

Trying to Fit In

by Cerine Hero

The phone on the office desk rang and the raccoon irritably put her tablet down to pick it up. “Yes, what is it?”

“Hey, boss, it's Megan. Er, Megan Elbrook? I'm sorry about the short notice, but I am not going to be able to come in this week.”

The raccoon's striped tail poofed in irritation. “What? Absolutely not. You know we're having the meeting for the big account today.”

“I'm having a, uh... allergic reaction. I really can't come in...”

“I don't care what it is,” the raccoon hissed, pointing a finger at the receiver. “I need you *here* today to back me up with the numbers. Not an option. I don't care if you have to wear a plastic helmet or something, be here!”

“Well. Okay...”

The raccoon slammed the phone receiver down on its base again just in time for it to ring a second time. Snarling, she snatched it up to her face. “What is it?! And if it's an allergic reaction or something, I don't want to hear it!”

It was fair to say that the wolfess was an anxious mess on a good day. Frequently, it was hard to see her stormy thoughts from the outside, after a lifetime of learning how to smile and pretend. She wished she had her friend's – her *girlfriend's*, she reminded herself – seemingly limitless placid calm. Because right now, her paws were damp with sweat and her tail was hanging down between her legs. She could barely breathe, but that was more because of a separate, if related, issue...

Two days ago, Megan had indulged in a special treat that Cerine was excited to share with her. It was a fantastic and delicious drink called dragon milk. It tasted like sparkling wine with the richness of cream that lingered on her tongue for so long she swore she could still taste it. It also caused her breasts to balloon in size, outgrowing the chubby wolfess's top and, when she went back for more, blew her boobies up to twice Cerine's size! It was only *after* then that her girlfriend remembered to tell her the effects lasted for quite a while, with no quick antidote.

So, since she couldn't get a couple days off, Megan was currently riding the elevator up to her workplace on the third floor of one of the bigger buildings in the town center. Northend didn't have much in the way of big businesses, most of that was down south in the major cities or even Stonecoast, but there were a few companies that handled finances for the industries around the region, mostly farming groups or logging industries. It was, really, a fairly modest company by the standards of what would be going on down in Prince's Landing, of course, but her boss... was a big city thinker. She'd more or less been driven north by burning bridges with every company in her path, until she found herself here, on the edge of the world, acting like a contract to do bookkeeping for a sanitation company was the “big account.”

Megan tried adjusting her top again around her massive assets. It was a struggle to keep her back upright, and her buttoned shirt strained mightily each time she inhaled. Peeks of gray fur were showing between the overburdened buttons, and the tightness of the fabric put the outline of her burgundy bra completely on display. The faint color peeking through the white shirt clashed with her navy blazer and skirt, but there wasn't much she could do about it. The wolfess got this bra and shirt on short notice, and she was too big to be picky about how well she matched or how cute clothes in her size were.

She already knew that just from being overweight...

And the wolfess's bust was definitely in the “too big” range. She could see a faint reflection of herself in the polished doors in front of her. Her breasts were the size of medicine balls, bulging outward in front of her and spanning twice the width of her plump frame. The wolfess's blazer couldn't

possibly cover them, although she had it buttoned over her belly beneath them, causing the outer garment to lightly squish them together.

“Cerine, how on earth do you do this,” she sighed, feeling her tits jiggle and bounce just from breathing. She could feel them smothering her belly fat, and, if nothing else, were completely distracting any eyeballs from her middle! She definitely caught the eye of everyone down in the reception lobby for the building, and the super-busty wolfess waddled as fast as her unbalanced figure would allow into the elevator. Cerine always joked that she had a counterbalance for her bust behind her, and Megan was almost wondering if that was actually less of a joke than she assumed.

