

Mall Day

by Cerine Hero

It was hard to tell which of the two of them was drawing more attention. The mall was crowded around lunchtime, with plenty of furs milling about between stores and chatting. But as the fox and cat wandered – or wobbled – by, conversations seemed to trail off and people stopped to stare openly at the display.

Chai was, in practical terms, almost topless. She still favored her people's penchant for wearing colorful scarves as upper body clothing, which had worked better for her when she was not so well... developed. After months of treating herself to her draconic roommate's breastmilk, with its potent and unique properties, the half-cheetah's chest had grown jaw-droppingly large. Each breast was at least as big as her head, if not bigger since she'd just enjoyed another tall glass the night before. They bounced tantalizingly underneath her red scarf with every step. No amount of sideboob and underboob was left to the imagination, and the scarf fluttered while she walked, occasionally exposing a nipple for view. Chai just smiled the stares away and tilted her face up, proud of her figure.

Beside (and above) her, the pink fox was more covered yet somehow more lurid. She wore tan shorts and a dark tank top, but the top was stretched over a pair of breasts that were unbelievable to behold. Chai's breasts were huge; Cerine's were gigantic. A substantial portion of her weight was in her bust alone! It was obvious that she'd grown past the size of any of her bras over the past couple months, as her heavy udders wobbled beneath the snug and stretched-out fabric. There was no hiding the vixen's large nipples from view, jutting into her top. Pink and white fur around the fox's waist was visible, since her top couldn't quite cover the bottom of her chest.

Cerine clearly set the walking pace for the two of them, panting slightly from the effort of carrying her girls. Chai happily walked beside her, stealing glances at the fox's voluminous bust with a hungry – or possibly thirsty – grin. But despite the effort on her face, the vixen looked more self-satisfied than anything.

“We need to get you into some better exercises,” Chai teased, feeling the soft fur along Cerine's arm before extending a finger and poking at the side of her breast where she was spilling out underneath the shoulder strap of her top. “Especially with how big you're getting!”

“I don't mind it too much,” Cerine replied, giggling as she felt the fingertip squish into her boob. She reached her arm out and wrapped it around Chai's shoulders, tugging her in against her big bust while they walked. The vixen wrapped her fingers around the cat's bicep and squeezed, feeling the muscle underneath. “But I can't deny how amazing you look! Gimme a flex.”

Chai pumped her arm and a toned bicep flexed underneath her tan fur for Cerine to massage her thumb across. She'd been working out more heavily to accommodate her growing breasts, and it was showing. “Gains, girl! Gotta get you pumped up, too.”

“I've *been* pumped up,” Cerine told her, laughing, “and it hasn't totally worn off, so don't worry about me. Right now I think we just need to get in and get this done.”

They headed through the mall, ignoring their grumbling tummies as they passed through the food court to get to a lingerie shop called *Sensual*. It was a place that did fittings in the store, which was perfect, because they had no clue what Chai's bra size was anymore, let alone Cerine's! They reached the door, a glass, normal-width door with a brass handle. Chai stepped ahead and grabbed the handle, swinging the door open for Cerine. The vixen smiled and then tucked her arms around her chest, hugging her huge breasts against herself as she walked through the doorway. If she didn't, she would have scraped the sides of her titties against the edges. She only had to do that a dozen times before she learned her lesson. Chai giggled and then followed in after Cerine, her eyes lighting up as she watched the fox let go of her breasts. Those massive white mounds bounced down in front of her, their curves plain as day even from behind.

The cat couldn't resist; she snuck forward and slid her paws under the fox's arms and down into

her tank top. Cerine stiffened and blushed as Chai massaged the tops and sides of her breasts, feeling the cat's pair against her lower back. Letting herself relax and purr, the fox put her paws on top of Chai's and helped push them deeper into the soft flesh of her breasts. Barely into the bra store and they were already handling the goods.

"Can I help you?" a raven, wearing a store uniform, asked. She was in one of the aisles and rearranging some of the inventory. Apparently she'd heard the door open but didn't turn to look yet.

Chai sheepishly slid her paws out of Cerine's top and peeked around the side of her, playfully pushing a breast up and aside so she could see. "Um, yes! We're here about a fitting? We had an appointment."

The raven clicked her beak and turned towards them. "Oh, yes. Miss Hero- ooooh my God," she squawked, once she got a good view of the fox standing in front of her. "Ahem! Well... I didn't realize it was going to be such a... a large order. Let me go get things ready and find my partner. We're going to need extra wings for this. Please feel free to browse while you wait, though we really don't have anything a tenth of your size..."

As the raven fluttered away, whispering loudly to her coworker, Cerine and Chai broke out laughing. "I guess it *will* be custom," the vixen giggled, giving her chest a bounce. "They might have your size, though, come on."

