

Into the Reach, pt. 1

by Cerine Hero

Sienna wasn't awake yet. Outside the apartment window, the sun still hadn't come up above the ocean. There wasn't even a hint of pink on the horizon yet. She'd turn around and look at the time on her nightstand, but she didn't even *want* to know. Rachel had woken her up getting a head-start on packing the last of the things they needed for their trip, and the tigyote was "helping" by sitting on the edge of the bed beside the open backpacks, unkempt and staring at the wall.

Rachel walked back into the bedroom, also looking a little worse for wear at the pre-dawn hour, but the coyote's silver-gray tail was bushy and wagging in excitement. She brushed her hair aside from her face and smiled at her girlfriend, holding a steaming red mug underneath the tigyote's nose. Like smelling salts, the fresh coffee made the hybrid's eyes spark to life and her brain to crackle with electricity. Sienna's striped fur lifted on its end and she graciously took the hot mug, holding it between her paws and clutching it to her chest.

"Thank you, babe," she told her girlfriend, smiling up at her. She sipped the coffee and it was like primordial fire shooting through her body. Her brown ears perked upright and she inhaled deeply.

"You look half-dead," Rachel told her, patting her cheek playfully. "You want to hop in the shower first and get woken up?"

Sienna brushed a paw through her long hair. "In a few minutes. Let me enjoy this first."

"Sure thing. I'm pretty sure I've got almost everything." Rachel demonstrated by picking up and tossing two bundled sleeping bags onto the bed beside the backpack. Sienna let the coyote handle the planning and packing. It was what she was good at. The tigyote slipped more of her coffee and watched as her sandy-furred girlfriend stopped in the middle of the room, tilting her head in thought. "Okay, wait, where did I put it..."

As Rachel dropped to her paws and knees and looked under the bed, Sienna leaned over the edge. "Put what?"

"My spear."

Sienna's expression scrunched. "That silly thing? Why?"

"We're going to the Reach, Sie. We'll need it."

"Need?" The tigyote raised her eyebrows. "Yesterday you told your dad on the phone it was going to be safe."

"He was being a worrywart," Rachel explained, pulling herself up onto her toned arms at the side of the bed, still on her knees. "It'll be safe, I promise. But like... it's still the Sylvan Reach, though. There *are* things in it that can be dangerous. So I trust Cerine, but I wanna have my spear on me, just in case."

"Will Cerine have hers?"

"She probably uses it to reinforce her bra."

Sienna was in the middle of sipping her coffee when Rachel cracked her joke. It was all the tigyote could do not to spray a mouthful of caffeine from her muzzle. Swallowing, she composed herself and held out her paw. "Okay, as the vice chair of the Big Titty Committee, I'm required to say that wasn't funny."

"You laughed."

"I snorted." Sienna pointed towards the closet. "You left it in there, hun."

"Oh, thank you." Rachel jumped up and slid open the closet door, sinking into the hanging clothes and other sundries stuffed away and awaiting their turn to get sorted. She reached into the far corner and grabbed the spear, managing to finesse it around all the other junk in the closet. The spear was six feet in length, made of some kind of dark wood, and it had an orange plastic cover over its business end for safety. Rachel thumped the butt of the spear onto the carpet beside her feet and struck a heroic pose for the sleepy hybrid on the bed. "What do you think?"

“You look silly,” Sienna reminded her, grinning, “but I’ll admit you cut a dashing figure in your pajamas.”

Rachel winked at her, the gray mask of fur around her eyes dancing, and she set the spear in the corner while she continued to pack things for the trip up north. Sienna watched her for a while, noticing the coyote’s tail was wagging rapidly. She dashed this way and that, finding more things to put away into their backpacks.

“Food!” the coyote suddenly announced. “Food, food, food, food!”

Sienna set her coffee down and hopped up from the bed, feeling her chest bounce under her loose sleeping top. The striped hybrid only had on a slight shirt and undies, having only rolled out of bed a few minutes earlier. She walked to the kitchen in the apartment, where Rachel was digging through what they had in the pantry. Reaching out her arms, the short tigyote wrapped them around her girlfriend’s waist. Her full breasts squished against the coyote’s back, and she rest her muzzle on her shoulder. Rachel paused a moment, exhaling, and leaned to nuzzle Sienna’s cheek.

“You’re agitated,” Sienna said. “You haven’t gotten this fussy over our camping trips before. What’s up?”

