

The Magic Within

a.k.a. Into the Reach Part 6, they're just not in the Reach anymore
by Cerine Hero

Rachel had a glass soda bottle clamped between her fangs as she stepped back out of the roadside market. In her paws, she had two chocolate bars and another soda for Sienna, if she wanted it, all while she tried fumbling to put the rest of her money back into her wallet. The coyote wanted to dote on her girlfriend a little. Sienna was distant since they began heading home. It made sense; they'd had a lot of fun... mostly... on the trip, and Rachel was sure that Sienna was already missing her new crush. The coyote was already feeling a hole where Megan had made herself comfortable in her thoughts, too.

The coyote stopped at the passenger side window, tucked her wallet back into her pocket, and then leaned down, a big grin on her muzzle as she held the ice-cold cherry soda in her teeth.

But Sienna wasn't in the car.

Rachel stood upright and then looked over one shoulder and then the other. Where the hell- Her pocket began to buzz. With her free paw, the coyote awkwardly reached across her body and pulled her phone out of her pocket, looking at the screen.

Why on earth was Erin calling her?

The store was crisp, clean, and bright. When the automatic doors parted and conditioned air washed across the fox and wolf, it was like stepping into another world. One very far removed from the dirty, leafy, humid forest.

"Evening, ladies," the huge ox behind the front counter of the convenience store told them. He leaned forwards onto his forearms and elbows. He looked at Cerine, disheveled in her camping clothes still and hair messily tied into a ponytail. "I get to see all four of you today. Your sisters were here getting some things just a bit ago."

"Hello, Amden," Cerine replied, standing in the center of the open space in front of the counter and looking around. The ox had reorganized the store again. "We're just getting a few things, too."

Megan walked over to the counter and also rest her elbows on it, even though she was a foot and a half shorter than the ox, so she had to lean up to brace her muzzle atop her knuckles. She smiled at the owner and then let her eyes drift towards the rows of easily-accessible candy bars sitting on the rack by checkout and her empty stomach growled. Dinner was minutes away. *Whole minutes.*

"How was your camping trip?" Amden asked them. They'd been in just a few days ago to pick things up before heading into the Reach. Megan's muzzle opened and her ears perked straight up, but she froze, as if she was surprised by the question or couldn't figure out how to answer it.

Fortunately, Cerine answered for her. "It went well," she replied, still looking around. "Where are your magazines?"

"Back corner, by the staff door," the ox explained, leaning up and pointing.

At the checkout counter, one of Megan's ears tipped slightly in thought. "Magazines?" she whispered, twisting about and watching her girlfriend's tail slide down one of the aisles. The wolfess motioned for the confused ox to be quiet and then padded on her toes to the back of the store, going around a different aisle to sneak up on the fox who wouldn't have noticed her coming if she was setting off fireworks, anyways.

Cerine skimmed the magazines on the kiosk by the office door, wrapping her tail around her thighs and ankles as her eyes swept from one side to the other. She was looking for something in particular, and as Megan stood right beside her, the vixen reached out with one dark paw and grabbed a magazine from the shelf. She held it up fairly high, so she could see it past the horizon of her full bust, and admired the figure on the cover: orange-brown fur, dark stripes, black hair done up beautifully and professionally with red dye, and dressed in a simple bikini as she held the handle of a ludicrously-

elaborate sword up for the camera to witness.

It was Sienna. The tigyote had a tight, well-practiced smile on her face, not too excited or too playful, but refined and subtle so it didn't distract from the main object of attention. Even if it was, well, hard to ignore all that striped fur and soft curves. Bold, white text saying *Swordsoul Magazine* crossed the top of the cover, and the name of the sword was across the bottom in thick lettering.

But what was funny was that the wolfess' mental image of Sienna in her head was of the tigyote standing in front of her in waning sunlight, dirty and disheveled, eyes full of worry as they reflected the shining glow from Megan's own eyes back at her. Her paws were laying on the werewolf's shoulders as she checked to be sure she was okay, gently comforting her as the wolf came down from the adrenaline high that made her so completely sick to her stomach.

There wasn't a hairdresser on the continent who could make her look prettier than that.

"Wow," Megan breathed, leaning in close enough that her whiskers brushed against the side of Cerine's chest.

The pink vixen nearly leapt off her claws. She'd been so engrossed in the magazine that she really didn't notice Megan standing right next to her – not that she needed a distraction to do that, anyways! Quickly, the fox tried tucking the magazine underneath her loose shirt beneath her chest to hide it, embarrassed. Megan just gave her girlfriend a flat look.

