

Those were supposed to be some of the best springs in the country, at least judging from the price tag attached to them. Starry had been saving up for months just to be able to afford a single day there (the mere thought of renting a room for an overnight stay was enough to leave her close to a nervous collapse), and quite honestly, she had to admit that first impressions absolutely lived up to expectations: from the lavishly decorated front lobby to the pleasant background music following her wherever she went, even the individual changing rooms lined up along the outer wall, not only providing a quick and private access path to the springs themselves, but a secluded space to retreat to should she want to make use of it. No wonder the place had waiting lists stretching weeks to months in some cases; just *being* there made Starry feel like she'd jumped a couple of social strata by sheer contact, to the point where she wouldn't be surprised if she was assigned her own personal butler. No such luck in that department though; personal assistants were only for the highest-paying customers, not the one-day visitors like herself, though she did still have unrestricted access to the entirety of the hot springs themselves! With the dress code being lax enough that she could afford to go entirely nude, even in the presence of others, getting ready was really just a case of locking the door to her changing room behind her, taking her clothes off, then stepping out with a simple towel wrapped around herself; once the vixen found a mostly empty section of one of the larger pools, she disrobed herself, piled the towel neatly on the ground next to her, and then sunk. To call it divine would have been an understatement, hence why Starry decided to go with the next best thing and just say nothing at all; her throat was far too out of control for her to trust it with sound, the vixen being well aware that if she were to try and say anything, it would come out as a moan regardless of what it was, and while the establishment was mostly progressive when it came to public nudity, they weren't exactly advertising themselves as a place to get off in front of everyone else. Plus, it might leave the rest of the paying customers a bit too rowdy for her own taste, given her usual effect on people, so best try and keep things to herself... at least, while she could still control herself. After so long without a proper vacation, finally being able to unwind, especially somewhere that she spent so long hyping up only to have her expectations blown out of the water (and almost literally, at that), left the vixen in a *dangerous* state where her ability to keep her instincts under control was seriously affected, to the point where the only thing she *could* do was keep herself from moaning *aloud* whenever the pleasure waves hit; in between the warmth of the water around her, the way it seemed to make every ache she didn't know she had *vanish* into the aether, and the gentle, almost imperceptible birdsong all around her, it was hard not to let her physicality get the best of her. There were plenty of other people there, mostly split between the smaller pools, and even though she'd picked an emptier side of the one she was in, there was undeniably a large amount of customers making good use of the facilities; yet, somehow, against all odds, not a single peep came out of them, though Starry could only guess that, much like herself, they were slowly melting away into a puddle of mindless self-content, though she doubted whether her fellow customers were left muffling the noises coming out of their throats. Honestly, it was all she could do to stop herself from doing anything more noticeable, and if anyone bothered to complain about it, then the staff would just have to put some duct tape over her mouth, because

the experience was *too good* for her not to externalize what she was feeling. Granted, this wasn't anywhere near the main problem there, though Starry had more than enough experience in ignoring *that* aspect of her anatomy that she didn't even bother thinking about it; the growth was inevitable, after all, so why even waste time considering it? If anything, the fact that her brain registered a slight tingling on the six nubs lining her torso was nothing if not perfectly regular; it just so happened that, most of the time, arousal of that kind had to come from somewhere other than an outdoor spring. It was, ultimately, more evidence that she should relax and enjoy herself, even if the water around her was about to be slightly tinged with her cream. Hopefully, no one would notice; the last time she had a public spill like that, a few unfortunates drank some tainted coffee and ended up having to be carted away for size reduction procedures, so as long as no one decided to take a drink from the pool, then she *should* be fine. Nevermind the fact that there was steam billowing up from the waters, nevermind how absorption through pores was still possible; Starry was there to *relax*, and if that meant ignoring the six streams of milk already pouring from her engorging nips, then that was exactly what she was going to do. It would've been easier if her own tits weren't already beginning to bloat, but again, Starry was a *master* at completely ignoring things if they got in the way of her personal rest and relaxation, so much so that, though her brain absolutely *did* know that the vixen's three sets of udders were starting to fill up so much that they were growing beyond their flat state, the vixen herself remained blissfully unaware of it on a conscious level; all she cared about was remaining as she was, slightly afloat, two arms by her sides hanging onto the ground just above her, head thrown back and body weightless in the water. There, in that state, she could forget about everything, forget about the world really, and let herself slowly dip into a state of blissful semi-consciousness. If only the rest of the clientele were so lucky though; the first ones to notice something strange was taking place were the ones closest to Starry, whose mere proximity to the vixen had already primed their bodies to start growing in preparation for the actual delivery itself. It was a(n) (un)fortunate side effect of her being the way she was, that her mere presence was often enough to induce either low-level growth, or at least make people more susceptible to expansive episodes whenever they *did* happen; as soon as her milk began to make contact, however, that's when everything went off the rails... just very slowly. Explosive growth bursts were the exclusive purview of either the vixen herself, or whoever she happened to feed directly; proximity exposure was more often than not "merely" enough to induce slow size gain, though the lack of any cap did lead to some incredibly awkward situations in the past. For those closest to Starry in the pool, what this meant was suddenly feeling heavier than before, some of them even sinking slightly as their body mass increased too quickly for them to maintain buoyancy. Many of them chose the same path the vixen did, of happily ignoring what was happening to them in the hopes that it was all just a dream or a trick of the senses; unfortunately for them, they weren't nearly as good at self-deception as Starry was, and even the most dedicated of them would eventually have to admit that their cocks growing longer than their legs or their tits burgeoning outwards until they covered most of their torsos was something that was *happening*... and something they had to resolve in some manner. The changes never came without an accompanying boost to the libido,

