

Into the Reach, pt. 3

by Cerine Hero

It was late into the night by the time Cerine's breasts shrank down enough for her to be able to roll onto her side. Even then, they were the size of swollen medicine balls, tight and heavy and still full of milk. Sienna just literally couldn't drink another drop, so she sat beside her lover and simply watched her lactate, one paw on her stuffed belly and the other massaging gently over the curves of her huge breast. It was almost as fun watching the fox slowly shrink back down from her supermassive size, pinned under practically a ton of sloshing, milky breast, as it was to make her that big in the first place.

Sienna pulled her paw back and let out a soft burp into her palm, blushing slightly in the dying firelight and the glow of the alchemical lanterns overhead. Cerine, her head propped on one paw, just smiled.

"You don't have to be polite," she teased, her voice soft and sweet, "we're out here in the woods."

The tigyote ran her tongue across her muzzle. "Habit," she explained. "My compliments to the... cow, I guess?"

"Moo," the dairy fox replied, winking.

"Stars, you know that's hot, right?" Sienna asked, rolling herself onto her back beside the vixen's head. She had both paws on her full belly as she laid on the grass beside the fox. As Sienna stretched out, Cerine dragged herself closer, her breasts wobbling in front of her, and she leaned down to kiss the bridge of Sienna's muzzle. The tigyote let out a light chuff under her breath, and then a heavier, voiced one when she felt Cerine's paw grope her right breast, fingers sliding into the cup of her bra to get a healthy pawful of soft boob. Sienna's toes clenched and she moaned a little under her breath as the fox lifted her breast out of her bra, thumb playfully rubbing over her erect nipple.

"I kinda wish we were at your place right now," Sienna mused, looking up at the stars overhead.

"A little early to be tired of camping, isn't it?" the vixen asked. Her voice was playful.

Sienna wriggled her muzzle. "Not like that, but- Well, maybe a little... Just... no dirt and grass, just a comfy house, indoors, lights off, and then we could... ugh, I feel silly saying it."

"Tell me," Cerine teased, "if it's silly we can have a laugh."

"I want to try being your size..."

Cerine did laugh a little. "You already said that earlier today." She eased Sienna's bra strap down her striped arm, not taking all of her fingers off of the tigyote's big breast. "I would *love* to see you like that, too. I'm working on a potion you might be able to help me with. I am not one hundred percent sure Megan could help with it, she's... let's say she's allergic to alchemy."

"Oh, that sucks," Sienna replied, helping to slide the rest of her bra down onto her stomach, letting her full breasts bounce free atop her chest for Cerine's paw to playfully wander across, her fingertips and claws brushing through her fur and teasing her nipples. Sienna tightened her shoulders and hugged her breasts together, genuinely wishing she could join the fox in sensually lactating. "What does the potion do?"

"Well, it turns *me* into a dragon..." Cerine explained with a grin.

"It... what?"

"I haven't figured out the balance on the ingredients yet, so I keep getting scaly wings and spikes on my hips. But more importantly, and this is the part you'll like, the draconic hormones cause incredible breast growth and lactation..."

"Sounds good..."

"And dragon milk is so potent that it causes any mammals who drink it to also experience major breast enlargement and lactation." Cerine noticed Sienna biting her lip, her paws gently cradled around her large breasts, and the fox twisted the knife some more. "It lasts for days... and the more you drink, the bigger and milkier you get."

“I might drink a lot...”

“If you drink anything like what you did tonight,” Cerine teased even more, running her fingertip along the tigyote's cleavage, “you'll be massive... a lot bigger than I am normally. You'll be so busty that they'll completely dominate your life for a week. Everything will be trying to get out of bed with them, fitting in the shower with them, getting them into your clothes, getting them back out of your clothes because that's harder than it sounds, trying to see where you're walking, avoiding stairs if at all possible, constantly pushing them out of your way, and – my favorite – feeling anything you put on in the morning grow tight and uncomfortable by afternoon as you get bigger and fuller with milk...”

