

First Breath

by Cerine Hero

There was a fox down in a hole.

It would be hard to miss, if there wasn't several feet of long, pink tail sticking out of the hollow beneath the rotten oak tree as Cerine dug around underneath the roots with a small trowel. There were some rare mushrooms growing on the dead roots and she needed them for her alchemy. Market prices for these was well into triple digits and she didn't have that kind of cash.

The vixen was so enthralled in her work – and insulated underground – that she couldn't hear her friends calling her name. Holding her flashlight in her muzzle, she tucked more of the mushrooms into the mesh bag at her side before finding a worm working its way across her paw. She squeaked around the flashlight in her fangs and shook it off from her paw. Already on edge, she practically screamed when something pulled on her tail.

“Cerine!” she heard, just barely, over her own noises and thundering heart. “What on earth are you doing?”

“In earth, looks like.”

The vixen sighed, relaxing as she recognized the voices. She wriggled about and scooted butt-first back out of the hole she was in. Turning about, she inadvertently pointed her muzzle-light at Sienna and Rachel as they stood over her. The two of them were dripping wet, just come back from the lake beside their campsite while Cerine had been exploring the woods. With towels wrapped around their swimsuits, they squinted as Cerine fumbled to pull the flashlight from her mouth with her dirty paws.

“Why are you in a hole?” Sienna asked, exasperated. “You're filthy! Look at your beautiful tail.”

Cerine turned and pulled her gigantic tail around her. Sure enough, it was covered in dirt and full of little twigs and leaves from the forest. To be honest, even though she was doing nothing to help mitigate it, her tail was always going to get dirty out here in the woods. It was more than seven feet long! What was she going to do, wrap it around her waist twice-over the entire trip?

The vixen held out the mesh bag in her paw to the tiger-coyote. “I was checking around and found some of these,” she explained, making sure that Sienna and Rachel both could see the mushrooms through the mesh.

“Cerine, you promised to leave work at home on this trip,” Rachel reminded her, putting a paw on her hip. The tan-and-gray coyote's expression didn't quite meet her admonishing tone, however.

“I did, but I think a thousand dollars worth of ingredients just sitting right here trumps that,” the alchemist replied.

“Well, make it quick,” Sienna told her, finding a big root to sit on. The tigycote's curvy figure stretched the middle of her towel as she sat. “It's almost dusk, and we're going to need to dunk you in the lake before we head back. Then you gotta start the fire so we can all get dry.”

“Sure-sure, one sec!” Cerine told them, spinning back around and climbing down into the hole again. There were just a couple more clusters she wanted to get. With her trowel, she dug out some of the roots keeping her from reaching them, and she plucked the mushrooms from the root to tuck into her bag.

As she removed the last one, however, she uncovered something odd. It was a little bit of pearly white. What... was that? Putting down her mushroom bag, Cerine took the flashlight from her muzzle and held it closer as she scooped more of the dirt away with her trowel. Whatever it was, it was bigger than she'd originally found. After a minute of digging, she was able to uncover a whole half of it, and she got her fingers underneath it, wriggling it until it popped loose from the soil.

Sienna and Rachel were still waiting as Cerine scooted herself back out of the hole. She had her arms full of all her tools and prizes, and she dropped it all so she could get a good look at the thing she

dug up, despite the waning light.

It was a skull.

Rachel gaped at the bone skull in Cerine's paws, and Sienna practically shrieked. "Cerine, what the fuck?!" the tigyote gasped. "Why do you have that?!"

"I didn't know what it was!" the vixen replied, taken aback by the reaction. She brushed some more of the dirt off of it. "It's neat, though. It's in great shape."

It was a canine skull, complete with a pair of long, powerful fangs. There was no lower jaw, but otherwise it was in excellent condition. It *was* a little morbid, she'd admit, since it was shaped much like her own, just underneath pink fur and white hair. Actually, it felt like it would fit neatly on top of her head...

"That's so gross," Sienna said, shuddering. "That's somebody's *head*."

