your potion stuff or whatever so you can turn into the swollen cow-fox of your dreams."

"Hah. Nobody's donating *that* much."

A moment later, the stream video started back up, showing Cerine sitting on the end of the bed once again, except now with a white bandage around her right wrist. A tube lay on the comforter behind her, partially buried underneath her excess of tail. It connected her to the pump at the corner of the room, and Gray walked across the field of view as he lifted up a plastic bag full of purple, vaguely luminescent liquid, placing it on a metal hanger over the pump. The tubes connecting the bag to the fox were already lightly glimmering with the iridescent potion.

“You sterilized this, right?” he asked, as if it only now occurred to him.

Cerine looked offended. “Hey, I’m not a witch in a hut in the woods. I know what I’m doing. Besides, you’ve had me make you medical stuff before.”

“Alright, alright. And do you have a philosopher’s stone, Miss Alchemist?”

“Yes.”

“Wait, really?”

“Yes, it’s downstairs. They’re not that big of a deal. Mine is, like, this big and- I’ll show you later. We’re off topic.” Cerine turned back to the camera, offering a big, disarming smile as she rubbed her paws in slow circles around her chest. “Okay! And with that, I think we’re all ready to accept donations! Oh, I should mention, minimum donations get to send in a question! We’ll have those printed out and get to them here in a little bit. So who wants to be the first to give me a little boost?” She turned and looked at the still-silent pump. “Nobody biting?”

Gray shrugged. “Maybe we should give you a test pump, prove it’s all real.”

“Oh, good idea! Okay, I hope everybody’s watching. Hit me.”

The tigyote pressed a button on the pump, holding it down for a couple heartbeats. An electric whirr sounded from the pump, and a rhythmic *plfff-tsss* sounded from inside of it. Cerine brushed back her hair and then placed her paws on her breasts, right underneath her nipples. She looked down, biting her lip, as she felt a little bit of a sting from the potion being pumped directly into a vein. She’d done intravenous injection before on her potions, but not on herself, so she wasn’t aware of how it was going to feel. Her skin tingled a bit underneath the bandage, and she had to resist the urge to scratch. Easy enough; her thoughts were focused on the two big weights on her lap.

While she slowly massaged with her fingertips, that slight tingling feeling began to creep across the skin of her udders. The vixen’s chest puffed out behind her breasts as she inhaled in anticipation. She wasn’t a stranger to her breasts expanding at this point, but it never got boring. Slowly at first, the potion began to affect the vixen’s breasts, making them begin to swell behind her paws. Cerine gave the camera a quick glance and a pop of her eyebrows before turning her attention back to her chest, rubbing slowly up and down as she gained about another two pounds – each. They nicely filled her lap now, and Cerine gave them a quick lift and drop, letting them jiggle on top of her thighs.

“Did y’all get a good look?” she asked the camera, patting the tops of her round breasts and feeling them jiggle on top of herself. “If you all want more, it’s time to start donating! It’s all for a good cause, and-” she held her arms out wide, encompassing the bed for the audience “-I’ve got lots of room!”

“How big do you think you’re going to get?” Gray asked.

Cerine looked down and hugged her arms around her bust, lifting lightly. “Hm... probably double? Maybe a little more than that.”

Off-camera, the bedroom door opened up. The camera view shook slightly as a muscular woman with brown scales and tan skin stepped by, wearing a pair of black jeans and a green halter top. “That sounds like a challenge,” Zaress said, sitting herself down beside the fox on the bed and kissing her cheek. Her tail, with its dark-brown fluff on the tip, gently pat on top of Cerine’s. She leaned in and brushed a couple fingertips through Cerine’s bare breast fur. “Did you get started without me?”

“Just a test. I’m surprised you can tell.”

“Hmph. Easy. You look milk-swollen.”

Cerine’s face flushed bright red and she swallowed hard. “D-do I, now?”

The drake leaned back and looked past the fox. She smiled at Gray. “Hey, Gray. You're looking huge.”

“So are you,” the tigyote told her. Cerine felt like she'd accidentally been teleported to a gym with these two muscle-heads on either side of her.

