

Strawberry Milk Comes From...

by Cerine Hero
featuring YOU!

You've never seen a milk factory up-close before, but you also had a pretty good idea of what one would look like from pictures, and this wasn't it. You stand in the parking lot of a nice, friendly-looking building, one paw still on your car door. You double-check the card you were given, just to make sure you had the right address, but there's no need. Right above the glass doors of the factory entrance, there's a big sign with pink, cursive writing.

"Ms. Beverly's Friendly Milk Company," it says. There's a cartoon picture of the owner beside it; an exaggerated image of a bovine woman with a comforting smile and large, erm... you hesitate to call them udders, but that's pretty much what they are. She was wearing blue overalls and a red checkered shirt, and carrying overflowing milk jugs in each hoof.

You'd never heard of this place until the other day. While casually mentioning to some friends that you were job hunting, one of them slipped you the card in your paw. You asked what kind of job it was about, and they said not to worry about it. You had the "right stuff," and they'd even call ahead and say you were going to drop by tomorrow. Well, tomorrow was today, and you were standing in front of the factory. Butterflies flitted in your stomach at the thought of an interview you hadn't – and couldn't – prepare for, but there was no harm in coming to see what this was about.

The electric doors slide open as you step on the rubber mat in front of them, and cool, almost frigid, air hits you like a winter storm. The lobby of the milk factory was a storefront. Refrigerated racks offered various dairy products from cheeses and butter to yogurt and, of course, milk. An entire wall was taken up by freezers full of ice cream of various flavors. You walk in, jaw hanging open at the selection all around you. Every label had the smiling, warm countenance of Ms. Beverly on it. To your knowledge, none of this ever got to your local supermarket. It all must have been made here and sold here. You reach out and pick up a pack of strawberry yogurt, turning it over in your paws. There was a note on the bottom of the pack: "Made with love by Cerine." Was this paw-made? You didn't know milk could be made artisanally.

You hear a door open in the back of the shop. Putting the yogurt down, you turn and look to see Ms. Beverly herself coming to greet you. She has that trademark smile already on her face. Compared to the cartoon version of her, she's a touch older, and a lot rounder, but her endowments were no exaggeration. Before you can even say hello, the huge cow has you in a massive bear hug, lifting you slightly off your feet.

Ms. Beverly sets you down and pats your shoulders. "Good morning, darlin'!" she says, her voice loud but like buttermilk in your ears. "It's a beautiful day out, isn't it?"

You nod, holding out the card you were given to her. She takes it and places it in a pocket of her overalls. Inhaling, take your resume out of your pocket and begin unfolding it, but she holds up a hoof to stop you.

"No, no," she says. "I don't need none of that. Let me get a good look at you, first." She takes a step back, holding her chin. You stand still, a little uncomfortable as the cow slowly looks you over from ear to tail. Then she locks her eyes with yours for several seconds before finally smiling again. "Yes, yes, yes. I think you'll do perfectly!"

You're confused. You ask her what she was looking for.

"Oh! Well, when I got a call yesterday from one of my old employees, they told me a kindly young thing would be coming in for a visit. Needed a job, they said! And I can tell by looking at you that they were right. You're a gentle, helpful soul, aren't you, sweetheart? Ms. Beverly can see it. That's the most important thing I look for in my caregivers."

You blink, still a little lost. What is this job, you ask.

Ms. Beverly puts an arm around your shoulders and begins leading you to the door at the back

of the store. “Well, darlin', I need people to mind my cows for me. Running a business is very busy, and I can't be everywhere at once. But my cows, they need special care and love in order to produce the best quality milk they can. I like to have one helper per cow to be extra sure they're being treated right. After all, it wouldn't be much of a 'friendly' company if I mistreated my cows, now would it?”

That made sense to you. Ms. Beverly pushes open the door and you step through onto a factory floor. There were containers for milk and ice cream and yogurt all on one side, and workers were filling them up with produce from hoses. As Ms. Beverly leads you by, the workers, all in matching white uniforms and masks, stop briefly to wave at you, as if they were happy to see you. You wave back, smiling lightly. You keep walking, past the assembly area and by some extra-large, silver vats, where where tubes were running down from the ceiling into each one. They all had a label on them, with a name in big, bold lettering. You spy one of them had “Cerine” written on it, and you raise an eyebrow.

Oh! You realize that it's the cow's name on the yogurt label.

Ms. Beverly leads you past the factory floor into the far wing of the complex. A sign overhead says it's the “Barn.” You pass through some swinging metal doors into a nicer, comfier area. That's not what you were expecting when you read the sign a moment ago. This almost looked... residential? It was a long hallway, with doors to either side. There were as many doors as there were tanks right behind you. And the doors were extra-wide. At the end of the hallway was a pair of double doors leading outdoors to a lightly wooded area, like a park. You expected to see, well, a pasture, but nothing was quite adding up.

