

First Taste

by Cerine Hero

Megan slept well for the first time in a year, at least.

When the movie was over, Rienne was completely passed out on the couch, cheek on Erin's thigh and one arm and leg draped over the side, reaching the floor. Cerine yawned and quietly climbed up from the couch, taking the wolfess back with her to her bedroom down the hallway. As promised, the fox peeled her top off and let out her *very* milk-swollen udders for her girlfriend to enjoy. And Megan did, providing what help she could to relieve some of that pressure. The strawberry flavor was much stronger when Cerine went longer without milking, and the droplets rolling down Megan's chin and muzzle were practically pink. The wolfess drank until she could feel her own stomach growing round and heavy from the late-night meal. Shifting into her larger, stronger were-form, the wolfess licked her muzzle clean and got her second wind, finding more room to fill as she moved to the other breast.

Laying in the soft bed, in the dark, her legs entwined with Cerine's while the fox's fingers gently teased at the corner of her ear and her other fingers brushed in slow circles around her muscles was heaven. It was when the wolfess could actually pull a little shutter down over all of her anxious thoughts and feelings. It felt like jumping into the car after midnight and just driving, the warm amber street lights skimming over the hood while an old song played on the radio. The world became very small and very manageable. The metaphor didn't include the satisfying feeling of warm milk rolling down her throat, though, which had grown into a very enjoyable component of intimacy for her over the last couple months.

When even her were-sized stomach couldn't handle any more, and Cerine was still half-full of milk, the fox turned on her bedside light and pulled her milk pump from the nightstand drawer. Megan helped – somewhat – her get the suction cups over her teats with her oversized paws, but then gave up and let the fox have at it, just pulling her close and looking over her shoulder. The werewolf's glowing golden eyes helped shine light on what the vixen was doing, but once she was hooked up and steadily pumping milk into a waiting jug, then Megan closed her eyes and nuzzled affectionately into the fox's shoulder. She lay half-curved on the bed so she could fit, but her weight caused the mattress to sink in her direction. At some point, emotionally and physically exhausted, pleasantly relaxed and feeling secure against her girlfriend, and with a huge, warm meal resting in her tummy, the wolfess fell asleep.

Summer bird songs and bright light eventually made the wolfess stir and stretch. She forgot she was still oversized, and her legs went hanging over the foot of the bed as she spread out. When she relaxed her muscles, her hindclaws flopped onto the floor past the bed. Cracking open her bright, shining eyes and turning to face the window, she was able to tell the sun was decently into morning. That would explain why Cerine wasn't still in bed with her.

Grumbling under her breath, Megan rolled onto her back. She let the sleep drift off for another minute more and then focused her thoughts on returning to her normal size. This side of her transformation didn't feel as distinct as the growth did, as her body activated the latent potion and poured it into her veins. It felt more relaxing, like a cool shower washing off dirt. Megan's body slimmed and shrank, her thicker, padded muscles evaporating to vanish back underneath the wolfess's slightly-pudgy arms and legs. Her flatter middle tightened together, with her chubby belly coming back to greet her on the far side of her big boobs. Megan pushed herself up onto her paws and yawned.

She pulled on her extra change of clothes, since she knew she'd be staying the night. Brushing her half-dyed hair back with her claws, she stepped out into the hallway. Cerine's lab door was the next one down on the left, but it was closed. There was also a note taped to it.

“Getting some leftover work done, sleepyhead. Erin should be around. Love you.”

Megan smiled at the note but sighed at having to stay upstairs. She wasn't allowed into the lab

that much. Being an infuser, there was too much risk of her having something alchemical spilled on her or what have you, and Cerine was afraid of side effects from cross-contamination since the wolf was already permanently affected by the “werewolf” potion. And there was also the point that Megan was very distracting. So she went to find Erin and distract her instead. As the wolfess passed through the living room, she saw Rienne laying on the couch in the exact same position she remembered her being in the night before. The athletic golden fox snored lightly, her muzzle stuck between two seat cushions.