Rachel’s shoulders slumped and she looked over the package of noodles in her paws like she had no idea what it was. “I’m just... I’m anxious. And excited.” She ran her tongue across her fangs and bounced on her feet. “Megan is going to come with us and I just... I haven’t seen her in *years*, Sie. She was one of my besties in high school, one of my *girls*, and then she just dropped off the continent once we graduated. And now she’s back and she and Cerine are a *thing* now and I’m going to see her and, just... Aaah!”

The tigyote’s face fell as she listened. Reuniting with old friends... wouldn’t that be nice, she thought. She let her arms slide off of Rachel’s belly and walked back into the bedroom to sit down on the bed. A minute later, the coyote joined her, settling down on the mattress beside the tigyote and brushing her dyed hair back from her face.

“Did I upset you?” Rachel asked quietly.

Sienna shook her head. “No... it’s nothing.”

The coyote thought for a moment, her green eyes focused on nothing in particular. “Is it the friends thing? Babe...”

“It’s stupid,” Sienna mumbled. Growing up, the hybrid had struggled to make and keep friends. She wasn’t a talkative type in general, and being a rare child of two species made things extra complicated.

Rachel held her muzzle, rubbing her thumbs along the sides of the tigyote’s snout. “My friends are your friends now. You like Cerine.”

“Yeah...”

“She likes you. It’s hard to tell with her, but she does, I promise.”

Sienna snorted a little laugh.

“And you’ll love Megan. She’s a goober. Wolf through-and-through.” Rachel gently slapped her paw on Sienna’s thigh and squeezed the plush meat beneath her stripes. She glanced towards the window and looked at the pink beginning to glow over the sea. “Alright, we’re running out of time if we want to get up there with plenty of daylight. So...”

Rachel grabbed Sienna’s sleeping shirt and pulled it up as she stood up from the bed. The tigyote was surprised but let the top go up over her arms, and her large breasts bounced back onto her belly. Sienna blushed slightly, taking Rachel’s paws and feeling herself lifted up from the mattress to press against her girlfriend’s fitter body. The coyote took her muzzle in her paw and pulled her in for a kiss, and Sienna just sank into her, letting the sad feelings wash away.

“Let’s get a shower,” the coyote whispered, patting Sienna’s soft hindquarters.

Cerine was having a good dream.

The sun was warming her fur and a pleasant ocean breeze washed across her body. The pink fox lay reclined on a picnic blanket spread out on the dry sand on the beach, hair down and tousled in the wind and her bikini top pinned down underneath a rock so a gust wouldn't even up carrying the large cups away like a sail. Her top had stopped fitting a while ago, and she took it off to let her chest breathe. Purring softly, Cerine ran a paw around her growing breasts, giving them soft jiggles as they slowly and continuously expanded. They had already tripled from their already-enormous normal size, overflowing the blanket underneath her and beginning to rest on the sand. The "cow" part of the vixen's brain was stimulated, and the feeling of her nipples aching with milk pressure as her breasts ballooned bigger and bigger made her curl her toes and bite her lip. She wanted to milk herself, but she also wanted to let her breasts grow, and they were probably too big to milk effectively at this point, anyways. They would overflow even her entire arm span at this point, and she'd need her pump. Too bad it wasn't anywhere on this beach, and she just had to lay in peace and let herself swell...

A dark paw brushed back a lock of hair from her face where the wind had tossed it. Cerine glanced upwards above her sunglasses at the skull-faced wolf who had been lurking nearby, his eyes glowing orange embers within the empty eye sockets. His touch along her muzzle was electrifying, and she let her tongue hang out slightly. Slowly, Cerine rolled herself onto her back. Her monumental breasts, so full of milk that they were firm and round, sloshed atop her fairly slender figure. The wolf leaned over her, reaching out with his paws, and when he barely pressed his fingers into her plump nipples, they immediately began to express milk. Fountains of pink-tinted cream rushed from the fox's teats, and she bit her lip as she wriggled in pleasure underneath her own breast-weight. It rolled down her fur, warm and wet and-

Cerine opened her eyes. It was barely dawn, with the sunlight coming in through her bedroom window. She dragged one arm out from underneath a boob where it was pinned and massaged her face. The remnants of her dream were already fading away like fog seared by the sun. When her vision cleared and became only slightly blurry, she looked down and noticed her breasts were *enormous*. The dairy fox was always big, but today she was heavily swollen. They'd gotten so big they'd escaped her tank top completely, leaving it bundled up underneath her chin. Her fur felt wet and she knew she'd begun lactating overnight again.