after all; what would be the point of enhanced assets if it didn't come packaged with an intense, almost animalistic need to make good use of it? To that day, Starry had no clue whether it was a result of the growth itself or an entirely different aphrodisiac-like effect her milk had, but she wasn't about to check either; in fact, as far as the vixen cared, nothing strange was happening at all: she was still just floating there, her own breasts hadn't grown so much that each one was the size of a large cantaloupe, and the people around her definitely hadn't begun to swell far in excess to what they usually would. She was certainly not leaking gallons of milk without even realizing it, and when the first person finally left the pool, the feline's hands barely able to contain themselves as she tried *not* to play with their knee-length, triple-torso-wide mammaries in public, Starry wasn't even aware of it; she had her eyes closed, after all, so how could she see anything? With her body not being nearly as heavy as anyone else's, and her breast size being mostly down to how stuffed with milk her busts were, it was easy enough for her tits to float along with her, leaving Starry without an adequate point of reference for just how large she actually was; everyone else though, they didn't have that luxury, not when they were blessed with raw *mass* and nothing else. Even the poor cat, the first one to think to leave before things got too out of hand, eventually just collapsed onto herself once her singular pair of breasts grew too big for her to carry around; she was quickly followed by her boyfriend, who, quite fortuitously, just happened to be blessed with the right amount of size to put that enormous pair of udders to good use, even if he had to drag himself around to the front of the cat's body in order to do so. A handful of other folk had begun to vacate the premises as well, either because the milk cloud emanating from Starry had reached them, seeping into their forms and causing them to grow in some *very* specific spots, or the fumes coming from the surface of the water had led to those selfsame changes, the whole pool having become deeply contaminated by Starry's transformative cream. Yet, amidst the rising cacophony of moans, groans and occasional grumbles, the vixen herself remained as placid and content as always, happy to pretend that everything was just as fine as it always had been; there was, on occasion, a small peek though, when Starry would slowly open one of her eyes without even recognizing that she was doing such a thing. It was her unconscious self's way of trying to keep track of the situation, even if each time it did such a thing, the results were vastly different; unbeknownst to the vixen, the amount of people affected by her breast milk's effects had grown to encompass pretty much everyone she shared a pool with, with the surface of the water having grown dangerously white and murky for several feet around her. Not only that, but her own body had reached a state of near equilibrium, where the extra size she received as a result of her productivity had led to her breasts growing just enough for the buds capping them to be able to handle the output; thus, all of what she made was let out, keeping her firmly stuck at the same size, though a respectable one regardless. Not that Starry was aware of it, of course; as far as the vixen cared, she was still surrounded by silent customers all happily enjoying their time in the springs, rather than floating in a pool of her milk, with tits each bigger than her head, alone after having forced everyone out... though a handful had stuck around, mostly as a result of their bodies growing too quickly for them to get too far away before becoming immobilized. Curiously, standing apart from either

