

Strawberry Milk

by Cerine Hero

It took a while before Cerine was ready to get up from the couch. Her tummy was stuffed and bulging with Zaress's breast milk, looking ready to pop. Between her belly looking like a beach ball, and being waited on paw and foot while she was stretched out on the sofa, she could have mistaken herself for being pregnant. As time passed and her boobies swelled slowly, the comparison just got more apt.

When she woke up this morning, she had no idea her day was going to take this very abrupt but intriguing turn. She thought that she'd come and meet Zaress's roommate, they'd all head out to lunch, kill some time at the shopping center, and then head home. That would have been a *normal* day. Instead, she'd been greeted by a super-well-endowed cat and told that her best friend's breast milk stimulated massive breast growth. If it wasn't for the almost-painful churning in her tummy, she would have guessed the entire day was a weird dream brought on by asking Zaress why her titties were bigger. So... that tracked, she supposed. And with her own bust gaining weight right in front of her eyes, she had no choice but to give in to the audacity of it all. It was still sinking in, but the fog was beginning to clear around one very important idea:

Holy shit, she thought, I'm going to be huge!

Cerine tried her best not to squeal out loud. She tucked her muzzle down onto her chest, looking past her long nose at her bare breasts. Every time she inhaled, pushing out her chest, her heart skipped a beat, just imagining what it would be like if she exhaled and they stayed *that* big. The effect wasn't quite that fast. Chai explained that it took a little while for the milk to digest and really start to show results. The buxom cat joked that it was still faster than getting implants, and a whole lot cheaper, since the source would be back from work in a couple hours.

"If you like the results," Chai promised, leaning down beside the fox's head and smirking, "then we can get you some more when Zaress gets home. I'm all excited from you getting bigger, too, so I think I'll join you."

"I'd love that," the vixen murmured. Her eyebrows rose and she glanced down. Chai had put on a dark green logo shirt, but her bust size was so large that whatever was written on the front was stretched beyond recognition. She called it her "growing shirt" and it looked like it had been through some wear and tear. The printing on the front was cracked and split from being stretched around her swelling breasts. Stubborn milk stains covered the front, either dribbled onto it from above, or leaking from the cat's plump nipples. The neckline was stretched out, so as Chai leaned down in front of her, Cerine was greeted by a lengthy line of cleavage. The vixen shamelessly stared, licking her nose, and Chai grinned. She stood up straight. The top had probably been a fairly loose crop-top at some point, but now the cat's milk-enhanced assets more than filled it. Underboob, covered in tan fur, bulged out underneath the bottom of the top. Cerine reached up with one paw and gently teased her finger along the crease between Chai's breast and her torso. The cat shivered in response, and she leaned forward to peek at the vixen over the curve of her bust.

"How big do you think I'll get?" Cerine asked. She cupped a paw around her bare breast. It was already bigger. "Your size?"

"Not yet," Chai replied. She tugged on her top, but it didn't help cover her up any more. "It took me a while to get this big. *But!* Yours are a little bigger to start with, so who knows! Either way, make some room, I want a front-row seat."

Cerine smiled and sat up, putting a paw on her stuffed belly while Chai climbed onto the sofa with her. Her tummy sloshed and weighed her down with milk, but she grunted and leaned up, feeling her growing breasts shift around on her chest with their own extra weight. Goodness, that was already starting to feel weird. She couldn't imagine what it would be like if she was as buxom as the slender cat. Chai did seem to work around the size and heft of her breasts as she climbed onto the cushions,

slipping herself into the corner and propping against the armrest. Holding out her arms, she guided Cerine to lay back down, resting the fox's head squarely on top of her left boob so she was cradled between Chai's chest and the back of the couch. The cat snaked her arms around Cerine's body, reaching around her and wrapping her fingers around the vixen's full bust. Her thumbs slowly massaged slow circles around her nipples, feeling where the fur gave way to bare skin. Feeling electricity spark from her chest up to her temples, Cerine bit her lip while her fur fluffed up in response to Chai's teasing. She ran the claws of her dark paws along the cat's legs as they entwined their legs together. Cerine was taller by far, so her feet hung over the edge of the sofa, but that didn't stop Chai from squeezing her thigh between her own. The busty cat's soft breast vibrated underneath the vixen as she rumbled in equal parts happiness and excitement.