You ask Ms. Beverly what is going on here.

“Oh, darlin'!” she replies, laughing and covering her mouth. “I told you, didn't I? I take great care of my cows. I'm not going to have them live in *pens*! How could I? They've got everything they could want here, but they do need a little bit of extra stimulation. That's why you're here! Now, take some of these.” Ms. Beverly walks to a changing area on the side of the room and grabs some rubber gloves. Sizing you up, she picks out some denim overalls, as well, and brings everything over to you, placing them in your paws. “Now, I'll leave you be so you can get changed, darlin'. And you'll be working with Cerine.” She points you towards the last door on the left. “Just go on in once you're ready.”

You frown, telling Ms. Beverly that you don't know what she wants you to actually... do. You've never worked with livestock before and you're pretty sure it can be a little dangerous.

She laughs again, and you can hear the notes of a knowing wink under her chuckle. “Relax, sweetheart! Just listen to Cerine. She'll tell you everything you need to know!”

Ms. Beverly waves and disappears back through the doors to the factory, leaving you alone and more confused than ever. You are still holding the gloves and overalls. Glancing sideways, you look towards the door leading outside and briefly consider just running for it. This job sounds too weird to be serious. Handling a cow? Alone? *Stimulation*? You have no idea what you've gotten yourself into. But... you need the job. Okay, you've convinced yourself. You'll give it one day to see what on earth this is all about, and if you don't like it, you'll bolt. Making the decision helped you feel a bit better, and you step into the changing area with the shelves of overalls. Thankfully, there's a curtain you can close for privacy. You see some of them were missing, replaced with street clothes. Must be your co-workers outfits, you guess, so you do the same, shimmying off your pants and folding them up. After placing them on the shelf, you pull on the overalls, noticing they fit you really well. Ms. Beverly had an eye for more than just personality, apparently. The denim was also well-laundered and soft, but you could see old, well-set milk stains in the fabric that couldn't come out, and some of them were pink. Ignoring that – just another weird thing on top of everything else weird here – you pull on the rubber gloves tight around your paws with a snap. You didn't have to snap them. You just felt like you couldn't *not* do it.

Pulling back the privacy curtain, you peer down the long hallway, wiggling your nose as you do. Last one on the left, she said. You can feel trepidation creeping back up on you again as you walk all the way down the hallway, your feet padding on the polished hardwood floor. Soft voices echoed

from the rooms to your left and right. This felt more like a hotel than a cow pen. You know Ms. Beverly said that she took really good care of her cows, but really? This was a little much... But if you were just a glorified babysitter for a two-ton animal that just stood around all day, you wouldn't argue with that!

You stop in front of the door and inhale deep, finally noticing something that had been confusing you for a while but, you didn't realize it. This place didn't *smell* like a barn. You've smelled that raw, almost gagging odor that came with being around animals, and none of that was present here. Actually, standing in front of the door, you smelled a bit of... strawberry? The door was extra-wide, made from one solid wood panel, and it looked like it slid open into the wall rather than swung. A nice sign was fixed on the door, with Cerine's name in pink cursive, just like the big marquee outside. Reaching out, you took the door handle in one paw, and began to slide it open slowly.

You notice right away that this isn't an animal pen. Not even *close*. It's a... dorm room? A pretty big one, at that. There's a window on the far wall, looking out into the gardens outside, and a queen-size bed underneath it. In the opposite corner is a writing desk and a really sturdy chair. There's a tablet attached to a power cord on the writing desk, and you notice that there is a mechanism installed on the desk so the top could be swung upwards to shoulder-height. To your left is an entertainment center with a big TV and a video game console. In front of it is a well-squashed beanbag chair, with a controller laying in the middle of the central divot.

It finally hits you that when Ms. Beverly said *cow*, she meant a cow like *her*. Suddenly everything makes more sense.

There's something huge and blue and almost spherical on the bed, and it began to shift as you step inside. You call out a nervous greeting and immediately get a response.

"Oh, hey!" a voice replies. A black paw rises up above the blue bulk on the bed and waves in your direction. "You'll have to, uh, gimme a minute to get up..."

You watch in awe as a pair of legs emerge from underneath the covers on the bed. There was someone underneath that beachball-sized object. Actually, two objects, you begin to notice, watching them wobble and sway back and forth as the person began to get up. Paws hold the top of the blue-covered masses and finally the figure sits up on the bed, hanging her legs over the side while her arms rest on top of her... her...