Fortunately, her girlfriend was on the case. As Cerine sat up, she saw dark ears peeking over the horizon of tit below her chin. Megan had a faceful of boob, plump nipple between her lips, and was greedily gulping down strawberry fox milk. The chubby gray wolf's tail was wagging eagerly as she drank, eyes closed and a soft whine escaping her muzzle between mouthfuls. Her other paw was holding Cerine's other breast, thumb trying to keep her from spilling too much milk onto the sheets. Cerine reached around her boob and brushed Megan's paw away, letting herself lactate freely. The sheets were already wet and needed washing anyways, since Cerine was beginning to shed her winter coat.

Megan's ears perked up as she felt Cerine's paw against hers, and she leaned upwards. Flicking out her tongue, she lapped dribbles of milk from the cow-fox's bloated nub and then her own chin. The wolfess burped behind her paw and looked down at the sleepy vixen past the fluffy white cleavage.

Cerine raised an eyebrow. "Couldn't wait?" she teased, voice flat and dull.

"Well, I felt them getting bi-" she raised her arm up and covered a yawn- "mmph, bigger while I was asleep. Like, they actually woke me up. I wasn't gonna miss the show so I just watched for a bit, and they just *kept* growing and eventually you started milking." The wolfess brushed back purple-tipped black hair. "Didn't want you to make a mess."

"It happens some mornings," Cerine explained, also yawning. "Figures it would be trip day."

"Are you even gonna fit behind your steering wheel?" Megan asked, playfully bouncing the fox's giant breasts.

"Grab my pump and we'll see."

The plump wolfess climbed out of bed and headed for the nightstand to get the dairy fox's breast

pump, always kept near at hand because she made so much milk throughout the day – even on a normal day! But Megan had to brave getting within arm's reach of the fox, her chubby belly hanging slightly out of her pajama top a prime target for rubs and jiggles. She managed to lean far enough that she could reach the nightstand with her belly out of range, but that meant her plump boobs were easy targets for a fox paw. Cerine groped Megan's right boob, squeezing gently and feeling her nipple through her shirt. The wolfess blushed brightly, licking her nose as she grabbed hoses and suction cups, leaning just a bit further to attach the hoses. Her mistake was thinking Cerine was too buxom to move, but the cow-fox reached a few extra inches, her claws snapping out like darting hooks, and she pulled Megan's shirt up from her belly and filled her palm with soft fur and pudge. Megan sighed, defeated, and let the fox play with her tummy. Cerine was going to get her paws on it one way or another, anyways.

"I'm gaining weight again," the wolf admitted.

Cerine could tell, squeezing the bigger belly roll in her paw. "You may need to lay off the milk," the fox teased, tapping her other paw on her swollen, lactating breast. "But I won't mind if you don't."

"I just don't want to be a fat werewolf," Megan said, standing upright with two hoses in her paws. She climbed onto Cerine, kissing her huge breasts with happy canine noises as she hooked the hoses to the fox's nipples and watched as pink milk whisked its way down the tubes towards a pair of five gallon reservoirs in the pump under the nightstand.

"You're a *little* overweight as a werewolf," Cerine told her, holding her thumb and finger almost together.

"That I don't mind." Megan grinned and pumped a bicep. There was nothing to see except a slight jiggle. "Well-marbled muscle looks great. I just don't wanna be a fat chunker when I'm big, you know. But I figure you don't have any weight *loss* potions."

"No, and that would be a terrible idea for you."

"Yes, yes, I know," Megan sighed, rubbing her fingers through breast fur and feeling Cerine's legs wrap around her hips. "Actually, while we're waiting on you to pump, I wanna ask you something..."

Cerine rest her head on her pillow, looking up at her girlfriend. "What is it? About the trip? Rachel and Sienna?"

"Well, okay, there's that, and I've got mega butterflies in my belly, believe me," the wolfess explained. "But actually, it's something else." She twisted to her left and pointed over at the vixen's dresser wardrobe against the wall. Sitting on top of it, in its permanent spot where it could watch over her at night, was a bleached wolf skull, fashioned into a mask. "Why do you have that?"

Cerine looked around a big boob and saw the mask. "What about it?"

"It's fucking creepy!"

"Why?"

"It's a *wolf!*"

"Oh." Cerine rubbed her muzzle and exhaled. "I actually found it in the Reach years ago on another trip with Rachel and Sienna. That was before these." She pressed her paws into the sides of her breasts and wobbled them.

