

This is your drive time DJ, Athena Darkpaw, your very own Goddess of the Hunt, wishing you a safe and happy day chasing that dollar. As my long time listeners will know, today is the drive time goddess' last day here in Capital City. I'll be headed out to the country, to the lovely town of Circe, so if you're ever out that way, stay tuned to the airways and be listening for the roar. Oh, and if there's a certain strawberry lynx listening...I love you baby!

****Willie Nelson's "On the Road Again" plays****

Brei could not keep the grin off her face, driving the moving truck down old familiar highways and past fields that lingered in the happy places of her mind. She'd grown up here, found herself here. She'd always meant to return, and after fifteen years teaching at Capital High in Capital City, she was headed back to little Circe.

"Oooh, honey, those are potatoes!" Athena exclaimed, pointing out the window.

Brei cocked her head, looking at her wife, the quintessential city girl. Athena had always been a classy gal, ever since the first time they'd met. The big lioness had her hair brushed back behind her ear as she watched the pastures and wheat fields go by, as well as the aforementioned potato field. Her compromise to moving attire was a tight t-shirt, hugging her soccer-ball sized breasts like a lover, and a pair of jeans so tight that Brei didn't think her wife would be able to remove them alone(Not that that was ever a problem).

"I didn't know you knew what potato plants looked like! That's neat, honey, it's been so long I'm not sure I could even pick them out."

Athena grinned, nodding playfully, "I know they're potatoes because they have a sign. It said potatoes." She gave her cheesiest, silliest grin, making her wife explode into laughter, before laying her head against the huge lynx's shoulder.

Fifteen years had gone by since she'd called these fields and streams home. True the town of Circe was still some distance off, but for Brei...this was home. They passed old man Farley's farm, and the spot where Ferdinand and Bessy Barlow used grow

pears, though they'd moved away long before Brei had left for college. And then...she saw it, winking over the hill like the pearly gates themselves. Bobtail's Berry Farm, the big, bold sign guiding her home like it always had, to good food, to family, and to love.

****34 years earlier****

Casper Bobtail, Bob to his friends, and his wife Emily had built their home on the outskirts of Circe, which in those days was barely more than a dot on the map. Bob's parents had owned a successful wheat farm, and Emily had grown up collecting eggs from the chickens at her grandmother's, so it was with eager anticipation that the two brown lynx began planting seeds, tilling fields, and raising cattle. All in all, their property spanned most of the distance between the river and the highway, and though it had cost Bob quite a bit for the down payment, it was as close to heaven as he thought a thing could be. That is, until the day Emily told her husband that she was pregnant. Then, after a brief fall that had absolutely nothing to do with fainting, he realized that the best was yet to come.

On an overcast day in May, just minutes after Emily had been rushed to the delivery room, their family gained a new member. Ten fingers, ten toes, a perfect baby girl...sort of. The two completely average, everyday lynx were somewhat astounded when their baby girl came out with bright pink and white fur.

"Relax, Mr. and Mrs. Bobtail, every test we've run has shown that this is just a simple, harmless genetic mutation, like blue eyes or blonde hair. Your baby girl just has a mutated chromosome that has turned her fur pink. It may darken with time, or it may stay the same, either way, she is a perfectly healthy little darling." The doctor reassured the parents, who were rather shaken. "Maybe it's all those delicious strawberries you raise on your farm, hmm?"

Bob cleared his throat gently and asked the OTHER question that the two new parents were shaken by. "Er, doctor...what about...you know...we don't have any history of...that...in our family. Not that we know of, anyway."

Three pairs of eyes turned to look at the little kitten, happily snoozing away in her crib, a purple blanket drawn up around her. Blue for boys, pink for girls, purple for...well...

“It’s not unheard of for two parents with no history of hermaphroditic genes to give birth to a third gender child. And again, she is perfectly healthy. We do have some literature available, but for the most part, generally parents wait for the child to establish a gender identity, and act accordingly.”