It was not surprising, either, to find Erin in the kitchen. Megan was pretty sure that she had almost always seen the heavier chocolate fox either cooking or working on her laptop in the kitchen. It made sense; the kitchen was the fox's office, so to speak, and she loved to cook and experiment. One end of the counter wrapping around the wall was dedicated to streaming equipment, and there was an extra camera mounted over the stove, where it could be aimed at the burners or the cutting board beside it. Erin, wearing a short-sleeved summer dress and her hair tightly braided over one shoulder, was typing things into her phone as she checked all the cabinets and the pantry.

“Grocery list?” Megan asked, walking into the kitchen and rubbing her still-tired eyes.

Erin looked up from her phone and smiled. She had the sweetest, most honest smile. Her eyes fluttered around the half-disheveled, chubby wolfess. “Good morning! Yes, since I have to drive Rie home I figured I'd drop by the store on the way back. Or maybe I'll make her go with me... She probably needs to pick some things up, too. Girl will eat fast food for every meal if I don't stop her, I swear.”

“Doesn't look like it,” Megan said, glancing back at the fit fox on the couch.

“Not since she found a good gym, at least,” Erin replied, checking another cabinet.

Megan shrugged and ran her tongue across her teeth. “That's a really pretty dress, by the way.”

Stopping what she was doing, the round fox pulled on the skirt of her dress so that it fanned out beside her. The fabric was white, fading into green past her knees, and with colored trim at her sleeves and the neckline under her plush tan chest fur. “Thank you! Do you wear them much? Cerine never does unless she absolutely has to.”

“No, I've never been a big fan, either,” Megan admitted. She tugged on her lightweight lavender hoodie, hanging open over her low-cut white t-shirt and dark house shorts. Pinnacle of fashion, this wolfess. “And I remember that about Cerine. We were always the tomboy crew in school. Us and Rachel. The only one of us who wore dresses, actually, was Axis, before he came out. I think he wanted to dress like us.” She crossed her arms between her chest and belly and thought. “I haven't seen him in forever. He doing okay?”

Erin nodded. “He is. I've only met him a couple times. It's hard to get him to come out of his shell.”

“So he hasn't changed at all.”

“I suppose not,” the fox replied, giggling. She licked her nose and looked out the window for a moment before petting her braid. “I've heard he really has a thing for Gray. Unfortunately.”

Megan smirked. She walked over to the counter beside the taller fox and parked her butt against the sink. She pointed a gray paw at Erin and said, “Okay, real talk: We *all* do. Gray's just... fucking... like someone wished their stuffed animal alive on a shooting star and it turned hot as hell, you know? Super jealous of you. Nice catch.” Her paw faltered in midair for a moment. “Er, don't tell Cerine that last part.”

Erin laughed. “I promise, but I don't think she'd mind.” The vixen inhaled again and rubbed her tongue over one of her upper fangs before looking down at her phone in her paw. Megan got the impression that the vixen wanted to change the topic. So she let her. Erin glanced up and asked, “Um, could you do me a favor? Can you check the fridge and see how much milk we have?”

Megan nodded and turned around. She tugged the refrigerator door open and glanced at both the shelves and the pockets inside the door. “Uh... regular or fox?”

“Regular, please.”

“I thought that would get a bigger reaction.”

Erin rolled her eyes and sighed. “Been a thing since before I was made, so... yeah.”

“Don't say *made*.” Megan wriggled her nose and leaned into the fridge. “Looks like one unopened quart and a half of one. And then... hang on, what's this?”

The wolfess reached into the fridge and pulled out a silver vacuum flask. It was pretty large, enough to be a bit hard for her to grasp in a single paw. Luckily, it had a ring around its neck that she could loop a finger through. It was heavy and full. On the side, written in marker on a piece of masking tape, read: “Dragon milk.”

Erin glanced up from her phone, and the expression on her face was... odd. It was both surprise and concern. The vixen quickly reached out and took the flask from the wolfess and held it between her paws. “Ah, uh... you probably shouldn't have this...”

Megan folded her ears back in confusion. “Huh?”

“Cerine uses this in some of her potions, so with your, uh, condition...?”

The wolfess slumped her shoulders and rocked her head back on her neck as she let out a weary sigh. “Yeah, yeah, the 'infuser' thing. World's biggest double-edged sword.” She held out her paw to take the flask back, and Erin put it in her grasp. But as she was turning to place it back in the refrigerator, she heard a rustle of tail fur behind her.

