

Dragon Milk

by Cerine Hero

The waiter set down the plates of food in front of each of the girls. It was some of their favorites: Cerine had a steakhouse burger with mouth-watering seasoned fries and Zaress ordered a lemon pepper trout. They'd been waiting a little while on their food so they dug in. Cerine finally relaxed a little bit. She wanted to ask Zaress something personal for weeks, but she couldn't quite figure out how or when. The slender fox's belly got twisted up in butterfly-filled knots when she thought about trying. That was why she'd invited the big drake out to dinner, so she could get face-to-face and finally choke out what was on her heart. She watched the muscular woman eat for a minute and then knit her fingers together in her lap.

"So, um... can I ask you something?" Here we go, she thought. She was teetering right on the edge of the waterfall; time to jump over. Zaress looked up from her meal and shook her hair back. She raised her eyebrows to gesture for Cerine to continue. The vixen could feel sweat forming underneath the muzzle pads of her glasses. "Your boobs are huge."

Zaress stopped in mid-bite with her fork in her mouth. Slowly, she removed it and sat up straight, swallowing. "That wasn't a question," she replied.

"I know, dammit, I got nervous and said it wrong. But, like... are you? I've honestly been noticing for a while, I just didn't really know how to ask."

The drake smoothed down her shirt, which only emphasized her hearty bustline. Her white t-shirt was stretched a bit around her chest, leading to a faint tint of color from her green and black sports bra. It wasn't unusual for the drake's clothes to be snug, though; the bodybuilder's short, black sleeves were stretched around her shoulders and biceps.

Zaress looked down past her draconic snout at her bust. She rocked her head back and forth a little bit and then said, "Yeah, probably."

"You're not sure? Uh, it's kinda clear to me over here."

"I wasn't sure if you meant recently or in general."

Cerine rest her muzzle on her palm as she leaned forward onto the table. With her other paw, she jabbed two fingers towards Zaress's chest. "You're *always* huge 'in general.' But those bonkers are *big*. Like, you got bigger a couple weeks ago, I swear."

"Oh, right," the drake replied. "Yeah, that's about the right time." She ate some more of her fish and then nonchalantly added, "Getting milked is making them a little bigger."

The vixen's jaw dropped and her paw flopped onto the table. Something about that thought made a shiver of pleasure roll up her spine and set off sparks in her brain. Suddenly she became conscious of her own breasts, and she inhaled deeply. The neckline of her shirt brushed against the top of her boobs and made her swallow hard. "You're getting what?"

"Bigger." Zaress adjusted her weight on her seat and her heavy bosom bounced a little despite the tight clothing. "It, like... encourages hormones so they grow. It's just a thing."

"Not... that."

"Well, that's a thing, too. Doesn't take much to get them going, even just a little bit of play."

Cerine looked around to make sure people weren't listening in on this conversation. There were a couple guys at the table near their booth who had gotten really quiet and suspiciously focused on eating their food. The vixen plunged her face into her paws to try to hide her blush.

"I did not see this conversation going this direction," she muttered, staring at the top of her burger bun.

Zaress shrugged and kept eating, finishing off her fish filet. "Oh, hey, speaking of which – you haven't met Chai, have you?"

Cerine looked up from her paws. "Your roommate? No, I haven't. Why is that 'speaking of which'?"

The drake settled back in her seat and crossed her arms over her stomach. A wry smile twisted her snout and her fangs peeked out mischievously, like she knew something Cerine didn't. "Oh, just... I think you'll be interested in meeting her, if you like. You've got a lot in common." She looked at the burger in front of the fox. "Are you going to eat that?"

Cerine pushed the burger over towards Zaress, wiggling her nose. "Um, yeah, I'd love to meet her if she wants. Where at?"

"You've got my address, right?" The drake took a huge bite out of the burger. "Whoa, this is good. Anyways – come over tomorrow and I'll introduce you."

The pink vixen sat back in her seat, her head spinning wildly. What just happened? Her chest still felt tight with anxiety – no, not that: with excitement. She just really wished she knew why.

Cerine reached up and knocked on the door. She'd already texted Zaress and told her that she was getting off the bus, but she was letting them know she was at the door. The vixen waited for a minute, fussing over her clothes and her hair and trying to look like she didn't just jog through ninety degree heat.

The door clattered as someone unfastened the lock, and then it swung open to reveal Zaress. The muscular dragoness was standing in house pants and a light tank top stretched around her bigger bust. She had no bra on, which Cerine noted immediately, since they were right in front of her face. Faint off-white stains discolored Zaress's top right around where her nipples were distending the fabric. The vixen felt like she stared for an hour before ripping her eyes away, but it was barely a heartbeat's length. Still, the drake rolled her eyes and grinned. She'd never been shy.

"You dressed up for me," Cerine told her, putting her paws on her hips and raising an eyebrow. "I'm glad I gave you so much notice."