Boobs. Those are her boobs. Your brain finally pieces together what you're seeing. The person on the bed isn't a cow but a *fox*, with long white hair put up in a ponytail over one shoulder and a coat of frost-pink and white fur. She smiles warmly at you from over the top of her monumental breasts underneath her blue shirt. You've never seen breasts that big before. It was hard to wrap your head around the very idea of them. Just guessing by how much the shirt was stretched-out around the vixen's front, each one had to be almost a hundred pounds!

The fox seems to notice your shock. "Oh, yeah. First day. Everybody is floored when they first come in." She grins and pats her paws on top of her massive bust. The monster melons jiggle and bounce underneath her shirt teasingly. Sliding her paws down, she squeezes her arms into their bulk, and she can just barely get her fingers to reach in front of herself. "It's not that crazy once you get used to it, I promise. I'm Cerine, but I'm sure Beverly told you that already. Come here, sit down."

You do as she asks, just like Ms. Beverly said you should. There's not a lot of room on the bed next to the excessively-busty fox, but you sit down beside her on the mattress. You can't keep your eyes off them, though. The fox's breasts overflow her lap to the point you can barely see her slender legs underneath them. Cerine notices you watching and leans back, propping herself up on her arms and paws. Her boobs shift slightly under her top. The shirt is so snug that you swear it would rip if there was any more weight pulling on it. The front of the top stretches tight as it holds her breasts up somewhat in front of the vixen. Outlines of nipples show through the fabric and you swallow hard. They would fit in your paw.

"What's your name?" she asks, just watching as you stare agape at her chest. There's a pregnant

pause before your brain gives you a *thump* and you tell her. “That suits you! So... did Beverly tell you what you'll be doing?” You tell her no. She giggles. “Yeah, that's like her. She tried to put up a help wanted ad once: 'Need help caring for supersized boobs!' Yeah, that wasn't the right kind of help. So she waits until she finds the right people. In short, you're gonna be my new assistant! I miss my old assistant already. She was really good with her paws...” Cerine's face goes wistful and she looks down. Shifting her weight to one arm, she smooths one paw across her chest and her fingers gently rub around her plump nipple. You watch, swallowing hard, not sure if she's forgotten you're here. After a moment, the fox looks up, sees your reaction, and blushes a little. She laughs a bit, possibly to hide her embarrassment. “Oh! Sorry. After a while around here you just get used to this kinda stuff. They're just, like, a thing? You'll figure it out. So, yeah, uh... You won't be helping with everything, mind you, but mostly taking good care of my boobies so I produce as much milk as possible. And keeping me company – it's hard to get out and about nowadays.”

You raise your eyebrows and ask her what she means by “nowadays.”

“Oh, gosh!” Cerine's laugh gets fuller, making her humongous breasts bounce on her lap. She sits up fully again and drums her paws on them. “Do you think I got this big on my own? No, no, no. This is all thanks to working here. When I started, I wore a DD cup! Beverly knows some tricks, though. The right diet, regular milkings, and some special attention-” she winks at you “-makes them grow and grow and grow, and then they produce more and more. I can't believe how big I've gotten in a couple months. The first week I was here, I gained *ten pounds* and my bra was already a goner. Beverly was impressed. She said I was going to be an amazing milk cow here, and it looks like she was right. Oh, yeah – she calls us cows. She may have already told you. It's not mean or anything. I think she just treats everybody like bulls and cows; like, it's totally normal for a cow to produce milk, so why should a fox be any different?”

You can't believe what you're hearing. Just trying to imagine the vixen with a normal-sized bust was hurting your brain. You reach down and pinch your thigh through the overalls to see if this was some weird, surrealist dream you were having. All you get for it is an aching spot in your skin. This was real, she was real, those things were real. Or at least for a *generous* definition of real, you supposed, if she had plenty of help growing this big!

Cerine notices your confusion and smiles. “All a little too much at once? Here.” She pulls her slim legs up onto the mattress and crosses them. As soon as she does, they disappear underneath her voluminous, tent-like t-shirt and the sheer size of her chest. She gently takes your paw in hers. Her fingers are soft and she guides your paw over, using a very loose grip so you have plenty of time and ability to tug away. You don't. She places your palm, fingers outstretched, on top of her breast. Then she does the same for your other paw. Your heart skips a beat when you finally have a full comparison between the fox's breasts and your paw size. These couldn't be delicately cupped. They couldn't even be carried in the crook of your arm! Cerine gives you a moment to get through your shock, and then she begins to help you slide your paws around her huge chest with her own. “There's no need to be polite. This is literally going to be your job, so we might as well get you used to it.”

