

## **Buxom Bandits**

A Tale in Arvos  
by Cerine Hero

A chilly ocean-bound breeze rustled across the rooftops in the city as the last glow of sunset faded over the western peaks. Stars woke from their beds overhead in the dimming sky, shining down peacefully over the landscape. The two figures leaning over the edge of the roof in the gloom watched as lamplighters went about their jobs, using long poles with wicks to ignite the lanterns along the roads. Aside from them, the city was all but deserted at night.

Vela tilted her head back and took another swig from the aleskin in her paws. The silver fox's fur shimmered in the moonlight and she wiped her muzzle with her sleeve as she sighed in delight. She teetered just slightly on her feet, but was in no danger of falling. Her blue eyes were sharp and focused. It would take a lot more to drink to knock the small fox on *her* ass. She handed the skin to Mito, who took a sip, herself.

The rooftop was a small meeting point for rogues around the city. The pawn shop below was run by a felis with his claws in more than a few pots, and he often traded in delicate wares away from the watchful eyes of the guards of the gold steel gaze of the arbitrators. His rooftop was flat and well out of sight from curious gazes, so over time a small shelter had been erected in the lee of the larger building butting against the pawn shop. A little lean-to with a staked up fabric cover over some bedrolls was erected in the corner. It was one of Mito and Vela's favorite meeting places. More than a little silver and brown fur was still stuck in the bedrolls.

"I haven't seen you in, what, a couple weeks?" Vela asked the marten, looking up at her. "I figured you'd been nabbed and thrown in the lock."

Mito snickered. Her shaggy tail wagged behind her as she shook her head. She was a little taller than Vela. The silver fox wore a purple cloak over a leather chest guard, cut low to accent her breasts. She caught Mito's gaze and grinned mischievously, placing her paws on the edge of the roof and pretending to stretch her back so she could subtly thrust out her chest. Mito saw right through it. It made her mind wander to the heavy belt pouch beside her tail, but she didn't want to spoil the surprise.

"It's been a little bit, I guess," Mito replied. "But they didn't catch me or anything. You know me better than that." She and Vela stepped back from the edge of the roof and slipped into the shelter, settling down hip-to-hip in the small space. Vela pulled a tindertwig from a pocket of her trousers and lit a candle in a makeshift holder attached to one of the support poles. Tails curled over one another and Vela took another big drink of booze, burping softly.

"So what is it, then? You running with someone new?" the fox asked, tipping her muzzle up and looking Mito in her mismatched eyes. "You gotta tell me."

The marten grinned big and shrugged. "Something like that, yeah. I found some people. They're good sorts, but they need the help."

"Ah-ha? What kinda people?"

"Well... there's a vixen. A hybrid guy, I don't know him real well. A horse. And a drake."

Vela's eyes lit up and she rolled onto all fours, her tail shaking madly. "A drake?! An honest-to-the-sweet-hells drake? In the city? Koleo's bloody balls, you know the jobs we could run if we had a drake with us? There'd be no vault door we couldn't get through!"

Mito laughed. "I don't know about this one..."

"Come on! Spill it, what's he like?"

"Well, it's a she." Mito touched her chin in thought. "She's big. *Huge*. Kinda cold and scary, but she's all wrapped around Cer- I mean, the fox's finger. And she doesn't like me a whole lot."

Vela's ears perked and she was practically in Mito's lap. "Is she cute? What about... I've heard the stories about lady drakes, y'know." She pressed her paws against the front of her leather guard and flashed her pearly fangs in the dim light. "The dragons did experiments and the like on 'em. They say

that's why the drakes have breasts like us. And for some of them, their titters grow real huge and if you ask 'em really nice-like, you can get milk. You know dragon scales and blood and such goes for a mint in the market, yeah? Well, so does milk, if it's fresh and you find the right buyer who knows what it does..."

"Okay, first, yeah: she's a big girl," Mito told her, holding her paws in front of her own chest in a rough suggestion of how big Zaress's bust was. Vela's tail wagged and she nodded rapidly. "And she's meaty to boot!"

"Shame she's so cold-blooded then, eh?" Vela said, sitting back on her haunches and biting her lip as she glanced down at her own chest. "Sounds like a real fun one."

Mito's grin broadened and she winked at her old partner in crime. "Well, I just so happen to have brought the *fun* part with me..."

"You didn't!"