"Alright. But why do you have it sitting there? I swear it watches me at night."

"That's silly." Cerine rubbed her breasts. They were becoming less bloated as they were drained of milk, almost becoming a more manageable size. "I don't know. I just like having it there."

"Alright, whatever." Megan climbed up from the bed and stretched, wagging her gray tail.

"Well, I've had breakfast taken care of, so I'm gonna pop in the shower."

"I'm almost done here," Cerine told her, pushing herself upright. Her breasts still filled her lap, but they weren't massive balloons anymore. She felt a small twinge of disappointment at the thought, but pushed it aside. They were going hiking and camping this weekend; she needed to be as small as possible.

As Megan climbed into the shower, Cerine put away her pump and began getting ready. They

were already packed, but there were a few more things she could put together. Cerine ate breakfast, a quick meal of toaster treats since Erin was out of town, and then switched places with Megan in the shower, washing the milk out of her fur. Once she was clean, she struggled to get dressed, finding her tits had other thoughts about “as small as possible,” of course. Cerine crammed them into the stretchiest bra she had, and she still felt like she was going to bang herself in the muzzle if she moved too fast.

Her phone rang on the dresser, right next to the skull mask, and she scooped it up. It was Sienna. “Good morning,” Cerine said, still trying to adjust her bra underneath her shirt.

“Hey, big girl,” the tigyote replied. “We're gonna be there in a half hour or so.”

“Awesome, Megan and I are finishing up and we'll be out there pretty soon. You remember the spot?”

“Rachel says she does. Old farm, right?”

“Yeah, it's the closest place to where I head into the woods.”

There was some giggling on the other end of the line. Cerine pushed her glasses up her muzzle and listened.

“Oh my gosh...” She could hear the tigyote blushing. “Rachel insists I ask if you're bringing refreshments. You know what she means.”

Cerine rolled her eyes and smiled. “The way today has *already been*, dinner is going to be on me, promise.”

“Yum. Well, see you soon!”

The fox hung up the phone and slid it into her pocket. With a cocked grin, she rolled up her sleeves on her blue plaid shirt and buttoned it as well as she could manage without squeezing the air out of her lungs. Grabbing the rest of her things, Cerine took two steps towards the bedroom door before a random impulse made her stop and hesitate. She turned back, looking at the skull mask on the dresser with a bemused stare. Then she reached out and picked it up, sliding it into her backpack before slinging it over her shoulder.

“I'm gonna die.”

“You're not going to die.”

“Well, I'll probably faint.”

“I have smelling salts, but you won't like it, so don't.”

In the passenger seat, Megan was a board-stiff bundle of nerves. Under her hiking pants and zipped jacket, the wolfess was braced against the floorboard of the car. And the door. And she had one paw on the roof. Her other paw was gripping the center console, claws sinking into the leather padding. Cerine drove her car up a dirt road on the farm nearest to the edge of the Sylvan Reach. She knew the owner and had a deal to park here when she went on ventures into the woods in return for ingredients. The old wolven farmer and his wife had medical issues, and Cerine happily kept them supplied with alchemical remedies and painkillers in return for using their property.

As the car slowly trundled up the “road,” they were finally able to spot Rachel's car sitting in the clearing where they would begin their adventure. The coyote herself was standing next to the car, eagerly springing up and down on her feet. Sienna was by the car's trunk, messing with the backpacks. As Cerine drove up and parked alongside Rachel's car, she turned towards her wolf.

“Alright, are you- What are you doing?”

Megan had the fox's gigantic tail in her arms and was hiding behind it. She was succeeding, as the tail was bigger than Cerine herself and took up the entire passenger seat. The fox had it threaded through the gap in her seat so it filled the back and wasn't sure how Megan had pulled it over to her.

“Anxiety,” the wolfess mumbled, her face half sunken into the pink tail fluff.

Cerine exhaled, nodding. She reached out with her paw and gently stroked Megan's ear. The wolfess closed her eyes, and her tail tried to wag behind her.

“I'm going to step out, and I'm going to take my tail with me, alright?” Cerine told her, still

rubbing her ear. Megan nodded and loosened her grip.

