

One of the first things a young hyper learns is the sense of competition. Whether consciously or subconsciously, every hyper is driven to be the biggest, the strongest, the best. At first this was because everyone in the world was operating on a limited hindbrain mentality; biggest and strongest meant Alpha, which meant the best chance of passing on the genes, and hypers evolved primarily to breed.

At some point in the distant past, a global calamity resulted in a population drop of disastrous proportions. Never one to allow something as silly as intergalactic debris to set back her plans, nature found a solution: namely, hypers. Hypers evolved to be bigger, stronger, and above all more fertile than your everyday fuzzy-rumped citizen. The world's population recovered, and perhaps owing to this new overblown competitive drive it prospered to a level never seen before. The world changed from a hunter/gatherer society to one of agriculture, as more food was needed more often to feed the large hypers and their exponentially growing broods. From that agricultural explosion came the beginnings of industry, science, everything we today would define as society. A system of laws was put into place in many developing nation states to better manage the population, and the furry world as a whole moved beyond the need to establish dominance in the traditional manner. Money, fame, prestige became the new methods of becoming 'Alpha'.

Hypers, however, did not evolve past the need to prove themselves. They were hard-coded to seek out tests of strength and endurance, to prove above all else that they were better than those around them. This is not to say that every herm was a muscle-bound jarhead, only out to smash faces and teabag their opponents while yelling 'pwned ur a\$\$, noob!'... that would only come later with the Call of Duty franchise.

Whether a subconscious desire or a conscious behavioral choice, every hyper, EVERY one, had an instinctual, primal need to be the best. Some... handled it better than

others, within the bounds of the new society. Others... well, assholes exist no matter what bits and pieces you're working with.

It was Friday night at the Darkpaw house, the 'Darkpaw Palace' as Athena was fond of calling their two-story, brick-fronted love nest. That meant two things for the usual occupants. It meant Brei was lounging in front of her computer (with 36" monitor, surround sound, and a graphics card so good you could see individual nose hairs on your little pixelated dudes) clad in nothing but a t-shirt that looked more likely to fit Athena than the larger of the wives, and a pair of loose boxer shorts that would become progressively less loose as the night went on. Friday was when her favorite web show was on, the HHHH (Hyper Herm Happy Hour), a webcam show put on by one of her students, the ever entertaining Amber O'Malley. She felt a momentary pang of embarrassment to be SERIOUSLY lusting after one of her students like this, but considering, thanks to a pair of dimensional travelers and a helpful black book, she knew in detail about Amber's sexual exploits... well, it was to be expected.

It ALSO meant that the smaller of the two kitties was getting ready to go out on a date with one of her many conquests of a... younger persuasion. Brei would never call Athena a cougar... though only because tiny fists hurt when they were beating on your tits. Every Friday, Athena would pick one of her paramours to take her out to dinner and dancing, and generally allow Brei to be alone with her show. Not to say that the couple never went out together, but sometimes a girl just needed a normal lay to remind her of how amazing it was to make love to your hyper wife. And besides, being able to walk afterwards was a novelty she thoroughly enjoyed. Athena tonight had squeeeeeezeed herself into a dress that the designer had never rated for her soccer ball-sized tits, nor her generous bubble-butt, and it had the lovely effect of hugging her fur like a second skin.

“They are NOT soccer-ball sized, you overgrown housecat!”

“Do I need to get the visual aid again...?”

“No... and I still contend that is not a regulation sized ball...”

Brei smiled as her wife sashayed past several times, getting her lynx’s opinion on her almost-outfit, finished off with a pair of high heels that had to be illegal in some way, shape, or form, given that it made the 5’9” lioness over six feet, and did amazing things for her butt, as if it needed the help.

“So who’s the lucky boy, girl, or grrl tonight?”

“Mmm, Koth... that hunky zebra boy from the community college who was interning at the radio station last summer.”

“That the one with more muscles than good sense?”

“Hey, he has enough good sense to do what he’s told when I yank his leash... that’s all mama needs!”

Brei smiled, idly wondering if her wife meant that figuratively or literally... knowing the lioness, probably both. The big lynx stood, wincing as several things popped that hadn’t when she’d been a younger cat, and was just in time to hear the doorbell. Grinning at Athena, she rushed to the door ahead of her wife and yanked it open on the startled zebra boy. Leaning against the jam, towering head and shoulders above the admittedly deliciously built equine, Circe’s biggest hyperherm smiled and greeted

Athena's date.

"Howdy, Koth, you're looking nice tonight."

The young zebra could be excused for staring, given Brei's state of undress, but she got a little extra smirk out of tracking his eyes down to the overly generous bulge of her sheath, currently tenting out her boxers to an almost indecent level.

"Uh... hi... 'm Koth... here to... pick up... 'thena..." he stammered, giving Brei the same thrill it always did to so confound her wife's cute little dates.

Well, 'little' in this case was subjective, Koth was over seven feet tall, and looked like he could probably move Athena's car without need for the combustion engine. Tonight he wore a nice black suit that just served to highlight the white portions of his fur, as well as the highlights the sun's dying rays were throwing into his jet-black mane.

Brei judged that he'd suffered enough, and stepped aside to invite him in, squeezing herself against the hallway wall to allow him to pass, though there was a lot of rubbing involved in places it was dangerous to rub a hyper. Athena, knowing the routine, had vanished upstairs after she'd lost the race to the door, and only now began her slow descent, the kohl around her eyes making them look that much larger and more mysterious. Brei's wife was an expert in the art of seduction, and every step of those shapely runners' legs, propped up by fuck-me pumps and just barely brushed by her slinky dress, was designed to melt the young zebra's mind into a gooey mess that could be molded as she saw fit. In short... Athena was having FUN.

“Now you two kids don’t be out too late...” Brei teased, earning a punch from one of those feared little fists.

“Don’t wait up, honey... me and Muscles here have some fun plans after the club closes. Isn’t that right, Studslut?”

Koth stammered and wheezed, his eyes showing a little too much white as both his instinctual prey ‘fight or flight’ was triggered, as well as his masculine ‘hot chicks talking about my dick’ response. “Uh... yeah...”

Brei and Athena both giggled like fiends, the huge lynx picking up her wife for a hug, before patting her on her ample backside and pushing the near-comatose zebra out the door behind her. She had just enough time to rush to the fridge and get a soda, flop down in her recliner, and give herself a much-needed adjustment, before the adorable gold and cream hyper-kitteh appeared on screen.

Athena grinned across the table at her date, who had markedly gained in self-confidence the further away from the hyper-lynx they’d gotten. He was back to his normal, strutting self by the time they’d gotten to the restaurant, helped along by a tiny lioness paw giving his happy place a ‘hi how are ya’ on the way there. He was currently trying very hard to keep his eyes on hers, rather than her sizeable chest.

“I hope this isn’t rude, Boss, but... um... how do you... and she...?”

“Lots of oral and time. You’d be amazed at what lovely things a body can do once you put your mind to it.”

He nickered, blushing slightly, happily munching away on his salad and mixed greens while Athena tore into her steak (rare, of course).

“She’s a very patient lover, she never pushes too fast or too far, and always gives me time to adjust. True, by the end I’m a bloated, sloshing mess... but that can be fun too.”

Koth almost choked on his food, but recovered with growing skill, and dabbed at his lips with his napkin, a gentlehoss to the bone. “Has she always been that big?”

Athena smiled wistfully, and with more than a little amusement. “Since the day I met her... though it took me a while to grow into MY body... and let’s just say when we first met, neither of us gave the other a second glance.”

It’s weird. You go a few months with a couple of interdimensional travelers staying at your house, and afterwards life seems pretty dull. It had been a few weeks since Shelly and Thresha poofed out of Brei’s life, and she settled more or less back into the daily grind of sleep, school, and chores. Thankfully, Shelly HAD been nice enough to leave quite the photo library behind for her... ahem... personal enjoyment. Very nice thighs, that one... very nice.

She stepped off the bus onto school grounds, surrounded by the undulating sea of adolescence, and waved to the waiting gaggle of young wrestlers that were, as always, waiting for her. Ever since the dance, she’d had far more people coming up

to say hello to her. Apparently her little foray into the oft-neglected art of ‘getting jiggy with it’ had broken the ice generated by being one hell of a whopping big predator wielding herm-bits that could take out a rhino at twenty paces. She smiled and waved to a pair of little ferrets that giggled and dashed off, bumped fists with a badger boy who rather immediately regretted it, nursing his sore knuckles, and only had to fend off half a dozen ill-advised attempts to touch things best left untouched without permission.

Reaching her friends as though completing a three-day marathon, she inclined her head in ‘tough’ fashion, to be returned by her young male friends also inclining their head in similar fashion, until the whole lot of them looked like bobble-head versions of themselves. *Seriously, who thought this looked cool? My neck hurts AND my boobs need readjusting now...* “Hey guys,” she greeted them. “Larry, you ready to eat?”

“Is the pope Catholic?”

“Is water wet?”

“Is Brei a wee bit on the big side?”

Larry grumbled at his wise-ass friends, but nodded, and as a group they set off for that Mecca of pre-education mingling and networking, the chow hall. Brei grinned as they entered, spying Rick the wolf and Kevin the panda sitting together once again, although this time they were joined by a rather large wolfess who held Kevin in her lap, while a minkgirl with thick coke-bottle glasses and braces perched atop Rick’s spacious frontage. Everywhere she looked, nerds were mingling with jocks, geeks

with plastics, goths with theater kids, and band geeks with everyone equally. All it needed was a rousing musical number, and she could be looking at the set of some children's television program about friendship and magic and ponies or something.