"I'm not sure..." Cerine murmured, turning it over in her paws. "I think it might be a mask, or something like that. It's too big. Plus this was the only thing down there. I'd have found a whole skeleton if it, y'know, belonged to something at some point."

The tigyote shook her head and stood up from the root and started to walk away. "Come on. It's too late now to get back to the lake, but we can get wet wipes or something..."

Rachel knelt down and helped Cerine pick up all of her things. "Don't mind her, she's squeamish about that kind of stuff," the coyote said, snickering. "That's really neat, though. I wonder how old it is."

"I might be able to date it when I get home," Cerine said, clicking off her flashlight and tucking it into her pocket.

"Think it might be a dire wolf skull?" Rachel asked, helping the fox up to her feet. Cerine was tall; she towered over the coyote and especially the much shorter tigyote, who was about even with the vixen's chest. "You could call Axis, tell him to hold it up next to his head."

Cerine laughed. "Oh, yeah. He'd get a kick out of it."

Back at the camp, Cerine had a merry fire going in the fire pit in just a few minutes. The branches and sticks were barely even being consumed after she drizzled them with a flammable solution she whipped up.

On one side of the fire, Rachel was preparing everything to make s'mores, with bags for the chocolate and marshmallows on the log beside one of her hips, and a box of graham crackers ready at the other. The slender coyote had changed into some comfortable and loose clothes so her fur could dry by the fire. After a few minutes, she had a nice glow of warmth about her.

Cerine sat on a log on the opposite side of the fire, still holding the skull in her paws as she inspected it more closely. Sienna was seated beside her, with the vixen's long, fluffy tail pulled across her lap. With a fur-brush in paw, she diligently worked on brushing out the tangles and bits of detritus stuck in the fox's gorgeous, light pink tail. The tigyote's brown and tan fur shined in the dark as the firelight played around her figure. Even the vixen's tail was glowing a sunset orange as the pink mingled with the light. Sienna was wearing a snug and low-cut top with long sleeves, and some jeans.

As curious as Cerine was about her find, she was a little distracted by the tigyote beside her. She was, after all, undeniably gorgeous, even dressed-down and a little unkempt out in the woods. The tigyote's black hair shined lightly in the moonlight, though the blue streaks dyed into her hair over one eye were barely visible in the dark. Cerine glanced sideways at her, watching her affectionately brush her long, floofy tail, but her eyes drifted towards the curvy tigyote's large bust.

She couldn't help it! She wanted to – the tigyote's girlfriend was just on the other side of the fire, though they all had a comfortable relationship where the vixen's staring was hardly a faux pas. Cerine felt a knotted tightness in her chest, behind her own slender breasts, when thinking about her friend's larger assets. Love? No. Lust? Well... yes, but it had gotten worse recently, and the vixen didn't really know why. Was she just envious? The thought had crossed her mind before, but she'd never

really-

“Ow!” she hissed, reflexively curling her tail around herself like a whip.

Sienna was holding her paws up like she was being arrested. “I’m sorry! I told you, I was getting a knot out. I must’ve pulled.”

“Oh,” Cerine replied, feeling sheepish. She lowered her tail back down across the tigyote’s lap. “I didn’t hear you.”

Across the fire, Rachel was watching them. Her silvery-gray tail was fluffed-out from the surprise, too. “You’re really into that thing,” she said, pointing a metal marshmallow stick at the skull in Cerine’s paws.

“Uh... yeah, I guess so,” the vixen lied, clearing her throat. Feeling a touch ashamed for staring at, and thinking about, her friend’s cleavage, she turned the skull around in her paws. “I’m actually thinking it’s not bone... It’s like, one solid piece. The teeth aren’t separate. They’re part of it. If it really is a skull, then it’s not like any I’ve ever seen.”

“Have you seen a lot of them?” Sienna asked, one eyebrow lowered as she resumed brushing the tail.

“Well, no... figure of speech.” She flipped the skull over and looked at the inside of it. The vixen was almost entirely sure it was actually a mask, not a skull. Slowly, she raised it up towards her face, as if she was going to put it on.