"So... how did you even figure out her milk even does this?" Cerine asked. Her paws were busy, so she tilted her head and tapped Chai's big boob with the side of her muzzle. Chai grinned, the curly markings around her eyes twisting. She reached up with one paw and held Cerine's cheek, hugging her firmly into her chest. Cerine didn't complain as she felt her face sink into the intimate embrace.

"Well, I guess you're already in it enough that it's not like the details are going to be scandalous," Chai answered, still rubbing Cerine's cheek while she also fondled her slowly-swelling breast. "Zaress came home from work one day just *soaked* in milk. I'd never seen her like that before. And her boobies were huge. Like, almost as big as I am now huge, and you know she's big anyways. But those things were just squirting milk left and right, 'cause apparently she bumped them while she was at work and they just started going. I mean, I get it now! I'm constantly having to remind myself how much I... uh, *stick out* nowadays so I don't bump up against stuff. Knocking over one glass at my desk because I side-swiped it with a titty while I was trying to reach for something was like, 'Okay, we're watching out from now on.'"

"Been there."

"Right?! Can something be embarrassing *and* fun?" Chai giggled and hugged Cerine closer. "But Zaress asked me for help running her a bath so she could let them do their thing, but I just couldn't resist... we had a little fun, then curled up to take a nap, and when I woke up, I was *ba-boom!* Huge! And like I said, it is super addictive, and I immediately wanted more. And as it turns out, Zaress will just keep producing and producing as long as she's being stimulated, so I ended up drinking... gosh, I don't even know how much! But she makes more than I can even handle, so that's why we had a huge jug of it set aside just for you today."

"She made all that yesterday...?"

"Uh-huh. Like I said, won't stop. And when you've got a never-ending flow and a kitty wanting her milk..." Chai finished the thought by giving her big chest a bounce.

Cerine gulped, rubbing her paws on her tummy. She wasn't feeling or looking so bloated anymore, and her belly, while still full, was not churning so much. Her breasts were going to start growing really soon. Fingers and toes trembled in both anticipation and trepidation. She and Chai both didn't know what was really going to happen. They only knew what happened to Chai. What if she suddenly blew up even bigger than Zaress? Bigger than Chai? Could that even be possible... What if she just kept growing, day after day, until she was just boobies with a fox attached?

She realized she was biting her lip so hard that she broke the skin with her fang. Gasping, she sat up, licking at her lip. A bit of blood stained her fur. Chai watched her, concerned, gently running her claws down Cerine's back. She struggled to sit up for a moment with the weight of her bust on her chest, but then gave up.

"Are you okay?" she asked, leaning sideways and peeking up towards Cerine's face.

"Yeah, I just... whew." Cerine inhaled deep and sighed, letting her shoulders slump. "I was getting ahead of myself for a bit. This is all really... overwhelming. It's kinda come on fast, hasn't it?"

"Yeah! I mean, look: Your boobies are looking *big*."

The vixen straightened her back and looked down. For sure, Chai was right – she was looking

much more full-chested! Squeaking and nearly biting her lip all over again, Cerine squeezed her breasts between her upper arms, watching as her furry balloons pumped up even bigger. Her nipples were erect and thrusting outwards as her melons jiggled with every spurt of growth. Chai reached up and lifted up one of the fox's growing boobies on her fingers, kneading softly and giving it a jiggle. Cerine didn't realize how much her boob weighed now until Chai lifted it up. She was already almost twice as big. The cat slid her fingers away and let Cerine's titty bounce, making the fox's fur stand on end all down her back.