The elevator doors finally slid open and Megan inhaled as deeply as she dared, feeling the buttons squish against her fat bust and begin to creak. The office wasn't too large, mostly a bullpen of cubicles in the middle of the space and offices around the rim to hog up all the windows. The walls were done in a warmer and more rustic wood paneling in contrast to the clean and sterile décor she had grown more used to when she lived and worked down south, and the carpet was a dark emerald green. It was out of date, but charmingly so.

The wolfess swallowed hard and stepped off the elevator, wedging her wide bust through the doorway and making her way to her cubicle. She did not stop to talk to anyone on the way, even though she heard a few of her coworkers sputter into their morning coffee as she walked by. Megan crossed her arms over the top of her supersized breasts and tried her best to pin them down, as every step made her boobs jiggle and bounce, screwing with her center of gravity and nearly teetering her over one way or the other. It was a tight fit to get into her cubicle, too, but once she was in, she set her purse on the desk and then sank down into her chair with a sigh – just to then immediately feel her tits slap down on the armrests.

She hissed and rubbed the undersides of her boobs with her paws to soothe away the sting and carefully adjusted her weight on the chair, listening to it groan and strain underneath her today. She wasn't thin, and she probably weighed an extra hundred-plus pounds now. And this was two days after having the milk! She was even bigger than this on Saturday, which she could barely even believe herself.

Megan leaned back in her chair, feeling pinned in by her own breasts as they rest on the arms of her seat like a pair of security cushions. They were so big that it was difficult to see, let alone reach around them. The wolfess gripped the armrests of her chair and scoot herself closer to her desk, only for her fat melons to bounce against the edge of the desk – painfully, ow! – and force her back. She wasn't accustomed to her temporary volume yet, and probably wouldn't be by the time she shrank back to normal.

It was then she noticed she had an audience. In her cubicle “doorway” was the office gossip, who had apparently been alerted to the News of the Day and came to investigate personally. The middle-aged rabbit already smelled like wine, and Megan wasn't sure if it was from this morning or the night before.

“Megan, hi!” she said, a faux cheerful smile on her face. Her eyes were *fixed* on the wolf's tremendous bust. “Where... when... um...” She was clearly skimming her brain for the right way to approach the situation. Then she found it: “How was your weekend?”

The wolfess sighed and turned her chair to face the rabbit. “If you must know, it's just an allergic reaction,” she explained, using the lie she'd practiced all last night and this morning. “If you don't mind, I need to get the numbers for-”

“Oh, what happened?!” the rabbit gasped, again in excessive interest and not letting the subject be changed.

Megan licked her fangs. “My girlfriend and I were testing out some drinks and-”

“A girlfriend?” The rabbit crossed her arms over the top of Megan's cubicle wall, leaning in, very interested in this information. “I didn't know you had a little girlfriend!”

That was probably the first and last time Cerine would ever be described as “little.”

“And does she like them large...?” the rabbit teased out, pointing an open paw at Megan's assets.

Before Megan could answer – and it was a good thing, too – her coworker's ear whipped sideways and she caught a glance of someone else coming over. Quickly excusing herself, the gossip slunk away, leaving room for a very stern and perpetually aggravated raccoon in a too-tight business suit to take her place.

“Elbrook,” her boss said, scowling unhappily into her digital tablet, which fortunately was taking up the entire real estate of her vision. “The meeting is in thirty minutes; I need you to have those numbers for me in the next fifteen so that I can- What have you done to yourself?”

The raccoon furrowed her brow, looking over the top of her tablet at the wolf sitting in, and on, and over the sides of, her chair, with her shirt straining so tight around her bust that gray fur and cleavage was visible between the burdened buttons. Megan just shrugged, shrinking slightly under her boss's bewildered and annoyed stare.

“Allergic reac-”

“Yes, yes, allergies, you told me.” She returned her attention to her tablet, apparently nowhere near as interested as she first let on. “Whatever it was, don't eat it again. You look like a parade blimp.”

“Wow.”

“Hopefully it won't be too distracting,” her boss mused, tapping her claws on her tablet. “Or maybe if they are, I can skim through the less flattering parts of the deal while they're not paying attention. Yes. Blessing in disguise. This is business, Elbrook; we use everything to our advantage.”