The marten was already unfastening the pouch at her hip. She lifted out two round bottles, their necks clasped tightly between her fingers. Milky white liquid swirled around inside them. In the candlelight, the milk almost seemed to glow with its own inner light. Vela's eyes shined like sapphires and she reached for one of the bottles. Her excitement was as plain to see as her nose. She didn't even make an effort to hide it; her tongue ran hungrily all the way around her muzzle.

"I knew I liked you," Vela told her, panting softly. "So how big?"

"An armload."

"Sweet hells..." A shudder rolled up Vela's spine. She took one of the bottles, jabbing her thumb claw into the cork and pulling it out. Her nose wrinkled immediately as she got a whiff of the very strong, lactic scent coming off the potion. "It's like a concentrate! Fresh squeezed, I take it?"

Mito smirked and shrugged her shoulders. "I just borrowed some from the stash. The lock is really just there as a suggestion."

"Hah! That's my girl!" Vela sat back on her bedroll. The white tip of her tail was wagging furiously behind her. With one paw, she unbuckled the front of her leather chest guard and pulled it off. She had on a simple cloth band around her breasts. Untying it, she tossed it aside, leaving her perky, pawful breasts bare. They jiggled as she settled herself more comfortably on the bedroll and unpinned her cloak. The tip of Mito's tongue peeked out and there was a soft, shrill squeak as her claws dragged along the glass bottle in her paw. She'd greeted more than a few sunrises from between those two silver-gray pearls.

With her white-tipped tail fluttering eagerly behind her and Mito leaning in expectantly, Vela winked and tipped the potion up to her lips, beginning to drink it down in gulps. Her other paw reached to her left breast and she wrapped her fingers around it expectantly, her pink nipple peeking between her first and second digits. Vela lowered the bottle and then licked her lips and the rim of the glass both to get every last drop. Her chest swelled outward... but it was just her inhaling in anticipation.

"That tasted like the richest wine I ever nabbed," she sighed, giving the empty bottle a flick and a catch. "So... how long do I wait until?" The vixen was hit by a full-body shudder, and the pupils of her bright blue eyes shrank to barely-perceptible dots. Her muzzle tipped down and she watched as her pawful of breast rapidly became much more. Dark gray fur spilled between her fingers as they spread around her growing boob. Her breasts jiggled and bounced with each surge of growth, developing bigger and heavier on her chest. In shock at the suddenness and speed of her expansion, Vela tumbled backwards, catching herself on her wrists. Her heavy-yet-perky breasts continued to balloon, becoming larger and heavier than her head. They wiggled and bounced when she tipped backwards, not stopping as they grew even more. "G-girl, this is- is... this is the best thing you've ever brought me!"

Mito's grin expanded and she climbed over to lay Vela down on her bedroll. The marten and vixen both rest their paws on Vela's new breasts, and all four paws couldn't cover them. Her growth subsided when she was sporting two hearty watermelons, the kind Mito would see in the market before most of the farms were driven out by the restrictions laid down by the Veiled Way. Dark brown marten

fingers pushed up along the sides of the vixen's giant breasts, squishing them into Vela's muzzle.

Vela admired her much bigger nipples with her fingertips and licked the wall of cleavage in front of her nose. "Oh, it's free drinks for me from now on," she purred. "Can you picture me now, stuffed into a bodice, bouncing myself and these girls into the tavern? Won't be an eye not on me... We could put these puppies to use! Imagine our runs if all the gazes are on me..."

"Can't you just think about how fun they are right now?" Mito asked, sinking her paws into them from above with a smirk. Her palms and fingers squished into the soft flesh and she gave them a quick jiggle, making Vela squirm under her. The vixen's nipples grew firmer as Mito teased them. "I didn't come to talk about work. I wanted to see you."

Vela tapped the potion bottle sitting by Mito's knee. "And I want to see you drink that," she giggled, crossing her arms over the top of her bust and pushing them down so she could see the marten on top of her. She extended a claw towards Mito's gray half-shirt and lifted, slowly working it up until her breasts popped out. Mito winked, raising her shirt the rest of the way and pushing her lighter-toned breasts together. "There they are."