For nine years, the family of three lynx grew and prospered as many young families were known to. Little Breianna Marie began to walk, to talk, to break things, to spill things, to keep her parents up late at night crying, to spit up...you get the idea, she was a baby.

She grew like a normal lynx would, the little herm identifying most strongly with her feminine side from an early age, and was raised much like you would a little girl, albeit the awkward day Dad had to teach his baby girl how to pee standing up.

She would ‘help’ her parents in the field, picking strawberries, blueberries, and raspberries...and eating most of them, her white fluffy cheeks stained almost the same color as her outer fur, her sticky fingers invariably finding her father’s nice clothes, smearing strawberry juice over him. She attended school with kids from the nearby town, as well as several other farm furs like herself. She made friends, learned to read, and all the other things that normal young furs did.

When she turned nine, though, nature decided that she was going to be ANYTHING but normal.

It began with pain in her bones, which her parents told her was just growing pains, she was getting older, and was nearing the age when young children sprouted into awkward young adults, especially young girls like herself. But when the pain got

worse and worse, and she took to sleeping a great deal of the day, Bob and Emily took their daughter to the local physician.

“Nothing to worry about, folks, your baby girl is just hitting puberty, a little earlier than some, but certainly not unheard of. If I were you, I’d invest in some new clothes, this little tricycle motor is fixing to get bigger!” The kindly old doctor assured the family, Brei completely ignoring the sweet old badger, playing with blocks in the corner, though to her they weren’t blocks, but great worked stone, and she was building one of the great pyramids!

And get bigger she did. At first everything seemed normal, Emily sewed her daughter new dresses, and they put a little extra food out for the hungry, growing girl, but the growing didn’t stop...in less than a month, Brei had passed both her parents for height and breadth. In two months she had to duck beneath doors and took to sleeping on the floor as her bed was too small to contain her. After three months, there was no denying she was a woman, her breasts going from training bra to the lower end of the alphabet in a hurry. At the same time, her masculine attributes sprouted as well, her muscles developing at a frantic pace, she was soon helping her father lift bales of hay, sometimes two at a time. Most alarming of all, however, was her penis. When she had been young, it had looked much like any other young boy or herm’s, her sheath almost invisible, tiny and forgotten. As she grew...so did it, soon getting so large and so thick that it became a struggle to sew outfits for her that she would fit in, without serious engineering going on. And then the dreams started happening, and she would wake up, dripping wet with salty, saline-smelling liquid, her penis hard and standing up, thick as her considerably large wrist and some three feet long.

Her mother would always comfort her and tell her there was nothing to worry about, that it was only part of being a growing herm. But it was when she had to go to school that the problems began. The summer ended, and with it her growth spurts. In four months she had gone from a cherub-like kitten of three feet to an enormous, powerful looking woman of at least eight feet. Her mother could barely sew clothing that fit her, and most of what she wore was so obviously home made that the other children taunted and teased her. Her mother had resorted to using bungee cord ties from the tractor to keep all of her contained enough that she was decent in a skirt. Bras were

simply not made in her size, and the one her mother had made for her dug painfully into the undersides with an underwire large enough to tie up a boat. For all that, she was looking cute when the bus came, her hair in pigtails, a brand new green dress on, her mother had even let her paint her claws purple.

When she tried to get on the bus that would take her to school, though, the driver refused her entry, thinking she was an adult, and it was only the timely intervention of her father that saved the poor girl from being left at the curb. She took her seat shakily, every child on the bus staring, and buried her considerably large nose in a book.

Classes were also uncomfortable and embarrassing for the nine year old lynx, none of the desks big enough to fit her. Her teacher, an elderly otter, barely reached her waist, the matronly woman looking more than a little flustered at her appearance, including numerous glances at her skirts that she would need to discuss with Father O'Leary come Sunday. Brei was questioned by administrators, thinking she was a parent on the campus. She was detained by lunch counter workers, thinking she had come in off the street. In one horrifying instance, the police were called, thinking she had come to kidnap one of the children. Even more horrifying, upon learned she was not, in fact, a kidnapper, one of the officers slipped her his phone number.