“What shouldn't she have?” Cerine asked. The buxom pink fox had a plastic crate in her arms, held securely underneath her very large chest, and she hefted it – and her boobs – up so she could put the crate on the kitchen table. There was an assortment of red and green potion vials rattling around inside of it. The wolfess noted all the potions and frowned. None for her, of course. But that was just sour grapes, truth be told. The red potions were muscle ones, she knew that well. She already had one bubbling around inside her, with some extra bells and whistles to it that made her more “beastly.” The green ones... She was pretty sure those made you fat, and she'd pass.

Cerine adjusted her folded black shirt around her chest as she stood upright, white cleavage looking striking and gorgeous over the trim. “Tell Rie to take these home. I need to de-clutter and they'll keep her busy.”

With her cargo offloaded, Cerine approached Megan and smiled. The fox had her long, white hair up in a messy bun behind her head, and hadn't bothered getting too dressed for a Saturday, either. Her black shirt hid the fact she was wearing no bra just by its dark color, and she had on a pair of blue and white striped pajama shorts. Proper alchemist attire, Megan assumed. Cerine held the wolfess's muzzle in her paw, tilting it up to her level so they could kiss, making Erin blush and look away. Megan then held out the silver flask for the alchemist to look at.

“Erin says this is alchemical,” she explained. “So it should be in your lab fridge, right?”

Cerine took the flask and flipped it over in her paw so she could read the label. She pushed her glasses up her muzzle slightly more as she continued staring at it. For a while. Megan shot Erin a curious look, eyebrows raised, as the moment stretched on. Cerine squinted and tilted her head slightly to the side, lost in thought well within her head. Not unusual for her, honestly. That brain was often doing much more work than the rest of her ever did. The fox's tongue moved around inside her muzzle as she puzzled out something very peculiar.

Finally, the alchemist made a noise. “Hm,” she grunted.

“Hm, what?” Megan asked, leaning her face over towards the flask to be noticed.

Cerine winked at her and then looked up at Erin. “Where are your shot glasses?”

“Are you sure?” Erin asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes, it's fine,” Cerine replied. When her sister obliged her with a pair of small, clear glass tumblers, the pink fox nodded gratefully.

“I thought you didn't drink,” Megan said, eyeing the glasses and the flask.

“I don't,” Cerine answered. “Those two do sometimes, though.”

Erin smiled wryly and brushed her paws over her belly, smoothing out her dress, before

beginning to head for the door. "I believe I will let you two have fun, then." The brown fox picked up the plastic case of potions and went to go scrape her still-sleeping sister off the couch. A couple minutes later, the short-haired, golden fox was groggily waving goodbye in her wrinkled clothes and stumbling out the front door behind Erin.

"Come on," Cerine told her girlfriend, brushing her tail across her side and under her muzzle as she turned and opened the sliding glass door leading out to the back patio. Megan jittered in anticipation as she chased after the bigger fox. The concrete was warm but not hot against her bare feet today. It was still morning, and that would change quickly. Surrounding the elevated patio on two sides was an expanse of lawn, with part of it by the house converted to Erin's garden. Redwood fencing surrounded the yard. Cerine's house, on the whole, wasn't very big. Two bedrooms and two and a half bathrooms. But the yard, with its pool, and her basement lab were its two really shining points.

Megan shut the sliding door behind her, rubbing her paws together as the pink fox set the flask and tumblers on the glass patio table. "There a reason we need to do this outside?"

"It's a nice day," Cerine answered nonchalantly, "and to have more room."

"So I can bulk up?"

The fox paused and let her gaze drift into the distance for a moment in thought. "That, too."

Megan came closer to the table. The summer sun was beating on her clothes, and she decided to slide off her hoodie, tossing it onto a lounge chair by the pool. The fox beside her, twisting off the cap on the flask, openly admired the chubby wolfess, which made Megan blush. Cerine pecked a kiss and a small lick on her cheek and quickly gave her slightly-exposed belly a jiggle before the wolfess protectively yanked her shirt down to completely cover it – but her top slid back up the second she let go.