Holding one arm along the underside of her breasts, Mito picked up her own dragon's milk potion and pulled the cap out with her fangs. She was ready for the overwhelming taste, and guzzled the whole thing down in one go. Still, she shivered as it began to take effect, making the skin of her breasts tingle, particularly around her nipples. The growth itself felt heavenly, but Vela's fingers touching and caressing her cleavage as it spilled over her arm with tan fur. Mito tightened her knees around Vela's waist as she struggled to hold herself upright – breasts twice the size of her head didn't just hang down low like a pair of ripe fruit ready for attention, they were heavy. They rolled around her arm until finally bouncing free, one going over while the other went below. Mito's excessive breasts dropped onto Vela's, making them both slosh and wobble heavily. Unthreading her arm from between her heavy, soft globes, Mito tried to lean down and give the vixen a kiss. But even with their long muzzles, there was just too much mass in the way for their noses to meet. They both shared a laugh once they realized they were simply too buxom for it.

Vela helped Mito roll onto her side, her breasts heaving as she settled down, and then the vixen sat herself up – after a couple tries to figure out her new balance. She pulled the cloth around the little rooftop shelter shut and then turned back to Mito. In the dark, the marten felt one paw caress her chest and the other trail along her thigh, grabbing at the hem of her shorts. She chirped softly and began shedding clothes.

There was more silver-gray and brown fur to be left in the shelter once they were gone. Vela and Mito cuddled under the blankets of the bedrolls, the coverings pulled halfway over their phenomenally large bosoms. The warm space smelled of sweat and more. Vela was snuggled into Mito's side, her head on top of one of her soft breasts, while the marten lay on her back. It was the dead of night outside of their little private shelter, and the candle had burned down to nothing in the meantime.

After a few minutes, Vela's eyebrow cocked. Mito watched, curiously, as the silver fox sat up. The gears were clearly turning in her head, because a mischievous smile crept across her muzzle. Her tail began to thump underneath the blankets and she traced a fingertip in circles around one of Mito's nipples. The marten shivered and propped herself up on her elbows despite her breast-weight.

"What are you plotting?" she asked, knowing the fox's far-off look when she saw it.

Vela's eyes cut in her direction and her teeth came out in a big grin. "I've got an idea. I know about a job; a really nice one. I was going to tell you earlier and see if you'd be in, but you got me all distracted with your talk of big drakes and..." She cupped her breast with a self-satisfied purr. "And these."

"A job?" Mito asked, her voice cracking slightly from her incredulous tone. She poked a finger into the fox's big tit. "Like *this*? Are you drunk?"

"I think I started sobering up the second my titters started getting bigger," Vela replied, her

voice a hissing whisper. She climbed onto Mito, breasts again squashing together from their sheer size. "It'll be fun! But we gotta do it tonight. It's a rich merchant lordling on the upper side, lives all alone but he's out of the city on business. Quick hit and lift, and we can lighten the old rag's pockets of mommy and daddy's leftover money, most-like."

Mito put her paws on Vela's shoulders and lifted her up while she sat up, herself. She slid her paws down to hold Vela's breasts for emphasis. "Are you going to climb and sneak with these? We can't even hide them, we're too huge."

"Oh, come on, girl," Vela laughed. "Who's gonna see your lovely big titters at night but me? And I can't think of a better way to break in being this big than with a break-in." She scratched at Mito's chin and under her neck, making the marten chirp despite herself. "What's the worst? We get spotted and scamper off? We'll be the talk of the city – the buxom bandits!"

Mito worked her muzzle before nodding slowly. "Okay. Let's do it. Because I know *you* will go do it whether I say yea or nay."

"Aww, you *do* know me."

It was quiet on the upper side of the city. Vela failed to mention how close the merchant's manor was to the Veiled Citadel. Even in the dark, the imposing structure was a constant, brooding presence with its towers and cloth-wrapped walls. The vixen pressed her back against the stone wall surrounding the grounds. She'd put on her purple cloak again, but left her leather chest guard and cloth wrap back at the rooftop. When she raised her arms, the cloak would part and Mito would get a full view of luscious, overfull breasts. Similarly, Mito had on her jacket and bandanna, but left her half-shirt behind since it wouldn't fit. She didn't have a cloak to wrap around her, so the night breeze blew across her bare breasts whether she liked it or not – which, mostly, she didn't.

"Okay, they're moving away," Vela whispered. She had her arm outstretched behind her to hold Mito back, and she was making a point of resting her palm right over the fullness of the marten's boob. "Alright, climber girl, up the wall and pull me up."