Cerine pushed the car door open and awkwardly stepped out of it, still trying to manage with her expanded chest. The fox paused, tugging down her buttoned shirt and fixing her hair. She'd put it up in a messy bun. But before she was able to take even one step from the car, she was pounced on by a vibrating bundle of sand and gray fur, with arms around her neck and the coyote's weight against her chest. She hugged Rachel back, at least as much as she could manage, patting her paws on her flanks. The coyote gripped her neck tight, squealing. Rachel was dressed in a green jacket and tan cargo pants, good attire for a not-quite-fully-spring adventure into the Reach. Cerine could afford to dress loosely in the cold, being a winter red fox. Her friends, not as much.

"Where is she? Where is she?!" the coyote asked, letting go and bouncing more.

Cerine put her paws on Rachel's shoulders. "She's getting her nerves together. Give her a minute."

"She good?" the coyote asked, tipping one ear to the side.

"Mmhmm. Just... be patient. She can be self-conscious."

"Gotcha, gotcha."

The door on the other side of the car opened and then shut quietly. Cerine glanced back over her shoulder and saw Megan standing there, paws knit together and her eyes slightly watery. The fox nodded to her and then nudged Rachel to the side so the two of them could see each other. Once again vibrating, the coyote rushed around the car and threw her arms around Megan, pulling the chubby wolf into a crushing bear hug. So much for being patient.

"Aaaaah!" the coyote howled. "Megan's home! I've got my girls again!"

Megan, overwhelmed, stood as stiff as a tree branch while the coyote buried her in affection. She looked at Cerine, plaintively, but the vixen didn't come to her rescue. Cerine walked by, petting her girlfriend's ears and leaving her to be the object of Rachel's attention.

"I can hardly believe it!" the coyote was blubbering. "Look at you! You've still got your hair dyed like you used to! I missed you *so much!*"

Cerine walked past them, letting them talk and catch up, if Megan could get a word in and didn't just turn into a wolf puddle. Rachel's exuberance would burn out in a minute or two. But over by her car, a curvy, ochre-furred figure was rearranging things inside her hiking pack, and it didn't take Cerine more than couple seconds to notice that the tigyote was simply moving objects back and forth in an attempt to distract herself.

Sienna was wearing a blue turtleneck, hugging her full figure perfectly, and a pair of dark denim jeans. Her shaggy, striped tail lay limp behind her, and she had her hair – dyed snow-white – bundled with hair sticks. Cerine stopped behind her and turned sideways so she could gently lay a paw on her shoulder.

"I like the hair," the fox said.

The tigyote looked up from her work and smiled, but the expression didn't reach all the way up to her eyes. "Hey, big girl." She turned around and hugged the fox, her chin naturally resting on the top of Cerine's panned-up bust. Sienna only stood up to the tall fox's shoulder, so she was all but completely pressed on the cow-fox's chest. Giving the pair a curious pat and slow, sweeping brush with her paws, feeling their expanded size and weight, she said, "Have you gotten bigger?"

Cerine rolled her eyes. "They've decided to be extra-large today, apparently." She tugged on the front of her shirt, trying to close the plaid button-down over her white undershirt. Buttons she'd normally be able to close were inches apart.

"How do they feel?" the tigyote asked, drumming her fingertips. "Sore?"

"No, not really," Cerine explained. "Just heavy."

"Yeah, I can barely imagine."

Cerine straightened her back, sweeping her huge tail around to the side and letting Sienna catch it and hold it against her hip. "Are you doing alright?" she asked, lowering her voice down.

“Yeah,” the tigyote replied, nodding. Her eyes cut towards the others and she sighed. “It's nothing.”

Cerine glanced towards Megan and Rachel. The wolfess had managed to center herself and was chatting excitedly with the coyote now, bouncing lightly as they both clasped paws to forearms. Rachel turned and caught the others watching and then pulled Megan over with her so the four of them could be one big group. The coyote leaned over her car and started unhooking her spear from the rack on the roof. Beside her, Megan buried herself in Cerine again, her tail wagging. But she looked up to say hi to Sienna, and as she began to wave, her paw faltered.

“Uh... have we met before?” the wolfess asked, cocking her head. “You look... really familiar.”

“You've probably seen me before,” Sienna replied. She smiled shyly and gestured at Megan's hair. “What brand dye do you use?”

Megan tugged on her shoulder-length hair, the purple ends twisting around her fingers. “Uh, actually, I use some Cerine makes, but-” the wolfess's golden eyes opened wide- “wait, I saw you on the dye boxes!”

Sienna nodded. “Yeah, I do a lot of hair dye ads.”