Pushing attention away from her and her tummy, Megan asked, "So what is dragon milk? Erin seemed really concerned about me drinking it."

"Okay, so," Cerine explained, pouring an ounce of milk into the glass, "you're an infuser, which means you'd permanently adapt to alchemy that you ingest. Erin was worried that would happen with this stuff, but it won't. For something to be *alchemical*, as in a real potion and not just a mixed drink that tastes awful, it has to be 'fixed' using some philosopher's stone – that gold crystal you saw me use before."

"I remember all that," Megan replied, rubbing her chin. She pointed at the flask. "So that is *not* a potion, and it's safe for me to have?"

"Correct. It's no different than taking an herbal remedy for a headache." She rolled her eyes. "Except this actually does something. And it's pretty potent. When I do turn it into a potion, I only use some things to make it work a little faster."

"What's it do?" Megan asked, eyeing the milk in the shot glass hungrily. She hadn't had breakfast yet, and the milk was looking good. Somewhere in the back of her head, a lone voice wondered if it was good that a large portion of her diet was just becoming milk, but it was drowned out by thoughts of cuddles and ear rubs and love and all those other good things that she was beginning to associate with it. Also not helping was that right behind that shot glass in her view were fat fox titties barely held in a folded top. The milkoholic wolf licked her muzzle, making Cerine smile.

"Here," Cerine said, offering the tumbler. "Find out."

Megan couldn't resist. Whatever it was, it was making Cerine excited to get to share it with her girlfriend, so she was all-in for it. The milk in the glass was almost opalescent in the sunlight. A glimmering sheen of color rolled across its surface like oil, but brighter and more energetic. Taking the glass, Megan downed it in one sip and licked her lips clean afterwards. The taste was... shocking. Almost literally. It tingled like the most carbonated soda all the way down to her tummy, with a rich and full milk flavor that coated her tongue in playful notes.

"Holy shit, that came out of a dragon?" she asked, yellow eyes going wide as she looked down into the empty glass. "Wait, where did you even find a dragon?"

“A drake, and she's a friend of mine.” Cerine took the empty glass and set it back on the table. “You should start feeling it in a couple moments.”

Cerine took her paw and led her to the bench in the shadow of the house where they could sit and look over the glittering water in the pool. It had some weather-safe cushions, so Cerine lounged in it and pulled Megan onto her, letting the shorter wolfess lay with the back of her head propped on the fox's big pillows. The wolf rumbled happily as her legs twined around Cerine's, running her fingertips and claws through soft and thick pink fur on the vixen's bare thighs. Her shirt slid upwards slightly as the fox wrapped her paws around Megan's middle and teased her tummy, making the wolfess blush and wriggle her muzzle. Cerine slid the tight shirt up slowly, gray wolf fur slowly sliding out from under the fabric until *pop*, the chubby wolfess's belly bounced completely free. Megan wriggled in place, but her girlfriend wasn't done. Cerine wrapped her knuckles in the fabric and kept lifting the shirt up and over Megan's chest. Gray-furred breasts in a black bra swelled as the wolfess inhaled deeply. Cerine tucked the wolf's shirt under her chin and then cupped her dark paws around those two big boobies, slowly rubbing her thumbs across the fur.

“That's my job,” Megan mumbled, leaning her head back and eyeing the fox.

“To play with your boobs?”

“Ye- Wait. No. *Yours*.”

“Exactly. It's my job to play with your boobs.” Cerine bumped muzzles against her. “You can't monopolize all the titty time, goober.”

It was funny. Years ago, when they were school friends, Megan had the biggest boobs out of their friend group by far. She was the curvier one, Cerine was tall and skinny, and Rachel had a fairly average build. That was before Cerine had grown into the dairy monster she was now and Megan had gotten fat, but from what she'd heard, Rachel was still more or less the same. Sometimes it just felt surreal for the wolfess to be laying beside the busty pink fox, her childhood friend. They'd been ships passing in the night before, too young to really understand themselves back then. It felt like fate had simply curled around the obstacles in its way and come full circle. They'd changed a lot in the meantime, and it had made all the difference.

Megan inhaled, filling the vixen's paws with her big boobs. She squinted, shaking off the melancholic thoughts clouding her brain. She tipped her muzzle down and looked at her cleavage. Something was off.