You nod, taking over with massaging the vixen's massive breasts. You start slowly, working your paws around to the sides and teasing the curves of her boobs. No matter how long you drift your paws, though, there's always more of her to caress. You could do this for hours, letting your paws just go in slow, languid circles around her giant melons. The room is almost silent as you play, with nothing but the soft sounds of the two of you breathing and your gloves rustling over the fabric of her stretched-out top. There's a rhythmic thumping noise behind you. It's your tail, wagging furiously.

Cerine smirks and taps your gloves with her claws. “You can take those off. They're no fun. Just make sure you put them back on before Beverly sees.” You are delighted to acquiesce, tugging the snug gloves off your paws and tucking them into a pocket on your overalls. You look back up just in time to see Cerine's paws and arms disappear under her chest. They appear again, pulling on the bottom of her shirt. You watch as she lifts and lifts and lifts, going slowly so that her titanic bosom can spill out. After

a few heart-racing seconds, while you watch a practically-endless amount of white fur flood out from under the shirt, the fox's boobs suddenly drop free, hitting her crossed legs and shaking like gelatin molds. You feel the impact yourself through the mattress. Cerine finishes removing the comically-big top and throws it into a clothes hamper by the bathroom door. With a smile, she slides her paws underneath her lap-filling breasts and lifts them up. She has to arch her back and put muscle into it, but she raises them a few inches over her legs. Then they drop back down, again quivering like dessert right in front of your eyes. You gingerly place your paws on them again, trying to settle them down from their constant wobbling and sloshing. Your fingers run through her thick, soft, vulpine fur and a shiver rolls down your spine. Her fur is warm from being underneath her shirt, and you feel an urge to brush and straighten it, helping to groom her beautiful coat. Cerine eagerly lets you, stretching her slender arms and back while you tease her fur.

You wonder how heavy her monsters are, so you slide your paws down around them. Your fingers sink delicately into the sides of her breasts where they hang over the sides of her crossed legs, and you begin to push in. The tender flesh yields to your palms, rolling around your paws as you apply pressure. You start to push upwards, but you can only raise them so far. They're simply too big and heavy, and they just roll from your grasp and jiggle. Cerine watches you with amusement. You ask her what it's like with them being so heavy.

"I..." she starts to say, blushing red. "I really like it. It's been hard to get used to, but it's the most exciting thing to me. I feel myself get bigger every day and I wake up excited to look at how much I've grown overnight. It's not *easy*, of course, waddling around in here or out to the park, which is part of the reason you're here. But I've always dreamed of having huge breasts, and it's my reality now!"

You smile. Her enthusiasm is infectious. You can feel the initial surprise is wearing off, and the fox's inviting demeanor helps you relax. Getting a little braver, you lift your paws up slightly and begin to pat your fingers on her chest, watching in awe as the fat ripples and jiggles under your touch in broad waves. Cerine's smile broadens as you become more comfortable.

There's a knock at the door. "Oh, is it lunch time already?" Cerine says, shifting her weight – at least, shifting her breasts' weight – and unfolding her legs. "Well, I guess that's your first official duty, then!"

You nod, standing up from the bed and trying to compose yourself before you walk over to the door. You slide it open again and a red-scaled kobold in an apron holds up a covered platter for you to take. The factory had a kitchen, apparently. That made sense, if there were live-in "cows." Stooping down, you take the platter from the kobold and they scamper off, running back to a push-cart covered with more deliveries for the other rooms. You balance the platter on one arm and close the door before turning around.

Cerine has stood up from the bed while you were getting the food. Under her weighty, swinging breasts, you finally see that she's been wearing tight black pajama shorts this whole time. You're pretty sure that you didn't just *not notice*, you actually never saw them until now. She waddles, slowly, over to her wardrobe, leaving you speechless as you watch her enormous and soft udders swing in front of her. Her nipples are barely in sight for you, pointed diagonally towards the floor as her round, party balloon-sized melons sway back and forth. The white-furred mountains were still plenty firm, but their size and weight made them hard for the vixen to handle easily, it seemed. She reaches into her wardrobe and takes out some jeans, pulling them up to her waist with a little awkward effort. Then she grabs a green, plaid button-down with rolled sleeves up to the elbows and pulls it on over her shoulders and arms. It's a regular-sized top, so it doesn't even remotely cover the *sides* of her large breasts. You ask her if she'd like you to find her something better-fitting to wear, if only for comfort.

"Oh! No, no," Cerine answers, her smile broadening. "After lunch, well... you'll see. Let's just say that right now, I'm pretty empty, and I need to start producing my batch for the day."