Zaress shook her head. "Come on." Cerine thought she'd be invited inside, but the drake stepped towards her, wrapped her arms underneath the vixen's hips, and hauled her up across her shoulders.

"Waaghph! Hey!"

"If you're gonna be like that, then you're getting carried," Zaress teased, hefting the slender pink fox on her shoulder like she was nothing more than a bundle of towels. She walked into the apartment and kicked the door shut, still carrying Cerine. "Chai! I got her!"

There was a voice in the other room. "Alright! Give me a minute to get up!"

Cerine didn't think anything about that statement; she was too focused on maintaining a firm grip on the drake's bicep for fear of falling off. Zaress smacked the vixen's rump and then spun her around, sliding her into her arms and setting her feet on the floor. The room whirled around in the fox's vision for a moment before finally settling. When it did, she saw a cat standing in the far doorway, smiling in her direction.

"Cerine! It's great to finally meet you!" she said, walking over and wrapping her arms around the vixen in a firm hug.

The fox was too stunned to move. As soon as she laid eyes on Chai, her breath caught in her chest and she almost gasped out loud. The cat was very pretty, with golden hair swept to the side and parted around her ear. Her body fur was tan and cream-colored, but a short, minty-hued tail swept back and forth behind her. And she had adorable, curling markings at the corners of her eyes. But those weren't what really caught Cerine's attention.

Cerine thought of herself as moderately buxom; not exactly average, but neither did she see her breasts as "big." Being around Zaress probably helped color that perception: The drake was big by any definition. And that didn't include her sudden boost in bustline in the past couple weeks!

In comparison to the both of them, Chai's breasts were *huge*. The cat wore an emerald-green scarf around her neck that draped down over her chest, covering her torso only academically. It really just fell into the cat's deep cleavage. Puffy pink nipples peeked out underneath the scarf's tasseled

fringe, and her underboob bounced entrancingly with every step. As she hugged the vixen, her firm breasts squished against Cerine's ribs and stomach. Cerine eventually gathered up the presence of mind to hug back.

“Wow, you smell like strawberry!” Chai noted, lifting up the vixen's forearm to sniff. “Is that perfume or shampoo? You've gotta tell me the brand!”

“Um, it's just 'me' brand,” Cerine replied, her pink and white cheeks flushing red. “I do have some strawberry fur gloss, but it gets to be way too strong, so I stopped using it.”

Behind her, Zaress snickered. “I'll say.”

“Hey, I tried to give it to you.”

The drake curled her tail in to lift up the end of it. A brown-furred poof swished at the tip. “What? For this?”

Chai giggled. “Who wouldn't want a sweet-smelling tail-bob?”

Zaress shook her hands in the air and walked around the two of them, heading into the kitchen to search for something to eat for breakfast. Cerine and Chai stood at elbow's length, which was still not quite enough room for the cat's chest.

“It's good to meet you, too, Chai,” the vixen said, blushing. “I heard a lot about you through Zaress. We were talking at lunch yesterday, about... uh, well, we were talking and she invited me to come over and meet you, because...” Wait... why was she here?

“She told me.” Chai pat the top of her chest and gave Cerine a wry grin. “You were talking about boobies.”

Cerine's nose and the skin around her eyes turned ashen as the color drained from her face.

“Ah! No! I mean... yes, we were talking about... *hers!* Her boobies. Not yours. They're huge. Shit. Her boobies, again, not- Okay, yes, you're huge, too, which I was not expecting. You're, like, bigger than huge, and I just... cannot even think right now.” Cerine put a paw over her heart, feeling it run race laps in her chest. “Um, Zare, could you just come over here and break me in half, please? I wanna die.”

Chai covered her mouth and laughed hysterically, propping herself up with one arm on the back of the couch. “That is way too funny.” She reached out and took Cerine's paw, pulling it off her chest and sweetly massaging her black-furred knuckles. “Calm down. Zaress told me that you noticed her boobies had gotten bigger, and you were interested in talking about it. And I'm why! Yep, me. Right here. I'm big boobies patient zero.” She chuckled a bit to herself but Cerine didn't quite understand why.

“You're... milking her?”

“I sure am,” Chai answered, nodding emphatically and making her bare breasts wobble. “Here, let me show you something. I left my phone over... there it is. Let's go sit down.”

Chai led the vixen around to the couch and sat down, her chest bouncing heavily before settling onto her lap and her dark Capri pants. Her breasts *filled* her lap, and the vixen blushed all over again, watching them slosh a bit over the edges of her slender thighs. Cerine sat down beside her, paws crossed on her lap, and watched as the cat retrieved her phone. She began to flick through pictures on it until she found the one she wanted.

“Okay, here. This was about a month ago, so before... all this.”

