

Small Town, Big Fox

by Cerine Hero

The wind rustled the tops of the trees around the park pathway, shaking loose little embers of yellow and gold and red. The leaves fluttered daintily to the ground, carpeting the gardens and pathways alike in a beautiful patchwork of color. A single leaf landed on top of the page that Cerine was reading, and she blew it away with a puff of breath.

Winter came swiftly in Northend, so it was worth it to enjoy the quick transition of fall. As a bonus, Northend was *so* far north, butting against the edge of the supposedly-haunted Sylvan Reach, that leaf-seeking tourists stopped long before they got this far. That meant peaceful walks through the falling leaves during a midday break and stopping to catch up on a book without listening to her sister explain weird recipes to a camera just a few feet away in the other room.

Cerine nudged her glasses up her muzzle with her black-furred pinky. Her hair was put up in a high ponytail, with her bangs still framing her face, and the breeze gently tousled it behind her. She had threaded her seven-foot-long tail through the gap in the park bench, and as she swished it back and forth, it looked like an oversized puppy tromping through the fallen leaves. The pink vixen was wearing a white, short-sleeved button-down top (with a faint outline of a black bra underneath, thanks to the snug fit), and a pair of jeans she'd thrown on to go out for a while. With her thick fur, only to get thicker over the next couple months, she hardly needed to dress up for the cold. Her bare feet and arms were nice and warm despite the autumn chill in the breeze.

The park wasn't particularly crowded today. A few people were walking or jogging, and others were enjoying the scenery by the lake. It was tranquil, and Cerine snuggled into her book.

"Well, look who it is."

That didn't last.

Cerine looked up from her book and saw a face she hadn't laid eyes on in years. It was a glimpse right into the high school yearbook, albeit a little older – and more attractive for the difference. A dark-furred wolfess in workout clothes had stopped in front of her, panting softly. The wolfess unclipped the earphones from her ears, letting them dangle in front of her zipped hoodie, and brushed a pawful of black hair back from her face. Her hair was tipped in purple – she hadn't changed that at all – to contrast with her brilliant gold eyes. She was average height and despite her hoodie, her curvy figure showed through.

"I'd recognize that pink fur anywhere," the wolfess teased, looking down at the fox.

Cerine closed her book and smiled wide. "Megan! I haven't seen you in forever."

Megan's gaze dropped downwards – and then so did her jaw. Before she had a moment to comment, Cerine stood up and twisted sideways, swinging her massive bust out to the side, so that she could pull the wolfess in for a hug. Megan overcame her shock enough to squeeze Cerine's shoulders, but her eyes were still glued on the beachball-sized chest ballooning out in front of the slender vixen. Faint music played from the earbuds on the wolfess's chest. They embraced for a moment before stepping back, at which point the wolfess held her paws awkwardly in front of herself.

"Okay, Cerine," she stammered, gold eyes wide and wild, "I definitely do not remember *those*."

The dairy fox bit her lip and blushed. That was right. She hadn't seen Megan in a long while, way longer than when she'd suddenly exploded in size. The wolfess remembered her having a much more mundane bust size. Actually, Megan had been the curvier one with a full chest, something Cerine had crushed on a bit. But for years, however, she'd never really given it much thought. And now, looking into the pretty wolfess's face, those adolescent feelings were beginning to unearth.

"Yeah, they're a thing nowadays," Cerine answered, looking shy.

"I never really pegged you for surgery..."

"Oh, no, they're real. It's insane, I know." She gave them a quick squish between her paws as proof, and then looked around to be sure no one was looking.

Megan's eyes went even wider. "They're real?! Holy cow... that's incredible! Lucky you! What the hell happened? Did they just start growing? How heavy are they?"

"Feel for yourself."

"No shit, *really?!?*" A faint red blush broke through the wolfess's black and gray fur and she glanced around a bit before placing both of her paws underneath Cerine's breasts. The vixen rest her paws on her hips and felt at least some of the weight lift off her chest. She took a quick moment to inhale deep, puffing out her rib cage without the weight of her melons weighing down on her. Then Megan left them go, her paws visibly trembling from excitement. "That's... unbelievable. Gotta be thirty pounds."