“My boobs feel weird,” the wolfess announced.

“How so?” Cerine asked, nuzzling her ear as if there was nothing to be alarmed about.

“Uh... I don't know. I'm not sure how to describe it. Heavy? Tingly? My bra feels snug. It *looks* snug, holy cow. Alright, yeah, tingly for sure. Like, all over but definitely my nips. They feel really hard. Is this what that milk was doing?”

Cerine purred at her and Megan could feel the grin on the fox's face. “Take a guess, cutie.”

The wolfess blinked. She sank her claws into the fox's thighs as realization dawned on her.

“Am... I lactating?”

The vixen kissed her cheek and then wedged her fingers down between the wolf's bloated boobs and her bra. Her fingertips teased across Megan's firm nipples and a bolt of lightning coursed through her, making her shiver and tense. Cerine lifted her breasts out of the cups and let them free so they could both admire how round they'd gotten in the last few minutes. Megan eyed her pink nipples, erect and puffy – just like Cerine's when she was so swollen with milk last night that she looked almost half-again her normal size. And as she stared at them, black-furred fox fingers gently teasing them, forefinger and thumb massaging tenderly towards her nipples, droplets of milk began to bead on the ends of her nipples, dripping down to soak into her fur. Megan gasped in a rapid burst, yellow eyes widening to the size of saucers. Her heavier boobs jiggled as her chest puffed out in stages until she couldn't inhale any more.

Megan leapt upright, tucking her arms in underneath her chest and lifting her breasts up on her

forearms to get a better look. They *were* heavier, wow! And bigger, too. How much was she producing? As much as Cerine? Milk was steadily rolling down her breast fur, dripping onto her forearms and continuing to soak into her gray fur.

“Dairy wolf,” the dairy fox teased, sitting up behind her and resting her pink and white muzzle on her shoulder. Cerine reached around Megan again and slid her paws through the gaps under her arms. Playfully, she pat the wolf's bigger boobies, making them jiggle over her arms. “How do you feel?”

“Excited...”

“I know that one already. I can feel it back here.” Cerine slid her left paw around and wrapped her first two fingers around Megan's nipple. With a very gentle tug, she caused milk to squirt from the nipple in a sparkling stream in the sunlight. Megan's fur fluffed up on the back of her neck and down her spine and she tensed her toes. That sensation was powerful. Her nipples felt so tender, but Cerine had an expert's touch, so while it ached slightly, the pleasure was intense. “And that was just a taste, you know.”

Megan folded her ears down, panting heavily in excitement. Like Cerine said, her tail was furiously wagging, though there wasn't enough room for it to move, so it was just shivering between the fox's thigh and a pillow. Her eyes drifted over towards the flask still sitting on the table nearby. It was still pretty full...

“What if... I drank more of it?” she asked, licking her muzzle. “Would I just overflow with milk?”

Cerine shook her head. “Your boobs will get bigger. A lot bigger.”

That made Megan gulp. “As big as yours?”

“If you want to... it's not as easy as I make it look, though.”

The wolfess was too excited to wonder. She pushed herself onto her feet, stripping off her top and bra, since neither would fit comfortably now. Panting, she trotted over to the table and grabbed the flask in both paws. Her thoughts were wild and out of control. She could still *taste* the milk on her tongue, and getting another smell from the mouth of the flask completely frazzled her thoughts. Megan had the flask up to her muzzle and gulped down the milk. Glimmering flavor sparkled on her tongue like fireworks. She just couldn't stop herself, lifting the flask higher and higher over her head until every drop of milk was rolling down her throat. All two quarts of it.

She began to feel the effects now before she even dropped the metal flask to her feet. Maybe it was because it was a lot of milk, or because she had some earlier. Either way, the wolfess placed her paws underneath her gray-furred breasts and *felt* them growing. Her fur under her boobs was slick with milk, all down her belly and dripping onto the concrete below. That tingly feeling, centered in her nipples, began to spread across the fullness of the wolf's breasts, and they started to expand. Megan, eyes wide in shock and wonder, lifted her heavier and heavier breasts on her paws, watching as they plumped past the reach of her fingertips and overflowed her grip.