Cerine leaned in to look. It was a picture of Chai and someone she didn't recognize. She zeroed in immediately on what she was meant to look for - the cat was wearing a low cut top in the picture, so it was plain to see that she'd... blossomed since then. The Chai in the picture had a much more reasonable bust size, not the massive pillows she sported right now!

“A month?” Cerine asked, breathless. “There's no way. You two are trying to pull one on me.”

Chai laughed and twisted her body around, pushing her breasts out towards the vixen. “Don't believe me? Feel. Go ahead, I don't mind. I'm super proud of them, honestly, haha!”

The vixen's face felt like it was on fire. She inhaled deeply and looked down, slowly reaching her paws out and cupping her long fingers and her palms underneath Chai's heavy melons. Her

fingertips ran through the soft breast fur and felt the warmth of her skin. She didn't have a genuine sense of the scale of how big they were until they were totally overflowing her paws, even with her fingers outstretched. Biting her lip, Cerine lifted them up a little, and the weight pressed down on her palms and wrists. Supple flesh rolled over her thumbs, and she massaged them lightly without even thinking about it.

"So what do you think?" Chai asked, brushing back her hair. "Believe me now?"

"They are real... Okay, how did you do it?"

"A steady diet of dragon milk," the cat replied, a broad, toothy grin splitting her muzzle. "Oh, and it's actually only been about two weeks. The photo was just a month old. But Zaress says it's hormones in her milk that cause it. For dragon-y folk like her, it's normal, but for us - you know, mammals - it kicks into overdrive and encourages tons and tons of growth."

Zaress reappeared behind the couch and leaned over it. "Speaking of which, here's breakfast, love," the drake said, handing a glass of milk to the cat. It wasn't quite the right color to be cows' milk. Cerine watched the hand-off and her eyes instinctively slid sideways to sink into the dragoness' hefty cleavage bending down in front of her face. She was having trouble seeing her friend as a milk bar...

"Hey, don't be rude!" Chai hissed, reaching up and poking Zaress's snout. "Offer Cerine some!"

Zaress glanced at her, eyebrow perked, and the vixen tried to shrink down inside her clothes. "Uh, how about we just keep mine in the fridge for now?"

"Up to you," the drake replied, shrugging her thick shoulders. She smiled and reached down to help tip up the glass of milk as Chai drank from it, encouraging her to down the whole thing in one gulp. The cat sighed and licked her lips clean, handing the empty cup back. Zaress took it and returned to the kitchen.

"What's it taste like?" Cerine asked, wrinkling her nose.

"Really, really strong. It tingles the whole way down and feels like my belly's full of battery acid, or something. But in a good way! Imagine soda, but like... sexier?"

Cerine tried to glance at Chai's stomach, but with them sitting down it was completely hidden behind her full bust. And those she was honestly expecting to suddenly blow up any second. "And it's going to make you bigger, right?"

Chai nodded, rubbing her breasts softly. Cerine realized she was still holding them and blushed, but didn't pull her paws away. "Yes! A little bit. Not, like, right away, but by afternoon we'll be able to see the difference, for sure. It is *really* exciting."

"How big do you want to get?" the vixen asked, massaging softly. Chai purred and scooted in closer, pushing her chest against the vixen.

"I never thought I'd get this big, honestly." The cat giggled. "But at this point I'm just going for it. The milk is honestly *really* addictive and I don't know if I could stop myself anyways! Well, maybe that's a stretch... but the secret to big titty is just, like, my roommate! What am I supposed to do? Zaress says if I stop I'll go back to normal, or normal-ish, but no, it's been way too much fun and way too exciting." She slid her paws in between Cerine's and her breasts and lifted them up, letting them slowly slide through her fingers to slap back down on the fox's paws. "I'll probably stop when they're crazy big and really annoying. You should totally try it, though! Get Zaress to make you a glass - and I mean there's a bunch in the fridge, we don't have to make her whip them out - and you'll go ba-boom! We could hang out today and watch you get huge! You'd gain, like, three or four cup sizes. Seriously, that would be amazing!"

A rumbly purr rolled its way up and out of Cerine's open mouth. She realized she'd subconsciously let her jaw drop while listening to Chai. Looking down, the vixen rolled her shoulders forward and squished her girls between her arms. Four sizes bigger... she'd be huge, probably bigger than Zaress. A shiver rolled down her spine at the thought, making her fur lift underneath her clothes. She could just imagine the cleavage heaving underneath her muzzle, jiggling as she walked and ready

and waiting for her to feel anytime she wanted.

Chai picked up on the vixen's faster breathing and a sly grin crept across her face. Leaning forward, she rested her swollen breasts on Cerine's lap and reached to her sides to wrap her fingers around the fox's shirt. "Should we get you more comfortable?"