After only a single day, Brei went home in tears. The happy go lucky kitten was gone, and in her place remained a hyper-sexualized fetish feline, with a mind that only wanted to play with dolls and puppies. She remained in her room all night, skipping dinner despite the lion-like growls of her belly. Staring into her mirror, hating the face looking back at her, she prayed to any divinity that was listening to let this nightmare end, to let her wake up and be back in her sundress and sandals, a little girl once more. Prying her sizeable assets out of their jerry-rigged restraints, she carefully lay down on the floor where her mattress had been laid, the frame having collapsed under her the previous month. Her father had promised to buy her a bigger bed after the harvest, but she wasn't holding her breath. Just that week, she'd eaten more food than the family used to consume in three months. Her mother's garden was becoming woefully depleted, and though she would never say so, even after devouring enough food for an army, she was still ravenously starving.

The following day, she trudged out to the bus like a defeated soldier, endured the stares of her fellow children, and took a seat at the front of the bus, where she wouldn't block the aisle. Following the previous day's embarrassment, the school had a desk from the high school delivered for her to use, but being placed in the back of the class, seated at a desk three times larger than her classmates, only ostracized her further. It was hard not to notice how small her pencil looked in the enormous paw she found herself with. As a Canadian Lynx, even for her monstrous size, her paws were huge. Her hands could easily encircle a grown man's head, and her feet were only slightly smaller than the manhole cover in front of her school. The pencil meant for a typical 3rd grade student looked like the tiny pencils her father brought home from the golf course. To make matters worse, she was starting to have funny feelings when looking at some of the teachers, and her restraints were struggling to hold her contained, very often becoming wedged under the desk to the point extricating herself became a chore.

Recess was even worse than class time. At least in class time, there was no reason for the other children to talk except for to work together. At recess, like most, the children would gather together to play games and climb on the jungle gym (above concrete, ah the 80's...). After an aborted attempt to swing on the monkey bars, in which she found that not only was she larger than the entire apparatus, but that her boobs could not fit between the bars anyway, Brei discovered that no one made playground equipment for cats larger than most Clydesdales. She sat forlornly on the steps in front of the school, waiting for the bell. That was when she became acquainted with another trope of your typical school, that being the eponymous 'bully'.

"You're a freak, huh?" Came a little squeaky boy voice. "Big Boobs Bobtail, that's what we should call you...freak!"

Brei blinked tears from her huge eyes that were already splattering and smearing on her thick glasses and looked up to find a large crowd of boys surrounding her, with one particular pony in front yelling the insults. "What do you mean?" came her deep,

womanly voice, sounding so startling to her ears that she almost looked around to see where it came from.

“I’m not eating Bobtail berries anymore, I might end up like HER! I’ll bet it was all those strawberries, that’s probably why her fur is that color. Freak! Freak!” the young pony again, wounding her particularly by poisoning the old tease about her fur. She loved that explanation, her mother still called her Strawberry as much as Breianna. Her eyes welled up with tears, the scene no less painful for the fact her attacker didn’t reach her knee when she stood. Sniffling, huddling in on herself as much as possible with her enormous breasts in the way, she weathered the abuse as the whole crowd took up the chant.

“Big Boobs Bobtail, Big Boobs Bobtail, what a freak, what a freak.” They all chanted, over and over again, as the huge pink cat shuddered and whimpered, desperately hoping for the bell, hoping for someone to save her. Recess had just begun, though, and there was no bell, and there was no helpful old teacher telling children to behave and observe the golden rule. Minutes passed, a dance was added to the chant, and finally something snapped inside the young feline. She reared to her feet, all eight point one of them, and let out a roar that shook the windows of the schoolhouse in their frame. Several of the schoolchildren immediately required their change of clothes helpfully kept in the classroom for just such an occurrence.