“Glad to be of service.”

There was an alert sound from the raccoon's tablet. “Fifteen minutes, Elbrook,” she told the buxom wolfess, already walking off.

“Yes, ma'am.”

Well, that could've gone worse, all things considered. Of course, she still had to sit in on the video call with the clients in a half hour, but that was a bridge to cross for future Megan in a few minutes. Right now, she had to get her file sorted and sent to her boss. The wolfess spun her seat back around, going a little too fast and feeling the centrifugal force *pull* on her breast-first. She nearly rolled out of the chair as she struggled to get herself to stop, and then she spun the chair back towards the desk at a more moderated speed.

Now... how was she going to do this. Megan drummed the sides of her tits with her paws as she wriggled her nose. She could barely see past these blimps, let alone reach. Slowly, the wolfess pulled herself back up to the desk again and stretched an arm out over the top of her cleavage to press the power button on her monitor. Her massive breasts squished firmly against both her armrests and the edge of the desk in front of her, making her buttons strain and gray-furred cleavage bulge like dough between the gaps. Megan tilted her head and looked down past her thick muzzle as her shirt sank deep into her fur and soft flesh. If she wasn't at work right now, she'd be into this...

The wolfess peered past her cleavage as best she could, barely spotting the rubber power cable of her keyboard snaking around the PC's casing. She reached down to it, blindly patting her paw in the area of the cable and gave it a tug. The keyboard wouldn't move. She was flattening it. Looking up, Megan watched as spam letters filled her document. Grumbling, she leaned back and lifted the keyboard upwards like a caught fish, dangling from its cable. She rest the board on top of her shelf of cleavage and leaned to her right in order to spot her mouse. It was wireless, so she had to struggle to find it, eventually getting it and picking it up, setting it next to her keyboard. Now that everything was in reach, the wolfess pulled her chair closer to the desk while lifting her bulging bust on her arms, dropping the two jiggling, fat tubs onto the surface of her desk.

Now that she had room to work... sort of... the wolfess began to get her report prepared. She tucked her arms in tight to her sides, tapping away at the keyboard just underneath her chin. She could see what she was doing, as long as she kept it all on the top half of the screen. Quickly, Megan finalized her finances report for the meeting and got it loaded into the server cloud so that her boss could access

it on her tablet. The wolfess checked her phone for the time. She still had five minutes. With some effort, she stood herself up and *then* braced her arms in order to lift her heavy boobs off the desk. Her bra's shoulder straps, nicely padded and soft, still sank into her pudgy skin by a half inch from the weight, and she'd be working the kinks out of her squashed fur until morning.

Megan wobbled her way to the women's room and tried to squeeze her way in without drawing too much attention. Unfortunately, having to stop and apologize to everyone she was trying to get past because of the amount of room her bust took up in front of her meant she only drew even more attention. She got looks of surprise or annoyance, bewildered stares, and even some scoffs. There were some comments made under their breath about how she was even bigger than they heard, which meant the rabbit had already been around. Ignoring it as best she could, the wolfess twisted sideways and pushed the bathroom door open, but had to pause and back up to let one of her coworkers back out, since there wasn't room for the two of them to get around each other. The squirrel frowned at Megan's new, extremely amplified assets, and then shot her an accusatory glare, like she was somehow doing something wrong. When Megan got into the bathroom, she rubbed her temples, her elbows squishing her massive bust together between them.

Again... how did Cerine just *do* this?

Megan dropped her tits heavily onto the bathroom sink, leaning forward as she exhaled. She reminded herself not to worry so much what her coworkers thought. Since she was the new hire, they still treated her like an outsider. She'd also picked up too many mannerisms from living down south, too, and they probably had a bad association with it because of the boss – despite the fact she was a Northender, herself!

