

## Floatation Devices

by Cerine Hero

It was a good day for bare fur.

The sun was shining bright overhead, creeping steadily towards its zenith above the summer-baked landscape. A nice breeze ruffled hair and fur, and it billowed towels as it tried to get purchase around rubber inflatables and whisk them away. It caressed sparkling water until the waves danced among themselves.

Of course, that was all outside. Inside the water park's clothing hut, where guests could change from their traveling clothes into swimwear, it was a bit muggy and stifling. The thin walls blocked the breeze everywhere except the two-inch flood gaps at the bottom, and radiant heat soaked in only to find no real outlet except an under-performing vent in the roof. Well, there was a fan. It was sitting on a stool near the S-shaped entranceway in a vain attempt to blow some cool air in.

Chai was busy in one of the private stalls, unbuttoning her cargo shorts and tucking them into a bag she was going to stuff into a locker. The half-cheetah untied her neck scarf, which draped down over her bust, and put it away, as well, leaving herself topless. She brushed a paw back through her blonde hair, unable to keep a broad grin off her face. Today was already looking to be a very memorable day – for so many reasons. First, she was at a water park, something that alone made her want to burst out into giddy squeals and jump on her toes. Oh, but it got *better*. She was here with a certain strawberry vixen, the kind of vixen who was a treat to see in a swimsuit – and, just to put a little cherry on that slice of cheesecake, the two of them had come to a very special arrangement for the day. A cowbell sort of arrangement.

And Chai wasn't going to be left out, either. Reaching into her bag, she took out her two-piece, a nice subtle green with black trim that played nicely with the matching stripe down her back and the shaggy green tail warming her rump. The bottoms were sized for her just fine, but the top was... overkill. Her breasts would swim inside these cups! But there was no mistake. Chai pulled something else from her bag: a plastic vacuum flask. Inside was the most precious liquid she'd ever encountered. And it wasn't soup.

She unscrewed the cap and angled it to peer down at the bottle's contents. Creamy milk sloshed about inside, still chilled from the refrigerator this morning. The scent from it was intoxicatingly strong. Putting it in the flask had helped keep it as fresh as the moment it was pumped. Zaress was such a sweetheart, even if she rarely showed it. Chai licked her muzzle as she raised the bottle full of cool dragon milk up to her lips and began to chug it down. She tipped the end of it straight upwards, slowly, her throat working as she gulped down every mouthful. Her taste buds danced like they touched ambrosia. The cat even ran her tongue around the inside of the bottle's neck, getting as much of the milk as she could. Those last couple drops were the difference of about an ounce!

Chai licked her muzzle clean, burping softly into the back of her paw. The first couple times she had some dragon milk, it took a little while for the special *effect* to kick in. But since her body had acclimated to it, the changes began after just a minute. She felt a tingling in her breasts and looked down excitedly. Her pawful sized girls started to become more than a pawful – rapidly. Chai's boobs bounced and jiggled as they suddenly swelled, gaining both size and weight. Before she even had a chance to pick up her bikini top again, she had doubled in size, becoming a very buxom cat. Quickly looping the top strap over her head, she fiddled to hook the band around her back, feeling herself jiggle and wiggle between her elbows, and then, a couple moments later, around them. The half-cheetah's tawny-furred melons were as big as her head now, and she had to adjust for their extra weight. Maybe it would have been a better idea to put the top on first, then plump up her assets after... but nah. She and Cerine agreed, sometimes the extra trouble was the fun.

Adjusting the bikini top's cups to fit around her much bigger breasts, Chai admired the cleavage springing eagerly just under her chin. Okay, *now* she was ready to turn heads at the park. Well,

possibly... there was some pretty big competition just one stall over, and she planned on making it even bigger. Mostly the boost was for her own amusement and the fox's. She put the rest of her belongings into her bag and smiled as she stepped back into the common area of the changing hut.

There were a couple people going in and out and changing if they didn't care much about privacy. A zebra, who had come in just behind Chai and Cerine, headed into the stall behind the green-tailed cheetah, pausing only briefly as she spared a glance in her direction. Was... she that *big* earlier?