Almost immediately, the boys turned to the number one topic on all their minds. No, not that one. No, not that one either... perv. Wrestling! Yes, as the temperature dropped and the leaves fell from the trees lining the campus, it heralded that special time in a boy's life where a perpetually screaming, red-faced teacher demanded he squeeze his poor, insecure, juvenile body into a tight spandex singlet and go roll about with other young boys in equal discomfort. For several of the boys, it also meant they had to go through a hated process known as 'making weight'. See, in wrestling you have a weight class, and very often, an individual will be on the cusp of one or the other. As the goal for the school was to field a wrestler in each of the weight categories, very often someone close to a higher weight class, like Larry, was required to consume a volume of calories usually reserved for all day binge Goldeneye and football games, to gain weight. These are the lucky ones. For others, like poor Fred, they were just a bit over a lower weight class, and so they had to go without a significant amount of calories to drop enough weight to sneak under the wire. As a result, Fred got to eat salad... and salad... and more salad... all while watching Larry and Brei eat their own bodyweight in snacks and carbohydrates.

Naturally, there being only one Hyper weight class, Brei was neither required to gain nor lose weight, but the increased physical activity of two or three a day practices, weight training, runs, as well as her normal farm chores, meant she would be starving nearly constantly. She set her heaping tray down next to Fred with an apologetic look, which the colt returned by angrily biting into his romaine, and listened to the conversation flying past at Mach 2.

"I heard Perse has this killer squad, they went undefeated all last year!"

“Yeah, I heard that their squad is all seniors, and half of them were getting scouted for the Olympics.”

“Well our squad is like... half seniors, right? Isn’t that good?”

“Well, yeah, I guess. Not like any of us will get a chance to wrestle varsity until next year anyway.”

“Well... except Brei...”

The pink lynx snapped her ears up like satellite dishes, angling first one way and then the next. “Huh, what? What about me? Who did who in the what, for how many green jelly beans?”

The boys paused, blinking repeatedly and trying to remember why they hung out with Brei, before Fred finally answered through a mouthful of... *sigh*... romaine lettuce, “Freshman don’t usually make Varsity, we’re stuck on JV, but Circe hasn’t had a Hyper in a few years, so they’re sure to take you.”

“Oh...what’s a Varsity...?”

Eight paws impacting with foreheads makes a hell of a loud noise... did you know?

The noise in the practice gym was close to deafening, particularly for a lynx with near super-natural hearing. Brei winced as she stepped from the locker room into the warm, muggy hall, feeling her huge paws sink only slightly into the thin wrestling mats. Her singlet and skirt, emblazoned with the Circe High logo (Go Whitefish!) fit... mostly, as long as she kept her thoughts strictly business, and didn’t breathe too deep... yeah, this was a terrible idea.

It was one thing to deal with the boys she was used to practicing with all last year, most of them had secured lifelong membership in the Friend Zone, and so were off the potential fwoomp list. These were all new boys... these were OLDER boys... and some of them were cuuuuuuuute...

Easy girl... down girl... good girl...

Biting her lip, trying to smooth the nylon skirt of her wrestling togs out over the swells of her hermness, Brei marched carefully around the edge of the mats, avoiding the duos of boys practicing their holds and escapes. She spied the coach, a sweating, red-faced fox of a weight class that you rarely saw the usually slender vulpines achieve.

“Coach Shasta?” She asked sweetly. The coach was some distant cousin of Tommy’s, but then... what fox within a thousand miles of Circe wasn’t?

The coach turned from bawling out a pair of seniors to identify the source of the feminine contra-alto addressing him, and then quickly shot his eyes up out of the danger zone of her well-filled skirts, letting out a very un-teacherlike oath at the size of her airbags. “Great scott! What the fu... firetruck are you?!”

Eyes finally managing to make it somewhere in the vicinity of her own, the little, round fox huffed and gestured to a waiting group to the left of the mats. “Ah, the hyper, yeah, over there, you’ll get your chance. Just... don’t break anyone.”

Brei cocked her head to one side, wondering just what kind of hypers the coach was used to, but dutifully trotted over to the line of boys, watching the rest of the squad go through drills and trying to pick up anything helpful. It didn't take her long to realize the seniors weren't really... well they just... that is to say...

Well... they look like they're TRYING...

To a one, the senior boys were in lesser condition than the group of freshman that came up with Brei, and their matwork was sloppy and half-hearted. It was the kind of practicing a group of boys did when they weren't used to it making any difference. By contrast, having to go through a rotation of practice with Brei involved had driven her junior high squad to work extra hard, to enable the big hyper to be her best.

"Alright you buncha nancies, time to show the Freshman how we do things here. Let's see, Billy, and... Fred, get in here." Coach Shasta called for Fred and a varsity boy to square off, and even though the varsity boy outweighed the colt by almost a hundred pounds, Fred had him pinned almost before the echo of the whistle ended.

"What the sweet fanny moses was that, Billy?! You're not wrassling yer girlfriend, you mook, sit the hell down." The fox got a lot more red in the face, slapping his thigh with the clipboard as the rest of Brei's friends glanced at each other.

A similar result occurred with the next four bouts, each time one of the incoming freshman went up against the veterans, they soundly defeated them with no difficulty whatsoever. Brei was getting a sinking feeling in her gut, remembering what Fred had said earlier. Freshman didn't make Varsity. That implied the Seniors were supposed to be better.

“Ah the hell with this, Bobtail! Yer up.”

Her eyes snapped up, having missed the coach's increasingly loud bellowing of her name. She quickly got to her feet and prowled forward, where the next biggest boy on the squad, a solidly built bear of roughly seven feet in height (and nearly that much width) was looking fairly sure of himself. He grinned broadly, extending one ham-hock of a paw and introduced himself, “Hey there, name's Chuck. I'll try to go easy on you, coach is just trying to shake the new blood up.”

Brei shook his offered paw with a smile, “Hi there, I'm Brei, and don't worry, I'm tougher than the fur would suggest.”

The loud, angry voice of Coach Shasta interposed. “If you two are done with the grab-assing, you think we might ACTUALLY GET TO WORK?!”

Both the big furs winced, and Brei crouched down in the starting position, her big paws held before her, her back straight and knees bent. She saw immediately that Chuck didn't have her flexibility, he could barely get down into a reasonable crouch, and his balance seemed shaky. When the whistle blew, she went for the grapple, and locked up with the older boy. His eyes went wide as he tried for an easy takedown and didn't even budge her. She just winked and bowled him over, pinning him swiftly and as gently as she could, to save both his ego and his more delicate parts. After the pitfall had been counted, she stood and offered him a paw.

“Not bad, but you should probably work on your core, your center of gravity is all off, and you'd have a lot more stability if you could get into a lower crouch.”

Chuck blinked and nodded, taking her offered help and letting out only a small yelp as he was easily hauled to his feet. “Uh, thanks, I’ll keep that in mind.”

Coach Shasta was going to pop a blood vessel. Probably several. He hadn’t stopped screaming for the last fifteen minutes, to the point he was repeating himself.

“Slackers! Yer all slackers and good fer nuttin useless shits! I told ya to stay in condition over break, I told ya ta not stuff yer asses on sugar and ruin a full fuckin year’s worth of work, and what did ya do? Ya fuckin did it, ya worthless, good fer nuttin slackers! Twenty fuckin years of coachin, and I’ve got me a buncha worthless slackers. I don’t need this shit, ya hear? I got blood pressure issues, and you fuckers are gonna be the death of me...”

Brei leaned over to Chuck, who had decided that anyone big enough to knock him around was someone he wanted to be friends with. “Did you, uh... ’stuff yerself with sugar’ over the summer?”

The bear snickered and shook his big head, “Nah, Coach does this every year. He’s got some kind of mental block that keeps him from remembering how lousy we were the previous year. We haven’t won a tournament since the 80’s.”

“Spitowski! Shut the fuck up!”

Chuck winced and nodded, rolling his eyes privately to Brei. Coach continued ranting and raving for the rest of practice, they never got time in the weight room, they never continued their drills. They sat, he yelled. It was a thing they did, and as she understood it, they did it a lot.

“So we show up to practice for an hour, do nothing, and then he yells at us for not being better?” She asked, rubbing her muzzle with the towel after showering off.

Louis, another senior, and a very hunky panther to boot, nodded and wisely averted his gaze from the semi-nude hyperherm. He didn’t need THAT blow to his ego. “Yeah, Coach isn’t exactly what you’d call... a gifted motivator. He teaches shop, and he got the job cause I guess forty years ago he wrestled for a year, which apparently qualifies him to coach. I haven’t won a match in four years, and I didn’t do junior high wrestling.”

Brei frowned, figuring the same was probably true for the rest of the squad. As Fred had suspected, she’d made Varsity by virtue of being the only Hyper currently in Circe High, which meant a first class ticket to lose the meet to Perse Catholic later next week. “Hasn’t anyone ever trained you, done matwork with you, hasn’t anyone even rented a video?”

Louis shrugged, “A lot of us like the WWF, does that count?”

“No... no it does not.”