They scanned the racks while they waited, sifting through bras of every design and pattern they could imagine. None of them looked even close to fitting Chai until they went to the back of the store, to a specialty section where the cups were large and the bands still relatively small. Cerine stood and acted like a headrest for the cat as she shuffled through the bras on the rack. Chai's head and shoulders sank deeply into the warm pillows behind her. She picked out a green bra that matched her tail and inner ears and smiled.

"Go ahead and try it," Cerine whispered.

"Where's the changing booth?"

"Pfft. They're not watching," the fox said, reaching down and flipping Chai's scarf over her shoulder. The cat grinned as her breasts were exposed, and she raised the bra up to her chest. Cerine helped fit her full breasts into the cups and then wrapped the band around her back, holding the ends with her fingers. "Little loose."

"Not up here!" the cat giggled. She was overflowing the cups, with tan-furred cleavage bouncing just under her nose. She let the bra slip off before sneaking it back onto the rack. "I had more to drink than I thought."

Chai cooed as one dark paw pet her head, brushing claws along her blonde hair, and the other playfully cupped around one of her breasts. She snuggled down into Cerine's deep cleavage and smiled, feeling like she could just fall asleep with the scent of strawberry all around her.

"Um, we're ready for you," a different raven told them, appearing beside them and rubbing her wing feathers together nervously. Chai smiled and pulled her scarf back down as she leaned off of Cerine's breasts. She took the fox's paw and they headed towards a back room.

Cerine was walking a little slower as they made their way back, and Chai clued into it. The fox's tail was jittering nervously and she was licking her nose. Frowning, the cat's ears rose up and the jewelry in her left ear jingled very lightly.

"Hey," she whispered, squeezing Cerine's paw firmly in her own. "Are you okay?"

The vixen looked down at her and nodded. "Nervous. I've done this before, but then I was... normal. I'm a couple balloons with a fox attached now. They're already acting weird, so I don't know if I want to... you know..."

"Get topless?"

"Yeah."

Chai stopped her and stepped in front of her. Wiggling her muzzle, the half-cheetah reached up above the fox's big bust and cupped her paws around her cheeks. She gently pulled and Cerine leaned

forward until their foreheads and noses were touching. Her tank top shifted around the weight of her hanging melons.

“Do you like your big boobs?” Chai asked her.

“Yeah.”

“Do I like your big boobs?”

“You do.”

“Damn right. I'm crazy for them.” Chai couldn't help but tilt her head a little bit to sneak a glance into Cerine's top as she leaned forward. The fox caught her staring but just blushed. “Now, big question: Does it matter if they don't like them?”

“...No.”

“That's right. I'm gonna be right there beside you. Everything's gonna be fine. Now come on, let's lift you back up and then we're gonna get you something cute and it's literally going to end me when I see you in it.”

Chai let go of Cerine's paw and then cupped both of her palms under the fox's huge boobs. She lifted, the toned muscles in her arms and shoulders straining a bit under the heavy weights. One time trying to lift Cerine's pair really put into perspective how much her own weighed! These huge water balloons were almost as heavy as one of those water fountain jugs, except it was a lot harder to get a good grip. Still, she lifted some of the weight off Cerine's chest so she could stand up straight again, and then dropped them with a bounce.

They headed into the fitting room, with Cerine again hugging her breasts to avoid swinging into the door frame. There were mirrors on every side in there, and while it wasn't as small as a regular fitting room for one person, there wasn't a lot of room left with four. Especially when two of them were very gifted. The ravens asked if Chai wanted to wait outside, but she just shook her head and picked a seat on a low bench by the door.

“Normally we'd ask you to wear a bra,” the first raven said, holding a tape measure between her wing-hands, “but I'm guessing in this case you don't have one...”

Cerine fidgeted a little, placing her paws on top of her breasts. “I don't. I kinda outgrew all of mine... by a lot.”

“Well, please go ahead and remove your top.”

The vixen nodded, blushing and slid her paws down over the curves of her breasts. Her fingers wrapped around the bottom of her tank top and she began to lift when she heard a whistle beside her. Chai was leaning forward in her seat, paws between her knees and her heavy chest squished between her biceps.

“Do a drop,” she asked, the eye spirals in her fur curling slightly as she grinned.

Cerine gulped and nodded, unable to resist the request. Instead of just peeling her tank top upwards over her massive breasts, she instead turned her paws inward and pushed her knuckles into the underboob sagging out of her top. The vixen lifted her boobies up high, against her muzzle, and then slowly let them slide out of her tank, oozing slowly down. Finally their weight popped them free, and the two super-heavy milk jugs dropped over the fox's belly with a bounce. Cerine braced to keep from tumbling forward as she looked towards the cat, whose jaw was hanging open and her eyes sparkled with joy.