Sienna was too overstimulated to reply. Her ears were perfectly perked, hanging on every word, and her muzzle fell open as she stared upwards. Rumbles flowed out of her open mouth as she chuffed and moaned along to Cerine's teasing. When she tried to imagine the size that the fox was teasing her with, her thoughts were completely full of nothing but Cerine at her biggest, a few hours ago – a fox attached to two blimps full of milk. And Sienna was not opposed to this idea at all, deep down.

Stars wheeled overhead as the two of them rolled closer together – or at least, Sienna rolled over and pressed her body against Cerine's flank, accepting the weight of one of her monster boobs on her own chest and belly. With one paw running through breast fur and the other curling behind the fox's head, Sienna pulled her into a kiss. The vixen kissed her back, fighting with the mass of her slowly-shrinking chest atop her to get into a more comfortable position. Sienna raised her left paw up and pushed back against the fox's other boob, lifting it with effort to keep it from flopping onto the one already pinning her down, or else it would knock the wind out of her.

Slowly but surely, Cerine returned to what was a fairly reasonable size for her. Milk still dribbled from her nipples as she climbed to her feet with help from tigyote paws, but she explained it was just going to be a thing for a bit. Sienna nodded, knowing the tent was going to smell like strawberry very quickly.

They tried to slip in without disturbing the other two, assuming they'd be asleep, but they pulled back the entrance flap to see Megan laying against Rachel, holding the latter's phone in her paws while they watched a movie. The coyote's steel-gray paws were happily rubbing up and down the wolf's pot belly, kneading into it while Megan clearly fixated her thoughts on doing her job of holding the phone while her snugglemate admired her body. A pile of small wrappers on the floor of the tent beside them both told just as much of a story as the paws playfully gripping the tender flesh around the wolf's middle.

But the two of them looked up as a buxom dairy fox and a blushing tigyote crawled inside, one managing more easily than the other. The tent was big enough for four people to sleep comfortably without needing to result to snuggling, but Cerine practically counted for two and a half by herself. Her chest wasn't as much of an issue as her tail, which was bigger in volume than the rest of her. The fox worked her fluffy tail against one side of the tent, completely covering the window flap with pink fur.

Megan's eyes followed the weighty slosh of Cerine's bust and she licked her muzzle. She'd been good letting the fox have time with the tigyote, but she couldn't resist anymore. And besides, she was in Sienna's spot. So she untangled from Rachel's grip, gave the coyote a playful kiss, and then turned off the phone. The tent's ambient silver glow vanished, and the midnight wolf stumbled on paws and knees in the dark to the other side of the tent.

“Hey, babe,” Cerine whispered, her voice carrying in the enclosed space. “What are you- *Oof*. Megan, fucking- you're *heavy*... ugh, okay, fine. Good girl.”

Sienna smiled and settled down on her knees beside Rachel. She felt coyote paws slide upwards along her thighs, holding her by the waist while she unhooked her half-disrobed bra from her middle and tossed it somewhere to deal with when there was light.

Rachel's paws teased upwards over the tigyote's body as Sienna leaned above her prone girlfriend, probing for her muzzle in the dark until she found it and then planting a kiss on her. Playful fingertips sank into the tigyote's curvy figure, squeezing her plump hips.

“How was today?” the coyote asked her, pulling her closer on top of her.

Sienna thought about it for half a heartbeat. Today reminded her of old scars, twisted her belly in anxiety, and she and Cerine admitted to having crushes on each other. So, all things considered...

“I'd say it was good,” Sienna sighed, swishing her shaggy tail. She kissed Rachel again, letting the coyote snuggle her close. While they cuddled, the tigyote slowly rolled sideways towards her sleeping bag and warm blanket, and when her head came down on her mini-pillow, she hit something hard.

The tigyote hissed under her breath and sat back upright, rubbing the side of her head. She peeled her pillow away and reached underneath it, finding something solid and weirdly shaped. Trying to run her fingers around it, she turned it over in her paws and held it close to her face to make anything out in the dark. When her claws slipped through empty eye sockets, she realized what it was.

It was that stupid skull mask! The tigyote bit her tongue to avoid saying anything out loud, since Cerine was only a couple feet away. Inhaling deep, the tigyote let her frustration vent slowly through her nose, and her breath whistled quietly around the fangs and bone of the mask. She put it down, well out of the way so that she wouldn't accidentally lay on it again, and then snuggled into Rachel again.