“Yeah, well,” Zaress started to tease under Cerine's chin. Meanwhile, the pump turned on again, pushing more breast-enhancement potion into the fox. “This one was catching up to me in weight with these cow udders of hers, so I stepped up my routine. Of course, it looks like she's gonna outweigh me here in a little bit...” Zaress leaned over and looked at the stream monitor. “How much titty juice is fifty bucks?”

Cerine gulped. “Uh... a lot.”

The green-eyed drake grinned and sat behind the fox, squeezing her hips lightly between her thighs. She reached under Cerine's arms and started to massage the vixen's super-sized chest as she continued to grow, filling out bigger and bigger as curious donators became more convinced their dollars were *actually* going to make her grow. And grow she did, panting in excitement both from her steady expansion and from Zaress's eager hands bouncing her up and down. Cerine's large, pink nipples went stiff, each as large as the drake's thumbs. With the fox thoroughly held captive by her drake, Gray returned to his seat with all the streaming equipment.

“Hey, set up a stretch goal for milking this cow-fox,” Zaress told Gray, shooting a knowing grin at the camera. She was taller than Cerine, and she could see above her head, right between her dark ears. “Trust me, she produces a lot when she grows.”

“Uh, doesn't look like we're gonna need to,” Gray replied from behind the camera. “We've got minutes' worth of pumping queued up already. And... yep, there's cow emojis in the chat. That's what you get, dairy fox.”

“I guess *that* cat's out of the bag... You know, you two offered to help me with this but I'm pretty sure you both just want to tease me...”

“Guilty,” the drake said, smirking.

Zaress licked the back of one of Cerine's ears while she pushed her heavy melons together. The vixen was steadily growing. Her entire lap now was covered in white fur, and she was starting to overflow it. Cerine pulled up her legs, sitting cross-legged with her breasts rapidly turning into a pair of sloshy pillows covering her entire lap. A very long line of fluffy cleavage ran from almost the fox's chin to the black fur on her shins, and her nipples were getting bigger than Zaress's thumbs. The drake was teasing them as much as they could before they got out of her reach.

Gray leaned into the view of the camera. “First round of questions for you,” he said, handing Cerine a paper printout. The fox took it, laying it on top of one boob in order to read.

“Alright!” Cerine said, struggling to compose herself enough to speak while she was both ballooning bigger in her lap and with the drake's constant teasing making the tip of her long tail wiggle back and forth. “A bunch of lovely donors sent in some questions. Let's take a look...” Cerine adjusted her glasses and looked at the page in front of her on her boob. “*Cerine, what's your bra size?* If you meant before now, I... don't have one.”

“Too big,” Zaress snickered. “You break the scale.”

“Tell me about it. But yeah, uh, I'm so far past Z that it doesn't even work anymore. I just get custom fits every couple months. Oh, that answers another one down here, about finding bras that fit. I don't find them. Here's another one: *Cerine, what's your favorite thing about being big?*” She smiled awkwardly and pushed her glasses up. “Ah, well, there's lots of downsides, of course, but I think the best thing is... I just enjoy it. It's not for everybody, but it's for me.

“Oh! Hey, Gray. There's one for you.”

“Why?”

“Tunno. Maybe you've got an admirer. How much can you bench?”

“My record's 430 pounds.”

Zaress whistled. "Not bad."

"What are you doing now?" Gray asked her.

"I went up to three thousand recently, but I can probably do more."

"I thought you were doing more than that?"

"Oh, that was kilos."

Cerine licked her teeth and waited for them to be done with their bodybuilder talk. She glanced sideways at the stream monitor facing the bed and admired how much bigger she was getting. The pump hadn't shut off yet; if anything, it had more time queued up on it! Cerine's boobs were looking enormous, and feeling enormous, if the tingling in her toes was an indication as the weight of them started putting her feet to sleep. She tried to lift them, but found they were too big and heavy for her to get a good handle on anymore. Her tail betrayed her excitement, curling around Zaress's while the drake's hands offered her a firm, open-palm squeeze against her sides.

