

Fitting Into Her Shirt

by Cerine Hero

for SpicyChaiKitten

The small flag on the mailbox was teasingly upright.

Blustery autumn wind blew leaves across the sidewalk as Chai, snuggled into a burgundy sweater and blue jeans, made her way down towards the street. It was beginning to get chilly out, and the wind caught the long portion of her side-shaved haircut, making her blonde hair dance. Using one paw to hold it back from her eyes, the half-cheetah opened the mailbox and peered inside at what she'd gotten today.

There was a brown package in the mailbox, wedged in about as tightly as it could possibly get. She didn't remember ordering anything, so what could this possibly be? The cat wrenched it out with both paws and flipped it over to look at the label. She took one look at it and squealed, bouncing up and down on her beans in delight.

The return address said it was from Cerine! Chai suddenly remembered that it was probably a bad idea to shake around anything sent by the foxy alchemist, so she tried her best to contain her exuberance. With her fluffy green tail jittering in excitement, Chai rushed back inside with her parcel and set it down on her kitchen table. Sharp claws made quick work of the brown wrapping paper, revealing a white cardboard box. There was a note taped to the top lid.

Chai – Sorry I haven't been able to visit in a while. You know how it is these days. But I was thinking about you and decided I'd send you a little something. I've packed up one of my old tops because I want you to have it. Okay, it's not 'old', but I've outgrown it. Yep – you know what I mean. If the ink gets smudged on this note while I'm writing it, it's because I'm fighting with these balloons over space! So yeah, I know the shirt will be pretty big on you, so I included a little extra to help make it “fit” you better. Hope you have fun! – Cerine

Chai couldn't keep from bouncing up and down giddily as she read the note. She hadn't heard from Cerine in a while! It was so nice to know she was doing alright. But goodness! How big was that fox getting?! She was already blue-ribbon buxom last time Chai saw her. Maybe she'd get a good idea if she took a look at the shirt Cerine sent.

She broke the tape seals on the side of the cardboard box and flipped open the lid. Inside, neatly folded on top was a green t-shirt, with the golden-yellow print of the crest from *Legend of Zelda* front and center. Chai lifted it up by the shoulders and unfolded it. Cerine was almost a whole foot taller than her, so her clothes were understandably pretty big, but this top just *draped* across Chai as she laid it on her torso. It was a women's cut and still it looked like a pajama shirt to her! Sometimes she forgot just how large the fox actually was, even before factoring in her assets.

Folding the shirt over one forearm, Chai looked into the box at the other goodies Cerine sent her. She knew exactly what it would be from reading the letter. Inside, cushioned with some puffy packing nuggets, were three cylindrical, cork-topped potion bottles. Milky-white liquid swirled inside one of them as Chai lifted it out and brushed the static-happy nuggets off of it. A sly grin curled on the cat's face as she popped the cork and gave the potion a light sniff. How could she forget that smell? Richness mixed with a sparkling, nose-tingling sharpness, like drinking pure stardust. It was a little more concentrated, but that was dragon milk. A *dragon milk elixir*, specifically, the kind Cerine did a little work on to make it take effect a little faster. Chai preferred the source if she had her choice, of course, but the elixirs were a nice substitute.

Chai took her gifts with her into the bedroom, still excited. She put them down at the foot of the bed and began to disrobe. The half-cheetah took off her sweater, revealing sandy-colored fur with cheetah prints along the back and a green stripe down her spine. She had on one of her traditional

chest-scarves, too, and took it off, too, laying it neatly on top of the sweater. Lastly, she kicked off her jeans and left them on the floor, standing in her bedroom in nothing more than some snug panties.

Picking up the t-shirt, Chai walked to her closet door mirror and held the shirt in front of herself. Sure enough, it was going to drape over her like a parachute. Well, maybe that was a bit of an exaggeration, but the way the top was cut, it was going to be very roomy around the chest for her. Chai raised a paw up and gave one of her breasts a gentle tease. Hers made a nice pawful, but she remembered how much bigger she had grown when she was enjoying dragon milk from the tap practically every day. The size boost eventually wore off, but the memory made an excited shiver roll down her spine nonetheless. With a purr, Chai pulled the shirt on over her head. She was right; it wore on her like a pajama top, hiding most of her curves. Even the V-neck was a bit oversized, showing off practically her whole upper chest. Chai snickered at her reflection in the mirror, pinching the front of the shirt and pulling it out, as if she was “filling” it like Cerine would.