“Ew!” Sienna bat at the fox’s shoulder with her paw. “That thing has been buried underground for how long?”

Cerine blinked and lowered the skull mask back down. She shook her head. Her thoughts felt a little fuzzy. Was she actually going to try putting it on? Sienna was completely right. Even though she’d brushed it off, the mask was still *dirty*. She needed to sanitize it properly first before putting it anywhere near her face. Honestly, she should clean her paws with some sanitizer before eating. Rachel almost had the s’mores done, so she put the skull down beside her and cleaned her paws with sanitizer from her pack.

The trio ate and looked at the stars over their campground for a bit before retiring to their tent. Sienna and Rachel were cuddled together on their side, sharing one large sleeping bag. Cerine had the non-coyote side of the tent, putting her glasses on top of her folded over-clothes above her head. She put the skull in the corner of the tent near her, with Sienna frowning the whole time.

“If I see that thing grinning at me in the middle of the night, it’s outside,” she said, sitting cross-legged on her sleeping bag and putting her hair into a ponytail. Cerine looked over at her, and blushed as the tigyote’s chest bounced freely beneath her pajama top, almost sitting on her lap. There it was, that tight, envious feeling of wanting a pair of big tits for herself.

“Be nice,” Rachel said, laying on her back so her muzzle was resting against the tigyote’s soft hip. The coyote was wearing just her regular underwear, but she’d probably be out of half of it soon enough. She leaned her head back to look at Cerine, upside-down. The fox was hunched over a bit under the tent, being taller than the both of them. “You don’t have to stay over there, you know. We’re all friends.”

“You want to snuggle her tail,” Sienna added for her knowingly.

“I want to snuggle her tail.”

Cerine blushed and shook her head. She wanted to, but she was a bit too conflicted right now. “No, it’s okay. I don’t want to be a third wheel or anything.”

“Up to you! But if that tail made it’s way over here, y’know, wouldn’t be so bad...” Rachel stretched, flicked her bra off, and pulled Sienna down onto her, disappearing into the folds of their jumbo sleeping bag. Giggles occasionally lilted on the air from their side of the tent.

Cerine rolled onto her back, looking up at the top of the tent. She tucked her arms in against her sides and laid her paws on top of her chest. This had never really bothered her before... why start now? She didn’t get it. Sighing, the fox rolled over to face the side of the tent, placing her head near the skull

tucked into the corner. As her breath washed over the bone mask, she shut her eyes and let whatever fun dreams her confused brain had in store for her come.

After a little while, the vixen's breathing shifted into sleep, and the others were snoring softly, tangled together. The darkness inside the tent was almost impenetrable, and yet, two little embers began to glow from the corner like coals from the extinguished fire outside. They highlighted rims of bone, or something very bone-like, flickering within empty eye sockets. The eyes settled on Cerine, laying with her white hair half-obscuring her face on top of her sleeping bag. Something long-slumbering inside the skull had tasted her desires and her dreams on her breath, awakening to the call of a new hunger to fulfill.

A new relationship was about to begin.

Strange bird songs woke her up almost instantly. Cerine's eyes fluttered open, and she was momentarily dazzled by the light. That was weird. Why was it so bright inside the tent? Were they playing a trick on her? Groaning, Cerine sat up, placing her paw on the ground beside her... but it was pillow-soft, and her paw sank deep into it. It wasn't the ground; it was a soft mattress. And it was purple. Groggy and still confused, Cerine tried to reach for her sleeping bag and throw it off of her, but her paw seized a helping of silk.

The vixen put a paw to her head and felt something drape from her arm. She looked at it, and saw it was a long train of silk, attached to her finger by a ring, as well as a band around her forearm and an armlet. It was a gorgeous shade of green, and softly translucent. Looking down, Cerine saw her whole body was clad in silks, each a different, vibrant color, like she was wearing a rainbow torn right from the sky. The whole outfit was entirely see-through, as well, which made the vixen blush and try to cover her breasts with her arm.