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Friday night the Varsity team filed onto the bus for the hour ride to Perse. Unlike Junior High, the cheer squad didn't come with them, and considering the abilities of the wrestling team, neither did any fans. The eight boys of the squad were silent for the trip, except for the scratch of Chuck's pencil as he doodled.

It's like they're going to their deaths... I've seen this same atmosphere in all those formulaic war movies. How did they get this beat down? How does a coach not do SOMETHING different before his team gets this bad?

She stared out the window, watching the cornfields go by with random thoughts twitching through her brain. She wished Shelly and Thresha were around to see her first High School match, but at least her parents and her Papa would be there. Papa had promised the past weekend when he'd come by to help her time the engine on her truck.

Maybe that's what they need... they need a cheering section. It's always easier to perform when you have someone screaming your... ok, no, let's not go there... even if Sierra's butt would look particularly... hey, brain, I said knock it off! These are new panties! Tell you what, if you behave for the rest of the night, I'll reward you with a Vanessa's Secret catalog. You like those, right?

Brei sighed, determined to make some conversation at the very least.

"Is it true Perse's whole squad are seniors?"

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Chuck nodded, still doodling, “Yeah, everyone except their hyper, she’s a freshman like you.”

Her ears perked, she’d forgotten all about finding out who her opponent was. “Oh really? Another hyperherm?”

“Eeyup, she’s supposed to really be something, all the guys I’ve talked to haven’t shut up about her... ah... her...” Chuck suddenly blushed bright red, his mind completing the sentence his lips didn’t want to.

“Her boobs?” Brei helpfully suggested.

“Uh... yeah... those. I’m sorry, Brei, I’m not really sure where good manners lie with a hyperherm... should I treat you like a girl, or like a guy, or... I dunno...”

She laughed, nudging him softly with her shoulder, “Just treat me like a friend. I like boobs and fart jokes and dick jokes just as much as everyone else.”

Chuck sighed in relief, nodding, “Ok, yeah, I can do that. She’s supposed to be loaded too, her parents are super rich.”

“Hmm, wonder what she’s like?”

Long dark hair, rendered glossy from sweat and fluorescent lighting, bounced and shook from the energy of its owner’s exercise. Big, luscious muscles flexed and

tensed, making black stripes dance over orange fur while the big herm's muzzle was open and panting, breathing hard from exertion. Her small purple glasses, very stylish though wholly useless for anything but decoration, rode low on her nose, fogged from the heat radiating from the hard-working tigress. Her enormous, perky bosom heaved and quaked with motion, undulating in hypnotic waves of pure teenage fantasy. Her white uniform blouse hung unbuttoned on her impressive frame, allowing her body to dump heat as she put her hyper genes to good use, her pleated skirt drawn up around her hips, exposing the enormous black shaft currently disappearing into a very bloated, very loudly screaming doe.

Huge, bulky arms held up the lithe senior, pressing her small breasts and orgasm-distorted muzzle against the wall of the janitor's closet, white-tailed rump impacting with wide and powerful orange hips again and again to a beat only they could hear. The doe's body swelled around the impossibly large shape of the invading phallus, distorting and bulging with every inward thrust of the younger herm's cock. She gagged again and again as her lungs were forced upwards in her chest, her belly hanging lower with each passing minute as her lover's prodigious precum filled all available space.

"Zhali... Zhali! Gllk! HRRP! Your cock is so huge!" the doe wailed, gnashing her teeth and banging on the wall with both fists.

The huge tiger merely grinned, leaning in as her huge, swollen kitmakers tensed and pulled taut to her body, "Mmmm, sempai... noticed me. You might... wanna hold on to something..."

With a roar loud enough to get them caught, Zhali's massive hyper dick swelled and exploded inside the already bloated upperclassman, the loud, liquid rush of her

semen deafening in close quarters, thundering into her lover's unprepared womb and flooding her insides with hot, steaming spunk. The doe's belly inflated at a furious pace, expanding to touch three of four walls in a hurry, only prevented from making it four of four by the huge tigress wedged behind her. The sound of liquid love sloshing in an herbivore's belly filled the air, as did the unmistakable scent of a hyper's overproduction. With a last, heavenly shudder, she removed her enormity from the poor doe's canal, smoothing her uniform back into place, and pocketing the doe's panties on a whim.

"Thanks, Tiff... I feel much better! Same time tomorrow?"

"Glrck... oh god... can't feel... my hooves..."

"They're down there somewhere. Don't miss my match tonight!"

With a last, playful swat of the round doe's rump, the big herm exited the closet, meeting up with her tiny little bestie within moments.

Zhali Romanoff, scion of the Romanoff family of Perse, businessfurs and high society felines, was queen of the school in all but name. She marched down the halls trailing a flock of toadies and sycophants behind her like a wake behind a ship. Standing over seven feet tall, Zhali was a commanding presence, and would have been top dog... er, cat... at the school, even before her hyper strength and her oversized nethers. It was only natural that she'd made Varsity wrestling her freshman year, just like she'd made Varsity football, and she'd make Varsity track in the spring. If there was a competition to be won, she would win it, guaranteed, and she'd make it look EASY.

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“I don’t even know why we’re bothering to show up tonight, we’ve beat Circe like redheaded stepchildren for the last decade, even before I was on the squad. With me on it, they don’t stand a chance.” She laughed, fluffing her hair and trying to cover the smell of illicit sex with way too much perfume.

A small scoff came from beside her and about two feet down. Athena Darkpaw, daughter of Ambassador Darkpaw of Egypt, and Zhali’s only friend with a brain holding her ears apart. Athena was barely five feet tall, 100 lbs soaking wet. She hadn’t fully come through puberty yet, and had that waifish, boyish quality some teenage girls are cursed with for years. Her long mane was put up in pigtails, her uniform perfectly pressed and dressed in contrast to her larger friend. “Keep talking like that and your head won’t fit in the gym, you’ll forfeit on account of ego. Also, you stink like pussy... pussy and cheap perfume.”

Zhali laughed and bumped her diminutive lioness friend with her hip, while the rest of the nearby crowd tittered along like an echo. “You’ll see, this is gonna be embarrassing, I’ll have Circe’s girl on the mat before they finish announcing my name, and this stuff isn’t cheap... it’s Chanel #5!”

Athena coughed, her eyes watering at the incredibly strong scent of bad perfume and hot sex, “Except that bottle says Channel #5... it’s a fake... and Chanel #5 is an old lady perfume anyway. You’re wearing knockoff Grandma smell.”

“...Oh.”

Walking into a seriously huge gym to dead silence was... odd. Even for the away

meets in Junior High, Brei was used to a decent welcome, partially because of the junior cheer squad and their spunky feline leader. Perse's gymnasium was the kind of enormous you could afford when most of your students were the sons and daughters of the rich and powerful, and except for a few family members, the visitor side was as empty as it was possible to get. The home stands were quite full, but they didn't even acknowledge the Circe wrestlers when they filed out of the locker room.

Brei waved to her Papa and her parents, who did their best to hoot and holler, but with the notable exception of the big pink protagonist most lynx are rather small and quiet. She had just settled down onto the stands to await her turn when the home squad jogged out of their locker room to a positively deafening cheer. She winced, huge paws placed over her sensitive ears, watching the older boys run out with arms raised, all but declaring victory prior to a whistle being blown. But it was the last member that REALLY got a loud reaction, a huge tigress, her singlet fitting her like a second skin, completely forgoing the skirt portion to show off her ample and plush looking bulges. Zhali charged out and seemed to bask in the adoration of the student body, blowing kisses left and right, spinning round with her arms outstretched, a clear extrovert to Brei's introvert. Watching her opponent grandstand, Brei was surprised when the tigress turned and pointed to her across the floor, grinning and tossing a saucy, 'your ass is mine' wink her way. No lack of self confidence there...

Following the rather expressive entrance, things settled into the standard tedium of grapples, pinfalls, and submissions, with the Circe wrestlers, as expected, being made to look stupid by their opponents. Most of the boys didn't even put forth an effort, but the really sad matches were the ones where the Circe wrestlers were clearly trying as hard as they physically could, and were still defeated as easily as a tub of icecream around Brei. Chewing on her plush bottom lip, Brei watched intently as each match arrived at its foregone conclusion, her eyes darting to Coach Shasta, who

was alternatively screaming obscenities or outright ignoring the matches to oogle women in the home stands. She seethed at his inactivity and abuse, knowing how hard her teammates were trying, and horrified at his behavior.

Circe hadn't even scored a single point by the time it was down to hyper versus hyper. No matter what the outcome of the final match, Circe would lose this meet by a HILARIOUS margin. Most teams would just throw in the towel and pack it up home, but even if Coach Shasta had been paying enough attention to do so, it was never wise to deny a hyper the competition she'd been gearing up for. "Bobtail, Romanoff, you're up!" went out the call from the whip-like ferret refereeing the matches.

Brei hopped off the stands, shedding her warmups and stepping onto the mats, her spandex singlet pulled taut over massive breasts and muscles, the thin nylon skirt barely covering her huge kitmakers and sheath. Zhali hopped up just as quickly, but where the lynx was all business, the tigress couldn't resist hamming it up for the crowd, sprinting up and down beneath the stands, starting her own personal wave. Grinning broadly from ear to ear, confident in her impending victory, Zhali stepped onto the mat, ready to shake her opponent's paw... and realized the huge pink lynx towered head and shoulders above her. The orange-furred feline gaped, her eyes growing wide and her ears drooping as the sheer size of her opponent finally registered on her. Brei, in addition to being a full foot taller than the tigress, was also significantly broader in the shoulders, bigger in the biceps and quads, and most noticeably to the over-competitive tigress, Brei was FAR bigger in the sheath department.