But the roar hadn’t ended her fury, though it HAD ended the chant. With one massive paw she reached out and grabbed the pony, hefting him into the air as though he weighed no more than a feather, and HURLED him the full length of the playground. The audible snap of bone heralding his landing, followed by the frantic wailing of a young child in pain. Her rage died, and she stood stunned, horrified at what she had done. As the other children ran screaming for a teacher, she stood there, staring at the young pony, his right leg bent nearly double in the wrong direction, cuts and bruises over his entire body where he had skidded and bounced upon landing. She stared at her paws, wishing they belonged to another fur, and inside some little kernel of self was crushed by sheer, unrelenting shame. “I’m...I’m sorry...” she whispered.

Her parents were called. HIS parents were called. The principal, the vice principal, and three teachers were called in to the principal's office. It was only due to Emily breaking down in tears that the school hadn't called the sheriff as well. The pony boy had been taken via helicopter to Capital City hospital. He was going to be ok, but little Circe General didn't have the necessary equipment to mend a break of the severity inflicted. Brei sat in the corner, facing the wall. It was a singularly comical sight, the largest person in the room by a wide margin punished in such a way, and every other occupant had to continually remind themselves that the giant woman was only nine years old.

"Bob, Emily, I don't really know how to handle this. I've been an educator for 30 flippin years, and not once have I even heard of a case like this." The white haired old owl who served as principal of Circe Elementary sighed, running one clawed hand through his thinning hair. "I mean she tossed Vinnie from one side of the school to the other, she could have killed him."

Vinnie's mother, a rather pudgy mare named Trixie, began to wail at that, before her husband Gus shushed her with repeated promises that their little terror was alright. He turned to look at Bob, before his gaze shifted to the huge pink cat in the corner. "Bob, we're friends, you and I. Hell we bowl together. That daughter of yours ain't safe, she's way too dang big and way too dang young, she don't know how ta control herself. Sure Vinnie's an idiot. Oh hush Trix, kid's dumber than a box of rocks. Next time it might not just be a broken bone or two. How'd she deal with it if she really, really hurt a kid?"

Bob nodded slowly, sighing and scratching at his head. "I know my girl, she's the gentlest thing you ever did see. She didn't ask to grow up this fast, and we can't expect her to act like anything but a little kid. She's scared, and she has a right to be. "

A loud, wet sniffle sounded from the corner, before Mrs. Simmons the school nurse offered Brei a handkerchief. After a loud, trumpeting blow, the sniffles subsided.

“Maybe home schoolin is the answer? Emily, yer real smart, you done finished school and everything. Mebbe you could teach the young’un until she’s bigger...er...till she’s older, till the other children catch up ta her. I mean, there are...other...considerations too, I don’t need ta tell ya.” Gus drawled, his eyes darting meaningfully to the huge lynx’s skirts, the pinto mechanic idly chewing on a hayseed and fulfilling as many stereotypes at one time as any fur could ever aspire to.

Emily Bobtail looked up from her lap for the first time since they’d come in, fire in her eyes. Her little paws clenched tightly in her apron, the little lynx practically vibrating with anger. “Till she’s older, Gus? Till the other kids catch up to her? Why, the nerve you have, inferring she might...might...oh I don’t even want to say it! That’s the dumbest gosh darn idea I’ve ever heard. You take her out of that gosh darn class and you tell her that she doesn’t belong. My daughter DOES belong, you...you...dumbass! I’m sorry for my language, Mr. Juniper, but I’m so darn mad I could spit. If you take her out of that class, out of this school, so help me God, I will shove my footpaw so far up your HINEY that you can taste my nail polish!” The little lynx bared her little teeth, hissing in the direction of the horse.

Bob cleared his throat gently, carefully smoothing down Emily’s raised hackles before convincing her to sit back down. Trixie nodded softly, agreeing with the lynx, “I don’t think we should isolate her either. It wouldn’t be fair to the poor dear. I can’t imagine how she must feel, being so...big...and so...big. Maybe...maybe if she saw a therapist, to help her deal with everything that’s happening with her body? I know when Gus started drinking, I found it very helpful to talk to Dr. Roberts.”