“I will never get tired of that,” Chai whispered, reaching up with one paw and closing her jaw manually.

The two ravens shared a glance as they got a full view of the fox's boobs. The bottom curve of them almost overlapped with the waistband of her shorts. “Go get the other tape measure,” the first raven told her co-worker, “we're going to need it.”

While the second raven went to find the other tape measure, which Cerine and Chai assumed was longer, the first one walked around behind Cerine while the fox finished disrobing and handed her tank top and her glasses to Chai. As Cerine raised her arms up and lifted her long hair in her paws, the

raven swung the tape measure around her body and began to measure her upper chest, right where her breast flesh met her body. The raven pulled the tape snug and made a note of the measurement on a sticky note pinned to her inner forearm.

“Not so bad, is it?” Chai asked the fox, smiling. “Nobody minds those big ol' boobers of yours.”

“I'm just... not quite as used to it as you,” Cerine replied, blushing and glancing down at her bare chest. “Do you even have a scarf that would fit me?”

Chai giggled and fiddled with the red scarf that barely covered her breasts. “Oh, I'm sure we could find you a nice, big tablecloth! And if you don't like wearing it like this, we could tie it up all Daisy Duke style for you. With as much cleavage as you've got, you'd look amazing.”

The second raven came back, carrying a second tape measure that didn't look any longer than the first one. Cerine rest her wrists on her shoulders, watching as the ravens did some quick finessing with their wing-hands, tying the two measures together at the ends. The fox's eyebrows popped up as they wrapped the measure around the fullest portion of her breasts. This time they didn't pull tight, but Cerine shot Chai a nervous grin over the two ravens. Chai just nodded back eagerly.

The ravens chattered a bit, discussing how to best estimate the vixen's bust measurement, since she was topless and they had to use two tapes tied together. After some debate, they finally wrote something down too quick for Cerine to catch a glimpse.

“Is that all?” she asked, lowering her arms down and covering her nipples with her palms.

The first raven nodded. “That's all we need for right now. But we'll have to make it custom, because we definitely do not have anything in this... size just laying around the store. I'll send you home with a catalog to pick out a style you like-”

“Yes!” Chai interjected.

“-and just call it in and we'll get it made for you. It'll probably need adjustments, so we'll schedule another appointment.” The raven whispered with her co-worker and they both nodded. “In the meantime, ah, if you want something for right now, we could whip you up a sports bra pretty quickly. Those are much easier to tailor.”

Cerine's eyes lit up. “That would be awesome!”

“Okay. Just hang out here for a little while, and we'll be right back.”

Both of the ravens scurried out of the fitting room, closing the door behind them. Cerine finally exhaled completely and slumped her shoulders forward, still holding her giant pillows in her paws.

“Okay... that wasn't so bad,” she breathed, watching as Chai stepped up from her seat and walked over. Smiling, she put her arms around Cerine's waist and nuzzled her face deep into the fox's cleavage. The half-cheetah's thick purring vibrated Cerine's skin and made her knees weak. “Can I have my top back?”

“Why?” Chai asked, tilting her head up and peeking at the fox from through her cleavage.

“We're waiting on them to make your bra... you'd just have to take it off again.”

The vixen's cheeks burned brightly as she massaged Chai's bare shoulders, starting to catch onto the cat's meaning. “So... what should we do?”

“Let's make sure that sports bra will fit,” Chai teased, leaning back and running her fingers around the fox's breasts.

Cerine shivered at the touch and leaned back, feeling a cold mirror against her shoulder blades. Chai's thumbs brushed across her perky nipples and jolts of energy swirled its way up the fox's spine. She brushed back the cat's hair with her paw while Chai leaned down, wrapping her lips around the eager pink nipple. Cerine felt the suction immediately, tingling her skin, and she began to massage the cat's ears with her paws while her eyes fluttered closed.

Even though they wanted to help the vixen slim her chest down, Cerine's breasts began to bloat a bit as the stimulation helped her produce more milk. Creamy pink liquid beaded at the tip of the vixen's free nipple and the scent of strawberry, already lingering in the air from stray fur and dander brushed off the topless fox, grew even stronger. Chai couldn't help herself. Ever since she'd had that

first taste when Cerine first began to join her in growing their breasts with dragon milk, she'd become addicted. The dragon milk tasted amazing, for sure, but there was something more exciting about sharing moments like these with the fox, and she'd mostly replaced her dragon milk diet with a strawberry fox one. That was pretty much why Cerine had blown so far past her in size, since Chai encouraged her to drink all of her share of the boobie-boosting dragon milk, too.