"You know I'll just go in there and get it, right?" the wolfess told her, pointing.

Cerine fanned her ears out to the sides of her head, looking both guilty and excited. A faint red blush colored her muzzle and cheeks. Slowly, she withdrew the magazine out from under her shirt and held it where Megan could see it, too. "I thought you were talking with Amden."

"I was, but you said magazines and I figured I knew what you were doing," the wolfess told the tall fox, playfully pushing on Cerine's flank with her paws. "You've got a big crush."

The vixen folded her paws over her lap, still clutching the magazine. "You don't mind?"

"Honestly, I think I've got a little one, too," Megan admitted. She rubbed her paws together and cleared her throat. "But as long as I'm still your good girl, I think I can share. Besides, we'd both have room..."

Cerine smiled wryly, tugging on her shirt. "And Rachel wants to see more of you, too."

"Yeah, literally. I think I gained five pounds this weekend just from all the chocolate she kept feeding me."

"Good."

"Not good! No fat wolf!"

Cerine smirked and tucked the magazine into one armpit. "Slow down on the milk, then."

"I- Eeerf." The wolfess grumbled, knowing she was cornered.

The couple picked up a few items from the store to take home, though, admittedly, the main reason they came in was so that Cerine could check if they had the copy of *Swordsoul Monthly* that Rachel had told them about. The convenience store, after all, was in Cerine's neighborhood, within walking distance of her house. When they got back in the car, it was barely two minutes before they were pulling into the driveway next to Erin's green sedan.

"They're here," Rienne said, spying out the front windows like some kind of muscular, long-tailed scout. Quickly, the golden vixen leapt onto the couch, draping her buff arms over the back as she looked at her sister and the small tigyote between the two much taller foxes in the living room. Sienna was still damp, especially her white-dyed hair, and she was wearing one of Erin's outdoor work t-shirts over her curvy frame, completely hiding it under the fabric like a tablecloth. The fabric went well past her knees. Rienne's tail swished through the air behind her. "What do we do?"

Erin looked up, brow furrowed. "What do you mean?"

"What's the plan?" Rienne asked, pushing herself upright. "Cerine's going to be mad."

"She's not going to be mad," Erin answered.

“Yeah, I don't think she'll-” Sienna tried to get in, but the gold fox was already replying to Erin.

“She was super mad when I did it!” Rienne insisted, pointing through the kitchen at the pool out back. “Remember? Tried to throw me out of the house.”

“That was *your* idea,” the heavy chocolate fox reminded her. “And we didn't know you then!”

Rienne looked over her shoulder as the pink vixen and the midnight wolf began making their way up the porch steps. “I'll go be a distraction!”

Before Erin could even get a word in, the gold fox vaulted the back of the couch, pulled the front door open, and let herself out on the porch. Sienna turned her gaze back towards the overweight fox beside her, raising one eyebrow.

“She's always like that, isn't she?” the tigyote asked. She'd met Rienne only a couple times before now, mostly at pool parties here at Cerine's place.

“Not always,” Erin sighed, rubbing her temples and calming herself. “Oh, my heavens... I get it. I get how Cerine feels sometimes. I love her, but...”

“I understand,” Sienna told her, smiling softly. “She reminds me of Rachel.” She turned her attention towards the door, where she could see a pink tail swishing through the doorway and Rienne trying to do her best to get in the way for reasons only she understood. The tigyote's little heart beat in her chest. What was she supposed to say in this situation? Sorry, I magically teleported to your house, I don't even know how I did it. I just really wanted to be here and then poof.

Sienna pulled on her loose shirt, feeling it flutter like a parachute around her. It was Erin's top and it would've been loose on the fat and very tall vixen. The collar felt like a yoke on Sienna's shoulders. The tigyote wished it would fit her at least a little better, like one of her own pajama shirts. With the noise and distraction at the front door, the big fox standing next to Sienna didn't notice the sudden silver-green glow in the tigyote's eyes, growing bright until they shined like Megan's did when she transformed to her bigger, beefier mode. Sienna's fingertips glimmered with oily light, as if she had dipped her claws into luminescent paint. The glowing energy flowed into the fabric, and it started to shrink. It hugged her curves far better, leaving plenty of room for comfy looseness, the way she liked it.