Cerine was apparently still in her own stall. Not surprising, the poor fox had to take her time getting changed. Well, maybe she could use a couple of extra paws... for support, of course! Chai grinned and crept over to the door, knocking lightly. The lock opened and a pink and white muzzle poked out. Blue eyes darted around before settling on her eager smile.

"Oh, you're done already?" Cerine asked. Her gaze trailed downwards, taking in the view, and her eyebrows went as high as they could. "You came prepared."

Cerine let Chai slip into the stall with her. It was a bit crowded in there with the two of them *and* the fox's tail, but they were able to get the door shut once again. Chai turned around and looked at the fox, half-into a blue and black one-piece swimsuit. Well, maybe not half, judging by what was still needing to be covered. Cerine's fairly trim waist and hips were in her swimsuit, but she hadn't gotten it up over her chest yet. Mostly because, as big and busty as Chai had grown with the dragon milk, Cerine was four times bigger than that. The dairy fox's udders wobbled free over the top of her outfit as she blushed – mostly as Chai groped them with a grin.

"Need a little help?" the cat teased, already helping to pull on Cerine's swimsuit.

"More than a little," the pink fox replied. Her tail attempted to wag in the tight stall, but it didn't get very far. All seven feet of it was hemmed in snugly with the two of them. As the two of them worked to stuff Cerine into her suit, the vixen reached out and gave one of Chai's melons a playful shake and jiggle. "So how'd you get those?"

"Had a little dragon milk," the half-cheetah answered, wiggling playfully as she felt Cerine's paw underneath her chest.

"How'd you get some?"

"Asked nicely."

Cerine grinned and rolled her eyes. "She always gives me guff when I need some for potions. I remind her that she gets to milk me, too, but then she's like, 'Yeah, but you *need* me to do that or you'll pop, cow-fox.' Which I'm pretty sure isn't technically true, but she has a point. Anyways! Just remember how big you got last time you got hooked on dragon milk."

"Oh, no!" Chai made a show of being over-dramatic, and hugged the dairy fox's boobs with her arms, bouncing them against her chin and cheeks. "I'd be as big as you! Whatever would I do?!" She snickered and let her boobs back down, pecking a kiss on each one before grabbing the fox's swimsuit. "Alright, arms through... and three, two, one..."

They lifted together, and Cerine's huge breasts popped into the fabric. Now that they were in, four paws helped adjust them to sit better, with the fox's excess of soft flesh jiggling hypnotically. There was a vertical mesh window on the front of the vixen's swimsuit, where her proud cleavage was practically pressed against it so much that fur was sticking through the tiny holes. Now contained, the entirety of Cerine's bust bounced heavily in front of Chai's face. It was nice being a foot or so shorter than the vixen.

"This is a good starting point," Chai teased, drumming her fingertips on Cerine's chest and looking upwards to the choker, with its little cowbell ornament, at the dairy fox's neck. Cerine had made a mild mistake in explaining to the half-cheetah what the cowbell around her neck did. Chai still wasn't quite sure where it came from or how it worked, she just liked what it did.

"You're still serious about that?" Cerine asked, putting one paw to her white-furred throat and gulping. There was a mad gleam in Chai's eyes.

"Now, now," the cat reminded her, "you lost the bet. That means you take me to the water park

– check! – and I get to play with the cowbell as much as I want for the day.”

“I didn't think you meant both of them on the *same day*, though.”

Chai laughed. “Why not? A lot more fun to make you huge out here. Plenty of people to show off to!”

To punctuate that, Chai reached up with one finger, slipped it underneath the cowbell ornament, and flicked it upwards. It chimed, light and sweetly, before being muffled as it fell back onto Cerine's thick neck fur. Immediately, the vixen's breasts began to bloat, swelling slightly inside of her swimsuit. Cerine and Chai rest their paws on them, feeling them expand and stretch the material. They both blushed, but one of them was bouncing eagerly.

“This is one of your special outfits, isn't it?” Chai asked, plucking her claws at the black and blue material.