Smiling good-naturedly, her head cocked slightly to the right, Brei shook the dumbfounded tigress' paw, her own absolutely engulfing the other hyper's, before returning to the starting position and waiting for the whistle.

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The ferret cleared his throat, reaching out cautiously to poke Zhali in the arm. “Uh, Miss Romanoff... return to the starting position please.”

“Huh wut? Oh, right, right, my bad...”

Zhali shook herself, rocking her head from side to side and smacking her paws together, determined to get her head back in the game. “Sure she’s big... god damn is she big... but you’re better, you can do this.”

The whistle blew, and the referee dodged out of the ring like his life depended on it... because it just might. Brei and Zhali came together with a joint liquid-wet leopard growl, their paws slamming into each other’s and grappling, struggling for advantage. Zhali’s eyes widened until the whites were clearly visible, understanding in that first moment of contact that she was woefully, hopelessly outmatched. Brei grunted softly, exerting her full strength, and took Zhali to a knee, leaning into the grapple and slowly forcing her opponent further and further down.

Zhali roared defiance, pushing with all her might, her frantic struggles stemming both from the need to win, as well as the need to not lose face in front of her cronies. She pushed with her hips, tried using her powerful leg muscles, tried to shift and break the hold, all to no avail. Brei got her down on the mat to be counted a pinfall, and finally broke the hold, returning to the starting position.

Zhali took a moment to get to her feet, panting hard, her arms aching from the incredible strain of holding off the bigger herm even as long as she did. She tried very hard to ignore how hard she was getting from being so thoroughly dominated, her

sheath steadily creeping up her belly under the singlet. Shaking out her paws, she reluctantly got down onto her hands and knees for Brei to move in behind, wrapping her much larger arms round the tigress' waist. She felt her cheeks growing hot as the lynx's massive bulge ground into her back and butt, uncomfortably confronted by the size difference in the most explicit fashion. She'd never been the 'little' one before... never in a million years expected there to be someone larger than her, but here she was... and she was in perfect mounting position.

Brei, for her part, was trying very hard not to notice what a FANTASTICALLY toned ass her opponent had, perfect for squeezing, stroking, pounding...

Dammit brain, we had a deal!

I have altered the deal, pray I do not alter it further...

Did my brain just quote Star Wars at me? Oh shit, the match...

The whistle blew, and it was Zhali's task to try to escape the lynx's clutches. Despite the distraction of all that lynxcock pressing into her, she really did try, twisting and turning, fighting to get out of the tight hold, but the pink herm's strength was just too much greater. She snarled and spit, heaving with all the impressive muscles in her body, from her glutes to her shoulders and neck, but it was like fighting the earth itself. The whistle blew, signaling time was up, and another point was awarded to Brei.

Two points were all that was needed for the match to be awarded to Brei. The ferret stepped onto the mat, struggling to reach the big lynx's arm to raise her paw, and Brei turned her back on the embarrassed tigress, who was prone on the mat, panting and gasping with her cheeks red hot, looking around the stands at all her

friends, everyone she was used to being worshipped by, all watching her declared the loser to another. It was more than the popular tigress could take, more than a hyperherm was capable of dealing with. With a loud, basso roar, she leapt up from the mat and charged the pink lynx. Hearing the sound, the intelligent ferret wisely decided to sprint as fast as he was able for the opposite wall of the gym, leaving only Brei in the path of a raging, furious apex predator.

Brei's ears weren't just for looking adorable in knit caps. She heard the roar, knew what it meant, and so had prepared herself immediately. As Zhali moved within arm's reach, she pivoted, dipped low on her left side, and captured the other hyper with one arm around her shoulders, the other between her legs. She twisted to her right, bringing Zhali up and over, the started tigress turning from a roar to a yelp, and then with an impact that lifted a very shocked Coach Shasta off his feet and onto his well-padded posterior, Brei slammed Zhali Romanoff, darling of Perse Catholic High School, undefeatable competitor of every sport you could name, flat onto her back on the mat, the full weight of a very, very large pink hyperherm landing on top of her.

In the end, the nurse had to resort to smelling salts to wake up the slumbering tigress, who had been knocked out cold by the force of the impact with the thin mat. Laying prone, staring up at the fluorescent lighting of the gymnasium, Zhali replayed the last few seconds of the match in her head. She'd gone into a blind rage at being beaten, she'd done her best and been bested utterly. That wasn't like her, either the rage OR the losing. She slowly sat up, surrounded by a large group of concerned students and faculty. Circe's team was slowly filing out following their loss, with the huge pink hyperherm staring back, a look of concern in her eyes.

"Miss Romanoff, how many fingers am I holding up?" the nurse asked, the rotund cow waving a hand in front of the tiger's face.

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“Four... no, two. I dunno, I’m better at true and false.” Zhali mumbled, rubbing her aching head and trying to find the lynx again, but Brei had already passed beneath the arch and into the locker room.

Athena rolled her eyes, the tiny lioness standing with her arms crossed and tapping one little paw. “She’s fine, just got her big head knocked around. I think you owe me \$20, Z, cause that girl kicked your ass.”

Zhali nodded, shaking her head and half-expecting to hear her brain rattling around. “Yeah, sure, squirt... what was her name again? Brittany? Bryce? Buella?”

“Buella, really? Is that even a name? I think the referee said Bobtail or something.”

Zhali groaned, hauling her big ass off the mat and starting to limp slowly for her own locker room, the attending mass of furs following her to insure she was alright. She paused once, at the entrance to the locker room, staring at the visitor’s side with a small look of confusion.

Once inside the locker room, she discovered that the coach was giving a rousing speech after his team’s victory. Barely listening, she went to her locker and started to peel off her singlet, not caring that the boys saw her naked breasts or enormous cock dangling between her legs.

“That was good hustle out there, boys, you really showed em what we’re made of here at Perse! That being said, Circe was a warm up, the rest of the division is gonna

be a lot tougher, a lot tighter. We're gonna start two a day practices on Monday, and move to three a days before our meet with Field. Make sure you tell your parents the new schedule, we're gonna practice, practice, practice. Bring it in for a circle." The coach was booming out, placing his huge paw out for the boys to layer theirs on top of. Zhali stood and moved to join them, ignoring the blushes that crossed her teammates' muzzles, as well as the coach's, when she practically flopped her cock onto one of the shorter boys.

"One two three, Perse!" thundered twelve throats.

There were no two a day, and especially no three a day practices at Circe High. In point of fact, the one practice they did have would not qualify as a practice for anyone except Coach Shasta. The squad stretched as a team, then paired off to run drills. After no more than half an hour, Coach Shasta would demand they all 'huddle up' so he could proceed to yell until his voice gave out. For the crew from Circe Junior High it was a tremendous let-down, and for Brei especially. She and her friends started taking the early bus to school, to be able to sneak into the weight room and work out with the football team. The football team, to their credit, welcomed the freshman warmly, and proceeded to all try and out-lift the big hyper.

As she powered through a few reps of deadlifts, Brei spoke to Fred, Willem, and Larry the Rhino, who had dubbed themselves 'the Three Musketeers' by popular agreement (and were dubbed The Three Stooges by their big pink friend, affectionately). "It's pretty obvious if we keep this up, we're gonna be the laughing stock of the division."

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Larry grunted, snacking on a powerbar, “We are.”

Clang. Clang. Clang went the weights onto the ground each time she set the nearly one ton of weight down. Several of the football team were making wagers to see just how much she’d top out at. “Every one of us freshman is better than the Varsity team at this point.”

Willem nodded, taking a drink of water. “We are.”

Brei put the weights back on the shelf, barely out of breath after lifting the equivalent of a city bus. “Well then, we’re just going to have to train them ourselves.”

Fred nearly choked on his... *sigh*... carrot stick. “We are?!”

Brei nodded emphatically, standing and heading for another set of weights, her tanktop and no less than three sports bras soaked with underboob sweat. “We are. I don’t know about you, but I’m not going to spend the next year getting beat by every team we come across. If Coach Shasta isn’t going to do his job, then all of us are going to. Get everyone together today at lunch. I need to see about getting us into the mat room before classes.

The seniors and juniors that made up the Varsity wrestling team were not happy to be pulled away from their lunches by a bunch of freshman, and they made sure to let the whole crew know. At least, until Brei showed up with the principal in tow. The stern looking greyhound adjusted her severe suit and cleared her throat, addressing

the gathered wrestlers.

“Miss Bobtail has requested that the Circe High wrestling team be allowed access to school facilities prior to classes, for the purpose of improving performance. She has also, strangely, requested that this be done without involving Mr. Shasta.” Ms. Kinison recited in her precise, no nonsense voice.

Brei had the good decency to blush at this. She had been subtle about her request, but of course the principal had seen right through her. “Yes, Principal Kinison. We’d prefer this be a student-led activity.”

Slow realization dawned on the older boys, the bunch of them glancing around at the underclassmen who had been soundly beating them night after night.

Brei continued, “We’ll have practice every day from six to eight, before classes start. This won’t be an easy practice, we’re not going to sit around and listen to speeches, and we are not going to waste OUR time. I need the whole squad’s agreement before we do this, but if you agree, we’re going to work VERY hard. We’ll run drills from six to seven, and from seven to eight we’re going to be in the weight room with the football team.”