group was the only person still sitting in the pool alongside Starry, someone who the vixen herself hadn't actually noticed yet; in between the self-imposed haze keeping her from seeing anything other than what she *wanted* to see, not to mention that *actual* haze produced from the steam billowing up from the milk-tainted waters, it was surprisingly easy for Starry to vanish into her own little world, blissfully unaware of anything else that was happening. With her milk weight tricking her brain into not realizing just how huge she herself was getting, but certainly providing plenty of reasons for said brain to produce a veritable storm of serotonin, it was up to random chance for whether or not the vixen would even notice that she wasn't alone in there... well, that, or any of the myriad of noises coming from around her, all the moaning and begging for some truly unspeakable things coming from those who she had affected; eventually, one of those would be loud enough to get the root cause of it all to open their eyes, if only to try and see who was making all that racket. It just so happened, however, that Starry was *intent* on not paying attention to any of it, deluding herself into thinking that things were fine, and all the wet slapping she was hearing were just people leaving the pool to head back to their changing rooms for whatever reason. It took a splash of something that definitely wasn't water landing next to her for the vix to open her eyes, if only because some part of her brain recognized that anyone else's milk joining in with hers was nothing short of heretical; granted, Starry herself couldn't really care less, but it was enough for her to wake up fully... and promptly notice the young 'yote staring at her from across the other side of the pool. He was still in there, still sitting down, but given the odd position he was in, the poor thing had clearly tried and failed to stand up; the reason why was apparent, given the thick, girthy shaft poking out from the top of the water, as well as two oddly-shaped shadows just beneath the surface. One could only imagine what those might be, though Starry herself, after looking around and confirming that the pool itself was empty (if not for its surroundings, but still), figured she didn't *need* to imagine; she could just get up and wade her way over to that handsome young gentleman, ask him what was wrong, and make sure he needed help, help of the sort that only she could provide. It wasn't as if anywhere was there anyway (not *in* the pool, at least), so who was going to complain about two vulpines doing what they did best? As long as two consenting adults decided to snuggle up in a warm spring, one could hardly blame them; and if her potential boytoy said no, then at least she *tried*, and wouldn't have to spend the next few months wondering what it would've been like had she not chickened out at the last moment. So she got up, and nearly instantly came to regret it once the sweet embrace of the waters below was gone, and her full weight became apparent the moment she heaved herself onto a standing position; it was enough to nearly cause her to stumble back down, with the vixen narrowly avoiding tipping *over* thanks to the weight of her bust that she had, up until then, simply not noticed. The illusion broken, the veil was lifted from her eyes, and suddenly it was as if the world around her had once again begun to exist: from the sounds of those affected by her lactation, to the *scent* of milk filling the air as it slowly evaporated along with the water it tainted, and even the *weight* of her own body as it was no longer supported by liquid, Starry felt like she'd just woken up from a dream... and, somehow, emerged into an even better one. 'Twas a rapid realization, that she was already in for a penny, so

she might as well be in for a pound; with the sort of changes wrought to the clientele all around her, there was no doubt in the vixen's mind that she was *not* going to be allowed in that spa ever again, and if that was the case, then why even bother pretending like she wanted to hold back? She barely ever had the willpower to deny herself even *when* she had something to lose, so really, with such a cute fox in front of her, and three sets of surprisingly heavy tits to delight him with (not to mention make good use of a proportionately-sized shaft), there was only one thing she *could* do. Without uttering a single word, Starry thus walked forward, making sure to take as long as possible while forcing her way through the thick and thickening water down below; she could tell its density wasn't anywhere near where it should be, and given that all of her breasts were still leaking profusely, this was sure to change even more the longer she stayed within the pool. The fox himself, meanwhile, did very little beyond sit there in his awkward half-standing pose, staring intently at the vixen silently approaching him, perhaps wondering what it would be like if he didn't try and run away; perhaps, if he just stayed there, then he'd be rewarded in the only way he feasibly could be given the circumstances, which was enough for his muscles to lock up and keep him from going anywhere. While his fight-or-flight response certainly triggered, the male fox's body refused to do anything, keeping him firmly in place as Starry approached him; it didn't help that the vixen was openly licking her lips with an expression that denoted about as much thirst as it did raw desire, but he chose to interpret that as positively as he possibly could... which, given the circumstances, wasn't exactly that hard.