The tigyote only noticed the change once the shirt began to draw tight under her armpits and around her butt. When she looked down, her dark-again eyes went wide at the inexplicable change. The hem of the shirt had even risen upwards, now only resting on her mid-thigh, leaving plenty of stripes available to see. The shirt was even *fitted*, closing tighter around her waist and leaving ample room for her fuller parts to shine. Faint outlines of her nipples pressed into the white top, making her blush.

What was happening...?

Over by the door, the buxom pink fox was muscling her way past her sister. “Please just move,” she groaned, nudging Rienne aside, “we're tired.”

Erin laid a reassuring paw on Sienna's shoulder, which did less to comfort the tigyote than it did draw her out of staring down at herself in confusion. As Sienna looked up, her eyes met Cerine's as the alchemist stepped into the foyer with Megan at her side. The pink fox blinked, letting her bag slide off one arm to *plap* onto the wooden floor at her feet.

“Sienna?” Cerine asked, dumbfounded. At her side, Megan's eyes widened, and her expression was a little bit more... complicated.

“Hi,” the tigyote replied, coyly running her claws through her damp, uncombed hair. Raising her arm pulled her covering snug around her body, for better or worse. Now that everyone's focus was on her, she tensed, and again she found herself without any words to say. She opened her muzzle, croaked softly, and then decided to pivot to a joke. “I... decided to drop in?”

Nobody laughed.

“I was just sitting in the car, thinking about how much I wished I could just be up here. I wasn't mad at Rachel or anything. I was just... I wasn't ready to go home yet. Like, you remember on New Years' when you unwrapped a new toy and you only got a couple minutes to play with it before your

parents made you go to bed?”

Cerine made a noise. Erin just shook her head quietly. Rienne looked down and resumed eating her stew. On the other side of the table, Megan looked across at all the foxes and then back at Sienna, and nodded.

“I do,” the wolfess answered.

Sienna licked her fangs, tasting little bits of stew still clinging to her gums. “You know, that feeling. You don't want to give it up just yet. And I've never been up here just to, y'know, chill. It's always something going on. A party or something. And those are fun but I really just wanted to feel relaxed, at home, calm. Just chill. And um... maybe have some nice company.”

“Well, we're happy to have you,” Erin replied in her sweet voice. On her right, Cerine shifted awkwardly in her seat. “Trust me, I know it's a long drive.”

“So why the pool?” Rienne interrupted, pointing over her shoulder at the sliding doors.

Sienna fidgeted with her painted claws and wriggled her nose left and right as she tried to find a good way to explain while everyone was here at the table. “Well, right when it happened, I was thinking about a nice nighttime swim...”

Erin's ears perked. “That sounds a little... romantic.” Again, at her side, Cerine turned just slightly and offered the chef a silent look over the top of her glasses. Erin's green eyes bounced from Cerine to Sienna to Megan's energetic, confirming nod. “O-oh. Well. Sounds like your camping trip was a lot of fun.” The chocolate fox thought for a second and then sat up higher in her seat. “Oh, and my shirt!”

Cerine and Megan initially looked at the vixen, who was wearing a dress, but Erin pointed them towards Sienna. The tigyote blushed sheepishly, giving the shirt around her body another curious tug.

“I don't know what happened,” she answered honestly. “I just wished it fit better.”

“Looks like it fits perfectly to me,” Cerine told her. She looked back at Erin. “That's not your shirt, though.”

“Yes, it is. I gave it to her. It's my gardening shirt.”

The pink fox gave Sienna a second look, pinching on her sleeve and giving the long shirt a tug. “Wait...”

“Okay, so she teleported,” Rienne mumbled, tapping two places on the table in front of her with her index claw, “but you draw the line at tailoring magic?”

“It can't be *magic*,” Cerine shot back.

The golden fox rolled her eyes in exasperation and began sharply pointing around the table. “Werewolf! Alchemist! Clone! Inter-dimensional traveler or whatever! Why the fuck would she *not* be a wizard?!”

“What?” Sienna gasped, her eyes going wide. She turned to Megan beside her. “Werewolf?”

The pudgy wolfess gulped and hid her face behind her bowl, pretending to suddenly be hungry.

“That is jumping to ridiculous conclusions,” Cerine argued with her doppelganger.

There was a sudden squeal as Rienne's chair was pushed backwards and the fox got up to her feet. Megan instinctively flinched from the noise, and Sienna leaned back a bit as six feet of muscle in a light tank top and ripped jeans swept her tail and walked to the refrigerator. She pulled a can from the shelf, returned to the table, and set it down in front of the tigyote. It was a red can of Catto Cola, with sweat rolling down the metal sides in the warm dining room.