But she didn't come in here to think about all that. She looked up at her reflection in the mirror. God, she looked *huge*. She could see practically nothing *but* breast. Megan straightened her back, hefting her massive bust upwards, and fixed her clothes as best she could. Her skirt was looking a bit worse for wear after having her tits smother it and bounce against it with every step, but she straightened it as best she could. She brushed her dyed hair with her claws to be as presentable as possible and licked her thumbs to sharpen the tips of her ears.

Feeling a little bit more presentable, Megan collected her things and reported to the conference room. The fox guy from legal was there already, doodling something on his paper. He glanced up as Megan came in, flicked his eyes in the direction of her bust, and immediately turned his gaze back down to his drawing. He was a professional. Megan circled around to the seat opposite him by the wall, settling herself in and feeling her boobs completely fill her lap. These were wider, comfier chairs than what she had to squeeze into the cubicle, which was nice if only because she had more room for her hips!

The boss came in right after her, still a cluster of pent-up nerves and smoldering frustration, as usual. While the raccoon got the screen running and set up the video conference, Megan eyed the camera above the screen and tried to figure out how to best de-emphasize her figure. She lowered her seat down as much as possible and tried to see if she could use the conference table as a shield, but she couldn't go low enough. No matter how she turned, there was a pair of giant, furry blimps in front of her. Oh, well... Megan picked up a legal pad left on the table and used it as a cover of sorts to at least cover where her shirt was nearly bursting open.

“Okay, can everyone hear me?” the raccoon said, drawing Megan's attention. The screen was now showing an image of another group, all sitting in a semicircle around what was probably an ad-hoc set-up for the call. In the corner of the image was the outgoing view, and Megan flattened her ears down as she got a good look at her stupendous proportions in the camera. Joy.

The members of the sanitation company were nodding and agreeing that they could hear the boss just fine. “We can see you,” their owner replied, adjusting himself in his chair. The older, gray-haired coyote leaned slightly and looked to the side. “Uh, your associate... is she...”

“Ms. Elbrook is none of your concern,” the boss interrupted sharply. Megan twitched her gold

eyes towards the back of her head and the over-tightened bun she had there. She decided she would interpret that comment in the most generous way she could, as a protective declaration, if admittedly a little backhanded.

“Well, alright, then,” the owner replied, looking through papers he was holding. “We got the report you sent us, and we had a couple concerns.”

“Let us go through them, then, and I think you will be satisfied,” the raccoon replied, pacing the room and poking at her tablet.

Megan honestly had nothing to do during the conference unless she was called on for a specific answer about the numbers. The same applied to the lawyer across from her at the table. So the wolfess spent the next three hours, minus five or six minutes, sitting uncomfortably in her seat, legs beginning to fall asleep from the weight bearing down on her thighs, and her tight clothes pinching her constantly.

And, fuck her, after almost ninety minutes she swore her clothes were getting even tighter! Her chair creaked as she tried to shift her balance in the seat, and several people looked in her direction. The wolfess blushed, waiting for the interest to go away so she could give her shirt a slight tug. In the video call monitor, she could see that her boobs were becoming swollen and fatter, overflowing even her supersized maroon bra. The dragon milk encouraged lactation, but it wasn't necessarily consistent. And Megan's tits had decided now was a good time.

Minutes ticked by, with the wolfess feeling her shirt pull and stretch around her growing assets. All the while, she struggled not to draw attention to herself, but she could *feel* them getting bigger. If she was at home, she could be having so much fun, laying in bed, topless, fondling her assets as they bloated and strained, filling up with warm wolf milk, then she could roll onto her side, excited by how difficult just getting around was becoming, and hug each tit to herself while she pressed her breast pump over her nipple. Or maybe even enjoy a little, herself, if her arms didn't get tired. Feeling her buttons strain at their limit, the wolfess ran her tongue across her teeth and-

“Elbrook?”

She would have leapt out of her fur if she wasn't pinned under her own boobs. “Yes?!”