“Tomorrow's going to be even better,” the coyote promised, kissing the tigyote's forehead. “We'll go swimming in the morning, over in the crystal pond.”

Sienna smiled and nodded, sinking into her girlfriend. And as everyone fell asleep for the night, the discarded skull mask began to stir, its empty eye sockets darkening to black as pitch and glowing with embers deep within.

She was late. Sienna jogged down the hallway of the ad agency, juggling the room number she was looking for in her mind so she wouldn't forget it. Doors whooshed past her on either side of the unbearably long hall. 3A, 4B, 7D... were they even in any kind of order? The tigyote skidded to a stop, her claws squealing on the tile. She huffed and panted, out of breath from running, and she hiked her purse straps higher onto her shoulder.

Spinning about, she saw a door right behind her, cutting off the hallway that had been there a moment ago. 6E, that was the one! No wonder she couldn't find it. She reached out with a tan paw and jiggled the silver handle. Fuck! It was locked. Her heart was racing as she checked the time on her smart watch. Fuck, fuck, fuck... she was going to lose this gig. Why did they lock the door? Had they already started? How would they start without her?!

The door swung inwards and a tall, lanky wolfess in thick glasses looked down at her. She looked like someone she used to know... “Oh, for the heavens, you're here!” The wolfess grabbed her by the wrist and hauled her inside the studio, pulling her along almost faster than Sienna could walk. “Okay, everything's okay, the model is here!”

Everyone else in the room stared at her, and the tigyote could only blush and offer apologies. She didn't even know *why* she was late. As she tried to turn her face towards the photographer and the director, both of them turned their gazes away from her. Sienna blinked. They looked like... wait. Wait. Where did she know them from?

They were people she knew in school! The wolfess, too, she was a teacher! Sienna felt the blood rush from her face as she was pushed in front of the costumer, who looked like the popular lynx in her class, and her face was screwed up in disgust.

“Well, she'll do, for a hybrid,” the lynx grumbled. She gestured towards the small rooms in the back corner of the studio. “Your outfit is in there. Go get changed.”

Sienna wriggled her arm out of the teach- the *steward's* grip and swallowed. She could feel herself shrinking in embarrassment. Lowering her head down, she scurried away from the judgmental stares and angry scowls of her former classmates and shoved the thick curtain aside to let herself into the changing room. The room was large, for what it was, built into the corner of the studio. It was spaced for multiple people to fit, including the model, the costumer, and tailor, if not even more. Bright

globe lights lined the top above a large mirror, and hanging on a peg beside the glass was the dress she was going to model.

But Sienna didn't leap for it. She let her purse slip off her arm to slap onto the floor and grabbed the back of the canvas chair in front of the mirror and makeup counter. Her heart was still going a mile a minute. They still didn't like her. What did she do wrong?

"Bad dreams leave a foul taste."

Sienna opened her eyes wide and looked up. In the reflection of the mirror, she saw only a watery-eyed, buxom tigyote in a sleeveless spring top looking back at her. She didn't know where the voice came from, but it almost sounded familiar. As she pondered it, something touched her arms, gently holding the striped fur. Sienna glanced down to see fingers covered in black fur wrapped around her biceps, squeezing softly. Up again; the mirror showed nothing at all. No one behind her, nothing holding her by the arms. So the tigyote twisted herself about in the stranger's grip, looking over her shoulder.

She was greeted with the cold and emotionless mask of a bleached bone wolf skull, sitting atop the face of a black- and rust-furred wolf. He wore no clothes at all, and his smoldering ember eyes within the skull's eye sockets watched her impassively. The skull looked... almost familiar, but she couldn't place it right now.

"Excuse me," she whispered at the reflection-less figure, "I need to hurry..."

"No, you do not," Lykos replied. The name simply appeared in her head. His voice was firm and strong, and he slid his paws from her arms down to her waist, continuing to hold her securely in his grip. "Exhale. Release your anxiety. That has no place inside of dreams."