Principal Kinison raised her iron-gray brows at this. “Did Coach Bradley agree to that?”

“Yes’m, he did, on the condition that I supervise the boys lifting.”

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“Well that seems reasonable... I’m quite certain you know what you’re doing.” She snickered, eyeing Brei’s huge form.

The big lynx grinned and nodded, returning her eyes to the stunned older boys and the eight freshman members. “Myself and the rest of the freshman have been trained and worked till we hated him by Coach Ford. We know our stuff, and I think we can all agree, our Varsity team needs some help, some training, and a firm paw to the backside from someone qualified to administer it.”

She met eyes with each one of the older boys in turn, her smile broad and without guile. “None of us is out to take away your spot. We just want the squad to be the best it can be. If you work as hard as I do, and you listen to what we can teach you, we might actually win a match or two. So, who’s with me?”

There was silence for a minute, at the very least. Chuck, the huge bear, rose to his feet and raised his hamhock of a paw. “I don’t know about the rest of you, but I’m sick of losing. I’m graduating this year, and I’m winning a match before I go.”

Another boy rose to his feet, raising his paw, and another, and another, until every single boy was on his feet, paw raised. Brei turned to Principal Kinison and grinned, “That good enough, Ms. K?”

The stern greyhound didn’t answer, just took a key on a wooden block out of her coat pocket, and tossed it the two feet up to Brei’s paw.

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There was a sense of anticipation the next morning, when twenty young men waited for the big pink herm. While it wasn't exactly the way she'd PREFER to have a big group of strapping young boys waiting for her (that involving speedos and body oil), she fought down the distraction of her hormones and unlocked the door to the gym. The boys filed in as she hit the lights and began rolling out the mats.

Brei clapped her huge paws, lacking a whistle, and called out in her booming contra-alto, "Ok boys, pair off, weight class to weight class. If there's not someone close, do the best you can. Upperclassmen with freshman, come on, come on. This isn't Coach Shasta here, I'll personally hold you responsible for your hustle, and you don't want to upset me, do you?"

Twenty boys DID NOT want to upset the hyperherm. They quickly paired off as she called the drills. Brei had them move through the drills at half time, so that she could correct errors in their technique. She wasn't shy about reaching down and just manually moving them about with her vast strength until the technique was correct. Chuck the bear, in particular, went a bit wild-eyed when a pink paw reached down and deftly lifted his torso, nudging it closer to his partner. As a result, without it being her intention, in the space of an hour she touched nearly every one of the twenty wrestlers in some... pretty intimate areas. It wasn't that she intended to, it just happens that a lot of the places you are supposed to put your hands when wrestling are... well, usually reserved for bad lighting and smooth jazz. Not one of the boys complained, not one of them actually noticed or thought about the fact the one grabbing and moving their butts, their legs, their hands was a huge, curvy, almost entirely FEMALE cat.

It wasn't until the boys were rolling the mats up and filing into the weight room that Brei realized SHE hadn't particularly noticed either, and neither had her kitmakers. While still enormous by any standard, and very tightly packed into her workout shorts,

she hadn't had any spontaneous growth. She was puzzled, until it occurred to her that she had been concentrating so hard on helping each pair of wrestlers, she hadn't been thinking of them as cute young boys, or potential sex partners. She'd been thinking of them as students. Something to file away for later, she thought.

Teaching the upperclassmen to lift weights was... hard. Most of them had never actually used free weights, nor had any technique when it came to bench press, squats, or deadlifts. Brei decided the best way to teach them was with a demonstration, but something instinctual told her not to be the one to do it, not wanting to make the boys have to compete with HER strength. She had Willem step up and show exactly how to do the maneuvers, then once again broke the group into teams. The football players made room for the wrestlers, and for the first time in the history of Coach Shasta's career, the wrestlers of Circe High were actually acting like athletes.

The walls veritably vibrated with the sounds of twin females in orgasmic bliss. The temperature in the art room was just about to the same level as the kiln next door, and the steam from the three occupants was condensing on the glass of the door. Zhali growled and panted as she drove her massive, bloated cock into a squealing, buxom rabbit girl, her twin sister impaled on two of the tiger's big fingers right beside her. Pounding violently, roughly into her quivering lover, Zhali was babbling nearly non-stop, rambling as she took out her pent up aggression on two of her favorite fucktoys.

"She beat me... she actually fucking beat me... I can't fucking believe it! And the SIZE of her... fuck me... hey, tell me my dick is huge."

The impaled rabbit screamed, her back arching, her massive melons jiggling and

shaking with every pump of those striped hips, “Oh Zhali! You’ve got the biggest cock I’ve ever seen! It’s tearing me apart inside and I love it!”

Her sister whined, “It’s so thick and amazing, I want some too!”

The big orange herm smoothly removed herself from one sister, switching to the other while ramming her fingers into the first. “Why can’t I stop thinking about her? Why can’t I get her out of my mind?! You two ALWAYS take my mind off things, but... fuck she was huge...”

Angel and Cherish, twin Snowshoe Hares, orgasmed again and again under Zhali’s assault, their fur slick with sweat and less identifiable fluids, the huge tiger’s entire body darkened with perspiration. She mauled each sisters’ breasts, growling and letting her body set its own pace using their pussies.

Angel, currently without a cock bulging her belly, spoke up, moaning and hissing in lust between words, “Maybe... ooooh... you should talk to her... oh fuck yes! Get... get her off your mind that way? Shit, cumming, Mistress!”

Zhali pondered, gritting her teeth as she unloaded a belly-bloating, massive wad of sperm into Cherish’s womb, remaining hilted as the poor teenager sloshed and groaned, her little fluffy paws roaming over the swollen dome of her belly. “Yeah, Mistress... maybe... Glrk... maybe go see her?”

The big tiger herm grinned, nodding to herself. That sounded like just the ticket. She resolved to go the very next weekend as she removed herself from Cherish’s

appropriately used body, and slammed balls deep into her twin sister for her turn.

“Why exactly are we driving an hour to a town in the exact middle of bum-fuck nowhere, again?” Athena groused, practically smooshed between the bunny twins in the back of the car, her entire world consumed by over-inflated bunny boobs. (Not that she minded all THAT much... mmm, bunny boobs...)

Zhali turned around from her place in the shotgun seat, nearly nudging Tiffany the deer (She of the janitor’s closet) into the driver’s side door, the limber senior the only one that could drive. “Because I have to find that lynx girl. So we’re gonna go hang out in Circe and eventually we’ll run into her. Simple.”

Athena rolled her eyes and elbowed Angel’s ample chest out of her lap. “So we’re driving an hour so you can stalk the girl that kicked your ass. Awesome...”

“I’m not STALKING her, Shortround... I’m just... creatively trying to run into her.”

“Ah, so POORLY stalking her, got it. I suppose calling her is just a completely ridiculous idea, huh? And don’t call me Shortround, Tigger...”

“Bitch, I will sit on you...”

The car-load of estrogen pulled into the first Stardoes they came across. Filing(or in some cases, SQUEEZING) out of the car, the girls ordered a slew of hot beverages that had coffee vaguely waved in its direction, and plopped down on the many leather

couches to relax and wait for Circe teens to arrive.

After almost an hour of being the only patrons under the age of 60, Zhali groaned and turned to Athena, "Where the hell is everyone?"

"Beats me, if you haven't noticed, this is my first time here too."

"Well dammit, maybe we're at the wrong one. Let's try the one across the street."

There were no young furs at any of the Stardoes in town, nor the ritzy clothing shops, and not the trendy cafes. In fact, the only time the girls saw anyone their own age, they were typically working behind the counter of wherever they wound up. Finally Zhali had enough, and practically grabbed a young canine boy serving pie at the café they were loitering in.

"Hey...where the heck are all the teenagers?" She growled, a rather unusual experience for the young fur, to be sure. It wasn't often you were physically accosted by a seven foot hyperherm, his terrified shivering and not-quite-concealed erection speaking to his indecision.

"Uh... probably at home... or at the lake. Not a lot of them can afford to eat here."

The girls blinked, looking at the prices on the menu. None of them had given a second thought to dropping ten to fifteen dollars for a snack. Reflecting that it would have probably been better to do some research before making the drive, Zhali

let the poor canine go and flopped down in her seat beside Athena, who was shooting her a serious ‘I told you so’ face.

“Well fuck... how am I supposed to find her if she never takes her giant, pink ass anywhere public?”

The ruffled canine, still loitering nearby, cleared his throat gently, “Um, who exactly are you looking for?”

Athena looked up from her piece of delicious cherry pie, crust crumbs peppering her whiskers, “Balloon Boobs is looking for a great big pink bobcat that kicked her ass at a wrestling meet.”

Zhali swatted her little sidekick (though Athena would loudly protest such characterization... unless there were costumes) as the boy responded, “Oh, you mean Brei Bobtail. She goes to school with me, lives out in the country on a farm, they do hay rides for Halloween every year.”

Grinning broadly, a rather disconcerting expression on a hypertherm, Zhali threw one muscular arm around the canine’s shoulders, having the side effect of mashing him into tiger tit. “So you know her then, do you? Can maybe get me some... information?”

Athena sighed loudly and dramatically, as all four of the girls grabbed menus to order something else to kill some time.

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“Tell me, stud... when’s your next break...?” Zhali purred deeply, her skirt starting to tent.