“Well, no wonder! You're gorgeous,” Megan told her.

“Thank you,” Sienna replied, blushing.

Rachel got her spear loose, holding it across her shoulders as she joined the others. The fit coyote looked like some kind of modern warrior, grinning broadly at her friends. “Well, who is ready to go have some fun?”

Loaded up with their camping gear, the quartet headed into the forest. The border of the Sylvan Reach was very apparent, because stepping between the trees had the feeling of leaving the rest of the world behind. It was a change in the air, a smell, and a charge in their fur that washed across them all at once. The Reach felt venerable and otherworldly. The trees around them were bigger than ones they were familiar with, and unusual specimens never seen in the rest of the Wolfsmark appeared here and there. Cerine would point them out to the others, and though she didn't have names for them, she did know which ones had useful alchemical ingredients.

At the head of the group, using her spear as a walking stick, Rachel inhaled deep. “I love it here. It's... peaceful.”

Beside her, Megan hiked up her backpack. “Really? I think it's kinda eerie. In a good way. It feels like something's watching, but I can't find who it is. Or what it is. It'd be awesome if a bunch of fog rolled in, made it all spooky.”

“You *want* it to be spooky?” Sienna asked, wriggling her muzzle.

“Megan loves horror games,” Cerine explained.

Sienna glanced sidelong at the dairy fox, who was weighed down by her backpack, her alchemy satchel, *and* her swollen chest. She was having a hard time keeping up with the others, so the tigyote had slowed down to match her pace. Plus, Cerine was the one who knew these woods best, so the hybrid figured that was pretty smart.

“I notice neither of you brought your spears,” Sienna mused, her eyes still watching Cerine's chest. “Are the woods, um... They're actually safe, right?”

“Fairly,” Cerine answered, and Sienna frowned at the answer. “It's good Rachel has hers, just in case. I've got flash-crackers and some other stuff. Plus, we've got Megan with us, so I'm not worried.”

Sienna raised her eyebrows and looked up the animal path at the chubby wolfess ahead of her. Cerine just gave her a knowing wink and tightened the backpack strap above her boobs. The tigyote let the point drop and hiked her own pack, feeling her rolled sleeping bag bonk against the back of her head. “You all went to school together, right?”

“Yep,” Rachel answered.

“And that's where Northenders are taught to use spears?”

“Yeah, we all learned together,” Megan said.

Sienna rubbed her muzzle. “Alright, then. Out of curiosity: Who was the best?”

Rachel turned around and pointed the tip of her spear at Cerine with a grin. “You're next to her.”

“Really?” The tigyote offered Cerine an incredulous look. “Well, I guess that was before you had *those*.”

“Yeah.” Cerine pat her chest. “I was good mostly because I was the tallest. Gave me the best reach. But I haven't kept up practicing in years, and my tits would just constantly get in my way if I tried now. Mostly I just use alchemy stuff if I get in trouble.”

“I haven't touched a spear since school,” Megan added. “People down south think it's weird.”

“I think it's weird,” Sienna reminded all of them, sighing.

“And *who* is on the cover of *Swordsoul Magazine* this month?” Rachel teased.

“Hush!”

Cerine giggled. “I'll have to stop by the news stand on the way home...”

They followed a trail that Cerine had marked out on her map with ink that only showed when heat was applied. Holding the map in her paws, Rachel huffed her breath onto the durable paper and green pen markings began to show. As Cerine explained, she used different alchemical inks to highlight different parts of the map. Some were light-reactive, others heat, and one was activated by humming close to the paper. Or screaming, she said, but she didn't recommend it.

“Okay, we're here, I think,” the coyote explained to Megan, who was standing hip-to-hip with her on the rocky trail. Rachel squinted upwards along the trail. The path was inclining upwards as they reached foothills under the tall mountains. Up this way, Cerine explained, was a plateau with flat ground they could make a camp on as well as a clear water pool to swim in and overlooks to admire the forest from. “And the plateau is up this way.”

Sienna stood in the middle, downhill from the coyote and wolf and uphill from the fox. Cerine had slowed a lot over the last hour, both because the grade of the trail had increased deeper into the Reach and because – as the tigyote had noticed – her bust was growing bigger. She noticed first when, earlier, a button had popped from the fox's shirt and hit her in the calf. It had probably lost the battle after one too many heavy bounces of those monstrously-heavy melons in the dairy fox's bra, and they'd only gotten heavier since then. Underneath her tight undershirt, Cerine's breasts were overflowing her bra, and the outline of it was showing visibly through the thin fabric.

