

## Sneaking in Drinks

by Cerine Hero

“Two for *Star Ranger*, please.”

A bit of empty silence crowded the space between Cerine and the box office clerk. The badger's eyes had tilted downwards as the vixen reached the head of the line and started to fetch money from her purse. The girl working the box office desk tapped her clawed fingers anxiously on the counter in front of her. If she'd heard what Cerine said, she didn't show it.

“Um, hi?” Cerine asked, leaning down a bit to interpose her face into the badger's eyeline. She broke the badger's line of sight to her big chest. “Can I get two tickets for *Star Ranger*?”

The badger snapped out of her trance and panicked for a moment before tapping her claws all across the computer screen in front of her. Cerine handed over the money and adjusted her purse strap where it ran right across the front of her chest. The black strap pulled her white shirt snug around her very large bust, helping to outline her figure. Badger eyes peeked over the top of the computer screen again while a pair of tickets popped up in a dispenser concealed under the counter. With shaking paws, she took the tickets and tore them, handing them to Cerine.

“Last theater on your left!” she squeaked.

“Thank you,” Cerine replied, smiling and walking into the theater proper.

There was a large fountain in the center of the theater lobby, flanked on either side by the lines trailing off from the concessions counter. As Cerine walked over, her chest bouncing with every step, she found Chai sitting on the stone rim around the fountain. The cat was wearing her cargo capris, along with a tank top underneath her large scarf. When she saw Cerine approaching – because who wouldn't – Chai jumped up to her feet and rushed over to her, taking her ticket from the fox's paw. Her mint-green tail was a bustle of excited activity behind her.

“Woo!” the tan-furred cat whistled. She spun around and leaned back, resting her head against the vixen's larger-than-her-head-sized pillows. Thanks to the vixen's height, Chai was the perfect size to bump headfirst into the vixen's breasts if one of the two of them weren't paying enough attention. “So, you want to get anything from the concessions?”

Cerine wrinkled her nose, looking at the lines leading up to the stand. “It's a bit too pricey for me. I'll be alright.”

“Well, I'm hungry, so I want to get some popcorn,” Chai replied, grabbing Cerine by the paw and walking her over to end of the line. She continued holding the vixen's paw while they waited, standing with her cheek pressed against the massive boob next to her head. “God, you are still so *big*.” She sneakily reached up and felt the fox's over-sized chest. Cerine's pink and white cheeks blurred into a solid red blush and she bit her lip. “I figured you would have slimmed back down some by now, too... but you've just filled out more. Are you still sneaking some of Zaress's milk?”

The vixen cleared her throat and looked around, checking to see if anyone was listening. People had filed in behind them in the line, but most muzzles were facing down and buried in their phones. Cerine tugged on her shirt, shifting the fabric around her chest. The outline of her black bra was barely visible through the lighter-colored top, and her breasts spilled slightly over the cups. “Well, it's... something like that. You're right, I've gotten a bit bigger.”

“You're turning heads, for sure,” Chai teased, reaching over to the other side of Cerine's prodigious bust and giving them a squeeze. The vixen's blush spread but she didn't lean away from the touch. Chai looked up at her, smirking mischievously, and her eyes fell on the choker around Cerine's neck. A golden bell, rectangular in shape, hung from a ring on the front of it. It looked like a... cowbell? Chai curiously reached up to flick it and make it ring, but finally Cerine moved and laid her paw on top of Chai's.

“Nope, nope,” she said, showing her fangs a bit as she wiggled nervously. “Um... please don't

touch.”

Chai lowered her eyebrows in confusion but nodded and turned back to the line. They were almost up to the counter now, so she fished some money out from her pocket and paid for a big tub of popcorn. “Don't worry, I'll share,” she told Cerine. “But I have to hold it. You don't have a lap.”

“I do so... I just can't put anything in it.”

With the tub of popcorn in paw, the vixen and cat headed down the wing of the theater to the one that was playing *Star Ranger*. There were a handful of other people headed that way, too; the entrance was looking a bit cramped. Someone held the door open for them and they thanked them as they slipped into the dark theater. The house lights were down; the trailers were already playing. Most of the seats were already full inside, and they squinted against the dark to see if they could spot two of them together. Cerine pointed to some, a few rows down from the back and near the center. Chai climbed up the steps first, her slender figure illuminated in waves by the tiny walkway lights under her. Excusing herself, she crept through the aisle to the seats and settled herself down in one of them.