A blush spreads across your face as she walks over to you. You look down over the top of the tray in your paws, peering into the fox's fluffy, heavy cleavage. Cerine notices your gaze and pats your

cheek with a grin. Then she takes the lid off the tray you are holding. Steam wafts up from the meal and surrounds your muzzle. You inhale, taking in the meaty, fried, salty aroma. You certainly had no idea what kind of food they'd feed to their cows here at the factory, but you really weren't expecting... cheeseburgers. Two of them shared a plate, surrounded by golden, thick-cut fries. A metal, capped tumbler sits stands to the plate Cerine leaned in and sniffed at her meal, purring. Smiling nervously, you ask her if it was okay for a... "cow" to eat hamburger. The vixen looks up at you and then covers her muzzle as she laughs.

"It's a plant burger!" she answers, still giggling. "You're right, though, they don't serve a lot of real meat here, but I *love* burgers, so the kitchen staff makes them special. They are so nice." She picks up a fry and eats it. "Oh, sorry. I'd offer you some, but you'd, uh... well, the food is formulated to help me grow bigger. You'd probably get sick."

You nod. If that's the case, you're happy to watch the vixen eat all the food herself. "I've got an idea," she tells you. "It's a really nice day out today. Why don't we make it a picnic? We can find somewhere to sit and eat and get to know each other. And we can- oh!" Cerine sneaks a few more fries and then seems to remember something. She heads over to the desk and picks up a small cream container, placing it on the tray next to the food plate. It's not labeled, as far as you can see. "You'll need this. It's for... I'll explain in a little bit. Come on, let's head outside."

You carry the food tray for her as she leads you out of the room, immense bust ahead of her. There's no hiding her well-endowed figure from behind. The size of her breasts spans wider than her body, even with her arms lowered down and her top slightly obscuring them. As the vixen reaches up to fuss with her hair, your eyes flit between the two monster curves hanging around her narrow back. You want very badly to just reach forward and caress one of those breasts from behind. Cerine probably wouldn't mind, you think, but your paws are full carrying the food tray.

A voice calls to you both and Cerine stops, slowly turning herself around to avoid swinging her top-heavy weight too wildly. Back down the hallway, towards the factory, is another one of the "cows" and her handler. Your eyes go wide. The tigress is much bigger than Cerine, with breasts that reach her knees yet retain a lot of their perky shape. It's hard for your brain to grasp. She and her handler are wearing athletic gear and look sweaty, as if they'd just come in from a gym. Makes sense, she'd need a lot of strength to carry all that weight! She and Cerine wave to one another and blow kisses before you start back on your walk to the outside door.

"She's been here a lot longer than me," Cerine explained, smiling. "Super sweet, loves sports. Used to do basketball before she hurt her arm. She can't play anymore, so Beverly offered her a job. She's really loving it!"

You believe her, given how big the tigress was. Cerine turns sideways and uses her hip to push open the crash bar on the outside doors, stepping out into a stone-paved pathway in the garden. Butterflies flutter around in the spring light, and you and Cerine head out into the meadow. At first, you were going to ask Cerine if she was alright being outside with her chest just out like this, but you decide that if it really mattered to her, she would have said so already. The vixen leads you out of the garden, citing her allergies, and out into the well-kept pasture. There's a copse of trees on a hill, and you both climb up, slightly out of breath – her more so than you. Cerine takes a seat in the shade at the base of the tree and fans her collar.

"Bit warmer than I thought!" she admits, smiling as you settle down on your rump beside her. Crossing your legs, you rest the food tray on your lap and offer the burger and fries to her. She takes one of the burgers and starts eating, her forearms and elbows resting on top of her full chest. You watch as the black fur sinks lightly into the plush flesh of her chest. Your wagging tail rustles the grass behind you. While Cerine eats, munching on fries and taking big bites from her veggie burgers, your thoughts are on the massively-busty tigress you saw in the hallway. She'd worked here longer than Cerine, huh? That was why she was so much bigger. You ask Cerine how much bigger she'd like to get. The vixen listens to your question and then ponders it for a bit, idly chewing on the burger in her paw.

“I haven't really thought about *that*,” she answers, slowly rubbing her free paw along the curve of her right breast. “I've been loving the growing so much I haven't really put my foot down on any kind of 'stopping point.' I mean, that's not my job. My job's to get bigger and produce even more milk.” She waves the breast-boosting burger in the air a bit to illustrate her point. “I *guess* one day I'll be so big I'll be stuck in bed, yeah. Do I want to be that big...? Iunno! I've been very well cared-for so far, so we'll see what happens, I suppose! I hope you'll be there to keep me company, though! I'll probably need it.”