“Eep...” was the boy’s pithy response.

Chuck got his win the very next week. To be fair, his opponent was not exactly in what you would call ‘peak physical condition’, but a win was a win, and provided a much needed morale boost to the Circe team.

The morning practices and time in the weight room were paying dividends, the boys getting more comfortable with their matwork, and giving the whole team a joint exercise in supporting their teammates. Even Coach Shasta found less to criticize, and the evening practices started to contain actual PRACTICE! The team was riding high, and they all knew who they had to thank for it.

It became something of a game to find new ways of keeping Coach Shasta occupied and away from the hard working team. The boys took turns calling in to the receptionist and having the coach paged to the office, but that only went so far. It was at the end of January that Brei happened upon, perhaps, the best solution known to man or herm. Ms. Philips, the history teacher, was a very, very stacked mink. She was also, it turned out, a big wrestling fan. Although it required Brei to fight down her OWN desire to bend Ms. Philips over her desk and fwoomp the hell out of her, she convinced the beautiful woman to... take an interest in Coach Shasta. Oh nothing improper, just... well, a girl knows how to keep a man from going anywhere when she didn’t want him to, and there were just SO many things in her classroom that needed a big, strong man to take care of them...

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With the combination of all these diversions, the wrestling team became more or less autonomous, and with Brei's oversized paw on the tiller, they stayed on course. Technique was refined, muscles were brought to fighting shape, weight was made.

For her part, Brei continued to dominate her opponents, each contest so one-sided that she felt bad for the other hyper. After all, some of them were EXTREMELY cute! To her credit, she never lorded her victory over her adversary, always extending a huge pink paw to help them up, pat them on the back, and congratulate on a match well fought.

As the seasons changed, and Crimbo led the way into the new year, the Circe high wrestling team started to win not just matches, but entire meets. Slowly, gradually, they clawed their way out of perennial last place to a solid, comfortable middle. Naturally Coach Shasta took credit for the turn-around, but it was a snowing, cold afternoon in January when the wrestling team gathered around their huge pink hyperherm at Pizza 'Spress, brandishing a present.

Chuck was the one to present it, primarily because he was the only one that could hold it alone. Clutched in his huge ursine fists was a letterman's (letterperson's?) jacket, emblazoned with the school mascot (Go Whitefish!), her name, and a large letter C, for Captain. The big herm got teary eyed, accepted the gift gratefully, and to the loud and raucous applause of her teammates, slipped the jacket on. Amazingly, it was a perfect fit... she suspected someone had put a call in to her mother for her size.

"Thank you, really, thank you all. I'll try to be the best team captain I can, but this,

us winning, is all because of your hard work and dedication. I'm proud of each and every one of you." Brei gushed, hugging herself and her new jacket. She looked up at the boys, several of whom seemed to be squirming. "Ok, yeah, fine, go get your pizza... silly boys." Chuck and Larry sprinted for the buffet line.

"Oh, before I forget, you're all invited to the barn dance at my family's farm in two weeks. Bring a date, for crying out loud!"

The boys laughed and dispersed, Brei continuing to marvel at how nice the coat was, how warm and cozy. "I may just sleep in this..."

Unbeknownst to the big lynx, a certain canine boy had overheard about the little shindig that the Bobtails were throwing, and with one little paw placed over his belly, remembering the sloshing weight it had held, he quickly made for the nearest payphone. He had a tiger to call.

The dance was scheduled for the first weekend in February, on a Saturday night at the Bobtail ranch. Some older furs from town had something of a band, complete with fiddles, and almost the whole of Circe turned out. Like the hayrides, the barn dance was a yearly occurrence, a way for Bob Bobtail to enjoy hosting other furs and Emily to get her husband to dance with her.

The east barn, usually used for hay storage, had been emptied out and cleaned of most of the leftover hay, leaving just enough to coat the floor to soak up any beer

spillage. Propane heaters were going in the corners, the doors were wide open to keep the air fresh, and dozens of furs twirled and danced around the floor. Boots and jeans were in abundance, cowboy hats and western shirts as well, although it was fairly obvious who used them and who merely owned a set for this night.

Brei enjoyed herself, taking turns dancing with each of her wrestling buddies, though some of the smaller furs found themselves dancing far more with her kitmakers than with the feline herself, despite her best attempts to avoid faceplanting her partner in her straining skirts. The restraints were dialed to 11 tonight, because unlike at practice, she was all too aware of the masculinity and adorableness of her friends when they were dressed up and in a social atmosphere. Two songs with Chuck and she felt like her eyes were bulging in her head from the pressure in her nethers.

“Might be time to switch to the XXXL model...”

The band had just started to play Boot Scoot Boogie when one of her wrestling friends, a younger boy, grabbed her by the arm and pointed to the barn doors. There, standing highlighted by the moon behind and the lamps in front, were the tiger from Perse, a pair of bunny twins, a slender, athletic doe, and a short little lioness. With the exception of the lioness, all the girls were dressed as if they were going to a ritzy club in the city: Tight black dresses, heels, hair up in elaborate coiffures. The short little feline, on the other hand, was dressed in boots, jeans, and a t-shirt, and was currently laughing so hard her face was turning red.

The car ride from Perse to Circe had been awkward. It was fairly obvious to Athena

that neither Angel nor Cherish had decided to wear underwear, and the urge to go exploring was a little much. To be surrounded by acres of bunny breastflesh was distracting in itself, to be sure.

Zhali wasn't having a much easier time, fretting about her hair, her dress, her shoes, whether she was 'showing', whether she'd fall out of the dress (and if she could manage it at just the right time). She was constantly asking for affirmation from the rest of the car, an unusual circumstance for the normally over-confident and cocky tiger.

"I'm not showing too much bulge, right? My fucking restraints are cutting off the circulation."

"You're fine, Zhali, I can barely tell you're a hyper... which is saying something." Tiffany replied for the tenth time.

"What about my boobs, are they ok? I mean, I wanna look big, but not like... slutty big."

"I think it's way too late for that, Tigger. If you wore a burlap sack, you'd still look slutty." Athena piped in from between swells of white boob.

"Thanks for that, skank... I can't believe you didn't even bother to dress up. We're trying to make a good impression, and you're in a t-shirt."

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Athena just smiled and bided her time. When they did arrive, and the dolled up slut-brigade swished their way from the car to the barn, she was vindicated. As the girls stopped short, eyeing all the furs in casual wear, boots, and hats, Athena nearly wet herself laughing at her friends. “See, you all heard ‘dance’, but I was paying attention... I heard ‘barn’.”

The little lioness was promptly treated to a noogie. It was well deserved.

Brei carefully made her way across the barn, ducking and weaving between dancers. She wore her favorite purple dress, a long flowing number that almost muted her massive bulge, but was tight in the torso to cup her breasts and hoist them towards the sky. Her big, fluffy toes were bare, unable to find a pair of boots big enough, her toeclaws painted a purple to match her dress. She’d overruled Fred, Willem, and Larry’s desire to act as backup, reasoning that no one ever started some shit in an evening gown and five inch fuck-me pumps. Or if they did, they’d at least take the time to remove their earrings.

“Hi girls, welcome to the dance! You’re all looking... very nice...” Brei warmly greeted them, having a very hard time not staring at the two buxom rabbit twins. “You’re welcome to come in, surprised you came all the way from Perse, though.”

Zhali bit her lip, for once in her life feeling shy, nervous. She could feel the cold knot of fear in her belly, as well as a quickly growing pressure in her restraints. At this rate, she’d burst the damn thing like the Hulk! She took so long to speak up, that tiny little Athena had to do the talking. “Thanks! Lovely place you have here,

whoever is the green thumb sure has gorgeous looking rosebushes. I'm Athena Darkpaw, this is Angel and Cherish Goldman, Tiffany Johnson, and the big striped one is Zhali Romanoff, but you probably remember her."

Brei smiled down at the little lioness, listening with those big ears, and sizing up the only properly dressed one in the group. *Eh, too skinny.*

Athena smiled back, admiring Brei's pretty dress. *Ugh, herms... I just don't get it.*

Brei smiled and nodded to each of the girls, noticing with her lynxy-sense (patent pending) that Zhali seemed to have all the blood in her body rushing to her face. She felt her inner predator start to roar, that mixture of fear and lust triggering every instinct she had, and needing a minute to bite down on her urges.

"Nice to meet you all, please come in! We've got heaters set up, punch, water, and soda is over there. The adults have beer, but they won't let us have any. Have any of you ever line-danced before?"

Five heads shook in the negative, and Brei sprang into action. Calling over her friends, she made introductions, and sent them off to teach four smiling, eager girls how to properly dance to the fiddles. The big lynx kept the still blushing tiger to herself, dragging the smaller herm behind her onto the floor, as she watched the bunny twins kick off their heels to dance with Fred and Willem.

The tigress was a looker, that much was for sure, and the way she was poured into that dress had Brei's restraints protesting, her meditation techniques not quite

making up for the fact she was eyeing Zhali's ass like something she wanted to eat. The tigress was staring at her, speechless for the first time in her life, and feeling strangely like a little girl next to the massive herm.

"So, would you like to learn how to two-step?" Brei asked, slipping a big arm around Zhali's shoulders.

"Uh... yeah... sure..."

"It's very easy, I just move in behind you..."

"Gah! Oh... ok... that... that sounds fine..."