"About forty-five."

"Together?"

"Each."

Megan looked about ready to rocket into space. "You're kidding. How do you do it?"

"I've gotten used to it," Cerine demurred, smiling. She glanced back at the bench behind her. "Do you want to sit down?"

"Absolutely," Megan replied, taking Cerine's paw and bringing her back over to the bench. They settled in, with Cerine sitting with one leg crossed over the other, voluminous bust smothering the top of her thigh and knee, and Megan sitting sideways, elbow propped on the back of the bench as she looked the fox up and down. "How long has it been? It was high school, wasn't it? Yeah, you went to college and I moved south. I've still got a picture of you in my head and just, wow. I gotta say, you've gotten confident. I think it's the glasses."

Cerine blushed a little and smiled, scratching her muzzle. "It's that and some other stuff. I've got a couple people looking up to me now, expecting me to be on top of things. I love them, but sometimes they're hopeless."

"Family?"

"Complicated."

"Gotcha."

"What brings you back up here?" Cerine asked, tilting her head.

Megan sighed and rolled her gorgeous golden eyes. "Broke up with my ex; needed to get away. I came back up a couple months ago, actually. I thought I'd run into you sooner or later. I mean, everybody talks about the alchemist of Northend!"

"Not everybody," Cerine deflected. Her blush spread more across her face.

"Well, not everybody, no," Megan admitted, grinning rows of white teeth. "But I've heard your name once or twice. Always was meaning to catch up." She inhaled deep and brushed her hair back again, making eye contact. "Damn, you've gotten so pretty. All I got was fat."

Cerine eyed the attractive wolfess over the top of her glasses. "Hush, you look amazing. I was always jealous of your curves back in the day. I was a tall stick."

"Well, thank you," Megan replied, bashfully looking away towards the trees. She sat back on the bench and lifted her hoodie just enough that a bit of tummy fat peeked out, and she filled her palms with it, giving it a little jiggle. "Trying to get back in shape. I'm already down about – oh, about one of your boobs' worth, hah! My ex wanted to eat out all the time and I got huge. I realized I was just settling and letting myself blow up like a balloon and I didn't want that."

"I'm proud of you," Cerine told her, petting her ear playfully. "I've always thought you were gorgeous."

The wolfess's tail wagged rapidly behind her and she shifted her weight anxiously on her side of the bench. "Yeah... well... so did I. Maybe if I knew more about myself back then I could've saved myself a lot of trouble." She twisted about, folding her legs and resting her muzzle on her palm as she faced Cerine. She laid a paw on the full curve of Cerine's boob and gave it a gentle push. "Okay, seriously, I'm stuck on these. Come on, tease me some more. What's your cup size?"

The fox smirked mischievously and perched her tongue on her muzzle. "You first."

"38H."

"I don't have one."

"Oh, you sneaky fox!" Megan laughed. "Seriously?"

"I am way, *way* too big for that." Cerine leaned back and brushed her paws around the circumference of her bust. "Look at me. They're bigger than my torso."

"That is absolutely the hottest thing I've heard in months." Megan leaned closer, her golden eyes sparkling in delight as she tipped her gaze down along the graceful curve of Cerine's vulpine muzzle and neck. Her eyes settled on the black choker around the fox's neck, adorned with a golden ornament. Curiously, the wolffess reached out and lifted up the ornament for a better look. As she touched it, Cerine felt a shiver of both anxiety and excitement roll down her spine. All it would take was one little ring of the bell and the fox's already tight top would be bursting buttons. Her bra would pinch tight around her body, the overburdened straps sinking into her fur and the soft meat of her shoulders and torso. If she was lucky, her breasts would get so fat and huge that they'd burst loose from the bra first before the thing gave way. Of course, that would leave her bare-chested right here in the middle of the park. Cerine had to control herself not to purr right into Megan's ear. Her fur fluffed up down her back and her tail doubled in size. Megan didn't see any of that; her eyes were focused on the little bell in her paw.

"What's this thing? It's super cute." She leaned her head sideways and gave it a look from another angle. Her eyes sparked with recognition and a big smile crept over her features. "Hold on a second... is this a cowbell?"