Cerine finishes the first burger and started on the second. It seems like a lot of food for a lunch, but then, almost a third of her body weight was boobs, and she was growing, so she probably needed to eat a whole lot. The second burger disappears pretty quickly, and your eyes drift down towards the fox's bust, hoping that maybe you'll be able to spot a little bit of growth. Your eyes linger for a while, but no such luck – just a lot of jiggling and bouncing as the vixen leans over towards the tray and takes the metal tumbler in her paws. She unscrews the lid and takes a sip. From your angle, you can just barely see that the tumbler is full of milk. Cerine smacks her lips and looks at the contents thoughtfully.

“Hmm... whose is this? It's not cat... not horse...”

You blink, realizing she's talking about the other “cows” at the factory. You offer a suggestion. What if it's her own? Cerine smiles and drinks some more.

“Nah... mine is pink.” She gives one of her nipples a playful squeeze and grins at you. You notice she can just barely reach it, and how well the pink flesh fills her paw. “I'm a strawberry fox... so, yeah. Comes out pre-flavored!”

You furrow your brow a little and tell her you find that a bit hard to believe. You've accepted a lot today, from a factory full of “cow” employees to food causing massive breast growth, but you've never heard of anything like someone actually producing flavored breastmilk. Cerine gives you a wry look and puts the cap back onto her tumbler before tucking it into the top of her cleavage for safekeeping. Leaning forward slightly, the vixen reaches past her own breast and cups her large areola in both hands. You watch, wide-eyed and tail wagging, as she begins to rub and massage herself. Her nipple plumps slightly, growing erect, and she starts to pinch the meat behind it. Then milk begins to form at the tip of her teat – and she's not pulling your leg. It's pink! A light, rosy shade of pink, like strawberry ice cream.

“Have you seen everything now?” she teases you, grinning wide. You nod, in shock. Cerine plucks her tumbler from her cleavage again and finishes off her lunch milk, sighing softly. “One of the perks of the job – your job, I mean – is you can sneak a little bit of it if you want. You may wanna wait until I'm nice and full, though, before you try. A *lot* less effort that way, I promise.”

You glance down at the vixen's wet nipple again and watch as the dribble of milk falls from the end of her teat and lands in the grass beside her thigh. The wind blows the vixen's strawberry scent in your direction and you inhale deeply, wondering what she tasted like, if it would be a faint flavor or very strong. Probably pretty strong, you guess, or else it wouldn't make for particularly good strawberry yogurt by the time it was all said and done.

Cerine reaches over again and places the empty tumbler on the tray. She picks up the cream bottle and pushes the tray off of your lap. “Now this is one of your main jobs.” She wiggles the cream bottle at you and you take it, looking it over. “That is a special, uh... topical stimulant we use here to really kick-start the lactation process. I mean, you just saw that I can milk on my own, but it's not a whole lot. Oh! You need your gloves, or you'll, uh... y'know.” She wraps her arms completely around her breasts, squishing them tightly so that her paws can meet, and then she stretches out on her back, her white hair forming a halo around her head. The furry mounds wobble in her arms and spread out across her torso as she holds them, reaching from her muzzle to her navel.

Gulping, you hold the bottle in one paw and step over, sitting down on your knees again next to the vixen's chest. She looks at you with a smile, her muzzle mostly buried in her own cleavage. You'd laugh at the sight if you weren't so preoccupied with pulling on your gloves once again and fumbling

the bottle in your paws. While you unscrew the lid, Cerine lets go of her giant bust and her heaving boobs roll to rest naturally on top of – and around – her. One bounces to rest on your thighs, and the other hangs heavily over the side of her torso. When the boob thumps against your lap, you instinctively grip the open cream bottle and squeeze a huge pawful of blue-green goo into your palm. Cerine snickers into the back of her paw while she uses the other as a pillow beneath her head.

“Sorry,” she says. “If it makes you feel better, you're not the first to do that... And it's okay, you can't use too much. Go nuts.”

You put the bottle down on the grass and massage the thick goo around your gloved paws, getting your fingers and palms covered in the bright-colored cream. Then you reach out and gingerly press your palms against Cerine's full melons. The vixen smiles and stretches her legs as you get to work, slowly massaging in long, slow circles to completely cover every inch of her tremendous bust in cream. The blue-green goo soaks into her fur seconds after you apply it, coloring her boobs a bright teal. You work with the grain of her fur, going in spirals from her nipples outward. Her breasts jiggle lightly from your touch, and you push up on them as you reach the outside, lifting them upwards and together. You feel their amazing weight against your palms as you push, admiring the effort the vixen must go through all day carrying these. Then slowly, you slide your paws upwards, letting the breasts flop out from underneath your touch, bouncing back to their natural resting places.