“Mmhhh,” Cerine replied. “I know you, so I treated this with a special solution to give it a lot more stretch. So it won't rip until I get really, really... oh, no.”

Chai was all fangs and smiles. “Now I have a goal!” She took Cerine's paw and tugged.

“Alright, come on, cow-fox, let's go get wet.” She stopped as she began to pull the stall door open. “I just said that, like, *really* loud.”

“You did.”

Together, they squeezed their way out of the changing hut and walked over to the banks of lockers nearby, covered by an awning with a faux thatched roof. Aside from that, there were some cultivated palm trees to provide some shade from the direct sunlight. Chai stuffed her back into her locker, and then took Cerine's and did the same before locking it up and slipping the key around her neck. The vixen adjusted her sunglasses down over her eyes and they headed out.

There were a lot of stares in their direction as they walked into the park proper, passing by other furs in their swimwear, with or without towels, but for the most part, there was such a variety of fur and scale colors, body types, and species that they blended into the lack of uniformity like two pieces of a crowded quilt. Cerine wrapped her long tail around her waist – twice – to keep it from getting stepped on, which made her entire silhouette somewhat trunk-shaped and de-emphasized her massive bust. Funnily enough, Chai got more open gawks, particularly because of her less-covering outfit. The short, slender cat grinned and made a big show of stretching her back and shoulders, pushing her swollen bust out in front of her.

“So what first?” Cerine asked, falling completely for the show Chai put on and blushing. Her shades couldn't hide where her muzzle was pointing.

“Maybe we'll start out slower,” Chai said. An electronic horn cut over the din of people talking up-close and screaming in excitement further away. “Oh! Right up there, the wave pool! It's about to start.”

“That won't be too bad.” Cerine had to jog a bit to keep up with Chai, wrapping one arm underneath her chest.

The pool was pretty crowded, especially once the ready klaxon started to sound. Chai waded out into the shallow water first, reaching back and grabbing Cerine's paw so they didn't get separated in the press. She wanted to move out a little further into the deeper water. Behind her, Cerine uncoiled her tail and let it drop, and it began to float behind her on top of the water like a giant, pink and white raft. They waded out to where the water was lapping underneath Chai's bust and around Cerine's waist and hips. It was pretty crowded here while everyone waited for the waves to begin.

“Good thing you brought the floats,” Chai teased, motioning for Cerine to lean down. The vixen obliged, letting Chai bat at her bell a couple times. Cerine bit her lip, and together they inconspicuously watched her bust blimp heavier and fuller inside her one-piece. The material stretched, creaking just lightly, as the vixen's bust expanded to an even more ridiculous size. The dairy fox was big *any* day, but now she was getting ridiculously large in the middle of a crowd that was none the wiser – so far. If that remained true the rest of the day, that would be shocking. Chai just purred to herself, putting one paw

palm-up on the curve underneath Cerine's right boob. It was like she had her paw on a wrecking ball! The stretched-out swimsuit material was tight as a drum, and white fur was bulging out around the shoulder straps on the sides and at the neck line as Cerine already began to run out of room to fit in it. As far as playing with those boulders went, the extra size really made no difference compared to how big Cerine was normally, but Chai felt an excited twinge regardless as she thought about how big Cerine could possibly get. She was reaching for the bell again when the klaxon sounded another time, signaling the start of the waves. The half-cheetah looked away and excitedly bobbed in the water, feeling her own well-grown chest springing in and out of the water's surface.

"Oh, here we go!" she chattered, pressing her forearms in against her chest in anticipation.

The early waves were mild as the generator behind the pool really got to work. The first one washed over the top of Chai's chest without much effect and broke against the wall of Cerine's much bigger bust. Then the second wave came up to Chai's chin, lifting her slightly off of the roughly-textured bottom. She settled back down and looked forward with wide eyes as the water level dipped down to her thighs. The next wave loomed above her, lifting furs a lot bigger than her upwards. Cerine disappeared from her view immediately before the wave hit.