"Y-yeah..."

Megan let the cowbell slide out of her fingers and she pulled herself a little closer to Cerine. Her knee pressed against the vixen's thigh and Cerine's left breast was practically sitting on her lap. No one else paid the two women on the bench any mind as they got closer together, with Megan licking her muzzle excitedly as she leaned in. "Cerine," she purred, "do you like being called a cow?"

The vixen's heart raced behind her ribs. The pretty wolffess had her number. She was metaphorically pinning her down and getting ready to go in for the kill. A rumble built up stronger and stronger in Cerine's upper chest, tingling its way up her throat and through her mouth and nose. As Megan let her paw drift down, tapping her index claw against each of the tight, straining buttons on Cerine's shirt, the dam broke.

She purred. It was over.

"I do," Cerine admitted, licking her nose.

"Now, were you into that before or after you got these big, heavy udders, cowgirl?" Megan teased. She slid a couple fingers between two of the buttons on Cerine's shirt, letting her fingertips brush along the lace trim on her bra cups. They teased her fur and stroked sensually along the overflow of flesh stuffed into the tight bra. She used her thumb to pop open the button, letting her paw sink down into the cleavage and grab a full pawful of warm, furry breast.

Cerine huffed and eyed Megan while still keeping an eye on anyone who might look their way. "It's gotten more fun afterwards, for sure..."

"I bet," Megan whispered. "How big they are... and heavy and round." She slid her paw out from between the fox's breasts and reached all the way across her body to grab under and around her right breast. Even with her fingers and thumb completely outstretched, it was a tall order, but she lifted it, giving the massive boob a playful jiggle. Cerine squirmed, putting her paw on top of the wolffess's.

Megan growled seductively and licked the edge of Cerine's ear. "You know what I wanna do? I want to take you back to my place and rip that shirt open. I'll buy you a new one, cowgirl. Promise."

"I'm going to hold you to that," Cerine whispered back, turning and grabbing the wolffess by the collar of her hoodie. She pulled her close and pressed her lips to hers as the fox's big breasts were squished between them. Megan melted into the kiss, squeezing Cerine's thigh and holding the back of

her head. Cerine whipped her tail out from under the bench and wrapped it around the two of them, making the wolfess shiver in delight.

“How many times did I step on this tail?” she asked, giggling, as she ran her fingers through the pink fur.

“Too many,” Cerine answered. “You and everybody else.”

“I wanna make up for it,” the wolfess purred. “Feel it wrap around me, tighter, while I-”

“Hey, get a room.”

Cerine and Megan both looked up and frowned as a pair of younger furs passed by them on the park path, snickering at each other. Megan flattened her ears and growled, but the vixen rolled her eyes and turned her attention back to her old friend.

“Well? Your place?”

It was hard to say which bounced more: the mattress or the fox who landed on it. Cerine stretched out on her back, feeling her massive breasts slosh up and down. They stayed in her bra purely because of the tight shirt clinging to them. Cerine tipped her muzzle high to avoid getting bonked in the jaw with her own chest and then propped herself up on her elbows, looking over her ample bust at the wolfess at the end of the bed. She folded her bare legs slightly as she watched Megan get ready. Her pants hadn't even made it into the bedroom. They'd fallen behind somewhere just inside the front door. The wolfess had her by the paws and dragged her towards the bed.

They didn't bother with the overhead lights. It was still midday, and the sun was shining in through the apartment window. Megan's place was small and only had a few furnishings so far, but Cerine's attention was on the cute, black-and-gray wolfess as she grabbed her hoodie and peeled it off. Her purple-tipped hair fell back onto her shoulders and she blushed as she felt the vixen's eyes on her. She had a purple sports bra on underneath, fitting a bit loose around her from where she'd lost weight. A plump stomach curved just above the waistband of her running shorts, and a pair of little love handles jiggled delicately at her sides.

“No comments,” the attractive wolfess warned, holding up one finger as she fixed her half-messy hair with a paw.

“About what?”

“My weight.”

Cerine raised an eyebrow. “I was going to comment on how great you look, but alright, if you don't want me to...”