Sienna blinked once. Twice. The air around her changed, like the dressing room unhooked itself from reality and floated free. She felt the tension in her body melting away as bit by bit, she forgot why she was here. The photo shoot, the people she half-remembered, being late... it all just went away. Her shoulders relaxed and she breathed in deeply, feeling the stress fade away.

"Much better," the wolf whispered, pulling upwards on Sienna's shirt. His knuckles slid up her belly fur and he helped the fabric drag upwards over her large breasts. With a *pop!* her black bra sprang loose from the snug shirt, letting her full chest bounce inside the snug cups. Lykos availed himself, letting go of her top to cup his paws around her breasts, fondling as he massaged his thumbs into the fur bulging underneath the shoulder straps. "We should get you changed into something better fitting, shouldn't we? This is getting too small for you..."

A jolt like lightning rolled down Sienna's spine. She eyed her breasts in the mirror. They *were* big... tan fur overflowed the cups and the straps were weighing on her shoulders. When did they get this big? She hadn't gained weight; the tigyote was prone to blowing up a few cup sizes if she let herself indulge for a month or so, but her hips looked no wider or fuller than usual.

"This thrills you, doesn't it?" Lykos asked, leaning down over her shoulder and opening his muzzle. A long, twisting tongue that tapered to a fine tip emerged, licking along the tigyote's jaw. She shivered under his touch, feeling his fur against her back as her own fur stood on end. "Your breath does not lie. I felt the charge in it and a tinge of envy. My fox inspires desire in you, does she not? Her heavy breasts please her, and you want them for yourself."

"I do," Sienna admitted, swallowing.

"Let your desire overflow," he told her, hooking his claws underneath her bra and beginning to pull. Sienna tilted her head back as cleavage jiggled against her muzzle. Slowly, fur bulged beneath the cups, and her breasts dropped free. They bounced, heavier, against her belly, now plain to see how much bigger they'd grown. Her nipples were plump and swollen, aching slightly from the pressure behind them. As the wolf licked her neck again, his paws slid down to grasp her now bare breasts, pinching her nipples between his knuckles. "And let it flow free, sweet cow..."

Sienna moaned as the wolf squeezed her breasts, tightening his knuckles around her nipples. Her plump nubs bulged between his fingers and sprayed milk in a half-dozen tiny, thread-thin streams.

Some of the milk splashed against the mirror in front of her, some landed in dribbles on the makeup counter, and more rolled down the wolf's dark fingers and the tigyote's tan-furred breasts. Every muscle in her short body nearly gave out on her, her knees losing strength, and she found herself melting in the grip of the masked wolf behind her. Sienna whined under her breath as she looked at herself in the mirror, hanging awkwardly in mid-air with her breasts squishing and molding around invisible paws. Hair had fallen over one of her eyes and her muzzle was sinking into her raised shirt.

"Are they big enough?" Lykos asked her, whispering directly into her ear as he continued to apply pressure to her breasts, alternating slowly to milk her. "Tell me the truth; don't be embarrassed. I already know the answer..."

Sienna leaned her head back against his chest, her ribs rising and falling sharply underneath her milk-swollen breasts as she panted in arousal. Her hot breath was filling the space around her, and the demon wolf licked the fangs on his mask slowly. The answer was carried to him already.

"You want to be huge," he explained for her, running a finger along the underside of her muzzle and down her throat as she squirmed. "How big... tell me..."

"Too big," she finally answered. "Like her..."

"My pet teased you," Lykos purred, returning his paw to her breast and milking her more. The droplets on the makeup counter were becoming a puddle, and endless streaks raked down the glass of the mirror. "She loves to show off sometimes. It thrills her." He chuckled under his breath. "I like you, then... so let's get you changed. It's time."

"Time?" she asked, wondering what he meant. Dull flashes of the photo shoot tried to break through the haze in her thoughts, but were pushed back again. Sienna turned her gaze towards the clothing hanging on the rack by the mirror. Instead of a dress, it was a cow print swimsuit.

"Go ahead, cowgirl," the wolf told her, placing one paw against her back and firmly pushing her towards the bikini. "Don't mind me."