Cerine, understandably, had a little more trouble just “sneaking by.” The very well-endowed, slightly curvy, and tall fox was a lot bigger than Chai, and she apologized as she bumped into everyone on the way down the aisle. While her thighs bumped into everyone's knees, the people in the row in front of her looked up in confusion as a small, soft tummy thumped the back of their heads. Most of them glanced upwards in time to spy a pair of dangerously-large breasts suspended above their faces while the fox passed over them. There was mild grumbling as Cerine found her way to the seat and settled in, her face hot and flushed from blushing. As she sat, her left breast rest on top of her neighbor's paw where it was sitting on the armrest. She swallowed up both of them just by virtue of being so full-breasted. Her seat-neighbor slowly slid his paw out from under her boob and shifted his weight to the other side of his seat.

“Sorry,” the vixen whispered, hiding her face behind her paws in mortification. “I can't help it...”

A weight settled against her right breast and Cerine looked down to find Chai leaning against her, resting her cheek on top of the bigger fox's boob while she munched popcorn. She held up the tub and Cerine fished out a pawful for herself, also taking a napkin. Spreading out her napkin on top of her bust shelf, she poured out the popcorn on top of it to keep safe while she snacked. That way her right arm was free to drape over Chai's shoulder. She gently scritched under the cat's chin and stroked her throat fur, feeling her constant, delighted purring against her paw and her breast alike.

The movie's studio credits began to play on the massive screen in front of them. Cerine and Chai settled in to watch the movie, leaning against one another. When she wasn't eating the popcorn, the cat stretched her paw out and rhythmically pat the fox's thigh. The movie began to play and... it wasn't very good. Cerine hadn't seen any of the ones leading up to it and neither had Chai. They just thought the lead actress was amazing. Maybe an hour had passed when Cerine, almost half-asleep, noticed that Chai was readjusting herself a lot in boredom, jostling the pink vixen's big titties in her bra by leaning her full weight against them as she wriggled.

“Cerine,” she whispered. Green eyes and curly markings peeked over the curve of her breast. A bright glow illuminated the edges of her face as some spaceship or whatever exploded in the movie. “This movie blows.”

“I know,” Cerine replied, grimacing. Someone sitting a row back quietly shushed them and Cerine immediately sank her head down into her shoulders and cleavage.

Chai stuck her paw into the popcorn tub again and found only kernels and pieces. She sighed, licking the salt and butter from her lips. She tried to swallow, but instead, her throat itched and she went into a coughing fit. Stuffing her face into the crook of her arm, Chai tried to muffle her coughing as much as she could while Cerine's paw gently massaged her back. Once she got it under control, she blinked away tears and made a quiet whimper.

“I'm really thirsty,” she told the fox. Leaning forward, she peeked around Cerine's bosom at the

line of people she'd have to go through to get out. "Damn."

"Do you wanna go buy one?"

Chai checked her pockets. "I spent everything I had on the popcorn..." Chai slumped again, dropping her cheek against Cerine's boob. Her face landed against the big tit with a soft *plop* and the vixen's flesh jiggled underneath her clothes. Cerine swallowed hard and crossed her legs, blushing. While Chai felt her cheek rest on her friend's chest, her ear hearing the very faint sound of her heart beating, she began to have a thought.

"Cerine."

"What?"

"Shhh!" Someone was getting more annoyed behind them.

"I want a milkshake."

The pink fox suddenly went stiff-backed, sitting upright in her chair with her eyes wide open. She stared directly forward, watching the screen without actually absorbing anything on it. Right here? Right now? With people surrounding them on all sides?

"I... uh... umm," she mumbled, putting one paw on her full chest. Her heart was beating recklessly fast. Cerine surreptitiously looked left and then right, and then leaned forward a bit, checking the next row down. She wasn't just seeing if anyone down there was looking – she was checking how visible the people down there were to *her*.

"Pleeeeeease, I'm dying over here." Chai began to run her fingertips around Cerine's chest. "You know you've got the best in town, too..."

"We're in public..."

"That makes it fun!"

Blushing so much that her face might explode, Cerine reached down with a jittery paw and grabbed the bottom of her shirt. She began to lift, feeling both vulnerable and absolutely thrilled as she exposed inches of midriff in the middle of the theater. There were people just *inches* from her! The cup of her black bra revealed itself next; there was practically more of it to show off than the fox had tummy. With Chai's help, Cerine folded the side of her top up just above the edge of the cup. White fur gently swelled over the cup as she inhaled deeply, working up the rest of her courage. She glanced at Chai and saw huge green eyes sparkling excitedly at her in the dark. Just behind her, in the seat next to hers, another fur was completely engrossed in the movie. Nobody was paying attention to them... hopefully.

Cerine slipped her fingers down into the cup of her bra, running them through her soft breast fur. She sank her fingertips into her excess of flesh and pulled, tugging her breast upward in the cup. Her nipple, rapidly growing firm, slid along the inside fabric until it popped out into the open between the top of the cup and the fold of her shirt. The vixen bit her lip and swallowed hard. Her nose flared as she blew through deep breaths, trying to cool herself back down. She was just baring a titty in the middle of a theater. No big deal!