“I- mmph.” Megan licked her muzzle and inhaled as she tapped her toes on the floor. “You're making me feel good about myself and it's *very* challenging.” A playful spark twinkled in her eyes and she held her paws out in front of her, pointing at the vixen. “So what I'm gonna do is I'm gonna climb up there, rip that shirt open, and we're gonna talk about you instead, okay?”

“Whatever you want, gorgeous.”

“God, you're asking for it.”

“You noticed!”

Megan kicked her shorts off and launched herself onto the bed, landing with her muzzle on top of the fox's huge bust. Cerine laid back and ran her paws through the wolfess's thick hair before grabbing her shoulders and pulling her closer for another kiss. Megan's paws grabbed Cerine around the chest and her fingertips dimpled the fabric of her shirt as their muzzles pressed together. Black and violet hair fell to mingle with white on the bedsheet. Cerine's purring mingled with the rhythmic whoosh-whoosh-whoosh of Megan's tail wagging rapidly. The wolfess slid out of the kiss and reached up to take Cerine's glasses off.

“We should've done this years ago,” she whispered, grinning.

“It would've been awkward and terrible.”

“Hey, I make no promises *now*.” The wolfess sat up, licking her muzzle as she let her claws run

down the fabric of the fox's shirt. The one button she popped open earlier was still open, leaving a little window into the deep, warm, inviting cleavage hiding beneath a millimeter of cotton. Megan massaged her paws up and down, enticingly slowly, the fox's big bust, getting herself excited for the big reveal. "Okay, like, actually having my paws on them... is just unreal. Holy shit, you are so big."

"What happened to 'take you home and rip that shirt off?'" Cerine teased, biting her lip and placing her paws on Megan's hips. She teased the wolfess's plump waistline with her thumbs.

"I'm getting there." The wolf wriggled her hips under Cerine's paws, which only encouraged the fox to slide her fingers around more and squeeze her rump. "My heart's up under my tongue. This is like, crazy dream territory. I'm lightheaded. I feel like I'm gonna rip this open to find a couple big water balloons with--"

"Megan, focus."

"Okay, moo-cow, okay!" The wolfess leaned down and licked the vixen's exposed cleavage, brushing her nose playfully against her breast fur as she made eye contact with the fox. Cerine nodded eagerly, squeezing her bust with her forearms and making the buttons strain. Megan perched her tongue on her muzzle and grabbed the hem of Cerine's shirt with her fingers. And pulled.

Buttons ripped off the top as it tore open, and the pair of massive, plump, furry pillows underneath bounced up and down on Cerine's chest as they came half-free. Megan's nose and around her eyes went white, and her gold eyes went as wide as plates. Cerine winked at her and squeezed her bust tighter, pushing her cleavage up to her muzzle so she could kiss it. Slowly, the wolfess gained the wherewithal to sink her paws into the soft meat and squeeze, fondling the massive cow-fox. Cerine could swear she could hear the wolfess's heart beating all the way over here. Megan ran her fingers through the fur, whining under her breath.

"You're an actual cow, holy shit," the wolfess said. "I can't get my head around it." She ran her fingers along the edges of Cerine's bra, making the vixen inhale sharply and purr louder. Megan looked up at her and grinned. "You don't moo, do you?"

Cerine reached up with one paw and cupped Megan's muzzle and chin. "Cows moo when they get milked."

"Okay, yeah, I wanna do that."

Megan hooked a fingertip into the cup of Cerine's bra and gave it a tug. Grinning, Cerine placed a paw on the wolfess's chest and made her sit back. The wolfess obliged, holding the vixen's paw and pulling her upright as she sat back on her own butt. Cerine then shrugged her shirt off and tossed it to the floor before reaching behind her back and unhooking her bra. It dropped by a couple inches once the clasps popped open, and she slid the straps down her arms, letting her massive, full breasts lay on top of her thighs. While the wolfess watched, jaw hanging open, the topless vixen got on her paws and knees, boobs resting on the mattress underneath her like a pair of heavy weights. She tossed her hair to one side and smiled, offering the wolfess a wink.