Sienna was going to turn and say something, but as soon as she looked over her shoulder, the dressing room was completely empty. Gulping, she pulled off her already half-removed shirt and bra, tossing them onto the floor. Shivering paws fumbled open the clasps on her pants and she pushed them and her undies to the ground, stepping out of them. Her bigger breasts bounced against her thighs, and as she leaned back upright she could really feel their weight pulling down on her. The tigyote braced one paw on the wall and the other under her left boob, lifting it up slightly and feeling it overflow her paw. She could only imagine what it felt like to be Cerine's size.

But she turned her attention back to the task she was given. Sienna pulled the bikini down from the hook and removed it from the clothes hangar. The bottoms went on easily enough, if a little snug around her curvy hindquarters, but when she grabbed the top and stretched it out in front of her, she realized it was pretty... large. The straps were generously roomy, and the black and white fabric cups were huge.

"It's... too big," she whispered, holding it to her breasts, and even with them swollen, they vanished into the cups.

"I think you can make it fit," Lykos's voice purred in her ear. His paws reached around her shoulders and took the neck strap, pulling it up and over her head. Gingerly, he lifted her dyed hair up from beneath the strap and let it fall down over her shoulders. Then he pulled back the straps, tying the bikini top loosely behind her back. Sienna looked down, pulling on the loose to the point of being useless top.

"Close your eyes," the wolf told her, and she did.

When Sienna opened her eyes again, she was greeted with warm, fluffy cleavage. The bikini top was no longer loose – she was filling it, and more besides. Her eyes opened wide and she inhaled deep, feeling her now intensely-heavy breasts trying to drag her down, so huge that they spilled around the cow print cups. They were massive, covering practically her entire torso. The tigyote pressed her paws into the sides of her supersized boobs, feeling them squish together, breast fur rubbing on belly fur. Her

claws teased around the trim of the bikini top, feeling where excess flesh was overflowing the now too-small fabric. Shivers of indulgent pleasure rolled down her spine even as it struggled to hold her upright.

Lykos's fingers wrapped around her neck and she felt the *click* of a collar being closed. The tigyote felt the throb of her veins against the tight collar, and one paw shot up to grasp it with her claws. As she did, a dark paw gracefully hooked a leash to the collar and gave her a playful tug.

“Right this way, my cow,” the wolf purred, tugging her along.

Sienna felt herself melt as the leash pulled at her. Licking her muzzle, she nodded and followed along, paws returning to her massive breasts and feeling them slosh and bounce as she staggered under their ridiculous weight. Lykos led her to the curtain of the dressing room and pulled it aside, leading her onward into... a barn. The photo studio was completely gone. Sienna twisted back in confusion, looking behind her, and the dressing room was an open barn door, leading out into a sun-soaked field of grass.

Lykos gave her another tug, and she followed along. The barn was separated into lines alongside the walkway. Metal bars at chest-height ran from one end to the other in the barn, and women were resting on them, chatting happily, tails swishing, bare breasts dripping milk into grates at their feet. Their boobs ranged from small to *very big*, though few could compare to the tigyote's current size. Eyes fell on the new cow, with a mixture of smiles and outright coos.

The wolf stepped side and held out the tigyote's leash to a fox who walked up to greet them. She was achingly familiar: tall, long-haired, poured into her own cow print costume, but Sienna felt a fog around her thoughts as she tried to remember who it might be. It didn't matter as much because the fox had absolutely gigantic boobs, many times bigger than the tigyote's. Her top was stretched tight around them, and she angled her body to the side to take the leash.

“Come here, cutie,” she said, giving the leash a pull. “I've got a spot just for you.”

Sienna nodded, watching as the fox turned around and began to walk. Somehow, despite her breasts being *bigger than her*, she could walk without trouble. The tigyote admired the size of her bust from behind, bouncing heavily with each step. She wondered if she looked like that. The buxom vixen brought her to an open spot near the back of the barn, guiding Sienna around to stand behind the milking bar. On the tigyote's right, a tan-furred half-cheetah grinned at her, green tail wiggling playfully behind her bare rump. She had one forearm braced on the milking bar, the other popping up her cheek, and her huge, heavy breasts jiggled as she leaned over the bar. Sienna's chest was slightly bigger than hers, but only just.