“The quarterly estimate,” her boss asked, scowling, “did that include the overtime figures?”

Megan rubbed her face. “Uh... on page two, no; it is added into the total estimate figure on pages six and seven.”

The boss turned back around and continued conversing with the company owners. Everyone on the other end of the call shuffled through their packets to find the right pages, and Megan took the quick distraction to grab her armful of chest and lift it slightly, letting her thighs breathe a moment. Her toes were tingling as they woke back up. But her arms couldn't last, and she let the mountain of breast settle back down onto her lap. Across from her, the fox shot her another glance and then kept drawing.

After another hour, Megan felt like she was being squeezed in a vice. Her boobs were full, her shirt was going to pop, and she was ready to be anywhere but here. She was afraid if she opened the top buttons on her blouse that the rest of them would fail down the line, but at the same time, she didn't dare inhale too deep to keep from rendering the point moot. They were beginning to wrap up, which was great, because the wolfess wasn't sure how much more she could sit and endure. Her nipples were aching with the building pressure of milk on the inside and the tightness of her clothes on the outside. They were beginning to grow hard, pushing into the fabric and making her blush. She looked down and saw the gray fur bursting through her shirt. It felt so tight around her bust, across her back, and underneath her armpits, like it would rip any second. The wolfess cut her eyes up to herself in the digital reflection. She looked inflated, substantially bigger than she was an hour or two ago!

“I think now is a good time for lunch, don't you?” the raccoon said, addressing her clients. “We can wrap this up at one o'clock, I believe.”

As the owners of the sanitation company began to get up to go take their lunch breaks, Megan also dragged herself out of her seat, surprised by how colossally *heavy* her tits had grown. How much milk was sloshing around in there?! With some effort, the buxom milk-wolf, much more used to having

a belly full than breasts full, pushed herself completely upright, but now she could barely see anything past her swollen tits. She excused herself to her boss, who wasn't paying her any mind, and stepped out into the hallway, squeezing her extra-wide bust through the doorway. She was blindly reaching into her purse at her side for the breast pump she had on paw just in case when she crashed directly into something with the flank of her monster melon.

One of the staff accountants, another wolf, had been minding his own business when Megan and her big bust barreled right into him. Confused and sitting on his butt, the wolf rubbed his head and looked up towards the tremendously-busty wolfess.

“Oh, crap, I'm sorry,” Megan apologized, trying to offer a paw to help him up but only managing to get in everyone's way even more. She thought being big this morning was a problem, this was nuts! She couldn't move without forcing everyone trying to get to lunch to backpedal from her. The people who saw her this morning were now ogling her enhanced size and heavy bounce in confusion. “It's an allergy thing, sorry, I'm getting it taken care of!”

Then she heard a voice she rather would not have. “Ms. Elbrook, can you come into my office for a moment?” called the tiger lady from HR. She was standing in the doorway of her office at the end of the hall, making a motion for her to come on down.

Megan untangled from the crowd around her and walked down to at least be close enough to talk. “Um... can it wait maybe a half hour? I have something I need to do...”

“It won't take but a couple minutes,” the tiger insisted, stepping into her office.

The wolfess sighed and knew there wasn't any arguing. She followed the tigress into the small office next to the break room, where it became instantly crowded with her, the tiger, the desk and two chairs, and a pair of milk-fattened boobs taking up half the space. Megan struggled to find the seat behind her and settle down on it, her tits once again balancing on top of the armrests like at her desk, except this time she could barely see the tigress over her cleavage. Megan braced her paws on the sides of her boobs and leaned forward, head resting on top of the giant, and growing, obstacles.

“Megan, I've had a lot of concerning reports today about your...”

“My what?”

“Adherence to the dress code. How you are dressed is simply inappropriate.”

The wolfess tucked her ears down. “I'm not really being given a choice here, am I? I tried to call out because of... this... but I was told I couldn't.”