Chai dragged her claws down Cerine's sides and gripped a pair of buns through her shorts. Immediately, a mattress of a pink and white tail, a counterbalance to the fox's top-heavy melons, wrapped around them both to bury the tan and green cat in a strawberry embrace. Chai leaned backwards, still holding suction with her lips and tugging on the fox's nipple. Finally there was an audible *pop* as the boob got too heavy to hold up, and a spritz of milk splattered on the half-cheetah's face. Cerine smiled even as she shivered in delight and playfully licked Chai's nose and cheeks clean, eliciting a playful giggle from her. Then the fox brushed her hair back over her shoulder and twisted her body, pushing her other, still fuller, breast towards Chai. The cat nodded happily, feeling her own full chest massage and squish against the tummy in front of her as she leaned back in. She released one paw from Cerine's hindquarters and gently pressed the back of her paw underneath the heavy, hanging boob, lifting it upwards and applying subtle pressure. Dribbles of pink milk ran down the vixen's skin and soaked into her fur.

"Oof, careful, I don't want to have to explain a mess," Cerine whispered, glancing at the door.

Just to tease, Chai opened her mouth as she cupped the huge boob in both hands and began to squeeze right behind the fox's nipple. A thin stream of light pink, barely visible, squirted into the cat's mouth. Cerine felt her fur on her spine go completely erect and she put the heel of her palm against her forehead while she shivered from toe to ear. Her mind wandered off, back to Chai's place, hunched over the edge of the bathtub with her rapidly-producing breasts hanging beneath her, steadily and visibly engorging with excess milk, while Chai tried her best to empty them into the tub. A little extra dragon milk and she literally became a cow.

She was getting into the mood to do that again tonight...

While Cerine daydreamed, there was a knock at the fitting room door. Chai leaned up, with pink milk glistening on her lips, and Cerine felt a fight-or-flight reflex shudder throughout her body. Panicking, she leaned sideways and planed her paw on the back of the door.

"Aha, uh, one minute!" she squeaked out, panting as the lustful thoughts filling her brain were slow to dissipate. She looked down and her left breast was still lactating, but Chai was on it. She leaned under the hanging boob and licked off the excess milk, and then, whipping out a handkerchief from one of her pockets on her cargo pants, she smoothed down the fox's wet fur. They'd done this a few times now.

Chai straightened her scarf, noticing a few odd splatters of milk that had fallen onto it. She quickly took it off and inverted it, presenting the blue patterned side outward. Then Cerine leaned off the door and let the ravens come back in, carrying a black sports bra between them. It was... huge; any bigger and it would cover about as much as her tank top! And right in the center of it was the store's logo, a pink oval with *Sensual* written directly in the center in cursive script.

That was probably gonna stretch out within a week.

It was good that the ravens couldn't smell the thick strawberry odor in the room, and they didn't seem to notice the vixen's wet fur. But what they *did* notice, as they helped feed the sports bra over Cerine's arms and begin to pull it down, was that the fox had grown since they left. Cerine and Chai shared a guilty, but amused, glance as the ravens struggled to stuff those two heavy milk jugs into the sports bra. Chai stepped in front of Cerine and, while the ravens and the fox pulled down on the bra, she pushed upwards on her heavy boobs, popping in one and then the other. Cerine's tightly-stuffed cleavage jiggled just underneath her muzzle, and the shoulder bands were as snug as guitar strings. She barely fit at all, with excess white cleavage spilling over the top. When they tried to tug the bra upwards, underboob popped out of the bottom.

“We may need to alter it...” the first raven said, clicking her beak.

“No, it's fine!” Cerine said, holding the bra and shimmying to get a better fit. “It'll stretch! Plus I'm carrying a bit extra...”

“Well, if you're happy with it, we'll get you on your way!”

Cerine put on her tank top and glasses again with Chai's help. The tank top fit over her sports bra like a suggestion, the looser fabric hiding very little of the basketball-sized mounds. Chai teased the double-boobs spilling over the neckline by jiggling them with her fingertips.

“Your spillage is bigger than I used to be,” the cat laughed.

“Bigger than *I* used to be, sheesh...”

They paid at the counter, with Cerine's hefty chest resting on it while she swiped her debit card. She took the catalog to go and dropped her card down into her cleavage with a grin. Once they were out of the store, Cerine finally exhaled and ran her paws through her hair. Chai gave the fox's stuffed chest a few playful pats and bounces.

“Feel better?” she asked, smiling up at the fox.

“Yeah. A lot better.” She leaned down and smooched the cat on the cheek. “Thank you for coming with me. I needed it.”

“Big girls get scared, too,” Chai replied, squeezing Cerine's paw. “Now, let's go to the food court. We're going to have a picnic on top of those mountains of yours...”

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