“Girl, you’re turning into a cow,” she mused, imagining how big the dairy fox was getting. “But I guess I’m going to be right behind you in a minute.”

Chai pulled one of the milk potions out of the box and grinned. The cork came out with a pop and she raised it up to her lips, drinking eagerly. Yep, this was the taste she remembered. It took her back to that first time she simply couldn’t help herself. Zaress popped back in from work early, her button-down soaked with milk. When she stripped down, milk rolling in streams down her tan skin, it was too much for Chai to resist. Of course it was only *afterwards* that they discovered the drake was the “fountain of boobs,” as Chai practically doubled in bust size.

She knew what to expect. Her free paw cupped underneath her breasts, thumb rubbing eagerly right over one of her nipples. It didn’t take long for the fast-acting elixir to flow throughout her body. Chai’s breasts started to tingle within a few seconds. She bit her lip and dropped the empty potion bottle so she could pull the loose shirt tight around the shape of her body.

The cat was smiling from ear to ear at her reflection as her breasts began to grow, plumping up in size and weight. They pushed against the taut fabric as she held back her shirt. One filled her paw, making her fingers spread wide to cover the entirety of the breast, while the other weighed down on her forearm and elbow. With the top pulled so snug, the half-cheetah’s nipples peeked through as they became as excited as she was.

Her heart raced as she looked down, watching her bustline fill outwards in front of her. Cleavage started to show through the V-neck as her bigger, heavier breasts filled out her top. She couldn’t get her fingers around one of them anymore! Playfully, the cat pushed them together and then let them bounce, smitten by her new size. She let the shirt go slack and saw it didn’t hide her feminine shape very much anymore. But she was still a far cry from “filling” it.

Then she remembered that Cerine had sent her *three* bottles of potion. She must have measured it out ahead of time. Chai turned from the mirror towards the bed, catching herself as her expanded assets moved with her. She laughed and blushed, holding them down with one arm across her chest as she grabbed the next potion. Pulling the cork out with her fangs, she chugged it down, too excited for the results to savor the taste. With some of that potion still lingering on her tongue, Chai licked her lips and grabbed the third one, quickly bringing it to her lips and tipping it back.

As she drank the third one, she felt her breasts begin to really fill out. She didn’t even have to pull the top tight, it was beginning to fit around her enormous chest. The slender cat was sporting a pair of watermelons – or was it milk melons now? – underneath Cerine’s shirt. She lifted them up, feeling them spread out over the top of her palms and her fingers like water balloons – milk balloons? Okay, she’d stop – as they continued to get bigger. Her shirt pinching underneath her arms and around her back as her chest swelled. The line of furry cleavage was spilling over the top of the V-neck now. They were bigger than her head! And she still had some room left to grow in this top, feeling it begin to leave her midriff exposed as her super-tits hogged it all up and then some.

Grinning giddily, Chai walked back to the bed, one paw underneath her bouncing breasts as she

eased herself down. She'd learned her lesson before, both from personal experience and from knowing a big cow-fox like Cerine, about way-too-dramatic movements when extra-buxom. But once she was seated, she tossed herself backwards and stretched out, feeling her assets spring up and down over her chest. She got a faceful of boobs against her chin and muzzle, but she could only laugh, enjoying the weight of them on top of her.

Chai grabbed her phone and quickly pulled up Cerine's number. Perching her tongue on her lip, she sent a text message: *I got your package! I've already filled the shirt to bursting lol*

She put her phone down and looked down at her boobs. Her overboob bulging out of the top was almost to her chin. Chai squished it with her fingers, smirking, and then she ran her paws over her chest with a smile. It was easy to see why Cerine enjoyed this. She was huge!

Her phone buzzed on the mattress beside her and she scooped it up. Cerine had replied.

Did you already drink all three potions?

Chai giggled. *Yep! LOOOOOL So if this shirt didn't fit you anymore, how big are YOU? Not as big as you're gonna be...*

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