Chai held out her paw. "Help me up, then let's take you to the bathroom and clean up your lip, okay?"

Cerine nodded, standing and taking Chai's paws. With a heft, she helped the busty cat to stand up beside her. Chai leaned against the taller vixen, her chest bumping into the fox's white tummy.

"You're not the only one," Chai teased, smoothing her paws across her top. Cerine honestly forgot that the cat had a share of milk earlier, herself, and she was looking a bit rounder and heavier, too. There looked to be more soft-furred breast outside of the top than in it now, and Chai would likely have to upgrade to a new "growing shirt" if she planned to keep going. Watching the cat's breasts swell another size or two, stretching her top, made Cerine even more aware of the growing weight of her own plump pair. She cupped her paws around her breasts, feeling them heavily overflow her palms and fingers. They said she wasn't going to get very big yet, but this was already more than she expected.

Chai took her paw and started leading the topless vixen to the other room. Every step made Cerine's breasts bounce more than she was accustomed to, and she whimpered in delight. They passed the bedroom and headed into the bathroom, where Cerine was left standing in front of the mirror while Chai gathered some things to help clean her lip.

The pink fox in the reflection was almost unrecognizable. Sure, she had Cerine's frosty pink fur, waist-length white hair, and her black undies, but those were not her breasts. They were massive. Blue eyes opened wide as she leaned forward over the sink, pushing her still-growing boobs up with her paws. Her long tail went *whiff-whiff-whiff* against the opposite wall in the bathroom as she took in her swelling enhancement.

Maybe she couldn't admit it out loud, but she was, in fact, envious of Zaress's chest size. The big drake made it look effortless and casual despite her size, and something deep in the vixen wanted to share that. So when she saw her friend had grown even bigger, it set off some kind of frantic desire to partake. And then, a couple hours ago, Chai demonstrated that this wasn't some wild fantasy at all. She'd gone from modest to massive in a month, and Cerine was shivering in anticipation at the thought of joining her. Then, one belly filled to bursting with milk later, she was growing more than she even imagined! Her stiff nipples poked out between her long fingers. Cerine squeezed very gently, teasing how soft and full her breasts were getting. God, even the pain in her lip couldn't distract her from how much she was overwhelmed by the thrill of getting bigger; especially since she just couldn't stifle her tic of biting her lip, making it worse. A drop of blood fell from her chin and splattered on the sink beneath her.

Chai wet a cloth with peroxide and came back over, putting one arm around Cerine's hips and reaching up with the cloth. She dabbed it at the fox's lip, making her hiss and tense. "Whoops, sorry. Should have said, but you were being mesmerized..." Chai snuck a glance towards the mirror and purred at what she saw. "Can't imagine why. You're growing *fast*."

"You said it wasn't going to be a whole lot," Cerine reminded her, breathing deep into her upper chest and then slowly letting it out, watching her breasts move in the reflection.

"Well, you drank a lot more than I did," Chai answered. Setting the cloth down, she reached out with her paw, sliding her fingers underneath the vixen's right breast and feeling the left. She slid her paw underneath the vixen's fingers and nudged them aside, taking over for her. Pressing firmly into her side and squishing her own round girls against Cerine's stomach, Chai rest her cheek on Cerine's arm and smirked at their reflection together. They both watched as the vixen's boobies continued to swell,

pushing Chai's paws outward. Cerine pressed her palms to her cheeks. Her face was burning hot as as her slender figure continued to grow an ever-more-impressive bust.

Chai flicked her thumb lightly across Cerine's nipple. "So how do you feel?"

"Like a teenager again... except in fast forward. I don't know how to feel... I went from not knowing I really wanted this to finding out it was possible to ballooning up in a bathroom in less than a day! I kinda want to scream."

"Please don't. I get weird looks from the neighbors already."

"Okay. But uh... are they supposed to feel tight? Like, really firm? Because I swear the last little bit here they've been getting rounder and really, really heavy and holy crap, I'm not going to pop, am I?"