Chai brushed her hair back behind her ear and leaned in, tongue out, but her nose found Cerine's palm instead. She looked up, confused, while the vixen took her paw in her own and raised it up, putting her fingers right next to the bell on her choker.

"Ring it," the fox whispered, "*quietly*."

Fingers gently tapped at the bell, but it wasn't enough to make it ring. Chai drew her finger back and then gave it a firmer flick, making the bell chime. It was a sweet, clear tone, but it was quickly muffled as it fell back onto the thick fur around Cerine's neck. The fox's body rippled and her muscles tensed like she just experienced a shock. Chai's eyebrows went up and then she looked down to see the vixen's chest begin to swell slightly, her boobies pushing on her clothes as they bloated with milk.

"Oh my god," Chai gasped, her jaw dropping, "it's a *cowbell*. Where'd you get that?!"

"Tell you later," Cerine whispered, leaning her weight over towards the cat.

"I want one," Chai said, before tipping her head down and wrapping her lips around the fox's

plump nipple. With her paws, she brushed her fingers around the curve of Cerine's heavy chest. The thirsty cat slipped her fingers in underneath the vixen's top and began to knead, alternating pressure against the huge boob on one side and then the other. Soon her mouth was full of warm, super-sweet, strawberry-flavored milk. Her purring grew in intensity, making the fox's nipple vibrate. The stimulation encouraged even more milkflow, and Chai had to start swallowing quickly to keep it from running down her chin.

Cerine's chest heaved with deep breaths, and she rest her paw on top of Chai's head to hopefully make it look like they were just cuddling. She couldn't deny the excitement and thrill she felt, making her spine tingle from top to bottom. Her massive tail, tucked into the seat beside her hip and thigh, wagged excitedly at the tip. Little strands of white fur flew off from the tip and landed on the floor by her feet. She could feel Chai's lips gently working on her nipple, and the suction against her skin. It took all she had not to whimper out loud. With her other paw, the vixen bit down on her second knuckle on her index finger to keep herself quiet.

Chai tucked her legs underneath herself in her seat and leaned in even further. She slid her paw down into Cerine's cleavage playfully, pinching the thick winter fur between her fingers and lightly tugging. It was like having a soft, warm, furry basketball in her grasp. Gently, she lifted more of it out of her bra, letting the garment slip down. Cerine shifted excitedly as more of her breast became exposed.

This was... fun. Guilty, thrilling fun, especially since it was distracting from that boring mess of a movie. Feeling her pulse pound in every inch of her body, Cerine tugged her shirt up more. Her left breast popped out, too, with her bra barely fitting the milk-swollen fur and flesh. Cerine covered her chest with her arm, as well as she realistically could, but she couldn't completely cover all the fur hanging out now. God, she had both titties out of her shirt in the middle of a dark theater, and anyone could turn around any second and see her and Chai. The vixen could have exploded from either anxiety or arousal.

The theater audience suddenly burst into applause. Cerine's eyes snapped open. Oh, shit – how long had she not been paying attention? The credits sequence on the movie was starting to roll! They had seconds before everybody would be getting up to leave. Chai heard the applause, too, and popped her lips from the vixen's nipple. She licked pink milk from her lips and looked around.

“Uh oh,” she breathed, reaching out with her paws to help Cerine frantically pack herself back into her clothes. It was a bit difficult; after ringing the bell, her boobs didn't quite fit in her bra anymore! But they got her stuffed in, not comfortably, but enough to yank her shirt down over them. A touch of midriff showed as Cerine stood up, clearing her throat. The outline of her bra was even more obvious now, since her even bigger breasts were trying to overwhelm it, but at least it didn't look like she was just having some lewd fun in public!

Cerine and Chai filed out of the theater with everyone else, exchanging playful looks. Chai winked mischievously and pat her tummy, showing a distinct curve to it underneath her top. She was *full*.

“How much did you drink?” Cerine hissed, raising her eyebrows.

“I don't know, you just kept going!” she answered. Her eyes twinkled as she glanced down to the bell on Cerine's choker. “Let's get you home. I'm curious how much that bell can do...”

As they stepped through the door to get back into the theater lobby, someone tapped Cerine on the shoulder. The vixen turned back and saw the fur who had been sitting next to her; the one whose paw she'd squished with her boob. A chill so powerful went down her spine that she swore it froze solid. Nervously, the vixen bared her fangs in a big, sweet smile.

“Um... yes?”

“Hi, yeah, I heard you talking earlier. My girlfriend and I want to get dessert. You said you knew where the best milkshakes in town were?”

Cerine's face melted. Her muzzle dropped open and she looked down at Chai, who covered her

mouth with both of her paws to cover her enormous grin. Without answering, Cerine took the cat's elbow in her paw and they got out of the theater as fast as they could, leaving the others very confused.

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