"So," Starry finally spoke up, right when she stopped so close to her chosen target that the guy could easily reach out and touch her, "mind telling me your name, since you're so excited to see me?"

It took the coyote a few seconds to understand what was being said, though the sudden intrusion of something new upon his field of vision certainly cleared that much up. His cheeks lit up once he noticed just *what* that shadow was, when he looked down and focused on it to reveal that it was, indeed, his dick; far larger than it had ever been, previously resting on a pair of similarly-oversized nuts and now standing proud, it stood between himself and the vixen, as if letting her know that yes, the 'yote *was* happy to see her, and yes, he would *love* to put that thing to good use, nevermind the fact that they didn't even know one another's names. Then again...

"H-Hook," he managed to stammer out, having to swallow a few times before succeeding, "name's Hook, a-a-and uh... y-you are?"

"Starry," the vixen replied, almost immediately letting her body fall back into the pool, creating a large splash of milk-infused water that not only covered Hook's eyes for long enough that he didn't see what happened afterwards, but just so happened to coat enough of his cock that it underwent yet another growth spurt as a result. The vixen, meanwhile, could only smile; she figured that, with introductions out of the way, she could get down to what the two were meant to be doing, and as soon as she allowed herself to collapse and kneel in front of a package far larger than any she'd serviced in months, Starry could *not* be happier with herself.

Sure, she'd most likely need to pay for damages and would be banned from the establishment for life, but that hardly seemed to matter when the most important thing in the world at that

moment was right there in front of her: a pair of nuts bigger than her torso, most likely the reason why this Hook fellow hadn't been able to get up and leave, and a cock large enough that she quite literally couldn't take it all without impaling herself on it at an odd angle... and really, could she ask for anything better than that? Could she ask for a better end to her day than to find a cute little canid around her age who so clearly needed help with a pair of balls too full for them to move properly? Hell, did it even matter that this was *her* fault, not his, and he wouldn't be in that mess if not for her? Of course it didn't, how silly of a question; the only thing that *truly* mattered was that the two of them were there *now*, alone in a pool with no one to stop them, with the vixen half-submerged in waters contaminated by her growth-inducing cream, and her lover *du jour* sitting in front of her, clearly wanting to do *something* with his hands, yet too terrified to try anything. It was probably the public aspect of it, and Starry couldn't really blame him for that; not just everyone had the ability to get down and dirty in full view of everyone, but really, with everyone *else* at the springs having so eagerly thrown themselves into their own debauchery, it almost felt criminal for the two of them not to do so as well, especially given that Starry was responsible for the whole thing to begin with! No, best if she threw her all into it, best if she took that girthy rod into both hands and pulled it closer and closer to her, inching it towards her mouth while keeping one eye on Hook's reaction; if, at any point, the young man did anything to try and stop her, she'd have no recourse but to do so... but he didn't; he certainly flinched and winced and did a great number of things which seemed to indicate he was unaccustomed to being serviced in such a manner, but never did he indicate he wanted her to stop. If anything, after a point, he even found enough courage to place a hand on top of Starry's head, shaky though it may be, presumably because he might've seen something like that in a porn flick once; she found it adorable, and though the vixen was more or less certain she'd be the one determining the pace at which things progressed, she didn't deny him that one pleasure. Even when she felt him try to exert some minimal pressure she let him keep it there, even going so far as to try and time her opening her mouth and taking that beast of a cock into her so that it matched what Hook was doing; perhaps this way he'd grow bold enough to become a little more proactive about it. Sadly, all it really took was for the vixen's lips to close around the tip of his cock for the fox to completely lose it: his muscles went limp at about the same time as he released a prolonged, almost comical sigh, and given the *gurgling* that could be heard from underneath, it was a wonder he didn't just cum right there and then. Starry could feel those things as well, kneeling as she was on the bottom of the pool, pushing against her legs: horrendously taut, clearly stuffed, and *desperate* for someone to empty them out, even if said someone was the one responsible for them being that way in the first place. It was, in fact, Starry's *duty* to drain those cum-stuffed orbs, as no one else had the skills required to do so... or, at least, she chose to believe they didn't. Only her, only the vixen whose milk alone could cause such pandemonium, had the abilities required to keep taking that shaft deeper and deeper into her mouth, down her throat, until she could *feel* its weight stuffing her windpipe and making it almost impossible to breathe. It was that moment that she lived for, the search for the edge: how far could she go until she could go no longer? How deep could she take that dick until her body physically recoiled at