“Here,” Rienne told Sienna, patting her back, “turn this into a Mountain Sparkle.”

“What is this going to prove?” Cerine growled under her breath.

“That I'm right.”

Sienna licked her muzzle, feeling all the eyes in the room on her again. For someone used to being the center of attention, she didn't like it. She didn't like *this* even more than usual. The tigyote had no idea what they were expecting out of her. All she had done earlier was want things, and they became real. She didn't want either a Catto or a Mountain Sparkle.

But she'd try.

The tigyote straightened her back and sat upright in her seat. She pulled the can of sugary soda towards herself, perching it on the edge of the table with her fingers wrapped around the aluminum curve. In her mind's eye, she could picture a can of Mountain Sparkle, its navy blue color covered in bubbles and jagged white peaks along the bottom. She tried her best to overlap the picture of the can in her head with the can in her paws, and she concentrated. The tigyote *wanted* the can to change, but only because it would spare her from looking stupid in front of the others. Every muscle from her ears to her tail tensed, with her tail curling into a tight spiral behind her and her hindclaws squeaking along the tile floor. If she just forced it, she might...

A glimmer of green began to sparkle in the drops of condensation on the surface of the can. Distantly, Sienna could hear the gasps and mutterings of the foxes and wolves around her, but her attention was closed tight around the can in her grip. She could feel a tingling in her skin, raising up her fur as she forced power to well up inside her, drawing it from someplace deep within. The silver-green glow shined across the can in front of her as her eyes were completely overtaken by the light, shining from her face like lanterns.

"Her eyes," Erin breathed, covering her muzzle in her paws. "They're like Megan's!"

Megan, for her part, was staring in shock, her muzzle hanging agape. She looked like she'd seen a ghost – if not today, then yesterday. She watched as the tigyote's white hair began floating lazily around her head, lifted upwards by some unseen power. Sienna's fingers shimmered, once again becoming slick with liquid, silver-green light, and the can in her paws began to shake. The red dye on the label twisted its hue, turning purple before becoming slightly blue, but then it began to fade, turning back slightly towards red.

And then the can vanished.

Sienna went cross-eyed, though it was difficult to tell with the glow from her eyes blotting out any other features between her eyelids. Her stomach felt like it had jumped upwards, next to her lungs, and she rocked unsteadily in her seat. The tigyote's vision tunneled, and she saw the flicker of a white mask and burning green eyes peering at her from behind the edges of her vision. She slumped sideways, oozing off her chair and falling into gray-furred arms that were rapidly bloating with muscle.

Megan's outer clothes ripped and tore around her bulkier werewolf frame as she cradled the unconscious tigyote in her arms, catching her before she had managed to hit the floor. Easily, she stood up, holding the striped woman in her paws. Cerine was already on her feet, checking the hybrid's pulse and then her temperature with the back of her paw. Carefully, she lifted open Sienna's eyelid and a very typical, if unfocused, blue iris looked back at her.

"I think she's just exhausted," Megan offered helpfully, golden eyes glowing in the middle of the fading evening light.

Cerine glanced upwards at the werewolf, looking at her over the rim of her glasses. The wolf instantly winced, looking guilty – like she was hiding something. What did she know? But for now, the vixen just shook her head. "Okay. Go lay her on the bed for me, please. I might have something in the lab that can help."

As the wolf shouldered her way through the door to the living room and the hallway towards the bedrooms, Cerine turned around and looked at Rienne. To her credit, the golden fox looked uncomfortably contrite.

"Sorry," she muttered, curling her tail around her legs.

The alchemist exhaled slowly and nodded, letting some of the tension in the room bleed out. Putting her paws on her hips, she looked down at the table. A perfect cylinder of bubbly brown soda floated above the table, sitting within an invisible container. Sienna hadn't changed it from one can of soda to another. She'd just hidden the can.

"You've called Rachel, right?" Cerine asked, looking up.

Erin nodded. "Yeah. We explained everything. Once she talked to Sienna, she was alright. But

she was already almost home, and she has to get to work in the morning, so I offered to drive Sienna down tomorrow.”

“Unless she can teleport,” Rienne mumbled.

Cerine shot her sister a look, but there wasn't anything she could say in counter to that. Not with an invisible can of soda on the table next to her.