Chai buried her face into pink fur and snickered. "No! But that's a little odd... I can feel it, too, your boobies are getting really heavy and fur and..." The cat looked down at the sink, noticing a couple droplets on the white porcelain. "Oh, did I not clean that... hang on a second."

She leaned down, squinting and looking at the dribbles underneath the fox. They were... pink. Not richly pink, like hot pink, but a mellow, white-ish pink – somewhat like Cerine's fur. Following the drops upwards, Chai found herself nose-to-nipple. As Cerine breathed in, shivering softly in excitement, her nipple leaked more droplets of light pink milk. Her fur was stained all down the undersides of her breasts and along her belly where the milk soaked into her fur. Chai brushed back her hair and huffed in delight, panting hot breath onto Cerine's breast.

"Cerine, you're lactating!"

"I'm... what?!"

"And it's pink! What's up with that?"

"I- I don't know! This is new to me..."

"Alright, hold on."

"Hold on to wha- Aaaah!"

Chai pressed her lips around Cerine's full breast and nipple. Cerine bunched her shoulders in shock but exhaled and relaxed as the cat began to suck softly, drawing milk out of her breast. The pressure in her chest relieved some, and she leaned her weight against one arm, propping herself on the sink. Pleasant satisfaction filled her thoughts as Chai suckled. A rumbling, pleasant moan rolled out of her throat despite herself. The intimacy of it was sweetly intoxicating. Chai tugged with her lips until they popped from Cerine's breast. She panted softly and raised up her paw, making a spinning motion with one finger. The fox guessed the meaning and turned around, resting her rump against the edge of the sink and letting Chai relocate to her front. Pushing her paws upwards through the thick, pink fur on the vixen's thighs, she slid her fingers underneath the sides of Cerine's boyshorts before digging her claws into her bare hips. Cerine gently held her chin and guided her to her other nipple, still squirting milk from the extra pressure. Happy to oblige, Chai started to drain the vixen's other breast, sinking her claws in tighter against her skin. A ruffle of pleasure went up Cerine's spine, making her thick fur fluff outwards and sending shivers along her tail.

"Yours tastes like strawberry," Chai reported, licking her lips after giving Cerine's breast another gentle pop. "Just strawberry through and through, huh?"

Cerine blushed brightly and played with her hair. "I guess so. Better than Zaress, or...?"

Chai wiggled in place, still kneading at Cerine's hips and the flanks of her ass while she thought. "Not as strong, for sure, but... yeah, you've got the flavor! Like strawberry milkshake. Hopefully that's your only big surprise! Got plenty on our plates with Zare's milk..."

Cerine brushed her paw through Chai's hair, trailing her claws down the cat's shoulder and back. Looking down, Cerine saw her breasts filled out below her. She seemed to have stopped growing, at least for now, after her breasts shifted into lactating mode. Droplets still formed at the ends of her thick nipples before running down to soak into her fur. She could feel the warm wetness all down her stomach and starting to soak into her thighs.

“We need to get you properly cleaned-up now,” Chai said. She took a step back and tugged on her shirt. It was soaked with milk, too, this time vaguely pink. “And me, too, I guess!”

Chai arched her back and pulled her shirt up and off, exposing her chest. Cerine saw them just a little bit ago, before she'd put it on, but they bounced a bit heavier now, and they were fuller in the vixen's paws as she pulled the cat close again and felt them. Giggling at one another, they finished undressing and climbed into the box shower. There was barely enough room for the two of them to fit in together between Cerine's large tail and their mutual buxomness; Zaress's broad shoulders must have had an awkward time just by themselves. Cerine kept accidentally bumping Chai's cheeks with her awkwardly-large bust, but the cat just play-nipped and tugged on her fur while she got the water flowing.