"Let's see how this goes," Mito muttered. She flipped her hood on over her hair and face, and she pulled her bandanna up over her muzzle. Turning and gripping her foreclaws into the stonework, she began to climb. Normally, climbing was only a little more difficult for her than running. Martens had a natural affinity for it, and she could scamper up a sheer wall like it was nothing. But as soon as she raised one foot off the ground, her heavy breasts swayed in front of her. As big as they were, they made up a good portion of her overall weight, and it shifted her center of gravity so much she had to compensate for it. So climbing was slow going with her watermelons bouncing and rubbing against the stones in front of her. But she made it to the top, swinging one leg over the side and waiting a moment to rub her scratched nipples and skin with her palms. The stones were smooth, but they were a lot rougher than bare skin.

Just ignore it for a couple more hours, she told herself.

Mito leaned to her left and extended an arm. Vela started to jump up, aborted it when her breasts sloshed unexpectedly from the motion, and then gathered up her legs and tail to try again. She hopped, catching Mito's paw. Together, they groaned as they tugged her up onto the wall and then dropped down into the grounds on the other side.

"I think I bit my tongue," the fox muttered, massaging her chin where a boob had slapped her in the muzzle.

"Having fun yet? I think I pulled my shoulder helping you up..."

"I ain't that heavy."

"You've got twenty more pounds right there."

Mito squeezed a fox boob and then crept across the lawn, finding it unguarded. The hired hands were all watching outside the perimeter. She swore this was a bit too easy. Maybe the merchant felt secure and overconfident in the shadow of the Veiled Citadel. But a shiver rolled up Mito's spine

nonetheless. She glanced back at Vela, mostly hidden beneath the hooded cloak that blended into the night. The fox was right on her tail as they crept to the back of the manor, finding a covered breakfast veranda with a door leading into the main hall. It was locked, of course, but Vela had her picks in paw before Mito even had her fingers off the knob.

The vixen got to work, her chest jiggling and swaying under her as she fiddled with the tumblers in the lock. “Mmmph,” she grunted after a minute.

“What is it?”

“Oh... nothing,” Vela whispered. “Was just thinking, I keep my picking kit down my top, usually. Just trying to, ah, picture what I could hide in there now.”

“Your head if you don't pay attention to what you're doing.”

“Hey! I said we were having fun, yeah? Let a girl dream about her titters. Think a dagger would fit? Heh... imagine some bloke's surprise when he fumbles my girls out and I've got a blade on him. The look on his face... Alright, I got it!”

Vela opened the door and she and Mito slipped inside. The marten pulled down her bandanna when they closed the door and glanced around the finely-furnished hall. It was dark inside, but her eyes were well-adjusted to the gloom by now. She gaped at the fainting couch and seat before the fireplace, and a table with gold filigree along its edges. This was a drippingly-wealthy home. She started when the vixen tapped her on the back and bit her lip to keep from shouting out.

“This way,” she whispered, pointing upstairs.

Mito followed her up the stairs, placing her feet right where the vixen tread as they climbed to minimize the chance of a squeaky floorboard. She tugged on the fox's tail. “Keep down. There might be guards inside.”

“Not what I heard,” Vela replied, whipping her tail from Mito's paws. “Our boy likes his privacy; doesn't let any of the guards inside. That's why they're all on the perimeter wall. You're right, though.” Vela lifted her bust with one arm and squeezed gently, grinning to herself. “Don't wanna try running now... though I could probably give someone a decent whack, huh?”

“Seriously? I should've given you both potions, then we'd be back at the roof with you unable to go on any crazy jobs...”

“Sounds tempting. Alright. This should be the bedroom.”

Vela nudged the door open and peeked inside. The bedroom was ten times the size of the shelter she and Mito had been snuggled under just a bit ago. A four-poster bed with rich red drapery dominated the space, with a sitting area next to another, smaller fireplace in the corner. There was a writing desk and more than one wardrobe in the room.

“Alright,” Vela said, grinning wide and throwing her cloak back as they stepped inside. The vixen proudly thrust her chest out in victory. “See? Easy job. Let's get what we can carry and get out.”

The vixen zeroed in on a lockbox beside the writing desk and knelt down by it, beginning to pick the lock. Mito hung back, glancing around the room. The fur on the back of her neck was rising, and anxiety bubbled in her belly.