"Yes," Cerine replied, her paws instinctively feeling the sides of Chai's heavy breasts as they weighed on her thighs. The cat lifted her shirt upwards, bumping the fox's paws up and temporarily away from their playthings while she peeled the top off and tossed it aside. Cerine inhaled deep, her own white-furred breasts pressing into the cups of her bra. Chai licked her muzzle and swayed her hindquarters back and forth slowly. Her tail went upright above her with the tip curling into a question mark shape.

"Oh, yes..." she purred, reaching behind the vixen and wrapping her fingers around the band of her bra. She tugged lightly on it, pulling the strap off her shoulder. Cerine took off her glasses and set them on the coffee table while her other paw ran her claws down the green stripe along Chai's spine. The cat's bare fur fluffed and she looked up into Cerine's eyes. "We so need to make you bigger. You're going to look so good! And really, it's fun being big myself, but..."

Chai pushed her muzzle into Cerine's cleavage, licking between her breasts. The vixen's heart thundered behind her ribs, and she inhaled deeply, pushing her chest against Chai. She felt soft paws wrap around her, grasping at the clasp of her bra. Chai worked the black bra off and tugged it down the vixen's arms so she could throw it over her shoulder. She smirked and pounced the topless fox. Even though she was smaller, her chest gave her a lot of *oomph*, and she forced the vixen down onto the cushions, looming over her. Chai's paws cupped around those plump, white breasts and kneaded softly while Cerine nearly blushed herself to death.

"I really want some really big boobies to play with," Chai whispered, flicking her hair back and rubbing her thumbs around the vixen's nipples. Cerine bit her lip and felt pleasure radiate through her skin as she pushed up Chai's tan-furred balloons and returned the favor, squeezing gently. Her fingertips sank into the soft flesh, making Chai arch her back and purr.

"I want them, too..." Cerine replied, huffing loudly and shuddering as Chai leaned down to lick her neck.

"Good." Chai sat up and looked over the back of the couch, her scarf fluttering over her heavy breasts again. "Zaress! Cerine wants her milk now. Bring her the whole jug!"

Blue eyes went wide and Cerine licked her muzzle anxiously. A shadow fell over her and she craned her neck back to look up at the looming figure of Zaress. The drake had a gallon milk jug dangling from her fingers. She stood behind the couch's armrest, grinning wide at the vixen below her.

"You two *are* trying to pull one on me," Cerine breathed, her eyes darting from the jug of milk, to Zaress, to Chai, and to the massive breasts hanging from the cat's chest.

Zaress put her other hand on her hip and shrugged. "We thought it'd be fun. And I know you. So it's entirely up to you, we just thought we'd offer."

"Please, please, please!" Chai added, eagerly wiggling over the fox, her fingertips still squeezing lightly around Cerine's boobs. The vixen huffed and squirmed in pleasure, caught between the play she was getting right now and the promise sloshing in the jug above her head.

Like Chai said - why not go for it? "Let's do it," she said.

The cat squealed in delight and kissed under Cerine's chin, her tail flailing excitedly in the air. Zaress grinned and turned the jug over, holding her thumb over the opening. She got down on her knees beside the couch and rested one elbow beside the fox's head, cupping her hand gently around her muzzle. Lowering down the jug to Cerine's lips, she pushed the nozzle into her mouth and then lifted her thumb away. As Chai watched, kneading her paws into Cerine's fur, milk began to flow into the fox's waiting mouth. It really did feel like sparkling milk or something like that; her tongue tingled from overwhelming flavor, and it continued to tease all the way down her throat and into her stomach. Gravity fed mouthfuls of milk into her muzzle. Zaress tightened her grip on Cerine's muzzle. Streams

of excess milk that she couldn't swallow in time dribbled over the drake's fingers. Chai leaned forward, pressing her breasts underneath Cerine's muzzle, and licked away the streams of milk on Zaress's hand.

Bubbles of air floated up through the milk in the jug as Cerine drank. God, it *was* addictive! They didn't even need to encourage her to drink. But her lungs burned for air as she chugged, drinking down every last drop. The vixen's belly bulged outward as she filled up, and Chai slid one paw down to the vixen's middle, massaging gently. Her other paw continued to fondle her breast, thumb rubbing gently around her aroused nipple.

"Little more," Zaress teased, massaging her finger on top of Cerine's muzzle. The overload of attention made the vixen whimper. She squeezed her eyes shut and drank the last bit of milk, the gallon jug crumpling before Zaress pulled it away. Cerine gasped for air, her chest rising and falling sharply. Her stuffed middle looked ready to pop as she sloshed with a full gallon of dragon milk in her belly. Chai leaned over her, lowering her head down to lick up the stray drops of milk from the vixen's lips and muzzle, letting not one bit go to waste.

"How was that?" the beautiful, busty cat asked. "Isn't it the best?"

Cerine opened her eyes and looked right into Chai's. "I... see why you're so big..."

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