The vixen looked at the paper again. "Let's get any more bodybuilder stuff out of the way... okay, one more. *Zaress, what's some exercises you can do inside with your build?*"

"Well," the drake mused, resting her snout on top of Cerine's white-haired-head, "that's not really a bodybuilder question. Indoors, I mostly do cardio, push-ups, etcetera. If I am going to weight train, there's nothing inside I can really use for that." She peaked a strong bicep beside the fox's head. "But that's just me. Dragon blood and all."

"I'm about to be glad to have the two of you around as I turn into more boob than fox," Cerine added, giving herself a couple quick pats. She was becoming beachball-sized, and Zaress demonstrated her strength by sliding her hands under them as best she could and lifting. It was awkward, because of the size and wobbliness of the two huge balloons, and they smothered the fox's neck and muzzle with only a little lifting. Cerine purred, grabbing the paper before it fell off and then resting her entire forearms across the top of her bust. Zaress held them up for a bit, gently wobbling one and then the other, as they steadily grew larger and heavier. It was no trouble at all for the dragon-blooded drake to hold the weight. For Cerine, though, she would have trouble walking at this size.

Pressed back by her enormous size, the vixen leaned back against the drake, who slid her paws out from underneath the expanding udders to rub the top of them. White fur ran between the drake's tan fingers, and she lightly pat the mountainous melons, making them jiggle for the camera. The stream feed was now about a quarter-filled with the fox's impressive, expanding assets.

"Okay, I think I've got a little more in me for questions before I get too distracted," Cerine said, licking her muzzle. And someone behind me isn't helping with that at all." She purred and smiled as Zaress play-nipped her ear. "Alright: *What are some of your favorite foods?* Oh, gosh, I'm not picky. I'll eat most anything, but if I had to pick a favorite--"

"Chicken nuggets," Zaress finished for her. "Nuggets and fries and dipping sauce."

"Ugh, yeah. You got me." The fox hugged her arms partially around her massive bust and squeezed. "At this point, I'm half nuggets and half boobie potion. Okay, next: *What are some of your favorite and least favorite encounters with fans and admirers?* Do I have fans?" She looked at the camera and squinted behind her glasses. "Well... I guess I might now. But uh, usually it's just that I get lots of stares in public, or people trying to come up and talk to me. It gets kind of annoying when I'm trying to, y'know, shop or get something done. Usually why I take some muscle with me." She hooked a thumb over her shoulder and Zaress grinned, showing off her fangs. "But some people are really nice! Friendly compliments are nice, as long as I'm not, like, busy."

"Okay, one more, because I am running out of room here again and probably gonna have to lay on my back. Because that pump is not gonna turn off anytime soon, is it?"

"Nope," Gray said. "Donations have been pretty consistent."

"You can increase the speed once I lay down," Cerine replied, shivering a little despite trying to hide her excitement. Her guess of 'double' was proving to be way off. "Okay. Last one... oh boy. *How much milk do you produce in an hour?* It depends on a lot of stuff, honestly, which I'm going to

generally refer to euphemistically as 'motivation.' Food and stimulation and such. If I'm very motivated, two gallons an hour is pretty typical. But sometimes I wake up in the morning and look like I've got a pair of hot air balloons under my pajama shirt! I think it correlates to, uh, nice dreams..." Again, Cerine cut her eyes towards the skull mask on the shelf, and her paw subconsciously went to the cowbell on the choker around her neck.

"I remember that," Zaress teased, giving the cow-fox's massive udders a grip with both paws. "I'm curious, though, how long have you gone without milking?"

"Erm..." Cerine thought about it. She wasn't like an actual cow in a field. She could express milk on her own if her production got uncomfortable, and she usually milked plenty in the shower whether she was trying to or not. "I mean, if I get milked less then they slim down over time and dry up, but the longest I've just gone cold turkey on it while producing was like, two or three days? It wasn't comfortable, but I got huge."

"This feel better?"

"I don't feel like a pressure cooker, so yes, very much so."

Gray piped in, "Chat's loving this line of questioning, just so you know."

Zaress put more pressure on Cerine's breasts, squeezing them together. The vixen inhaled and blushed, feeling the tension behind her nipples as beads of milk began to form on them. The fox's milk was tinged lightly pink, like her fur, and the scent of strawberry in the air got stronger.

"How about we offer them something nice for all their wonderful donations?" Zaress said, teasing a claw along the fox's jawline and making her purr. "If they like all this milk talk, we can demonstrate. Let's roll you over."