An overhead stream soaked them both, wetting their hair and their fur. Cerine felt the water roll down her shoulders and then her breasts. She purred at the delight of the unusual sensation of the water soaking into and then dribbling from her much larger bust. Streams ran from her still-erect nipples as the discoloration began to fade from her fur. As Cerine leaned back against the wall of the shower, one paw holding the cat's lower back, Chai picked up a bottle of fur shampoo and squirt some into her paws. Roiling up a lather, she reached out and brushed it into the fox's fur. She started right on top of the vixen's breasts, teasingly squishing and playing with them as she got them completely covered in suds. Her fingers disappeared into the cleavage, and she ran her paws underneath, hefting up the fox's heavy udders and bouncing them. The vixen gasped, grinned, and ran her fingers across the side of her shampoo-covered breast. She stuck a dollop of suds on both of Chai's nipples, smirking as the cat stepped back and let the water wash them clean with a giggle.

They got more shampoo and filled the vixen's palm, and they both covered one another from head to toe. Paws slid upwards along backs and fingers ran through hair and tail fur. Cerine returned the favor, smoothing her palms in wide circles around Chai's bust and enjoying the weight of her chest while – ostensibly – massaging the shampoo into her fur. The smoky glass door to the shower fogged over, showing only the motion of pink and sandy shapes, with the occasional white breast or green tail pressing against the glass.

Chai laid in bed, one arm behind her head on her pillow while her other paw idly brushed claws through the fur on her bare chest. The blankets were pulled up to her waist. Her full, verging on overflowing, breasts rose and fell as she breathed in deep lungfuls of air. The cat's eyes were half-closed, and she slowly tucked in one of her legs. Her toes shifted through thick fur between her thighs.

The muffled sound of the apartment's door opening and thumping shut drifted into the dark bedroom. A large shape shifted under the blankets and Cerine's head and shoulders peeked out from underneath. Her muzzle fur was damp and her nose glistened as she turned and looked towards the bedroom door.

“What was that?” she asked.

“That was Zaress getting home,” Chai answered, running her fingertip along the curve of Cerine's large, hanging breasts. Reaching over the bed, she picked up one of the discarded towels and began to clean the vixen's muzzle for her. Then her eyebrows suddenly rose and she smirked. “You know what, I've got an idea.”

Cerine adjusted, letting Chai climb out from underneath her. The cat grabbed one of the blankets and wrapped it around her body like a robe as she walked towards the door. Light spilled into the room, making Cerine's eyes adjust quickly. She rose up, grabbing another of the blankets and wrapping it around her middle.

“Come on,” Chai told her, slipping through the doorway.

Cerine gulped and climbed out of the bed, the blanket dragging along behind her body. She crept to the door and poked her head out, not entirely sure if she wanted Zaress to see her like this, but way too curious to see what Chai was up to. She found the cat standing beside the drake in the living

room, with the bigger woman leaning down so that Chai could whisper in one of her large ears. Zaress had her work uniform on, a crisp black tie over her white button-down. It exuded a sharp masculine energy that made Cerine's tail jitter. She couldn't hear what the two were talking about, but Zaress's eyes cut towards the bedroom door. A mischievous smirk creased her face and thick, draconic fangs sparkled.

"How are you enjoying them?" the drake asked, motioning for Cerine to come closer.

Cerine stepped through the door, tightening the blanket around her body. She took three steps out into the room, scrunched her nose, and lowered the blanket down to her waist. A pair of breasts almost as large as her head wobbled softly on her chest. Despite their best efforts, the vixen was continuing to occasionally leak milk, and her pristine white fur remained stained pink.

Zaress's smirk widened and she nodded. Chai whispered more and the drake's eyebrow went up. "You two are going to be the death of me. But alright."

Chai clapped her paws enthusiastically. She reached up and started to loosen Zaress's tie. While she did that, the drake unbuttoned her top. Meanwhile, Cerine's eyes went wider while she watched her friend disrobe to the waist.

"Hah... uh, what are we doing?" she asked, smiling nervously.

The cat came over and took her paw, leading her back into the bedroom. "I was just thinking we could use dinner, and I'm sure Zaress is pent up..."