“Make sure you get between and underneath, too,” Cerine instructs, licking her muzzle. You do as she says, getting more cream and then plunging your paws underneath her breasts, jiggling them as you rub back and forth. Already, you begin to notice that on the top of her breasts, the white color was beginning to return as her fur and skin absorbed the cream. “This tingles like crazy,” she tells you, patting the top of one boob. “It's like, you know when you have those fizzy rocks and soda? It's just like that, but inside my skin. I know you're probably thinking I should be going nuts from that description-”

You definitely are thinking that.

“-and I did the first day. Or week. I was still, like, *medium-sized* back then, so I was hopping all over the place and making noises. But I'm used to it now, and there's definitely not going to be any hopping everywhere now, I can say that!” The fox brushed her paws around the top of her chest, where the cream was almost all gone. Fanning out her fingers, she wraps her index finger and middle finger around her nipple. Your eyes drift up from your work underneath her giant breasts and focus on what she's doing. The vixen very lightly presses on her skin and, unlike before, when she had to work her nipple to produce a dribble of milk, a thread-thin stream of pink shoots upwards. You jump backwards in shock at the sudden tiny geyser, and Cerine laughs.

“I should be careful. Don't wanna waste too much or I get a lecture.” She feels her paws around her breasts and you swear they're rounder... and firmer... than you remember. You slide your paws out from underneath and touch them, too, pressing your fingertips and claws very gingerly into her skin. They feel tighter and heavier than just a minute ago, like they've *inflated*. Is there milk sloshing around inside of these now? You're pretty sure it doesn't work like that, but at the same time you haven't seen this kind of expansion before.

“This is the fun part,” Cerine tells you, still massaging the sides of her breasts. “I love watching them grow...”

Grow? While you're watching, muzzle hanging open, you stare in awe as the already enormous vixen's bust begins to pump and swell even fuller. They jiggle as they expand, rapidly filling with milk. Her skin tightens around her enlarging breasts, giving them a rounder, more balloon-like shape, but not getting to the point of being genuinely drum-tight. They just keep gaining more size, spreading over the vixen's body. She presses her paws on top of them, keeping them from rolling over her face as she smiles. You just stare in awe as she grows mountainously big, her nipples getting perkier and fatter even as the areolas puffed around them. She more than doubles in size, more breast resting on the ground beside her than on top of her torso.

You take off your cream-covered gloves and toss them into the grass, unable to resist. Sitting up high on your knees to make yourself a little taller above the peaks of her heaving, swollen bust, you place your paws on the white fur of a single breast. Your paws sink gently into her boob as you press lightly, feeling the slosh of both fat and milk under her skin. The light pressure causes milk to spray from her nipple in several thin streams, and you shiver in anticipation. She said you could have some, and you're dying of curiosity. Leaning over more, your chest resting on top of her still-slowly-growing chest, you look down at Cerine, her face barely peeking out from her cleavage. She knows what you want, and she nods eagerly, her muzzle jiggling her breasts. You lean back a bit and slide your paws up to around her nipple, giving a testing press with your palms. It's like a faucet of milk, dribbling into her fur and staining it pink.

Licking your lips, you lean in and close your muzzle around her nipple. The strawberry scent is so strong now, it's intoxicating. You inhale and your lips suction to her skin. Her nipple is almost filling your mouth. Your tongue can't help but massage along the underside of it, and you feel Cerine squirm in delight beneath you. You begin to suck, and every draw pulls an ounce of milk from the vixen's stimulated teat. Creamy strawberry overloads your brain as you swallow, feeling the smooth liquid roll down to your belly. Instinctively, you begin to press your paws into her breast, and the response is immediate. Your cheeks bulge with the abrupt rush of milk, and it dribbles through your lips. You pop your lips from her teat with a spritz of pink and struggle to gulp it all down. Slowly, you do, and your muzzle hangs open as you pant for air.

Taking a moment to catch your breath, you tell her it tastes incredible. You run your tongue across your muzzle, catching the errant drips still clinging to you. She's so huge now. For the second time today, you're going to have to redefine what "big" means to you.

"Heh... might need help getting up today," the vixen squeaked, raising up her paws above her twin milk-mountains. You stand, unsteadily at first on your asleep feet. You instinctively place your hand on the nearest thing to brace yourself, and your palm sinks into Cerine's titty. Milk sprays like a fountain above her and she laughs while reminding you to be careful. You apologize, leaning over more to use the tree to lean on as you stand. Once you're steady, you grasp Cerine's paws and begin to pull. Slowly, her upper body rolls forward, and those milk-inflated balloons shift upwards first, and then down onto her thighs, heavily wobbling back and forth. It's not a jiggle – not quite. It's too heavy and full. Cerine's chin still rests on her cleavage as you pull more, helping her get her feet underneath her and then climb up to fully standing. It's a lot of effort and twice the momentum just isn't there and you have to give in and lower her back to her butt. But finally you help her all the way up, clutching her paw and putting one arm around her waist. Her breast weighs on top of your paw. The full udders are swinging like wrecking balls in front of her. Your brain says they should be sagging more than they are because of how heavy they look and how much Cerine is struggling to stay upright, but they're also so filled with milk that they've grown bloated and round. Even so, they've passed her waist and are partially resting on her thighs.