Zaress helped the extremely busty and very red-in-the-face fox adjust and roll onto her side, so that she was laying across the bed, with her breasts still presented towards the camera. Together, her titanic tits covered from her shoulders down to her knees, looking round and soft even as droplets of milk hung on the ends of her plump nipples. Zaress could barely circle her finger and thumb around one of the leaky nubs at this point.

Gray adjusted the camera as Zaress knelt down beside the fox, minding the monitor so she didn't obstruct the view. "These don't come with a wide-angle setting," the tigyote teased.

"Very funny," Cerine groaned.

"So since you all like the idea of a milky cow-fox," Zaress told the audience, "let's see if we can't get her- Oh, grab a bucket or something, big guy."

Gray brought in a mixing bowl from the kitchen and handed it to Zaress, who placed it underneath Cerine on the floor. Cerine just rolled her eyes. If she cried over spilled milk, she'd never get anything done. But she was soon struck by a fur-shivering wave of pleasure as Zaress started to squeeze her breast with an open palm around her left nipple, firmly sliding her fingers towards the nipple.

The little beads of pinkish milk soon turned into a multitude of thread-thin streams, and Zaress tried her best to catch as much as she could in the silver bowl. Cerine bit her lip, and there was a regular *thump-thump-thump* behind her as her tail slapped the mattress. The drake was pretty good at milking her, and she leaned in to lick at the fox's huge nipple before smacking her lips.

"Always good," she said, winking at the camera. Squeezing a little more, she got a nice puddle of pink milk at the bottom of her bowl and showed it to the camera. "Here. In case the milk's not showing up really well on the feed. Gray, you want some?"

"Sure."

"Well, come here, then. And take that shirt off; quit teasing everybody."

A couple moments later, the tigyote appeared in view again, now shirtless. The huge hybrid was all muscle under gray and white fur, scored with black stripes. Zaress filled the bowl from the cow-fox tap and then handed it to him while she gently massaged the nipple, feeling milk run down her fingers and forearm before dropping from her elbow. Gray lifted the bowl of milk up to his lips and drank it

like he was out of cereal.

“Oooh,” he said, a little shocked. “That’s warm.”

“Of course it’s warm, goober.” Cerine tried wiggling around behind her still-inflating bosom. “It’s summer and I’m a fox-fur thermos. Also, does he really have his top off? That’s not fair, I can’t see a damn thing back here.”

“You’re not going to be able to see anything soon,” Zaress teased, pushing up on one of the fox’s boobs. They’d positioned them at the edge of the mattress earlier; now they were hanging over it. The pump was still running, but Gray walked over to hook up a second bag of potion and tapped a button to increase the flow rate. Cerine’s wrist tingled again as the pressure increased slightly, filling her up with bust-enhancing alchemy twice as quickly. Zaress helped her readjust, laying her down so that she was laying on her back, with her head towards the camera. The screen view watched, unblinking, as her chest swelled bigger and bigger. Cerine was easily ten times her old size now, and her bust was running out of bed.

Gray sat down beside her – or her boob, at least – and ran his paws over it. “This is bigger than me now,” he laughed. “Mind if I visit the tap?”

“Might as well; this was your plan all along,” Cerine told him.

“Well, maybe not me specifically,” Gray told her. “But if I’m here...” He leaned down and ran a rough feline tongue over the fox’s nipple, making a shiver ripple down her spine. Wrapping his muscular arms partially around the vixen’s enormous breast, he opened his mouth and tried his best to fit her huge nipple between his lips. Warmth and pleasure made Cerine shiver from head to toes as the tigyote started to suck. Milk spilled from around his lips as he couldn’t get a good seal, and it ran in streams through her fur.

“Mmmph, you two are something else,” Cerine protested, but it was obvious from her voice and light wriggling under her gigantic chest that she didn’t mean it.

Zaress teased the fox’s chin with one claw and grinned. “Just making our cow-fox happy. And giving your viewers something really fun to watch.” She looked towards the monitor. “Lots of milk glass emojis and... looks like they can’t decide whether they want to use the tiger or wolf emoji for you, Gray. Also calls for me to take *my* top off. Hah.”