"You've done this before," Megan whined.

Cerine shrugged playfully, making her breasts bounce underneath her. "I've been a cow for a while now." She took a couple awkward, crawling strides across the mattress to the wolfess, getting nose to nose with her again. "I know something you don't."

Megan sat back on her paws, shivering slightly as the big-titted vixen got closer to her, dragging her weighty breasts up onto the wolfess's legs. Cerine slowly guided the wolfess down onto her back, her hair hanging down over the edge of the mattress.

"What's that?" the wolfess asked, desperate to hear the answer.

Cerine shifted her weight onto her right paw, using her left to cup underneath and lift up her fat breast. Her huge nipple was bulging and erect between her middle and ring fingers, and pink milk dribbled down her fur and her paw. "I already started lactating."

"I'm gonna die," Megan wheezed, grabbing Cerine's breast. "Just smother me now."

"Maybe after lunch," Cerine purred, laying on her side and pushing a breast up for Megan to

grab. The wolfess lunged for it, pressing her lips around the nipple. She opened her mouth and was rewarded with even more warm, pink skin around the fox's nip. Her whole face was practically smothered in breast at this point. The wolfess flailed with a paw until she found a soft bun to grab, tugging Cerine close into an intimate embrace, locking her legs around one of the fox's. Cerine gingerly teased the wolfess's ear and ran her claws through her hair, over and over.

The gesture was hypnotic and pleasant, and the wolfess felt her anxious brain simply... shut off. It was like night and day. One moment, her heart was pounding and her brain was buzzing with a billion thoughts a second, unable to focus on any one of them. The next, the whole universe collapsed in on itself to just a little bed in a tiny apartment, the smell of strawberry in her nose from the fur tickling her muzzle, and the feel of warm comfort all over her body. Cerine brushed her ear. Her muscles went slack. Worries about money and relationships and her little pot belly just went away. She closed her eyes and very gently pressed down on Cerine's teat with her muzzle.

Milk dripped from the fox's plump nipple onto her tongue. It was sweet. And strawberry. She tightened her grip on the fox in her bed, sinking claws into the meat of her rump and squeezing the other tit above her head. Megan sucked, and she was rewarded with a stream of milk for it. She felt Cerine tense in her paws and heard that gigantic tail *slap* the mattress. More ear brushes. Good girl. Very good girl. She whined and started suckling more, drinking milk right from the tap. She had a big cow in her arms and she wasn't going to let go.

Megan kept suckling, listening to the rhythmic purr just on the other side of the massive breast in her grip. She massaged her thumb and finger around Cerine's other nipple, feeling milk roll in heavy streams down her forearm to drip from her elbow. The fox was lactating so much now. She had to gulp to keep up as she suckled on her, pressing her muzzle tighter against the big breast to get a better seal.

Then she heard it. It started as a deep rumble in the vixen's chest, but as Cerine lolled her head back and closed her eyes, her lips parted, and she lowed a long, pleasant moo. Megan kept drinking, waiting for the fox's breast to dry up so she could switch to the other. It didn't. She kept waiting, feeling her stomach fill with sloshing milk. She gulped down two whole quarts, and some part of her brain was starting to understand the kind of weight Cerine was carrying in her bra.

Megan couldn't handle any more and let her lips go slack, dragging her claws down Cerine's thigh and gripping it as she tipped onto her back again. Cerine looked down at her over her full cleavage and sat up, stretching her arms and back and pressing her still-lactating chest out. As Megan watched, milk rolled down the fox's breast fur and onto her thighs. She was still happily hypnotized, her eyes focused on the jiggle and bounce of those big udders.

"You made me moo," Cerine teased, running her claw over the curvy wolfess's own soft cleavage. Spreading her fingers out, she cupped them around Megan's breast and squeezed with a delicate touch.

Megan shivered, feeling her stuffed stomach strain against her skin. God, that was so much milk. "I think I ascended..."

The cow-fox winked and climbed over the wolfess again, her dangling chest completely burying Megan's torso. Cerine leaned down and kissed her before tilting her head so that her golden cowbell ornament was right in view.

"You haven't seen anything yet..."

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