“Be that as it may, we expect all of our colleagues to fit the dress code regardless of circumstances,” the tigress told her, completely blowing off Megan's explanation. “Your blouse is too tight and you have fur showing, as well as the outline of your brassiere. That is not appropriate office attire. It is provocative.”

“Provocative?!” Megan tried extremely hard not to bare her fangs at the HR rep. Instead, she dragged her hindclaws across the carpet below her and gripped her knuckles tight around the armrests at her sides. Blood boiled in her ears. The wolfess did not get angry often, but right now, well...

“Yes, provocative. I've had several complaints from other staff members this morning that you are flaunting your... assets. It is making people uncomfortable and insecure and it has proved to be a distraction. I think it would be best if you invested in a larger blazer in order to cover them completely.”

“I'm making other people uncomfortable?” Megan hissed, her lips twitching as she talked. “I've had people gawking at me since I got in the door. And I've been called a blimp! I don't think that's very appropriate, either!”

The tigress removed her glasses and wiped them with a lace-trimmed cloth from her desk. “If you have a complaint to make, please file it through the proper procedure after our meeting is finished. It is not relevant to the discussion we are having right now.”

Megan could feel her temperature rising. How on earth was this fair?! She told everyone this was an allergic reaction! Okay, *yes*, it was a little bit of a lie, but not a big one. She hadn't done this to

herself on purpose, nor did she know it would last into the workweek. And they're just boobs, for fur's sake! The wolfess could feel her heart beating a mile of minute underneath her thoroughly-buried chest, pumping blood to her extremities and making her entire body heat like a furnace. She could feel something else coursing through her veins, too, entirely unbidden: that tell-tale feeling of werewolf elixir flooding into her. She didn't understand why. It only did that when she wanted to... well... maybe right now she *did* want to transform. She was mad, and hated being talked down to like a bratty teenager by this stuck-up tigress. Megan could feel the sleeves and back of her blazer pulling tight across her body as she grew, furious strength flooding her muscles and making them tense and flex.

The HR rep was still talking, lecturing, all while having her glasses off as she pedantically cleaned them for show. It was a power move, not bothering to even look at the woman she was talking down to for the gall of having large breasts – admittedly absurdly large, but still. So she didn't notice Megan ballooning in size and strength until it was too late. The dark-furred wolfess completely filled her chair, her thicker hips and thighs pressing tight against the armrests and bending them as she continued to grow. The wolfess was getting bigger, stronger, and more bestial by the moment. She screwed her eyes shut, but she couldn't stop her teeth from lengthening, protruding from her lips and past the end of her chin. Thick fur doubled in volume under and around her clothes, showing on her bare shins and pushing like weeds through the gaps in her shirt. More fur sprang free as buttons began to blow, one after the other, as her clothes drew as tight as rubber across her body. Her sleeves burst around her widening frame and powerful muscles, fabric shredding around shaggy fur and padded, powerful muscles.

As the sound of ripping fabric filled the office, the tigress finally looked up in shock, putting her glasses back on and watching in awe as the werewolfess doubled in size. Megan reached her full eight foot height, dominating the small room even moreso with her mass, muscle, *and* still milk-swollen breasts... but she kept growing. Her heart was racing, and her bloodstream laced itself with even more synthesized potion. Her veins filled with too much elixir, leeching itself into her muscles and bones and swelling her body even taller and stronger. And she grew even more feral. The sweet, chubby wolfess became a bestial monster overflowing the tiny chair, rending claws digging deep into the wooden armrests and drawing furrows in the carpet beneath her. Her teeth grew like daggers in her sharp-edged face, and the muscles in her neck swelled to match with her bulging, bared shoulders. Thick, shaggy fur erupted across her back as her blazer and shirt was shredded to tatters around her powerful physique, leaving nothing but her vacuum-tight bra clinging to her enormous body. The chair split into pieces beneath her, and her leg muscles strained as she began to lift herself up in a half-crouch, barely able to fit inside the quickly-shrinking office. Even compared to her typical werewolf form, she was enormous, at least two or three feet even taller than that, and her features looked more like those of a monster of legend than an augmented wolfess. She could feel the pump of blood running through her body, filling her muscles and pounding in her ears. It was difficult to suppress the urge to howl.