It was amazing. When Sienna first met Cerine – on one of their first trips to the Reach, but not quite so deep inside – the fox had an average bust size. The biggest thing about her was her gigantic, fluffy, and very attractive tail. It had also taken Sienna a little while to warm up to her, and Cerine herself didn't really help with that. The tigyote was shy, and the vixen was... spacey. She lived in her own world, and everyone else only visited. But over their first trip, she had grown to like the fox. And then immediately after that trip, the dairy fox's tits exploded in size. It took only six weeks for Cerine to grow to Sienna's size, and then over the next few months, she became the cow she was now. Or, at least, on a regular day. Not today.

Now Sienna looked down the trail at the massively-buxom vixen struggling to keep up, panting hard as she grabbed onto the rock wall on her right for support. Cerine paused for a bit, pushing her glasses up her muzzle and then adjusting her backpack's straps. Not caring that anyone was looking – or not caring that Sienna was looking – she brushed her paws over her milk-swollen, bulging breasts, bouncing them heavily as she caught her breath. Sienna's heart raced as she watched.

The tigyote looked back over her shoulder. Rachel and Megan were going on ahead, oblivious as they read the map and talked to each other. Sienna sighed softly. She didn't want to begrudge her girlfriend's good time with her old friend. And she wasn't really mad at Megan. She was just stuck in old thoughts and feelings. Still, a little attention from *someone* would be nice...

“Hey, you coming?” Rachel called back down the trail. She and the wolfess were at the crest of

a hill, with the afternoon sun shining behind them. They were calling to Cerine, who was still catching her breath.

"I'm taking a break," Cerine called back, waving a paw in the air. "I need to sit down, fuck..."

The cow-fox found herself a wide rock to settle on, where she could sit in the sunlight. Up the trail, Rachel said they were going to check out a ridge with a view, and the coyote sprang out of sight. The wolfess looked back at the vixen, wagging her tail slowly, and then followed the coyote. Cerine didn't seem to mind. She shed her alchemy satchel and her backpack and settled down, exhaling as her udders rest on her thighs.

Sienna walked down to join her, biting her lip. The tigyote took off her own pack and sat close to the fox, pulling herself into a ball and wrapping her arms around her knees. Her thighs squished her own full chest close to her ribs, and she just existed next to the fox. Then, slowly, she leaned in until her cheek was resting on top of Cerine's shoulder, and her nose was squished gently into full breast. Another moment later, she felt the fox's muzzle press lightly on top of hers, and soft purring vibrated her muzzle and cheek. They just sat together, in the deep, eerie woods, sunlight warming their fur.

"You're not okay," Cerine whispered, exhaling.

Sienna chuffed softly under her breath. "I am. I promise. Just... feeling a little forgotten."

"Jealous of Megan?"

"Yeah," the tigyote admitted. "Sorta. I don't want to spoil their fun, but I wish Rachel would just... you know..."

"And here I am glad I can get Megan off my tits for a few minutes," the fox sighed. "I'm proud of her for doing so well reconnecting, though. My little bundle of anxiety."

"With boobs like yours, I can't blame her," Sienna teased, snuggling in tighter and changing the subject. Her face flushed hot and she pressed a paw against the fullness of the vixen's chest. "I still cannot *believe* how big you've gotten. Remember when I fitted you for a bra? We had to order one custom for you..."

"If I tried to fit into that one now," Cerine told her, "I'd bust it."

"You'd be spilling out every side," the tigyote agreed, sitting up and adjusting so she was in front of the buxom fox, "kind of like now. You're gigantic. Seriously, how big can you get?"

The dairy fox's muzzle twisted into a wry grin. "With milk or just in general?"

Blinking, Sienna laid her paws on the top of Cerine's chest, where her overflowing breasts were bulging over the top of her bra beneath her shirt. She gently tugged on the fabric with her claws, pulling slightly to get a glimpse of more cleavage. "This is *just* milk? Compared to normal?"

"It's been a crazy production day, yeah," Cerine explained. "That's why I had to sit down..."

"I bet, they have to be stupid heavy. I... I'd love to try it, sometime."

Cerine grinned playfully and reached out with a paw, teasing the tigyote's ear. Sienna blushed harder, still rubbing the fox's massive breasts. "Don't worry, I've got plenty of treats for you and Rachel to play with on the trip." She reached her other paw to her neck and teased her cowbell. "And if you want to know how big I can get in general, we can do that at camp."