“Vela,” she said, whispering, “if this job was so easy, why'd no one take it?”

“Spur of the moment,” she answered, popping the lock and setting it beside her. She opened the floor locker and rifled around in the contents. Giggling to herself, she unpinned her cloak and folded it into a bag to drop valuables into. “A treasure dagger? What's the point of these? A blade's a blade, why decorate one? Still, lotta gold and gems to pluck off it.” She held up some crescent moon-shaped coins and wrinkled her muzzle. “Sickle-coins. Veil money. Ugh. Still sells, though, if you know who needs it.”

Mito glanced around the room for more valuables. She looked over the writing desk. There was a decanter of exotic foreign alcohol she didn't recognize and some crystal glasses, along with various stationery. She slid drawers open to peek in them without disturbing anything, and she tossed a couple rings she found to Vela, who added them to the bag. Turning from the desk, she walked over to the

wardrobes. One of them was smaller, with multiple doors and drawers. The other was taller, had only two doors running the whole vertical length, and was made of ebony wood. The smaller one opened readily, full of fancy clothes and robes. None of it was too valuable; it was hard to fence custom-made clothing. She checked the second, bigger wardrobe and found it was locked. Odd.

“Vela,” she whispered. “Picks?”

The fox scampered over and pressed her lockpicks into the marten's paw. Resting her heavy breasts against the polished wood of the wardrobe doors, she inserted the picks into the lock. She expected it to be an extremely simple lock, barely worth the effort of installing, but it was orders more complicated than she anticipated. Frowning her brow, she worked all the tumblers in place and then turned the knob, swinging the door open. She expected more clothes, but why keep them under such heavy lock and key. Mito leaned back far to move her boobs out of the way of the swinging doors, and she looked up at the object inside the wardrobe.

The marten lost her balance and fell backwards, landing on her ass. Her heavy breasts bounced into the underside of her muzzle and knocked her flat on her back, seeing stars. She blinked to clear her vision and looked up to see blue eyes barely peeking above a pair of silver-furred melons dangling right above her nose.

“You okay?” Vela hissed. “They get too heavy for you?”

Mito sat herself up on her elbow so she could see over her own chest. Without saying a word, she pointed towards the open wardrobe and Vela looked towards it, her jaw dropping. Inside of it stood an arbitrator – or at least the outside of one. The sinister black armor and red cloak hung on a wooden rack, with the helmet on a shelf above it. The arbitrator's ever-present tool and badge of office, a wickedly curved sickle, hung on pegs installed into the side of the wardrobe.

“Why in the sweet hell's has this guy got arbitrator armor?” Vela asked.

“Because he's an arbitrator!” Mito hissed. “That's why there's no guards inside and why he never has company. Nobody took this job for a reason!”

“Well, shit,” the vixen grumbled, holding her cloak full of loot under her bosom. She glanced around the room. “They've just got to ruin everything nice, don't they? Here... let's show them what we think of the Veiled Way, eh?”

Mito watched as Vela walked to the bed. “What are you doing?” she asked while the fox tore down some of the sheets. She tied them together, fighting with her bigger, heavier chest in her way. The buxom fox then pushed open a window and threw the makeshift rope out of it, tying one end to the writing desk's leg. Then she grabbed the alcohol decanter, opened the clothing wardrobe, and soaked all the hanging clothes in it. Mito's fur stood on end as she realized what the fox was going to do.

“Are you nuts?”

Vela just winked at her as she pulled another tindertwig from her pocket and struck it. “Fuck these guys. Let's send them a message.”

She tossed the lit twig onto the clothes and everything erupted in a huge fireball. Both of the girls flinched and backed away, feeling the heat wash over their bare faces and chests. With her cloak in her paw, Vela was completely topless, and Mito watched as the silver fox bounced her way onto the top of the writing desk. She bit down on the knot she tied in the cloak and swung herself out the window, wobbling her way down to the ground. Mito followed just after, trying to keep her breasts pinned between her elbows so she didn't wobble around too much. Being this big was more fun when she was in bed.

Mito and Vela both scampered into a corner of the yard, huddling down in the dark. Mito watched, mouth agape, as the manor went up in flames. It lit the night like a bonfire, and Vela's blue eyes sparkled in the flickering light. The guards protecting the house from outside finally saw the blaze and came rushing in to save it, drawing water from the pond on the property.