Sienna stood on a beach. A salted breeze was tousling her hair about her face and shoulders. The experimental white dye was gone. Instead, natural black strands fluttered in the air, along with the raspberry-pink bangs in front of ears. Her favorite color. The borrowed white shirt still fluttered around her body, plastered snug against her figure and leaving little to wonder. The tigyote blinked and looked around in confusion.

Where was this?

It wasn't home. Stonecoast had rocky, ugly shores. This beach was made of cold, gray-white sand. Mountains flanked her on either side and she could see glacial fjords in the far distance. The hybrid's dark-furred feet stood at the edge of the surf, feeling the waves push frigid water against her toes. Her feet were freezing, but she couldn't bring herself to budge away from this spot and get out of the reach of the water.

She turned her head as figures emerged from the forest behind her. The wolves were silent as they walked towards the sea. They were tall, and muscular to the last. Snowy-white fur was covered in crude armor and animal furs. All but one of the wolves passed her by, heading on to the surf. The one closest to her, barely a couple feet to her left, paused and took her measure. He was exceptionally well-built, hardy and chiseled around his scarred muzzle. A pink nose almost as light as his fur rest at the end of his face. And he offered her a look with glowing, bright eyes like icy stars. In his paw he held a long-hafted axe down low. He was exhausted and tired, nearly dragging the blade of his weapon through the sand.

He had the look of a wolf who had fought a long battle, or finished a hunt that had taken his last ounce of strength. And he offered the tigyote in a thin cotton shirt a slow, knowing nod.

“Who are you?” Sienna asked. She had seen him before, somewhere, but the memory was out of reach.

The wolf didn't answer. He turned back towards the sea and continued his march. A boat had arrived on the shore now, and the wolves were climbing into it. At its bow, a figure cloaked from ears to tail in white cloth held a golden staff. When the wolves were all aboard, sitting quietly, the helmsman rapped the staff against the boat and it shifted off the sand under its own power. The vessel sailed into the distance until the tigyote couldn't see it anymore.

Alone again, Sienna looked forward over the lapping waves and watched as something began to stir above the water. The wind was whipping around in circles, pulling together strands of silver-green mist into a vaguely personified shape. The figure of shaped mist glowed in the dull, gray daylight, standing above the water as something floated to the surface. A ghostly paw reached down and retrieved it from the water, lifting it up to set it upon its face. It was a mask, stark white and shaped for a fox, with eye holes that now burned with silver-green fire.

“My girl,” Hanathe purred, stretching out her ethereal arms. “Come to me. Let us bond. I can teach you such wonders...”

Sienna recoiled. Finally, she was able to wrench her foot loose from the wet sand under her claws as she took a half-step backwards. Hanathe floated forwards, but she seemed unable to reach beyond the water of the sea.

“Come back to the forest. Let it bring you to me, and I will teach you how to wield my power. I am waiting, my precious girl.”

The tigyote balled her fists at her sides. She inhaled deeply, puffing out her chest as flashes of memory lit up within her mind. “No,” she said forcefully. Her denial caused the air around her to

shudder and creak. “You hurt me. You hurt Megan. I think you hurt those wolves. I don't know what you are, but I will never be yours, no matter how much you beg. Whatever wishes you think you can grant, I'll do them myself. So go away. I don't need you.”

Sienna's eyes flared with light for just a moment, and a whirlwind kicked up around her, fluttering her long shirt before flying forwards. The wind scattered Hanathe's misty body and snatched her mask from midair, carrying it away until it vanished from view. The light within Sienna's eyes dimmed again, and she breathed easy.

“Good girl.”

Sienna twisted about. Behind her, at the line of trees, stood a dark-furred wolf, his face covered by a bone mask. Red-orange embers glowed within the empty eye sockets. He was standing stoically, paws clasped behind his back. The tigyote offered a last glance towards the sea and then walked towards the trees filling the valley between the mountains. In front of her, the wolf looked down the snout of his skull mask. When she stopped in front of him, he reached out slowly and brushed back some of her dyed hair with his fingertips. It was a soft gesture, and it surprised her.

“You were right not to show her pity,” he said, his voice a dark rumble. “Despite her desperation, Hanathe would not see you as anything but prey. If you bound to her, she would consume you from within. She is a fool.”

“And you're not?” Sienna asked.

There was *almost* a flicker of emotion under the wolf's mask. He tilted his head slightly to the side in amusement. “And you are right not to trust me, either. But you have little choice in the matter. I am with my pet, and as long as you are at her side, so am I. So wake up, and give her what she desires. I am hungry.”

The wolf reached out and tapped a finger against Sienna's forehead.