“Well, now you’re... mmmph, overdressed,” Cerine told her, her muscles tensing as Gray slid one of his paws down and gripped a fat handful of boob. “But I think there’s more than enough tit for everybody now... how much more have we still got to pump? ...Zare? Hey?” Cerine tilted her head back, looking at the drake. She reached out with one arm and thumped on her solid core as she stared at the screen.

“Ceri,” Zaress whispered, looking back at her, “someone just gave twelve grand.”

Cerine balked, and Gray’s ears popped straight up. He sat up, his hanging jaw wet with milk as Cerine’s growing nipple continued to pump excess milk out like a bubbling geyser.

“That’s ten times what we got when I last looked,” he gasped. The tigyote’s eyebrows went as high as they could go. “Goddamn, she’s gonna fill the room!”

Cerine felt both anxious and excited by the prospect.

“Well, if we’re gonna do *that*, I think it’s time we did something a little special for everybody,” Zaress offered, rubbing her chin. She looked at the camera. “So could we ask for just a little patience while we move some things around?”

“What are you planning?” Cerine asked, her tail uncontrollably wagging on the far side of her busy mountain range.

“You’ll see.”

The stream was again replaced by the cartoon of the fox blowing up a couple balloons. It remained that way for a few minutes while they got some things ready. When it finally came back, the view was very different. The camera was no longer placed on a steady frame but held in someone’s

paw, and it showed a fenced-in backyard.

“Welcome back, everybody,” said Gray's voice. He turned the camera around and pointed it at his canine face. The hybrid licked his muzzle a bit where it was still lightly matted and stained pink. “We've relocated outside so Cerine wouldn't end up crushing or breaking anything. And also so she wouldn't get stuck in the bedroom. And also because she's now lactating so much that... uh, you'll see in a second. Sorry we couldn't show her growth for a bit, since we were kinda busy, but we left her on the pump and she's now past every word I know to describe big. I think the best thing we can do is just show you, so here.”

Gray spun the camera back about and turned around, pointing it towards two colossal white blimps. Cerine was past words for “big” for sure. From this angle, there was nothing else of her to be seen. Her breasts were so large, and so swollen with milk, that they had become nearly spherical. Pink nipples as big as Gray's head gushed torrents of milk like open faucets, rolling down her soaked fur into a pair of plastic pools, which were quickly filling up with milk. The view of the breasts got closer as Gray walked over, and then a paw reached out, pressing lightly into the skin beside the nipple. His paw sank in slightly, and the lactating milk grew in intensity for a second.

“I'm not a dairy fox expert, but this seems like a healthy flow,” he said, running his fingers through the white fur and sloshing the massive breast eagerly.

“I can hear you, you know.”

Gray walked around the fox's enormous breasts until he reached the other side, where Cerine was standing, her arms outstretched and resting on the bulk of her tremendous bust. Her long tail waved back and forth behind her in slow arcs as Gray approached, and she turned her head towards him, grinning. She still had on her glasses and shorts, and she shivered as the tigyote ran a knuckle along her bare spine.

“How are you feeling?” he asked, aiming the camera at her. “You're kinda... ridiculous at this point.”

“Trust me, I feel it,” Cerine told him. She lowered her paws down and massaged her sides where the gargantuan breasts met the rest of her body. “I've got about... just a couple inches of wiggle room back here. But other than being stuck where Zaress put me, I... kinda like it. It feels amazing being this huge. I've never gone this big before and... uh... did we get any more donations?”

“Well, we turned the donations off since I wasn't sure how much more you could take... but hey, maybe we can do some more in a bit.”

“Where'd Zaress go, anyways?”

“She was getting ready for the big finale. Oh, hang on. Here she comes.” Gray turned the camera towards the back of the house as Zaress pulled open the sliding door and strode out in a green two-piece swimsuit. The drake brushed back her brown hair and smiled for the camera. Cerine twisted about as best she could, her eyes widening at the sight of the bulky, buff woman in a bikini.

“What... are you doing?” the fox asked.

The big drake walked up behind her and massaged the fox's hips lightly while smooching her cheek. “I wanted to change into something that could get wet. I told the chat we'd milk you, and that's what I'm gonna do.”