Water bowled over the top of Chai's head and she went weightless, losing track of the ground as she was carried off by the wave. The world spun in every direction, and the only sound she could hear was the roar of water. Just when she felt like she was going to be taken away, her back landed against something both plush and solid, and a pair of paws grabbed on to her waist. After that, the wave went on past her, and the water level dropped away. Chai gasped for air and brushed her wet hair back behind her ear. Her feet still dangled in the pool below her, and she twisted about to see who had her. She'd been catapulted by the wave directly into Cerine's chest, and the fox was holding her snug against her half-covered cleavage. Chai laughed before she was cut off by the next wave, burbling lightly.

When the waves receded, many of the furs took their leave of the pool, the two girls included. A small waterfall poured out of the mesh front of Cerine's swimsuit as the water soaked into her fur and caught in her cleavage made its escape. Chai could just feel some sloshing around inside hers, and tugged on her top to let it splash out. Laughing together, they walked up the ramp at the end of the pool until Cerine came to an abrupt halt.

"What's wrong?" Chai asked, looking at the confused fox.

Cerine turned sideways and looked back. Once they left the water, her tail – all seven feet of it – was dragging along the cement like a wet sack of potatoes. Chai's was heavy, too, hanging down behind her legs and draining the water it picked up, but Cerine's was probably a hundred pounds of liquid attached to her butt! Chai smiled and walked over to it, wrapping her arms around the soaked bundle of fur and lifting it up. Yep, it was heavy, but at least now the water could flow out quicker. She walked beside Cerine, leaving a trail of wet concrete behind her.

"I forgot about that," the fox explained, blushing. "I try to avoid getting it soaked in the shower."

"I don't... blame you," Chai told her, huffing and puffing and feeling her muscles strain under the weight. They paused for a bit on a sunny bench to dry while Chai rubbed her arms and looked around at the next thing to do. Cerine drummed her paws on her expanded bust, feeling her milk tanks jiggle underneath her fingers. Chai watched with a grin. "I think we need to do water slides next."

"The tubes? I don't know if-" The vixen stopped as Chai reached over and flicked the cowbell some more. Licking her nose, the vixen leaned back on the bench and let herself bloat and swell even bigger. She was almost twice as big as where she started! Her whole swimsuit was beginning to tighten at her waist and hips as more material had to be taken up by her voluminous bust. But still, the thing held on. "Am I even going to fit?"

"Better to try now, before I make you *really* big," Chai teased.

"Fair enough, I guess..."

The problem with the slides was they were uphill. Cerine panted as they made their way up the

winding path on the hill, surrounded by foliage on both sides and wooden slat safety barriers guiding the way. There was a short line formed for the slides, giving Cerine a chance to stop and breathe against the barricade for a bit. Chai had a good idea of how she felt, sneaking a rub underneath her bust after all that jiggling uphill. Still, the fox winked at her and Chai smiled.

There was a group of college-age furs ahead of them in the line, and it didn't take long to get their attention. The guys nudged each other and stole glances back at Cerine and Chai. Who was going to blame them? Smiling, the half-cheetah snuggled in against the dairy fox's side and pulled her arm around her shoulders. Cerine, not noticing why, blushed and tucked her in snugly. That discouraged any questions from the group, but they still took any opportunity to sneak a look.

The line moved pretty quickly, and they ascended to the summit of the hill. Chai kept batting at Cerine's cowbell each time they got closer, much to Cerine's chagrin. The rapidly-enhancing vixen, whose boobs now rest slightly at her hips even with her swimsuit on, eyed the not-very-big water slide tubes ahead of them.

"I'm not gonna fit," the vixen whimpered.

"You're totally gonna fit."

The lifeguard on duty whistled for them to come up. Chai jumped up onto the wooden platform first, all grins, and Cerine clambered up behind her. The lifeguard, a chubby, dark-haired shark in a red one-piece, boggled at the sight of the fox.

"Do you have... someone else in there?" she asked incredulously. Chai laughed and pointed at the front of Cerine's swimsuit. The mesh material, now stretched-out so much as to turn into a bunch of little windows, was displaying the fox's cleavage. The shark cleared her throat. "Sorry. Uh... I gotta ask, are they real?"

Cerine glanced at Chai, who just kept grinning. "Uh... no implants, at least. Real may be a stretch."