“Okay, let's go,” Vela said, taking Mito's paw in hers and making a break for the gate while everyone was distracted. There were shouts of alarm up and down the street, but if anyone noticed two

exceptionally busty figures struggling to jog with their bare chests bouncing in front of them, they were too busy to do anything about it.

The pillar of smoke, underlit by the fires below, was visible from the rooftop when the two tired girls scrambled back up towards the shelter. They climbed over the side of the roof and collapsed onto their backs, panting hard and wrapping their arms around their heavy chests.

“Heh... this may have been a rash idea, I'll admit,” Vela offered, massaging her paws underneath her big boobs. “Gonna spend my loot getting fitted for a couple new outfits.” Vela rolled onto her side and put her sack of spoils on the roof between the two of them. “Alright. Let's see what we got.”

Mito sat up and crossed her legs, her breasts resting on her lap as she watched Vela open the cloak on all fours. The fox's heavy chest swayed below her and then she sat on her knees, looking at the various treasures before them.

“Well, first thing's first,” the fox said, squishing her boobs down with an arm as she reached for the treasure dagger. “I'm claiming this. Looks expensive, so you can have your pick from the rest.”

Mito nodded, and she looked down at the small pile of rings and other valuables they'd swiped from the manor before they burned it. It wasn't a lot, for a haul from a rich merchant. She didn't really want to touch the sickle-coins, given what happened tonight. Mito reached for a ruby ring but her paw froze halfway there. She glanced up at the smoke coming from the upper district. Slowly, the marten pulled her paw back and placed it on her chest.

“What, you don't want any?” Vela asked, tilting her head. Her long braid slipped over her shoulder.

Mito shook her head. “I don't want... all this,” she explained. “The thieving and fencing and the money and all that. Not shedding a tear for the arbitrator, of course not, it's just... I don't get it anymore.”

“What's not to get?” Vela looked this way and that, searching for her skin full of ale. It was off in the shelter and she was too busty to bother getting up to go get it. “The rich spare some for us, we spend it, drink, and we're happy. Repeat.” She squinted at Mito. “Is it the new people you're running with? Are they making you soft?”

The marten considered it. Soft? She thought back to sitting on one of the tables in Cerine's lab, strumming her lute idly and playing a simple tune while the chubby alchemist mixed things to make a cure for a plague striking the lower city. She wasn't doing it for money but because people needed the help, and she was one who could. Mito wasn't sure she understood it then, but she felt a warm pride for having helped get those flowers they needed for the cure. Looking at the loot in front of her, she realized that was what she wanted to do. Was she getting soft? Maybe, if that's what Vela wanted to call it.

“I guess so,” Mito said, shrugging. She folded up the cloak and handed it to Vela. “You can have it all. I'm good.”

Raising an eyebrow, Vela took the cloak and put it behind her. She looked into Mito's odd-colored eyes for a bit, waiting to see if there was some gag she was pulling on her, and then shrugged. “Hey, more ale for me.”

They both stood up, and Vela reached out, taking Mito's paw. She pulled her close, and they came together, breasts pressed together and noses as close as their size would allow. Vela smirked and touched Mito's cheek. “Alright, go play with your new friends. Just stay sharp for me, will you? I still like you. You ever wanna get back in business, you know where I am. Or maybe even if you ah, have any more milk to offload, I know someone you could offload it to. For a finder's fee.”

Mito smirked. “A little off the top for you to sip?”

The vixen smoothed her paws down over her breasts and squeezed them. “I think I may be quite big enough,” she said, laughing. “But you never know. Could be a treat to enjoy a teensy bit more now and then.” The sky over the ocean was beginning to warm in color and Vela licked her fangs. She took

a couple steps back from Mito and winked. “See you around, girl.”

The fox was gone in a flash, hopping over the edge of the roof and onto the couple of inconspicuous footholds leading to the alley behind the pawn shop. Mito ducked into the shelter and grabbed her half-shirt, quickly pulling it on over her head and shoulders. There was no chance of it fitting her right now, it wouldn't even go down over a third of her massive breasts. But ten seconds later, the sun crested over the horizon, and the marten pulled her top down over her fit and slender torso. The fatigue from the night slipped off of her like a thin sheet being pulled away and she stretched her arms and legs, ready to take on a new day.

Time to go wake everyone else up.

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