Milk was streaming down her fingers and forearms as she struggled to keep her bigger, heavier breasts lifted, but her elbows were beginning to shake. This was a *lot* to keep lifted. No wonder she rarely saw Cerine doing it... Megan was beginning to bend under the weight of her swelling tits as she ballooned *bigger* than the dairy fox, and her jugs just wouldn't stop. They soon filled her entire arms and she was leaning over the glass patio table, gray fur bulging around above and below her arms and cleavage pressing firmly underneath her muzzle. So ridiculously buxom... still growing... the taste of dragon milk still on her tongue, between her fangs, on her lips, which she greedily licked away. The wolf couldn't resist milk of any flavor, apparently...

She wondered how hers tasted. Well, a bit too late and an order of magnitude too big for her muzzle to reach now, unfortunately. But her paws were soaked. Leaning forward and resting her big, fluffy melons on the table in front of her – practically half the table – Megan sucked her first two fingers dry. Sweet and fairly neutral in flavor, at least compared to what she'd gotten used to, especially

last night. A tummy full of warm strawberry milk made sleeping easy.

“Greedy girl,” the vixen teased, running her claws up Megan's bare back as she walked over beside her. Between the whirlwind excitement of her breasts bloating to the size of huge balloons and covering the patio table in wolf milk and then the sharply exciting feeling of those claws up her spine, the wolfess had to screw her fangs closed and tighten her lips to keep from belting out a plaintive howl of arousal here in the middle of the neighborhood. As Megan's cheeks puffed with the effort of containing herself, Cerine teased her ear. “Sorry, I meant good girl...”

“You're killing me,” Megan whimpered, gripping the edges of the patio table and resting her chin on her swollen tits. “Holy fuck, this is amazing...”

“You are the biggest boob girl I've ever met,” Cerine told her. She paused for a moment and then laughed. “I mean... yeah.”

“I don't think I can stand up,” Megan said. She braced her arms and tried to lift her breasts off the table before she broke it. They weren't growing as fast now, but they were massive, and the more she stood upright, the more their ridiculous weight pulled down on her. She was able to get her round melons elevated for a couple seconds before losing the battle and slapping the gray-furred blimps back down on the table. It creaked, and there was a splatter of milk, running over the edges and dribbling to the concrete.

Cerine tilted her head at her. As her paws went to the sash around her slim waist, she said, “Come on. You're a werewolf, goober.”

“Oh,” Megan replied, feeling sheepish for forgetting. “If I can focus...”

That was actually an issue. And Cerine taking off her top, exposing her own heavy, white-furred breasts, was not helping. Megan wrenched her eyes away and squeezed them closed. She focused on herself being *big*. Her mind's eye, though was just trying to figure out how big her boobies were now, and not interested in being taller or more muscular. The wolfess tried to shake it off, and made her self image flex hard until her biceps peaked. Her real arms suddenly surged in size, as did her torso and her quads, and the wolfess grew to loom above the patio table. Cerine helpfully untied the wolf's tail tie and slid her shorts down to her ankles before they ripped.

When Megan reopened her eyes, they were a solid, shimmering gold. The bright shine was drowned in the sunlight, but they were still vividly colored. The werewolf stood upright, her strong back muscles and shoulders flexing as she hefted her enormous breasts off the table. This time she was successful, and the pair of huge, round blimps in front of her wobbled heavily. The dragon milk had made her grow ten times bigger, and she massaged her paws across the two swollen, leaking breasts she was sporting. The werewolf whimpered in pleasure, feeling the incredible weight of these things on her paws.

She turned to look at Cerine and the fox was openly staring at her bigger breasts, pink tongue running around her muzzle. The fox walked over to the couch they had lounged on earlier and grabbed one cushion. She tossed it onto the concrete beside the pool and laid down, using it as a pillow. Megan felt warm under her cheeks as the vixen lay on her back with her shirt hanging open, motioning for her to come join her.

“Come here,” Cerine told her. “Smother me.”