Confused, she sat up at the end of the luxurious bed she found herself on and looked around the room. She couldn't tell if she was surrounded by antiques or if they were new. It looked like a room from a storybook, with tapestries on the sandstone walls and expensive wooden furniture that looked like it was carved and shaped by artisans. There was an open, arched doorway leading to a balcony with a balustrade, and the vixen stood up to walk over to it.

A sea-salt breeze blew in from the doorway, tousling the vixen's long, white hair and her silk coverings. Stepping up to the balcony, she looked down... way down. She was in a room on a high floor in a gorgeous, ancient palace, dazzling in the morning sun. A fairy tale city, painted in warm tans and browns on all the walls and rooftops stretched out before her, reaching from the palace to the sea, where ships with outstretched sails came and went in a bustling harbor. The architecture looked familiar but mismatched, somehow. She couldn't quite put her finger on it. Maybe she'd read about it in a history book a long time ago, but nothing seemed interested in springing to mind.

How did she even get here, anyways? Where were Sienna and Rachel? The vixen ducked her head back into the room to see if she had just not noticed them, but instead she was greeted by a strange figure, looming in the middle of the room like a shadow out of nowhere. Cerine squealed and stumbled backwards, catching the edge of the arch in her paw and leaning against it.

The figure was a wolf, masculine, wearing a light vest and pants over his black and ochre fur. He had an average build, but his bearing was imposing, if not outright frightening. Cerine didn't hear him come in, and the wooden door on the opposite side of the bed chamber was still bolted shut. Yet she didn't feel like panicking. If anything, she was a bit drawn towards the wolf, as if there was some kind of gravity around him. She leaned off the arch behind her and gulped, taking a step towards him as he beckoned.

A bleached skull mask covered the top half of his face. It looked familiar, but the hazy murk of the vixen's thoughts couldn't remember why. She certainly didn't remember the eye sockets having glowing embers suspended in a pitch black void, however. They bored into her as they flickered, and it felt like no matter how much she tried to hide herself underneath the revealing silks, the gaze went

right through to her soul anyways.

“Come,” he said, and his voice was deep and strong. A charge crackled at the base of Cerine's neck from the sound, making her fur stand up. She did as he bade. “You must attend to the queen.”

“The queen is ready for me?” Cerine asked, the worlds leaping from her lips on their own. Blurry, mis-formed memories bubbled in her thoughts, making her feel like she knew what was happening.

The wolf turned and opened the door by waving his paw before it. Then he led her along a hallway decorated with lavish artworks and sculptures. Cerine felt exposed, blushing brightly as she passed by servants that ogled her barely-covered figure. They whispered things to one another that she couldn't hear, even with her tall, black-furred ears. Her guide stopped at a large pair of double doors at the end of the hallway, and Cerine glanced backwards at some of the servants watching them. She caught them exchanging confused looks and placing their paws in front of their chests, as if they were expecting more... a lot more. Cerine blinked, covering her breasts with her paws.

“The queen awaits her breakfast,” the dark-furred wolf told her, throwing the doors open and stepping aside to let Cerine enter.

She stepped through into an even more opulent bed chamber. A wide, four-poster bed dominated the space, and a gorgeous woman in a revealing, purple nightgown dominated the bed. The snow leopard was covered in gold jewelry, sparkling through thick and luscious fur the color of a winter morning. Ample curves spilled out of the corners of her gown as she inclined her head towards the vixen, golden earrings tinkling as they rattled together.

“Come here, dear,” the queen said, raising a plump paw upwards and gesturing for Cerine to approach. “Let me see you.”

Cerine again did as she was told, as if refusing was not even an option she could imagine. She stepped closer, to within a few feet of the snow leopard, and then the queen wiggled her fingers once more, beckoning her closer still. The vixen gulped, moving even closer. She was just outside of arm's reach. The fingers flexed again as the paw remained outstretched. Cerine had an idea of what she wanted. The vixen looked back to her escort, whose ember-like eyes were fixed curiously upon her. Biting her lip, she moved in even closer, and her chest brushed against the queen's knuckles. The queen lowered her paw slightly, slipped it underneath the blue silk sash running across Cerine's chest, and filled her palm with one of the fox's boobs. All seven feet of Cerine's tail doubled in size as a shiver rolled upwards along her spine. Despite the suddenness, she found herself leaning into the touch and panting softly.