the touch, begging to be set free from the colossal blockage it was being saddled with? She certainly didn't know, and if that was the case, the only way to find out was by *doing*, by throwing herself into it and not coming back out until she found an answer... which, to be fair, didn't exactly take that long. It was unsurprising, considering Hook's cock had grown to be about as long as Starry's torso and about half as wide; that she only managed a third before having to back away was nothing if not expectable, though the vixen being what she was, it didn't take long before she was going down again, drawing yet another moan-sigh out of the coyote as his entire body spasmed from the electrical jolts it was being wracked by. It was a competition, one that she ran with herself; far as Starry cared, the whole point of her going down to begin with was to help the poor lad get some relief, and absolutely not because she felt horny as all hell and needed someone to help her vent that. Certainly couldn't be because she found her new breast size to be so alluring that her body, now that it had *felt* the weight properly, decided to give her more of it; the fact that her already-prodigious tits had begun to grow and fill again, expelling even *more* milk in the process somehow, was entirely secondary to what she had determined to be her *real* goal, that of helping Hook achieve climax so he could walk again. To that end, the means were very simple: her two hands, her mouth, and the use of whatever muscles she could spare to move her whole body in order to work Hook's shaft in a way that brought him a mind-breaking level of pleasure. She wasn't even thinking about how the guy wasn't even doing anything; to a certain extent, Starry couldn't blame him, especially if he was as much of a newcomer to hyper sizes as everyone else around the two were. *She* was used to having three pairs of hyperactive tits that regularly grew to sizes that far exceeded what should be possible, but others weren't so lucky; clearly, judging by the way Hook was acting, his "real" size was significantly smaller, leaving him thoroughly unprepared for the sort of energetic servicing that Starry was so eagerly providing. At least, his real size as it used to be; much as he'd be drained of much of his stuffing, the fact of the matter was that he'd been affected by the vixen's milk, and there was just no turning back from that. Starry herself wasn't going to tell them that, of course, as not only would it probably lead to the poor guy panicking too much to have some much-deserved fun, but it would get in the way of her eagerly preparing Hook's cock for its release. Her body was already preparing for it, in fact, at least in terms of size: though her own milk did very little, if anything, to make her grow, Starry *did* still make plenty of it, and even with gallons of the stuff venting from each of her six udders, the vast majority was still kept inside, forcing her tits to bloat... and pushing the vixen upwards, out of the water itself. If her busts had been large enough to nearly tip her over once she stood up a few seconds prior, all it took were a few seconds more of having that immense shaft stuck down her throat for her to *stay* tipped over; much as she'd like to be able to walk, her body clearly had different plans, as it had forced her breasts to swell to such a size that it was doubtful whether she could stand back up, even *with* water buoyancy to help her. With each one being the size of a yoga ball already and *still* growing with every passing moment, all Starry could really do was let herself go limp and focus entirely on getting a climax out of Hook, hoping perhaps that, in doing so, she'd give her own body the right signals to stop growing and let her have some rest already.

Alas, it would seem that with extra size came extra stamina, even if Hook himself was clearly not ready for it. He *wanted* to cum, it was visible on every strained line that adorned his face, but his body too seemed unwilling to obey its master; in fact, the more Starry sucked him off, the thicker the shaft became, the girthier and denser it felt... and the bigger the fox's two nuts became as they continuously filled with seed. Nary a drop was released, and it was only after realizing this that Starry came to understand what sort of monster she had inadvertently created: whenever the fox *did* blow his load, whatever came out would leave her bloated beyond anything she'd ever experienced, and given her tits had already pushed her up from the water and grown fat enough that she couldn't even reach the stone ground down below even if she tried, that was *saying something*.

That said, she could've stopped at any point. Could've simply licked her lips and declared herself done with the "foreplay", then demand that Hook turn around and do something for *her* instead. But where was the fun in that? The two of them had clearly only *begun* to grow, and whatever lay at the end was obviously going to be *big* even for her standards.

So why not enjoy herself while it lasted? It wasn't as if those nuts would empty themselves.