Sienna was practically jittering in place. She inhaled deep and let out a long, ruffled *chuff*, not caring about hiding how excited she was talking about this stuff with Cerine. The naturally shy tigyote leaned into Cerine's petting, licking the dark fur on the inside of the fox's wrist. She imagined the fox's bigger-than-her-torso boobs continuing to swell with milk until evening, growing even larger by the hour. A thrilled shiver rolled down her spine and made her shaggy, striped tail puff in volume.

"I guess you've got dessert covered tonight, yeah?" Sienna asked, biting her lip and blushing red across her brown and tan face, making the dark stripes on her cheeks stand out brighter.

"I'm not gonna make it that long," Cerine snickered. The fox reached down and began unbuttoning the parts of her plaid top that *could* fasten closed. Her companion's blush flushed brighter as she watched the fox pull the shirt back from her shoulders, and then she reached underneath her tits to grab the bottom of her undershirt. "I've got to lighten the load or this cow isn't getting uphill."

Sienna folded her ears back and audibly whined as Cerine dragged her shirt upwards until her sturdy and overflowing bra, full of fur, meat, and milk, burst free onto her lap with a heavy jiggle. The black bra had a zipper on the front, and the fox flicked the pull tab, making it bounce underneath the overflow of fat breast. Sienna watched her flick it again and again, barely breathing as she waited for the fox to just grab it and pull on it. Then Cerine reached out and pat the tigyote's cheek playfully, knocking her out of her hypnosis. Sienna curled her tail and extended shivering paws to push back the overflowing cleavage and grab the tab, pulling downwards on it eagerly. White fur followed the zipper like an avalanche, with the pressure soon taking over and forcing the zipper down the rest of the way. Milk-inflated tits exploded onto the fox's lap, overflowing her thick thighs. Pink nipples, as plump and swollen as they could be with the pressure behind them, began to immediately drizzle streams of milk down the fox's fur, dripping onto the rocks beside her feet. Sienna felt a sympathetic tingle in her own nipples, under her turtleneck sweater, and she licked her chops. The strawberry smell was filling the air. Her stomach grumbled in desire.

Cerine winked at her and pat a paw near one of her swollen, erect nipples. The vibration made even more milk flow for a moment. The tigyote felt a swirl of emotions in her: lust, hunger, a need for affection, a desire to trade places with the fox, a desire to be pinned beneath the fox, all twisting her up in knots and needing a release.

She pounced.

The dairy fox giggled and stretched out on her back on the flat rock beneath her as the short hybrid “tackled” her. Sienna laid both paws on the vixen's left breast, kneading gently with her knuckles, encouraging a thorough milk flow so she'd have less weighing on her feet. But dinner was hours away, and Sienna closed her eyes as she wrapped her lips around that thick, pulsing nub, sucking eagerly on cow-fox milk. It came in mouthfuls, with excess drizzling down her tan chin and jaw. The strawberry milk warmed her from the inside out, a satisfying counter to the lightly chilly early spring weather. Sienna closed her eyes and drank until she felt her belly fill, pressing against the inside of her sweater and beginning to peek out the gap between her top and her jeans. She slid her paw down to feel her belly, giving it a little jiggle, enjoying the heft of it with a muffled chuff. Then she felt a second paw on her hips, teasing her love handle with a gentle squeeze. Sienna thought it was Cerine's paw at first, before realizing it was pointing the wrong direction.

She pulled herself off the fountain of milk and looked over her shoulder to see Rachel hovering above her, blonde hair bright in the afternoon light. The coyote's gray paw was enjoying her milk-filled belly and she leaned in to lick some of the fox's produce from her girlfriend's muzzle.

“Couldn't wait, huh?” she teased, whispering into the tigyote's ear.

“N-no,” Sienna told her, nearly blushing to death.

Cerine laughed, stretching her toes. “Neither can my milk-hound, apparently.”

Sienna looked across and saw that Megan was latched to the fox's other nipple, taking advantage of the milk bar being open. Her tail wagged rapidly back and forth, creating a breeze powered by her own excitement. The tigyote licked her muzzle clean and offered her spot to the coyote, but Rachel just grinned and guided Sienna's lips back to the nipple, all while rubbing behind her ears.

Sienna closed her eyes again, this time just sinking into the soft breast without a care in the world.

* * * * *

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