“Lykos,” the queen mused, running her thumb over Cerine's nipple absentmindedly as she tilted her head back. Snowy hair drifted about her regal shoulders from underneath a golden tiara on her brow.

“My queen,” the attendant replied, bowing. Somehow the mask remained stuck to his face even as he bent at the waist.

“You said that you were going to bring me a dairy fox,” the queen said, her voice detached and distant even as her fingers kneaded warmly into Cerine's breast. Cerine tried not to squeak or moan as the queen squeezed with her fingertips, sliding them slowly towards the peak of Cerine's nipple as if she was attempting to force out some milk. Nothing came, except for some whimpers of confused enjoyment from the fox's throat.

“She is indeed a dairy fox, my queen,” Lykos explained, tipping his skull mask downwards a bit and looking towards her with his rust-colored embers-for-eyes. “Treat her well and she will provide you with... ample milk.”

The queen slid her paw out from underneath Cerine's sash and adjusted it for her as the vixen's face burned bright red. “Well, as pretty as she is, she is providing nothing at the moment, and I am still waiting on breakfast.”

Lykos bowed again. “I will see what I can do.” He placed a paw on Cerine's back, between her

shoulder blades, and all of her pent-up excitement made her shiver all at once. "Come with me."

Cerine followed Lykos back out of the room, her fluffed-up tail dragging limp along the marble stone floor behind her. As they walked back down the hallway, Cerine felt a strange sense of guilt and disappointment wash over her. Her excitement and adrenaline was fading, and now she simply felt numb upon realizing she'd failed the beautiful queen. It was so strange to have no expectations at all and yet... she felt like she wanted to do more. The servants looked at her again as they walked, whispering in hushed voices once more, but there was a different tone to it now. They knew she shouldn't have been leaving so quickly. They were right.

Lykos led her back to the room where she'd woken up and Cerine sat down on the edge of the bed. She sniffled. Was she about to cry? Over some person she didn't even know? Fingertips touched the end of her muzzle and lifted her face upwards so that she looked directly into the face of the masked wolf with the strange eyes.

"Do you want to make the queen happy?" he asked her, his deep voice like warm chocolate in her ears.

Cerine opened her muzzle. She was going to say yes, but her heart suddenly steered her aside. "No," she blurted out.

"No?" Lykos asked. He moved closer, still holding her muzzle in one paw, and he brushed the other along her hair. Cerine shivered, softly whining under her breath. His tone was confident, knowing, and playful, like he knew her completely, and was toying with her. "You seem quite sad to not be able to give the queen what she desires."

"I... I do," Cerine corrected, shivering in his grip. Her thoughts were filled with what the queen wanted, images of herself with her silk drapes pulled back so the beautiful cat could suckle at her breast, getting her fill of warm milk. Cerine practically melted.

"I see," Lykos told her. He laid her back on the bed and climbed in over her. She let him, panting as he lifted the blue silk away and completely exposed her chest. "What you want is the same thing the queen wants... you want to be a big, heavy dairy fox. You want to be brimming with milk, ready to feed a hungry lover. A cow in fox fur. Is that right?"

"Y-yes," Cerine said, nodding and inhaling, pushing her chest out. That was what she wanted, why she was so envious. Something deep inside her wanted to be expressed through bustiness and lactation. She *was* a cow... or this dairy fox thing they kept calling her.

Lykos cupped a dark paw around her breast and fondled it, leaning down close to her face. "Tell me you want to be a big cow. You want massive breasts dripping with milk so you can feed the queen."

"I want to be huge," she whispered, licking her muzzle. "I want to be able to feed her..."