Sienna opened her eyes. It was dark, but she was laying on a soft bed. This was an unfamiliar room. Waiting a couple minutes, she let her eyes adjust to the dark until she could make out shapes around her. Near the bed was a wooden dresser with a mirror, and on its shelf sat the weird skull mask thing Cerine kept. On another wall was a TV with some game console thing attached to it. The tigyote rolled over in the dark, and came face-to-face with someone else in the bed.

It was Cerine, laying somewhat her side, dressed in a light cotton top around her vast bust and some dark pajama shorts around her hips. She was snoring softly, probably from the weight of her udders on her ribs. The vixen was laying close to her but not personal space close.

“Cerine,” Sienna whispered, reaching out and petting along the fox's bare thigh. The pink fur ran between her claws.

The vixen mumbled and cracked open her eyes. She yawned, stretched, and looked at Sienna before she pushed herself fully awake and rolled completely onto her side. The fox fumbled underneath her breasts until she found her phone and checked the time – regretting it after it blasted her in the eyes with bright light.

“Ergh,” she grunted, putting the phone down. “I didn't mean to fall asleep. Oh well... It's two in the morning; you were out about six hours.”

Sienna sat up, brushing her white hair back behind her ears. She still had a pawful of soft fox thigh in her grip, and Cerine made no effort to move out of her reach. “What happened?” she asked, furrowing her brow.

“You were trying to use that magic on the soda and then you passed out.”

“Magic?”

Cerine sat up and crossed her legs underneath her big chest. She ran her paws through her hair. “That's what we're going to call it for now, I guess. Megan knows... something. I know how to squeeze it out of her later.”

Sienna smirked. “No milk until she talks?”

“No,” Cerine replied, shaking her head. “That would be mean. But I know a place to scritch that she can't resist.”

The tigyote snickered and rolled until she was sitting on her knees in front of the vixen. She strained her ears, listening to the rest of the house. “Where's everyone else? Are they here?”

“Erin took Rienne home. They're probably watching movies at her place. I told her I'd call if anything happened. Again, I didn't mean to pass out. And as for Megan, I let her go do her midnight stuff. She likes to go out and pretend to be a creature of the night.”

“That sounds fun,” Sienna replied, not quite understanding. She inhaled deep, feeling her borrowed short brush across her breasts. “So... it's just us?”

“Yes,” Cerine replied, nodding. A smile worked across her muzzle. “This is what you wanted, right?”

Sienna's striped tail brushed back and forth across the mattress behind her. Tongue perched on her muzzle, she climbed forwards, shoving Cerine onto her back and watching her barely restrained breasts bounce across her chest. Sienna leaned over them, pressing her muzzle firmly against Cerine's. The fox held her head in both paws, guiding her closer and deeper into the kiss as her thighs brushed across the tigyote's hips, sliding her shirt up her body and exposing stripe after stripe on her curvy frame.

They were finally alone, and no other worries to contend with. Pent-up affection poured out of both of them as white hair mingled together in the dark. They clasped paws, with Cerine's free paw brushing claws up the tigyote's back and easing the borrowed shirt all the way up to her chest. Breaking the kiss long enough to throw the garment away, the naked tigyote resumed nipping at Cerine's chin and jaw while she pulled the fox's shirt up enough that her breasts burst free like heavy pillows. The tigyote grabbed an overflowing pawful of fox boob while she eased the vixen's shorts down to her ankles, and Cerine helped kick them off. Then they were together, fur to fur, claws gliding over each other's bare curves as they entwined together, the smaller tigyote getting pinned underneath the big fox.

Sienna jiggled Cerine's massive, hanging breasts as they rest atop her own chest like two huge balloons. “You remember what I wanted?” she whispered, grinning in the dark.

“Mmhhh,” Cerine answered, sweeping her hair to one side of her head and running her tongue across her fangs. “Soon... you'll be enormous.”

Sienna blushed, sliding her paws down the fox's flanks and then sinking her fingers into her hips. “Yes... but for now... the thought that brought me up here was I wanted to have a nighttime swim with you. And I didn't bring my swimsuit, so don't wear yours, either. Then when we're done, I would love dessert.”

Cerine smiled, leaning down and pressing her lips to Sienna's. Her huge breasts smothered the tigyote's chest as she leaned down. “Tell you what, when Megan gets back, I'll treat you both to breakfast in bed.”

“Stars, that sounds good,” the tigyote replied, locking fangs with the fox again.

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