Megan awkwardly lumbered her size and unbalanced figure over the fox, dropping onto all fours. Her beachball breasts nearly flattened the vixen beneath her, and Cerine laughed even as her breath was forced out of her lungs. Megan's breasts completely enveloped her own with their sheer augmented size. As the werewolfess sat down, bearing her weight on her own knees and shins instead of putting any on Cerine – she was almost seven hundred pounds like this, not counting what her boobs were adding! – the fox grabbed one breast and lifted it, letting it flop like a wobbling water balloon onto her own chest. The perky nipple was right in front of her muzzle, spraying milk onto her chin and neck. Cerine licked it playfully, running her tongue over it before latching on and beginning to drink.

It went without saying this was the first time Megan was on *this* side of the exchange. She

leaned forward, resting her weight on her paws as Cerine sucked away, face now half-buried under wolf boob. The pressure relief of the milk being emptied felt really good. Relaxing. Megan loosened her swollen shoulders. Her tail wagged eagerly as Cerine's paws kneaded and squeezed around her bigger bust, encouraging more milk flow. The fox's lips and her tongue around her nipple made her shiver. This was good. The werewolf rumbled in her chest, licking her muzzle. She loved the intimacy, and Cerine was enjoying herself. One paw slid from the werewolf's tubby breast and kneaded firmly into her thicker bicep, giving the softly padded muscle a playful squeeze. Megan would've flexed it for her, if she wasn't supporting her breast-weight on her paws.

Cerine drank until her stomach was as swollen as a party balloon. She lay on the concrete, stripped to her undies, as the naked wolfess lay spread out beside her, trying in vain to massage her own breasts from top to bottom with her paws. The vixen's hair was a white halo around her head, and she drummed one set of fingers on her full tummy while the other worked Megan's ear around its tip, teasing between her finger and thumb. The wolfess was in bliss at the ear teases, whimpering softly.

"So," Cerine asked, leaning her head towards the big-titted werewolf, "how'd that feel? The breastfeeding, I mean. I know you're loving the size."

Megan opened her eyes. Her brain was half-dulled, and her glowing eyes were dim behind her half-closed lids. "Good. Exciting. Intimate. But..."

"But?"

"I don't know. But you *really* enjoy it, right? Like, you want it."

Cerine blushed and licked her nose. "Y-yeah," she answered, a twinge of honest embarrassment in her voice that felt very out of place. "It's my thing..."

The werewolf's brain was starting to shake off her ear-rub-induced euphoria and she shifted her weight underneath her swollen chest. "Come on. Tell me something about it you find exciting."

It was a moment before Cerine answered. Megan could tell the fox was struggling to open up. So very like her. "I like it if... I'm just a milk bar."

"Oh yeah?" Megan asked, her ears perking.

"If you just come up, slide your muzzle under my shirt and get your fill. Not one word. Not 'hey, may I' or 'can we.' I'm a big, busty cow full of milk and you're thirsty."

"Oooh..." The werewolf's tail slapped the concrete behind her. "Damn, is this how you get when you're too full to move? If so, I think I could get into it a little more... Oh, and that would include a mandatory cowbell flick, too, right?"

Cerine didn't answer. But her face was more red than pink, and the werewolf beside her grinned mischievously. She didn't reach over and flick the bell right now, though, since her paws were very occupied sloshing and bouncing her own extremely big bust. But later. Probably.

Eventually, Megan had the wherewithal to gather together a thought. "Hey, Ceri... your potions last a day, right?"

Cerine opened an eye and burped into an elbow before answering. "Oh, uh... yeah, my *potions* last a day. But you didn't drink a potion."

"Oh, right." Megan licked her muzzle and rolled onto her side, propping herself up slightly as her massive boobs spread out atop each other beside, and slightly over, the fox. "So..."

The vixen looked coy. She tilted her head towards the werewolf and licked her chin. "I should've mentioned before you drank it all, but dragon milk lasts a week or more. Assuming you don't have any more of it in the meantime. I can't fission it. It just has to work out of your system and you go back to normal."

Megan's eyebrows rose. "Today's... Saturday."

"Yeah."

"I have work on Monday..."

Cerine blushed. "Oh. Oops."

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JT Kozani Mechafox Muttcakes Mrben277
Rogue Wolf Shifter55 Spretra

Foxyfriends

DashRaptor Foxxel Indigo Jack