The wolf leaned down beside her face, opening his mouth. A long, dark tongue slid out from between her fangs and licked along the side of her face, making her shiver and moan. He ran his fingertips gently around the fox's nipples while gripping her breasts with both paws, and they began to grow. White fur and soft flesh spilled between his fingers as her bust doubled in size, inflating like a pair of water balloons. Cerine tipped her muzzle down and looked past her long nose as her chest rose higher and higher, her breasts spreading across her torso while she laid on her back. Pretty soon Lykos couldn't even get a pawful of them. She was developing heavy, wobbling udders as years and years of natural growth swelled her outwards in the blink of an eye. Her nipples plumped bigger as her breasts grew, becoming as thick as her thumbs and tingling pleurably as Lykos teased them between his fingertips.

The feeling of growth, of weight, was heavenly. Cerine panted, letting her tongue fall out as she brushed her paws along the sides of her now enormous breasts. Miles of fur passed between her fingers as the curves felt like they went on forever. It was getting harder to breathe with the weight piling onto her chest. Cerine struggled to sit up, with Lykos placing his paw on her back and pushing, setting her upright on the bed. The pair of white blimps hanging from her chest wobbled heavily into her lap, too big now to be fully contained by the blue silk. Lykos tugged it down anyways, pushing her melons back

into it as he leaned against her, his fur brushing against hers. He strangely didn't feel warm, and despite his face almost against hers, he had no breath.

“Go feed the queen,” he whispered, running his tongue lightly along the edge of the vixen's ear. “Be her sweet cow. Let her tell you how good of a girl you are.”

Cerine flushed even redder, placing her paws on her chest and lifting. They spilled over her palms and outstretched fingers, held in only by the blue silk. “Will I...”

Reaching out with one of his paws, Lykos gently pinched his thumb and forefinger just behind the dairy fox's nipple. Stimulation jolted her spine erect, and she felt wetness dribble down from her teat to soak into her fur. Pink-tinted milk soaked through the silk.

“You have more milk than you'll ever know what to do with,” the wolf teased. “And it's yours. But right now, the queen is thirsty, and you *want* to feed her.” He lifted a finger up, with a drop of milk hanging from his claw tip. The wolf's long, serpentine tongue emerged from underneath the skull mask and licked it away, and then he was gone.

Somehow the wolf's disappearance wasn't as big a shock to the overstimulated and confused vixen as it should have been. He seemed to melt into shadow and vanish, leaving her alone with thoughts of milking and a light-headed, doozy feeling from all the stimulation. She still needed to feed the queen, and she attempted to jump up onto her feet quickly, forgetting she was now almost a hundred pounds heavier, and all in her chest! Cerine nearly tumbled, pulling the bed sheets with her as she fell onto the vanity next to the bed, hardly-contained udders swinging like sandbags in front of and beneath her. Milk dripped onto the floor and her fur along her spine rose in an ecstatic plume as she shivered in excitement. Just walking, trying to adapt to this massive change in her body, was a thrill. Each step towards the door made her abundance of flesh jiggle and bounce, even if she tried to hold them. Cerine grabbed the door and pulled it open, making sure to swing her new assets far out of the way to avoid hitting them.

The servants in the hall gaped as the dairy fox reemerged from the room. Words couldn't describe the magnitude of her sudden enhancement. Jaws dropped as she wobbled by, struggling to handle her new weight and balance. Her tail was no help; it just projected every bit of screaming, giddy wonderment the vixen was feeling on the inside. If it had more weight to it, it would have slapped some of the statues over rather than just dusting them. Seeing her approach, two of the servants grasped the queen's bedchamber doors and pulled them open for her.

The queen was still seated in the same place on the end of the bed, almost like she had already expected Cerine to return. Her sparkling green eyes widened slightly at the sight of the pink vixen, particularly eyeing the overflowing blue silk sash that struggled to contain her assets. Raising a paw, the queen again gestured for Cerine to walk over. She complied, swallowing hard, hoping that she would this time be to the snow leopard's satisfaction. If she wasn't, how much bigger could she get? Her tail snapped sharply behind her at the thought.

How big did she *want* to get?

A plump paw lifted up one of her fantastically large breasts, testing its weight. The white-furred globe spread and sagged over her fingers, and a small spray of milk soaked her silk wrap even more. The queen lifted her head up slightly, and a smile curled her lips.