Taking Zhali's left paw in her right behind the tiger's back, she wrapped her left arm around the other herm, showing Zhali to take her paw with her right, and off they went, whirling and twirling to the peppy beat of the fiddle. Zhali soon forgot her nervousness, laughing and smiling, leaning back into the big pink feline, fighting the urge to purr like a housecat.

Brei leaned in on a hunch, whispering in Zhali's ear as they danced, "You came here to meet me, didn't you?"

Zhali froze for a moment, almost sending the two sprawling, before gulping loudly and nodding, wishing for a moment she hadn't ratcheted her restraints down so tight, her hips were starting to really ache. "Uh... yeah... no one has ever beaten me like you

did... it was... I mean..."

Brei giggled softly, her paw lightly stroking Zhali's back, "It really turned you on?"

Zhali gasped and blushed harder, but nodded, a soft 'ping' of her restraints audible to Brei's enhanced hearing. "Y-yeah... it kinda did."

"Only kinda? I must be losing my touch."

"Ack! Ok, fine, I jacked it twelve times that night, happy?"

"Twelve times?! Holy cow, you must have been sore."

Zhali giggled, nodding shy, before resting her head back on Brei's huge breasts, her eyes searching for the larger's herm's, uncertain, imploring, "Is that... ok?"

Carefully moving to the side of the barn, shielded from her parents' eyes (cause ewww), she sat and pulled Zhali into her lap, then the two spent a minute going through that life-sized tetris game of rearranging herm bits to fit without pain. As she wrapped her big arms around the tigress, she held her mouth close to a striped ear, murmuring, "Well I'm a little jealous... I mean I just went home to a book and my bed, but no, I don't mind knowing you jacked off to me. Flattering, really, and you ARE a sexy tiger."

Zhali flushed, and before she could think too deeply into it, she whispered frantically

in Brei's ear, "You're just so fucking BIG! I mean, MASSIVE! I never knew anyone could be as big as you, and I felt so SMALL... it made me so hard."

"Somehow I don't think we're talking about my height now..."

"Well... no... but also yes... just everything about you, for the first time in my life, I'm the small one... it's... it's incredibly hot."

Brei smirked, rising once more, gently setting Zhali on the hay bale. "I'm gonna go get us something to drink, ok?" She leaned in close, whispering softly, "Oh, and by the way? It grows... it grows a LOT..."

She laughed on the way to the refreshments, hearing Zhali whimper behind her.

Around midnight, with most of the guests filing out for home and preparation for church the next morning, Brei walked slowly through the dark orchard with Zhali, her huge paws shoved into the pockets of her overfilled skirt, while the smaller hyper ran her toes through the soft fieldgrass. Athena had passed out and been placed gently in the car while Tiffany chatted up Larry the rhino, and no one had seen the bunny twins or the horse brothers in quite some time. Brei suspected they had found the hay loft and done what comes naturally to both bunnies and teenagers.

"Surprised the little one conked out when she did. The rest of your crew seem like

the late night party type.” Brei remarked, ducking under a low-hanging branch.

“She’s a sprinter, all speed and no stamina. Sweet, though, she keeps me in line most of the time.”

“So how many times did you come to Circe trying to meet me?”

Zhali blushed, grumbling under her breath, “Who told? It was the shrimp, wasn’t it?”

“Maybe.”

“Just the one time, but we spent most of the day at the coffee shops. In Perse all the teenagers hang out there, so I figured it was a good shot.”

“I spend most of my time helping out around the farm, it’s a lot of work for my dad to do alone, or even with help from the field hands we have.”

Zhali grinned up at the big lynx, one striped paw stroking over one of Brei’s biceps, “Does great things for your body, that’s for sure.”

Brei shot her a wink, her emerald eyes gleaming in the night. “So what did you think would happen once you managed to run into me?”

“Honestly hadn’t thought that far ahead... you seem cool, now that I actually get to

talk to you, but I admit I've been mostly thinking about how you felt pressed behind me."

"Hmmm, always from behind, why doesn't anyone ever fantasize about missionary?"

"Harder to remember faces, I imagine. Easier to remember feelings... and butts."

The two cats stopped at a small clearing in the orchard, shielded from the lights of the farmhouse, and a good enough distance away for privacy of sound as well. Brei sat down carefully against the bole of a tree, and pulled Zhali down into her lap, both girls wincing slightly before adjusting their oversized bulges. The bigger herm waited until Zhali was comfortable, before running her huge paw through the tiger's long dark hair.

"You know, I had a friend tell me that life is short, and if you want something... you should go for it."

"Good advice... do you... do you see something you want, Brei?" Zhali asked, feeling unusually shy.

"That's the great thing about herms, Zhali... it's never just ONE thing."

Brei's big, plush lips found her new friend's, softly at first, like dipping a toe into bathwater to see how it felt before dunking yourself in. Zhali moaned deeply into the embrace, pressing back harder, her arms wrapping around the lynx's thick neck.

Brei responded by deepening the kiss, growing more vigorous, her grip in Zhali's hair tightening, a deep and hungry growl echoing from her chest.

"Anyone going to miss you for an hour or so?"

"God, I don't even care... but... if I don't get my restraints off... I'm gonna pop." Zhali grunted, her sheath having plumped to maximum 'oomph', barely restrained by her carbon fiber underwear.

Brei laughed and nodded, actually lifting the tiger off her lap and helping to unzip her little black dress. The big lynx let her paws wander slowly as the silky garment slithered down Zhali's body, cupping the tiger's big breasts, brushing over her belly, and then rubbing gently over that straining bulge. As the tiger bit her lip to stifle a moan, Brei took hold of the buckles to her restraints, gave a soft grunt of effort, and released the pressure. With a sound like a zip-line, Zhali's straps snapped around her body, falling in a heap to the ground, along with her matte gray boxers. She wore nothing beneath, and Brei took the opportunity to fill her big paws with fluffy white sheath.

"Not bad, little kitty... I'll bet you're popular."

Zhali practically whimpered at being addressed as 'little kitty', her sheath whipping back off her shaft fast enough to threaten her with rug burn, her heavy cock flopping free, and almost immediately starting to rise. Brei stroked it gently, slowly, her mouth wide in a grin of mischief. She watched the tiger's face as Zhali got harder and harder, the young herm's eyes almost shut, her mouth hanging open in a breathless sigh.

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“Would you like to see mine?” Brei asked, still lightly stroking.

“You have no fucking idea...” Zhali whispered, eyeing the bigger, stronger herm’s package.

Gently Brei stood, leaning against the tree as she slid her top over her head, unclasping her bra to let her girls hang freely. Zhali’s eyes bugged from her head at the sheer size of those soft lynx tits, lightly stroking the flesh with two fingers. When Brei inched her skirt down, showing off her tightly packed underwear, Zhali fell to her knees, staring, her mind full of the feel of the cool grass on her bare knees, the scent of Brei in her nostrils, all spicy and tinged with strawberries. Lightly she ran a finger down the bulge of Brei’s sheath, frowning softly.

“I thought it’d be bigger... no offense.”

Brei grinned and carefully unbuckled the restraints, sighing as they fell to the ground, to be accompanied by her boxers. Beneath she wore a cute pair of purple panties, and as Zhali watched... they started to fill. She breathed deeply, loosening her concentration, practicing her meditation, and watched the tiger’s eyes get bigger and bigger, almost as if they were connected to her slowly swelling sheath. The panties began to pull away from her body, and she spoke softly, huskily, “I’m a grower... not a shower, dear. Be a good girl and help me out of my panties, won’t you?”

Zhali did whimper then, her fingers hooking into the increasingly tight waistband of Brei’s undies, inching them slowly, carefully down her muscular thighs, over the dramatic swell of sheath and sac, already expanding far beyond their starting point,

quickly approaching larger than the tiger's current, fully hard size. Zhali gave a loud gulp, freeing the undergarment from between Brei's thighs, and slipped them off over her big paws.

"Holy fuck... that would be useful... I can barely fit into my pants most days."

"Meditation works wonders. I'll teach you if you like."

Zhali nodded, her paws grasping Brei's sheath, moaning softly at the way it filled her paws, at the way it was slowly pushing her fingers apart. She licked her lips, squirming on her knees as the lynx got bigger and bigger, her sheath stretched to translucence around the massive pink shaft. Likewise her balls swelled until they were each the size of watermelons, gurgling and sloshing with pent up cum.

Zhali leaned in, taking a deep, savoring sniff of the bigger herm's musk, and firmly stroked her paws down the length of that thick sheath. Brei's huge cock flopped free, finally, weighing as much as some of the dumbbells Zhali lifted at the gym! She wasted no time in seizing that thick pole, stroking quickly, firmly, spitting on the hardening flesh for lubricant, the scent of her own arousal soon filling the nearby air.

"It's so fucking big... you're not even hard and you make me look tiny. Fuck, Brei, how do you even fit this in people?!"

"Stick around... I'll show you." Brei giggled, moaning around a bitten knuckle, Zhali's paws soon having her growing harder, pointing steadily up towards the sky. With an especially hard throb, her massive hyper cock spat out over a gallon of precum,

oozing down her shaft, gooey and slimy over Zhali's stroking paws. The tiger reacted immediately, leaning forward and slurping at the dripping shaft, her tail lashing the air with lust.

"I want it so bad... it's so beautiful, so big... I want to feel it stretching me, filling me... I want you to ruin my pussy with this big beautiful dick, Brei." Zhali whispered, nuzzling and licking at the huge lynx cock, her own dripping a steady flow of precum onto the grass beneath her.