"Stretch is right," Chai teased, tugging and snapping the side of the vixen's swimsuit. A ripple rolled underneath the fox's white fur and a matching shiver of delight went down Chai's spine.

The lifeguard waved Chai forward while still thinking about how to handle Cerine. Chai waved at the fox and slipped herself down into the flowing water, wrapping her arms around her chest so her top wouldn't decide to part ways. The tunnel twisted this way and that in the dark before spitting her out a foot above a receiving pool. Chai splashed down into it and kicked back up to the surface, laughing after the swift ride. She kicked and swam over to the far end by the stairs and waited in the chest-high water for Cerine to come down.

She waited a while. No one was coming down the slide. Chai tilted her head and tried to look up towards the top platform, but she couldn't see much at this angle. The continuous flow of water coming from the end of the tube stopped and started, occasionally redoubling in a large gush. Then, eventually, Chai heard the echoes of rubbery squeaks and grunts from the tube with her pierced ears. She covered her muzzle with both paws as, finally, Cerine slid out from the tube and dropped into the pool below.

"You made it!" Chai yelled to her, once she got her feet and stood up.

Cerine pushed her long, white, and now wet, hair back behind black ears. "Barely!" She waded over, rubbing her paws along the sides of her breasts. Her swimsuit was starting to look a bit worse for wear. Her sheer size was giving that stretchy solution a run for its money. The mesh in the front was popped in a couple places, enough for Chai to be able to nuzzle her nose into. "I got wedged in twice on the turns and had to wriggle my way loose. If you'd made me any bigger-"

*Jingle.*

Two more places on the mesh front of the fox's swimsuit popped. The shoulder straps were hanging on with a herculean effort as Cerine adjusted them, making her tremendous boobs jiggle. There was more of hers spilling over the top of her swimsuit now – and hiding her cowbell half the time – than Chai had in total.

The half-cheetah just admired how supersized the vixen was getting, playfully running her paws

over them. She thought the fabric felt tight earlier. It might burst any second now! The mesh wasn't going to hang on much longer. With a smile, Chai ran her claws along the edges of the mesh window in Cerine's swimsuit and got rid of it, giving her a little more room to breathe. The fox's cleavage poured into the opening sticking out a full inch further than the rest of the swimsuit.

"Thanks," Cerine said, giving herself a huge lift and bounce while they waited for her tail to dry next to the pool.

"I wish I could've rode with you," Chai said, imagining how much fun it would've been to push on the vixen's titties and get her unstuck. Unfortunately, the slides were for only one person. "Oh, wait! The big ride, with the rafts. Let's go do that!"

"I need a breather first. Can we drop by the rest place?"

It was afternoon by the time they got to the food court. While Chai went to get in line and get them some water – weirdly ironic, given it was a water park – Cerine picked out a table and sat down. Her bust covered half of the table, and the fox practically melted without all that weight on her. A couple minutes later, Chai wedged a bottle of water into the fox's cleavage and sat down beside her. Opposite her was just a view of boob.

"So this'll be the last one," Chai told her, looking towards the big raft slide up on the hill nearby. "But... I don't think you can be too big for this one."

Cerine gagged on her water a bit. "You know, we can wait until we get back to the hotel..."

"I could," Chai teased, letting her voice hang on the air. Cerine caught her drift and tipped her head back, letting Chai jingle the bell a few more times.

"This is the last time we bet on anything," Cerine moaned, listening to the over-taxed material of her swimsuit squeak and moan as her expanding tits spread over even more of the table's glass top. Good thing it had four sturdy legs under it. She was the size of small beanbag chairs now.

"You're enjoying it."

The dairy fox blushed at the cat. "The growing, yeah, the being in public part as my swimsuit reaches critical mass..."

"Oh, I'm sure it can take a little more!"

Chai helped her to her feet. Despite her reassuring words, the swimsuit probably *couldn't* take much more. Very little of it still covered the fox's rump, revealing the white heart-shaped pattern in her fur if her tail was up. And it didn't cover her belly at all – her boobs did, filling out the entire swimsuit from neck to hip. Well, filling was a stretch. There was as much of her outside of it as there was in. Cerine was looking like boobs with a fox attached. They swung heavily as she walked now, so much that Chai had to stay away from walking beside her.