“That is much better,” she said, her long, spotted tail sweeping back and forth across the mattress behind her. “A dairy fox, indeed.”

Cerine felt giddy satisfaction in her heart. Licking her muzzle, she grasped the silk and pulled it away from her lactating breasts. “Breakfast is served, my queen.”

Without another word, the snow leopard placed her other paw on Cerine's hip and pulled her close. Tilting the fox's swollen breast upwards slightly, the queen wrapped her lips around the bloated, tender nipple and began to suckle. Cerine grasped the poster at the corner of the bed frame and hold herself upright as the sudden, overwhelming sensation made her legs wobble. Her claws extended as she gripped the wood tightly, and they sank into it. She couldn't contain it. All this sudden, unexpected

pleasure boiled inside her, and she had to let it out somehow.

The fox moaned, the most natural thing in the world at that moment. It was mostly a moan, but she held it for so long, until the shivering in her paws stopped. The queen snuggled closer against her, her dress and the fox's layered silks brushing against one another. She tilted her head and continued suckling, running her fingers through Cerine's fur as her lips and mouth applied continuous pressure, drawing out gulps and gulps of milk.

Cerine reached out, hesitantly, and ran her fingers along the queen's hair. The snow leopard whimpered, squeezing her fingers into Cerine's hip. Pink milk ran down her chin, dripping along her neck before disappearing into her own cleavage. The queen paused, letting go to take a breath, and she looked up at the vixen with glistening lips and soaking wet chin fur. Cerine met her gaze, blushing, and together they helped the fox into the bed so the snow leopard could climb onto her, wrapping her muzzle around a mouthful and suckling anew.

Feeling herself sink into the feather mattress, with the gorgeous cat drinking her dry, Cerine purred heavily. She was a milk-laden cow, feeding this gorgeous queen from her prized udders. If this was a dream, she didn't want to wake up...

“Think we were too subtle?”

“I mean, I literally asked.”

Rachel was laying on her belly, muzzle propped up on top of the heels of her paws as she looked in Cerine's direction. The fox was still asleep, facing away from them. Sadly, that titanic tail was curled around her and hadn't come in their direction. Sienna was laying next to her girlfriend, sleeping bag pulled up to her bare chest. The soft sound of drizzling morning rain struck the tent over their heads, but they were all dry.

“Well, you might've gone a little too hard on the whole skull/mask thing...”

“Okay, first, it was gross,” Sienna said, defending herself. She pointed at her fingers. “Second, she didn't want to come swimming with us, and that was before then.”

“Oh, yeah. Forgot about that.” The coyote wiggled her tail. “Well, maybe she's just uncomfortable with it. Totally fine. Maybe we could just ask her, no pres- Oh!”

Cerine yawned suddenly and her tail wriggled as she rolled onto her back, reaching up with her paws to rub her bleary eyes.

“Good morning, sleeping beauty,” Sienna told her, smiling. “We were wondering when you'd get up.”

“Sorry,” Cerine said, sitting upright and stretching. The other girls shared an awkward glance, but the fox kept talking. “I was having a really good dream. I was in a... uh, shit. I know it. Damn, you know how you can still picture it, but your tongue just won't work right with the words?”

“Cerine...”

“It's like I can see it all in my head, but it's foggy and not making sense anymore. Maybe it didn't make sense at all, but like... I was in a room, and there was someone with me, and we were... uh... trying to remember the word...”

“Um, Cerine?”

“No... it's gone. God, I could swear I remembered it just a second ago, but it's like trying to hold sand.” The pink fox glanced at them and saw their surprised faces. “What? What's the matter?”

Rachel cleared her throat and pointed at Cerine's chest. Blinking, the fox looked down and noticed her breasts were looking rather... bloated. They'd almost grown half-again in size! And the front of her shirt was wet, spreading from around her hard, sore nipples.

“That's... that's new...”

(Note: If you haven't read [Lykos and the Cow-Girl](#), now would be a good time!)