Megan's ears and head bashed against the drop-tile ceiling, knocking one tile out of alignment. She leaned forward, snarling, finally opening her eyes again. The glowing yellow orbs shined like spotlights down over the terrified HR rep, who looked up in gaping horror at the feral beast as the werewolf laid her razor-sharp claws on the desk and huffed hot breath from her lungs. Her tits completely covered the front of the desk, nearly touching the floor despite her titanic size. The tigress fell backwards out of her chair, landing on her back with eyes wide in terror as this monstrous, glowing-eyed and sharp-fanged creature leaned over her desk.

“I'd like to talk about harassment in the workplace,” Megan growled.

If there was one thing that could coax an alchemist out of her arcane lair – or basement, whichever – it was the smell of freshly-baked cinnamon rolls. Cerine was sitting in her office chair, pen held securely between her fangs as she carefully added drops of a blue substance to a tall and skinny beaker. Like Megan, the fox's breasts were squashed against the edge of the table, but unlike Megan,

she knew how to work around them a lot better from experience. Three more drops and... she sniffed the air and almost lost her concentration before double-checking the count of drops of aqua superia she'd already added. One more, and the mixture was complete. Cerine quickly corked the beaker and leaned down to watch as the clear suspension in the glass turned a shade of bright, happy blue. Perfect.

And the timing couldn't be better. The mixture needed to rest for an hour to let the water essence completely attune to the suspension. So Cerine left the beaker alone and pushed her chair backwards. Cleaning her paws with a sanitary wipe, she headed up the stairs, lab coat and long hair fluttering slightly behind her. The sweet, fattening smell of cinnamon rolls filled her nose as she walked down the hall towards the kitchen, finding Erin there, still icing the tops of the treats. The obese chocolate vixen grinned over her shoulder before returning to her work.

"I have lured the elusive cryptid from her nest," the round fox teased with a smile. "Has anyone told you that your coat looks really sharp on you?"

Cerine gave the sides of her lab coat a gentle tug and then nudged her glasses up her muzzle with her knuckle. "You're just about the only one who sees me in it, honestly, unless I go out on a job." She walked over to her sister and leaned to admire the cinnamon rolls on the tray face-first. With her full breasts, covered in a blue t-shirt and pressing on her thighs, she inhaled deep and practically shivered at the warm, sweet aroma. She raised up a dark paw and debated which one she wanted to eat.

"They're still hot," Erin warned her.

"I know. Deciding how much I value my fingers."

Erin grinned and bat the pink vixen's paw away before leaning against the counter and smiling warmly. Petting her braid, she asked, "So, how are you adjusting to girlfriend life?"

Cerine raised her eyebrow and stood upright, smoothing her shirt past her bust and down her belly. She wasn't expecting that question. Licking one fang, she let her face drift off to stare into the distance. "Well... not too different, I suppose. I feel like it was already an 'in all but name' thing."

"She was happier."

The alchemist paused a moment, nodding. "She was."

"And you?" Erin smiled at her.

Cerine crossed her arms under her chest, blushing slightly. She let her tail wave over the kitchen floor to lay across the top of Erin's. "I think so."

The cloned chocolate fox reached up and tapped at her temple with a smile. "I still remember some of the things you felt, you know. About people. When I first met Gray, I had this echo of feeling like I'd always known him, and that he was this caring and warm and gentle person, despite how he looks. And I... well, I might've gone a little fast for him, but it was because I felt like I already knew him so completely. But it worked out." She reached over and put her paw on her sister's arm. "So I know what Megan means to you. And I also know how distracted you can get. It's also not hard for me to see that you mean the world to her, too. That's why I nudged her towards you the other night. Because you two were just kind of... orbiting, you know?" She laughed. "And Rienne helped, too, in her own way."