“I... uh... s-sure,” Cerine whimpered, swallowing hard.

Zaress led Gray back around to the boob-side of the fox, where the almost eight-foot high melons were pumping milk into the pools. The drake stepped into one, where the milk sloshed around her shins and ankles. Her wide, muscular back bristled with dark brown scales as she stretched, getting ready.

“So what are you about to do?” Gray asked her.

“Well, as a treat, I am going to drink my fill of milk,” Zaress told him and the camera. She pat her flat, bare stomach and rubbed it. “As much as I possibly can.”

“Is this really for the stream or are you just having fun with her being this big?”

“Both.”

“Fair enough.”

Zaress turned towards the huge pink nipple beside her and knelt down. Up close, the nipple was a lot bigger than it looked. “I’m not sure how I’m going to, though... Oh, well.” Placing her hands on Cerine’s breast and massaging, the drake leaned in and placed her lips against the nipple, right over the biggest stream of milk. There were a dozen smaller sprays, too, so Zaress closed her eyes as her face and hair rapidly got soaked. Milk rolled down her body, making her bare skin on her chest and stomach glisten with a pink sheen. Gray got as close as he dared with the camera, not wanting to get it wet. He stood beside the pool.

Zaress’s cheeks bulged from the flow of milk. Stimulated from the interaction, Cerine’s nipple swelled slightly more and the milk flow increased. The drake swallowed, over and over, gulping down mouthfuls of milk while she firmly rubbed her hands up and down around the fox’s areola, pressing and squeezing to encourage even more flow. It wasn’t obvious to Gray why the drake was even trying to get more milk out of the dairy fox; she couldn’t drink it all now! Each breast was expressing so much milk it looked like someone had tipped over a quart and it just never stopped emptying.

The drake’s neck worked as she drank, and steadily her belly began to fill. As muscular as she was, Zaress had a flat, tight tummy, not chiseled with abs like Gray’s. But now it began to round out and bloat. The tigyote knelt down, bracing the camera against his cheek so he could reach out and feel the drake’s bulging stomach. He gave the growing curve of belly a playful squeeze and jiggle, making Zaress grunt in surprised pleasure. Milk ran down the outside of her belly, and over Gray’s curious paw, even while milk filled up the inside of it, and Zaress continued to steadily bloat, her waistline swelling up and up and up. It was a good thing she changed into the swimsuit, because her middle was bulging past her breasts. She took a moment to inhale, and reach down to pat the tigyote’s paw as it glided up and down over her milk-soaked belly, before placing her lips back at the fox’s nipple for more.

The amount of milk Zaress could drink was a drop in the bucket compared to how much Cerine was producing. The pool underneath the other fountain of strawberry milk was nearly at its brim; the only reason this one wasn’t was because Zaress was drinking about half of it. But soon she threw in the towel, tipping herself backwards onto her rump and propping herself up on her arms. Zaress looked down and saw a tight, nearly globe-shaped swell of stomach protruding past her full chest.

“Congratulations?” Gray offered, snickering.

“Shut up,” the drake moaned. She propped herself against the edge of the pool, rubbing her drum-tight stomach and panting. Milk sloshed around her as it filled up the container, slowly submerging the full-to-bursting drake. “I don’t want any more milk in my life.”

“She says, forgetting this was her idea.” Gray stood up. “And will probably be at the tit again in about an hour. Let’s go see how our cow-fox is doing after all that.”

The tigyote walked around the fox’s boob again to pay her another visit, and Cerine was standing, leaning forward into her own cleavage, face buried between them. She looked up when Gray appeared with the camera again, and licked her muzzle to cover how hard she’d been panting and enjoying herself. But he could plainly see she was red in the face.

“Someone’s had fun,” he teased, giving her chin a gentle rub with his wet paw.

“That felt... really good,” she answered, trying to compose herself. “Uh, I was wondering... did that person who donated a fortune have a question?”

Gray nodded, forgetting he was holding the camera for a second. “Yeah. I almost forgot. They wanted to ask you after you got done growing, so I guess now’s as good a time as any. It was: *Did you enjoy it?*”

“Oh, god, yes.”

* * * * *

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