Cerine was out of breath by the time they got to the top of the raft slide. This hill was higher and steeper, so there were more stairs involved on the way up. Chai went behind the fox this time, paws against her back and helping her keep moving forward. At the top, they were handed a two-person inflatable raft, and set it in the little pool at the head of the slide.

"I hope this works," Cerine mused, climbing in first.

She sat her butt down in the rear seat and struggled to raise her boobs up enough to drape her tail across her lap. The whole raft tipped backwards in her direction, so she scooted forward just a bit, centering her breast-weight a little better. Chai climbed in after her, plopping down in the front seat. To her delight, she only had to lean back slightly to rest her head and shoulders against the fox's soft mountain range.

Cerine, being the heavier one – not just now, but always – tried to nudge their raft forward to no success. "Little help?" she asked the lifeguard, who very carefully was sure to put his paws only on her shoulders as he gave them a starting push.

They started slow, but gained speed quickly as they went downhill. This slide was much wider to accommodate the raft, so Cerine's boobs didn't drag along the sides. Soon they were going full speed, and Chai was getting buried in the fox's exposed cleavage. With each turn, she felt one of

Cerine's boobs smother the side of her face, then the tube would change and the other would squish her. There was a sudden drop in the middle, and both Chai and Cerine's bust lifted up out of the raft. Chai squealed in excitement, landing down on the raft again for the final stretch, and she felt Cerine's chest land behind her. There was a loud popping sound that echoed inside the tunnel, but they didn't have time to wonder what it was. They went shooting out the end of the tube – and rolling over, with the unbalanced raft tumbling out from under them and the two plunging into the pool.

Chai righted herself quickly and surfaced, treading water in the deeper side of the pool. The raft floated by, apparently intact. The half-cheetah spun all around, looking for Cerine. Then, in front of her, two white buoys broke the surface, topped with plump pink nipples. Cerine's head rose up from behind them as the fox swam enough to keep the rest of her body afloat as her breasts pulled her upwards in the water. Her swimsuit floated around her in tatters in the pool, still barely clinging on to her hips and middle. They found its upper limit, and it was huge. Playfully, Chai swam over to the fox and pulled herself up on top of her melons, helping to balance her a little bit.

“Guess we've had enough fun for one day,” she admitted, grinning sheepishly.

Cerine rolled her eyes, noticing the crowd gathered to ogle the extremely buxom and topless fox. “Could you get me, like, two of those foam mats they use at the other slides?”

How they got Cerine back to the hotel would be a story for another day. But they did, and the vixen squeezed in through the door, wearing little more than her pants from earlier and a poorly-fashioned covering for her chest. She undressed to her undies and flopped onto the bed, exhausted. Her breasts wobbled like gelatin for a bit before finally settling. Chai might have rung the bell a couple more times just to see how much bigger Cerine could get.

The half-cheetah shut the door and stripped down, herself, laying her scarf and pants on her own suitcase. She climbed onto the bed with Cerine, sliding up over her body until she sat with the fox's breasts filling her lap. Cerine looked at her, biting her lip as she eyed Chai's bared, still milk-enhanced bust.

“For you,” Chai told her, taking Cerine's paws and putting them on her chest. “For putting up with me today.”

Cerine licked her nose, gently kneading at the cat's full breasts and rubbing her thumbs around her nipples. “I didn't put up with you. It was fun.”

Chai tensed her shoulders and leaned her head back as Cerine's paws teased her. She laid her own paws on the gigantic balloons between the two of them, running her fingers through the fur. “So how long will I have to play with these at this size?”

“They go back to normal – mostly – after a little while. But pretty much, uh... you've probably got me like this the rest of the weekend. Not as long as you'll be bigger from that milk. But I think we might be watching movies and ordering food in.”

Chai purred, leaning down to rest her weight on one of her huge breasts. She kissed Cerine's chin and smiled. “That sounds like fun to me.”

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