Cerine licked her nose, looking down at the floor. She breathed slowly through her nose and nodded, a grin curling at the edges of her muzzle. Erin had her pinned. Where her clone managed to get this empathy of hers, she had no idea, because it certainly didn't come from her. Looking up, Cerine leaned towards Erin and kissed her on the cheek. "Thank you."

Erin cupped her paws over her muzzle, overjoyed at getting a reaction out of her notoriously stoic sister, but before she even had a chance to say anything, one of the cinnamon rolls was gone and there was nothing but the flutter of a lab coat and a ridiculously-long tail disappearing back through the hallway door.

"Wha- Hey!" The heavy fox huffed and stomped a foot in mock annoyance. "You and Rie both, running off the second emotions are around. You two really are the same!" Erin sighed, a pleasant grin cocking her muzzle. She picked up one of the other rolls and took a bite.

Cerine was halfway down the basement steps, muzzle stuffed with warm, decadent treat, when her phone buzzed in her breast pocket. She stopped, swallowed, and fished the phone out of her pocket. Megan was calling her. Right – lunch break. Cerine was curious how her day at work was going, given her... milk-related *enhancement*.

She answered the phone and held it to her ear. “Hey, cow-wolf. How is it- Do what?” Cerine stuck the rest of her cinnamon roll in her muzzle and just listened. She finished walking down the stairs and stood in the middle of her lab, hip braced on her experiment table. Gulping the treat down, she replied, “Yeah, I’ll be right there.”

The alchemist hung up the phone and slid it back into her pocket. Then she grabbed her beaker she was working with and tossed it into a freezer below the table to keep the water essence from attuning too quickly.

“So yeah, they fired me.”

Megan sighed and stretched out further on top of the picnic table in the park, purring as Cerine's paw gently rubbed up and down her flank. “It's okay, though, I was honestly about to quit after the treatment I got today. I hated working there, everybody was always kinda cold towards me. But hey, this way I get a severance!”

“Megan...”

“I know you're probably worrying about me, like: 'Wow, Megan's really fragile, she's going to take this hard and be really needy and blubbery.' But nah... I feel pretty good, honestly. I've got some time to find what I really wanna do, and working in an office isn't it.”

“Megan.”

“I've kinda always wanted to write a book...”

“Megan.”

“What?”

Cerine poked the gargantuan werewolf laying spread across the top of the picnic table and then some. She was easily ten or eleven feet tall, paws and feet tipped with wicked claws, her muzzle full of knife-like fangs, and her eyes blazing like golden suns as she stared up in the sky. The change in her proportions made her enhanced bust look comparable to Cerine's now, even with the excess milk. Most of her clothes were long gone, and only her burgundy bra and some elastic undergarments had managed to hold together as she grew to this hulking, feral size. If not for her fur, eyes, and dyed hair, Cerine would have had trouble believing it was still her wolfess.

Megan lifted up her paws and looked at them past the end of her extra-furry cleavage, wiggling the talons on the ends of her fingertips, almost as if she was actually noticing them for the first time.

“What happened here?” the alchemist asked, eyebrow cocked and a worried expression on her face.

“Oh, uh... I guess I can overdo it? I was really mad when I changed size, and I could feel even more potion being pumped into me than usual.”

“I suppose that makes sense for an infuser,” the alchemist replied, scratching her head. “I still don't know a whole lot about it.”

“I figured you would be researching it half to death to figure out what all you can pump into me.” Megan tilted her head back and grinned at the fox.

Cerine rolled her eyes. She leaned down and kissed her girlfriend's feral muzzle before getting a pawful of powerful muscle and squeezing. “Well, can you change back? People are staring.”

Megan thought about it for a moment. Then she stretched, listening to the picnic table creak under her weight.

“No.”

* * * * *

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