You ask her if this is bigger than usual, since she said she needed help getting up 'today.'

"Uh, no, actually, this is kinda small," she replies with a blush. "It's just that usually I am already in bed before we get to this step so I'm good and prepped for the milkers. But since we had a picnic today, I... didn't think this through too well? Fortunately I'm not dragging on the grass... but hey! It's your first day, so it's to be expected."

You blink. You could make them *bigger*?

"You'll get better at it, trust me," she continues, beginning to walk with your support. Her right breast swings and bumps your stomach, nearly knocking the wind out of you. There's a squirt of milk that peppers the grass in front of you both. "Whoops, shit, are you alright?"

You tell her you're fine, after getting your breath back. Together you make your way, slowly and carefully maneuvering those dangerous jugs back into the building. Cerine fits through the doorways with only a few inches to spare. Once you're back into her personal room, you shut the door behind you

and Cerine wobbles to the bed. She shrugs her slightly-dirty plaid top off her shoulders and it falls to the floor. Then she settles her weight down onto the bed. You saw her sitting like this before, when you first arrived, except now she's so full of milk that her breasts hang slightly over the edge of the bed. You come over and it takes a minute of plotting and managing before you both figure out how to extract the vixen's pants from under her without losing too much milk in the process. Slowly, the fox settles down on her back, idly stroking her claws in long loops around her udders and playing with her nipples while you toss her jeans into the clothes hamper.

“Alright, the milker is under the bed,” she explains, pointing downwards and yawning softly. You nod and drop to your paws and knees, finding a white drawer you can pull out beside the bed. Inside is a pump with two hoses attached, and large plastic cups on their ends. You pick up the cups. They could be hats for you. “Okay, just set them in place and press the priming buttons. And ignore any noises I make.”

You nod, and set the first cup over her swollen nipple. You didn't think her nipple could get any bigger, but once you press the priming button and the cup gets a vacuum seal, her nipple doubles in size. Cerine squirms and whimpers softly, and you hear the rustle of claws through thick fur. You ready her other nipple, too, and then kneel down, pressing the start button on the pump. There's a quiet whir, and pink milk begins to flow down the tubes in front of you. Cerine's breasts shift and wiggle slightly as the cups do their sucking, drawing quart after quart of milk out of her. It goes through the pump into a thicker pipe and into the floor, out of sight. Somewhere behind the walls, the pipe runs somewhere before it reaches the huge tank with her name on it back on the factory floor.

You're now struck by the realization that this fox fills that whole tank by herself.

Cerine yawns again, and she motions for you to come over. You kneel down beside the bed and rest your elbows on the mattress, your tail wagging. You put one paw on her boob and push it back so it's less in your and hers' way. She smiles. “The cream gets me really sleepy, sorry.” She yawns again. “So I think you're about done for the day. I think I like you, though. I hope you stay on.”

You tell her you think you will.

“Good.” She reaches up and grabs your collar with her paw, tugging you close and kissing your cheek. “See you tomorrow.”

You stand up, blushing red, and take your leave. Cerine holds her very slowly-deflating boobs as you open the door to the room, take one long look back at the cow-fox, and then slip outside. You shut the door behind yourself and turn, shocked to see the hearty shape of Ms. Beverly right in front of you. She has her hands on her hips and is looking down at you with a proud smile.

“Well, I really can pick 'em, can't I, darlin'?” she says, winking at you. “Looks like you and my prize strawberry cow hit it off just great. So what do you say? You wanna stay on?”

You inhale deep, smile, and give Beverly your answer.

* * * * *

A big thank you to all my Patreon subscribers! You guys are making this possible!
You belong to you! You're... self-copyrighted? I think?

Bronze Supporters

A Yjay Atomika295 Cobalt Dilly Elana Shuly
ElCid Fenris Freere Firefang Gideon
Gyro-furry Havenchaser HerrFleischer
mikefoxtrot Nedak Peppermint RMDIII sgtblaino
Spreeuzaki Teres TheWickerMan zanelia

Silver Supporters

Ghost Fox Gonkulous JT

Foxyfriends

Indigo Jack Mrben277