With a quick flick of one paw, the fox tugged Sienna's top upwards, letting her swollen udders spill free, swaying like soft, warm pendulums under her torso. They gently bumped into the cat's boobs on her right, causing them all to bounce and spritz milk onto the floor by their feet. The half-cheetah giggled and her smile widened, causing the curling markings around her eyes to spiral tighter.

Then the fox took Sienna's leash and spun it around the bar, looping it over and over. She stood so close in order to work that her colossal chest was pressing against both Sienna and the milk bar, and she fed the leash down through her cleavage in order to keep winding it around. The tigyote was allowed a few inches of slack for her head, and she grabbed the bar in her paws to steady herself.

“There you go,” the fox teased, patting Sienna's cheek. “Get as big as you please.”

Sienna was panting hard as the fox walked off, huge chest bouncing in front of her. The collar was digging into her neck – it had a latch on the side, and she knew it, but she left it alone. Her paws gripped the metal bar under her and she licked her muzzle. Get as big as she wanted? Surprisingly, she found her thoughts weren't as full of “how” as they were with “how much.” She wanted to grow, bigger and bigger, and figure out the consequences later. Everything Cerine had teased in her ear earlier had been like catnip for the half-a-cat.

And as she thought about it, she *did* begin to grow. Her breasts swelled in size, the weight pulling her down until her collar touched the metal bar. She squeezed her knuckles tight around the bar, feeling her breasts balloon bigger and bigger. The half-cheetah beside her playfully reached out and ran

her claws along her swollen bust, watching as they doubled in size, milk beginning to spill eagerly from her perky nipples. Sienna hung across the bar, looking down at her expanding cleavage, barely able to see even *half* of her expanding tits as they inflated bigger, heavier, milkier...

Her breasts pressed against her thighs and shins, swelling so huge that her nipples began to touch the floor. The metal grate under her was warm from the milk constantly running through it, going off to collect in who-knows-where. Sienna didn't care. She watched herself balloon bigger than the fox, breasts getting so massive and heavy. It was bliss.

A dark paw teased her ear from behind and she heard a playful whisper caress her thoughts. "That's a good girl. If only I could leash you, too... someday... But until then, be sure to play with that bell of hers for me."

Sienna just chuffed, sinking into her growing beanbag chairs as she grew...

The tigyote's eyes flickered open. It was early dawn outside, the light glowing pink against the outside of the tent. Sienna was laying on her back, underneath her blanket; Rachel rolled over to face the wall of the tent beside her at some point in the night. The leftover thoughts of her dream still clung to her mind for a moment, but were fading rapidly. Groggily, the tigyote laid her paw across her chest atop the blanket, just to... check.

No difference.

A few moments later, she couldn't even remember why she was groping herself. She yawned, brushing white hair from her face, and rolled to face the center of the tent. A foot or so away, Cerine was laying on her back, phone in her paws. The fox's boobs were pinned together between her arms and elbows, and she clearly was holding her phone higher for it. It took a moment for Sienna's eyes to adjust to the light, but when they did, the outline of the midnight wolfess finally appeared in her vision. Megan was laying atop the fox's lap and belly, muzzle wedged firmly in her cleavage. Sienna wondered if that was how they always slept together.

"Good morning," Cerine whispered, noticing Sienna staring. She smiled. "Sleep okay?"

"Yeah," the tigyote answered. "I had a great dream."

"Tell me about it."

"I... don't remember it."

The pink fox nodded knowingly. "I get those all the time." She set her phone down on the floor of the tent by her sleeping bag and yawned, giving her breasts a jiggle. "Well... you want to get a jump on breakfast before they get up? I'm full."

Sienna grinned, pulling her blanket back from her bare figure and cuddling close to the fox. "I would love to..."

As the tigyote held one white-furred boob in her paw, squeezing her fingers gently around Cerine's nipple, her other paw slid upwards to the fox's throat. She closed her fist around the cowbell ornament on that dark choker, holding it tight. Her thumb came to rest on the clacker inside the bell, and she pushed it against the metal walls, making a dull *donk* reach her ears.

And then, a moment later, an expanding breast swelled forward to fill her waiting muzzle.

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