"Dinner? I... oh!" Cerine blushed as she sat, looking over her shoulder as Zaress was reaching back and unhooking her bra. The muscular woman's chest was full and bloated as they bounced out of the cups. As the drake followed them into the room, she unbuttoned and untied her pants from over her tail, tugging them off and folding them up with the rest of her work clothes so they wouldn't get dirty. She passed by the fox and cat and reached a hand out to touch Cerine's muzzle.

"Strawberry, huh?" Zaress teased, scritchng her claws under Cerine's chin. The vixen's blush doubled over as the drake sat down on the edge of the bed, crossing her powerful legs. "Makes sense."

"Uh-huh," Cerine replied, letting her blanket slip down more. The sandy-furred cat had already done so, her green tail flicking eagerly while she squeezed Zaress's thigh.

"I've been calling her Strawberry Milkshake," Chai teased, winking towards the vixen.

"I love it," Zaress replied.

"You're both piling on me again."

Chai leaned over and pecked the vixen on the cheek as recompense. Cerine flushed and smiled.

Zaress rubbed her thumb and fingers around Cerine's muzzle still, gently tilting her face to look at her lip. "What happened there?"

"Got too excited," the vixen answered, flattening her ears down. "It was right when I started to really grow, and I was biting down *really* hard."

"Mind those fangs here, then," Zaress told her, giving the vixen's cheek a pat. "Now, since you two want to balloon yourselves up senseless..."

"Yes," Chai whispered, wiggling her hindquarters as she dragged out the sound. "It's way more fun to do it *with* someone..."

Zaress stretched herself out on her back, inhaling deep and pushing out her chest. Cerine blushed and watched as Chai climbed in first, positioning herself on Zaress's right side and laying down. She giggled and readjusted, finding a comfortable arrangement for her breasts. Then she licked her muzzle and held one of the drake's bloated, milk-filled tits in her paw as she wrapped her lips around the nipple. Cerine watched them for a moment, covering her own supersized breasts with her paws and swallowing hard. As Zaress gently pet down Chai's bare back with her hand, she turned and looked towards the vixen.

"Today is weird," Cerine said, shaking her muzzle slowly from side to side.

She followed suit, climbing onto the bed and feeling Zaress's strong arm wrap around her waist. The drake pulled her close, tucking her in against her side. Cerine's heavy breasts squished against her

bodybuilder friend's fit figure. Taking another glance towards Chai, who was drinking happily, Cerine exhaled slowly and then placed her muzzle over Zaress's nipple.

The vixen started to nurse, getting squirts of milk down her tongue. She tensed immediately as the flavor rolled in shock waves through her jaw, making her shoulders shiver in delight. Motes of pleasant warmth traveled down her throat into her belly as she drank, and her fluffy tail curled up above her. She just... tried not to think too hard about where the milk was coming from.

But as the minutes passed, that became easy. Cerine's muscles slowly relaxed, and she turned to butter while she indulged in a heavy, liquid meal. Chai was right – the drake just didn't run out! And if it had an intoxicating, thrilling flavor that danced on the tongue when it was cold, then warm and straight from the source was something else entirely. The vixen's eyes fluttered closed as a strong hand gently brushed back her hair.

Fingers wrapped around hers in the dark. Chai took her paw and held it. Cerine squeezed back, and their paws rest on top of Zaress's slowly rising and falling tummy. The drake held them both close as she let them both indulge themselves.

In a couple hours, Chai and Cerine both had fallen asleep, their bellies stuffed full of dragon's milk and dreams of bigger breasts filling their heads. Cerine snored softly, her face wedged on top of the drake's tummy but under Chai's shoulder and chest. Zaress was still stuck underneath both of them, but she propped her head on her arm and ran her thumb across the screen of her phone while she checked her social feeds.

“You two are going to be in for a shock when you go bra shopping,” she muttered to herself. “Then I'll be laughing.”

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