Cerine cycled through her contacts list and pressed call before leaning forward and propping herself up on her elbows at the edge of her desk. The video call rang twice before it was answered, and the playful faces of a coyote and tigyote were vying for space in front of the camera. Sienna had changed her hair dye again, with a white streak over one eye. It was cute.

“Cerine!” Sienna squealed. “How was your doctor's visit? What'd they tell you?”

The vixen sighed and nodded her head. “Well, they said yeah, I'm a dairy fox. I never had a clue. But apparently it can get triggered randomly by hormones or something, and once it starts... welcome to big titty life, I guess. It's been weird, but... I'm having fun with it. It's like, something I actually kinda wanted to happen? I guess if I'm a dairy fox, that makes sense.”

Rachel's eyebrows went up. “Are they *still* growing?”

“I hit a plateau a month or so ago, I think. They've slowed a lot since then. I can actually stay in a bra longer than a week!”

“We haven't actually seen you since the camping trip,” Sienna told her, cutting her eyes towards Rachel, who looked equally curious. “That was a couple months ago.”

Cerine nodded and gave them a wink, sitting back in her chair. The girls watched expectantly as Cerine stood up, and the camera view slowly became full of the fox's blue pajama top. It was loose around her, but even then... they could tell that the “dairy” in dairy fox was incredibly apt. Cerine lifted the shirt up, and the webcam had to adjust against all the white fur in its view. All three of their heads together might have been a match for just one of the fox's huge boobs. Sienna just stared, fascinated, while Rachel leaned back in her seat, covering her muzzle with her paws. Cerine gave them a short tour and then pulled her shirt back down before leaning over in front of the camera, letting her chest rest on top of the desk.

“Before you ask, yes. They are ultra-heavy. I'm still getting used to them.”

Sienna and Rachel exchanged a look, with the tigyote nodding emphatically. Rachel blushed and said, “Uh, do you want to come over tomorrow night? We could have a pajama party and watch some movies.”

Cerine fixed her glasses and snickered, her big tail wagging happily behind her. “Am I bringing the refreshments?”

“Wow, I wasn't expecting that reply!” Rachel said, laughing. “As long as you bring enough for everybody.”

“I think I can manage that,” Cerine told them. “Call me in the morning? We'll figure it out.”

“You bet,” Sienna said. Even through the video call, she was blushing. She looked at Cerine's neck and spotted the black collar and golden cowbell ornament hanging from it. “Oh, what's that? It's not like you to wear those.”

Cerine blinked and reached to touch her cowbell choker. She smiled a bit sheepishly and tilted her head so the camera picked it up better. “Ah... I found it a little while back. I'm not sure where it came from, but it, uh... you know what? I'll show you tomorrow.”

The others seemed a little confused by that, but they smiled and waved, with Sienna telling her, “Sleep well, dairy fox.”

Cerine smiled at the comment and closed the call. She stood upright and stretched, feeling the shirt slide over her massive bust as her breasts shook side to side slightly. Going to visit her friends would be fun, changes or no. She'd wanted to be more comfortable with them, and had metaphorically kicked herself for a while for letting her envy get in the way of a... more memorable weekend. But at least she had a suspicion that envy had gotten her a lot more than she'd ever bargained for.

Turning off her computer, Cerine left her study and walked to the bedroom, where she set her glasses down on the nightstand beside the bed. Climbing onto it, she leaned up to the shelf over the headboard with a long-sleeved arm and brushed her finger along the muzzle of the skull mask. She'd kept it ever since the trip, as a good luck charm. Ever since then, she'd been sleeping a lot better. Couldn't quite put a pin in why, but... she had some suspicions.

“Gonna be nice to me again tonight?” she asked the mask sweetly, letting her breath touch the mask before flopping over onto the mattress, her head sinking down into her pillow. The busty vixen sighed and closed her eyes, drifting off into sleep.

It wasn't a few minutes later that she opened them again, looking at a dreamy, hazy version of her bedroom. The dreaming fox smiled and wagged her tail as the door to the bedroom opened, and a gorgeous snow leopard, dripping with gold jewelry and little else, approached her.

“My queen,” Cerine purred.

* * * * *

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