"Well since you asked so nicely..." Brei smiled, gently lowering Zhali onto her back, before spreading her legs wide around her waist, her left paw grasping the tiger's cock for leverage (and just general fun), the right guiding her still hardening shaft towards her new friend's gooey entrance. "Wait... you go to Catholic school, are you on birth control?"

Zhali blushed, nodding, "Er, yeah... I'm not Catholic... it's just the best school my parents can get me into. I'm supposed to go on to the best colleges, earn a fuckload of money, and support them in their old age. I'm safe, no kittens for me."

When Brei first slipped herself inside the big tiger, Zhali felt sure there were fireworks going off in her head. She felt like she was being slowly, pleurably torn in half. Brei kept sinking slowly into her tight, gripping pussy, and stroking her cock at the same time. The big lynx just winked, keeping up her dual attack, her mouth hanging slightly open, panting at the intense suction of Zhali's woefully undersized tunnel.

"FUCK! That thing is a tree!" Zhali wailed, clinging to Brei's arms, her legs wrapping

tightly around her lover's hips.

"Mmmm, not yet... but I'll get there. I haven't grown yet."

"FUCK! ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!"

Brei laughed, pushing deeper, relaxing her concentration little by little. At first, it was a gentle impression in Zhali's belly of her shaft, moving slowly up towards the tiger's striped breasts. Then it was a DEFINITE impression, the smaller feline gulping and whimpering, her pussy starting to ache. As time went on, the tiger grew more and more full, expanded further and further with the shape of Brei's growing shaft. For her part, the big lynx just held her lover, stroking the tiger's cock, giving her hips slow and gentle pumps, feeding her massive and growing shaft to Zhali. More and more precum roared into the tiger's womb, bloating her belly into a vague football shape, growing more spherical with every passing minute.

Zhali gave a strangled cry as she felt every inch of that enormous shaft grinding against her g-spot, stretching her cunny to a degree physics just did not support. Her eyes rolled, her breathing came in ragged, desperate gasps as her lungs were compressed, feeling the slow burn of her orgasm rising in intensity, demanding to be let out. Crying out in blissful delight, the tiger exploded around that invading member, her own erupting out a jet of white cream that mostly ended up splashing on her own breasts. Brei cooed softly, her thrusts growing harder, faster, powering her hips into the smaller herm.

"Mmmmm, that's one... good girl, cum for mamma..."

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Zhali blinked, gasped, and went off like a nuke. Whole body shuddering, shaking like a leaf, she wailed quietly (of necessity, without a lot of air getting to her lungs),
“MOMMA! FUCK ME!!!!”

“Naughty girl... you like calling me momma? Does it make your dick harder? It does, doesn't it? Naughty, dirty tiger...” teasing Zhali, she worked her hips rhythmically in and out, her huge, heavy balls spanking off that wide, generous ass with every stroke. The lewd, liquid sounds of their lovemaking echoed around them, bouncing off the trees and returning to them with odd acoustic changes. Both girls beginning to sweat rather copiously, their fur darkening, their hair plastered to their backs, Brei leaned forward and kissed Zhali firmly, both her paws moving to her lover's hips.

“Yes momma, fuck me, fuck me good... oh my god, it's so big... just so fucking BIG!” Zhali screamed, short and harsh, like the bark of a gun, her body convulsing wildly as she went through orgasm after orgasm, both her pussy and her dick starting to hurt from the muscle contractions. Even with the bunny twins, she'd never cum this fast and this hard, let alone as often! Her paws went to her quickly expanding gut, letting out an embarrassing burp between kisses, hiccupping wildly with every pump.

Feeling the tell-tale rumble of her kitmakers, Brei leaned back, rocking her hips faster and faster, hammering away at poor Zhali, all that motion sloshing the fluids inside her lover, just making the burping and the hiccupping worse. “You think this is big? Wait till you feel when I cum inside you, Zhali babe... it comes highly recommended by a shark and a bunny...”

“Shark and a... a bunny? That sounds like a cartoon on Nickelodeon...”

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“Maybe... would have to be a late night one... baby got back.”

With a last, hard thrust, Brei buried herself to the hilt inside her bloated, swollen, quivering lover. Zhali had enough time to reach down and grab Brei’s kitmakers, squeezing hard, before the Firehose of Love (trademarked) went off inside her. The first shot caused her jaws to clamp shut with a clack, the sheer force of the explosion against her womb stealing the breath from her lungs. More followed on the heels of the first, a nearly constant stream of semen emptying into her deepest, darkest depths, her belly expanding by leaps and bounds with every spray. Eyes rolling in both their heads, the two herms clung to each other as Brei emptied a large swimming pool worth of cum into the squealing, wailing tiger.

“Hold on, hold on... you can do it...” she whispered.

“Oh god, don’t let go, I’ll shoot off like a cork!”

“I’ve got you baby, take all my cum...”

Belly expanding larger and larger, bumping into pear trees left and right, Zhali’s feet beat out a staccato rhythm on the ground, toes tightly curled, claws digging into the damp earth to either side of her sweat-soaked, trembling body. Brei finally trickled to a halt some long minutes later, slumping against the bloated, wobbly tigress, giggling softly as her brain entered the restart cycle.

“That was... that was really good, Zhali... I can’t normally just cut loose and let go.”

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“Gluck... gurgle... BELCH... oh god... oh fuck... I feel like I unbirthed a walrus...”

“How do you know how it feels to... nevermind, I don’t think I want to know anyway.”

“So much cum... oh god, I can FEEL myself sloshing...”

“Was it everything you’d hoped?”

Zhali took a moment to answer, mostly because she was having some trouble getting a full breath of air. Brei helped her turn onto her side, the weight of her belly now off her chest. “More than I could have imagined...”

The two cats snuggled for a bit, hard to say exactly how long without a watch, but it was long enough for Brei to reduce down to a more normal(as much as that word could ever be associated with a hyper) size, and the sweat on their bodies to grow cold, when a pair of soft, high pitched giggles rang out in the clearing. Brei and Zhali both jolted with shock, looking up as a pair of white bunnies sauntered into the clearing, accompanied by a smirking doe.

“My my my... what have we here?” Angel quipped

“It looks to me like our dear Zhali getting a dose... or eight... of her own medicine.” Cherish replied.

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Tiffany placed her little paws against Zhali's sloshing gut, letting out a low whistle and grinning down at her friend's striped muzzle. "It's no closet... but you do seem to be rather stuck, dear tiger. Can you feel your paws?"

Zhali grimaced, taking a slow swing at her older friend, "No, as a matter of fact, Senpai... how's about you bend over, and you can feel them for me?"

Angel and Cherish tittered playfully, leaning against the huge dome of Zhali's stomach, hugging it and marveling at the warmth. "Wow Zhali... you never fill us THIS full... how many times did you two go?"

Zhali blushed hotly, muttering again, trying to ignore the surge of delight that coursed through her body. "Only once..."

Brei laughed softly, carefully standing, nearly giving Tiffany a heart attack as her giant sheath popped into view, before squirming back into her restraints and skirt. "I'll see about getting some blankets from the barn... I doubt she'll be able to move before morning. If you want, I can drive her home once she's mobile again... if I need to, I can throw her in the back of my truck."

Zhali groaned, wobbling as best she could, "Probably for the best... Athena's dad will be pissed if she's home after midnight. What time is it, anyway?"

"3am."

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“Well fuck.”

Brei leaned down to kiss Zhali’s muzzle, getting some wolf-whistles from the tiger’s friends in the process. “I’ll take care of the little one too, I’ll get my mom to call her parents. She’s good with that sort of thing. Then I’ll come keep you company tonight, maybe even go for round two.”

Zhali looked up, alarmed and panicked, to her friends, “Halp! Save me!”

The sound of girlish laughter rang out into the cool night air, waking a little lioness enough to turn over, nuzzling into the jacket she was slumbering on. “Herms are weird...” Athena mumbled, before snoring ever so softly.

It was after 3am when Athena rolled up the front steps, a miles-wide grin plastered on her face, her spike heels in her paw, and her panties somewhere unknown. Quietly she unlocked the door and slipped inside, tip-toeing to avoid waking her big wife. The house was silent except for the ticking of the refrigerator, the creaking of the walls in the wind, and the barely-audible hum of electronics present in homes the world around.

The only light in the house came from Brei’s monitor, flying toasters coasting across the screen, while a massive lump reclined in front of it, the gentle susurrations of her breathing adding to the nighttime chorus. Athena stepped gently over to her wife,

smiling, and carefully reaching over to turn off the monitor, before pulling a blanket up over the enormous lynx.

She did, however, notice that her pink wife was more than a little... eh... 'plumped' in the nether regions. Covering her giggle behind one little paw, the lioness gave her wife a soft kiss on the forehead, before shuffling off to bed herself, with a slight stopover in the kitchen for some aspirin... no sense being more sore in the morning than she needed to. Stripping down, sliding into bed, the little lioness sighed happily, wiggling and snuggling up with her red stuffed elephant. In moments, she was fast asleep, gently snoring like a little kitten.

Across the town in a college apartment, a large striped fellow jerked gently at the handcuffs on his wrists, laying naked on his bed, rather damp. Koth sighed heavily, looking down at his exhausted, flaccid penis, grumbling, "You get me into the most awkward situations, you know?"

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