Gus looked embarrassed at the widely known fact he liked the sauce a bit too much for his own good, but the adults in the room all agreed, the best course of action would be to get the younger Bobtail some professional counseling.

Doctor Lee ‘Grizz’ Roberts was an imposing, large man of advancing age with a soft spoken voice and an air of intense concentration about him. He had helped countless alcoholics through their recovery, he had helped dozens of couples through their

marital issues, he had even helped one particularly angry young man find God and become born again. He had, however, never helped a nine year old girl cope with the fact that she had a body which would put most porn stars, male, female, or herm to utter shame, nor the anger and confusion that such a condition caused. So, mostly, they played with blocks. Sometimes he would build something, sometimes she would build something. They would talk about things like chickens and cows, and berry bushes. They talked about sunny days, about swimming in the pond. They talked about favorite colors, about favorite dresses(hers, obviously, a nine year old girl had NO reason she needed to know about Doc Roberts' other hobbies). All the while, they played with those blocks. Brei would make shapes out of multiple blocks, and Doc Roberts would tell her what each was called. Three sides was a triangle, four a square, and five a pentagon. Neither ever remembered much about what they spoke of in those sessions, but even 20 years later, it still meant more than anything to her that someone, anyone, had just treated her like a little girl.

At home things were calmer, she could forget about her body's more...developed aspects. Her enormous size was a tremendous help to her father, and after showing her how to use the plow, she increased the size of her mother's garden ten-fold in less than a week. She volunteered to take care of the livestock, which had been a fairly big hassle to Bob Bobtail, who was significantly smaller than all his herd. She enjoyed her time with the cows each morning, delivering fresh milk to her neighbors once a week, always smiling shyly, rarely speaking a word. She bailed hay, planted crops, and helped her little father mend fences around the farm. All the increased physical work had the added effect of keeping the naturally curvy feline in very good shape, and she developed visible muscle all over her body.

For a time, her classmates kept their distance, at least until Vinnie was out of his cast, then the short term memories of grade school furs promptly forgot the danger, and nearly every day she was teased, taunted, and picked on. She would talk about the incidents with Doc Roberts, but never again did she respond physically. For such a huge, powerful fur, she was meek, cautious of every step. Teachers would stare, dumbfounded, as she carefully herded ants out of the way of her huge footpaws. Most though she did so because she was a gentle soul, and she was, but that wasn't the reason she was so cautious, so meek. Brei took every precaution not to hurt anything

because she was afraid. Afraid of what her body could do, afraid of that look in her father's eyes, afraid of the anger she had heard in her mother's voice. The gentle giant was gentle, because she was terrified of ever disappointing those around her again.

Of all the changes wrought on her life by puberty, it was probably the isolated she hated the most. Before that summer, she'd had friends a plenty, other children she played with, other furs that would say hello to her, compliment her outfits. Since school began that year, no one spoke to her other than to mock, no one greeted her, including the teachers, who seemed preoccupied looking anywhere but her skirts, fiddling with their wedding rings. She understood why no one complimented her outfits anymore, she felt she looked like someone had draped a tent over her and wrapped a belt around the middle. Her mother had never imagined she would have to become a tailor, and her skills were mainly limited to darning socks and mending pants with rips in the seat(Bob enjoyed Emily's cooking immensely).

She sat, staring out the schoolhouse window at a bird pecking on a tree, idly wondering what it was like to be able to fly, to take wing and just get away. She wondered if birds had friends, or if they were lonely like her. In the end she decided it was probably not that important, birds were icky anyway, she preferred her cows, the chickens all pecked at her toes, and she didn't like that very much.

"Psst...psst...hey Boobs, yer starin at that bird awful hard...ya hungry, big girl? Ya need a lil snacky-poo?"

She sighed and turned, finding Ralph, Steve, and Phillip, the latest group of bullies to set their sights on her. All three were various breeds of dog, and not one of them could be specifically identified, all mutts from the outskirts of Circe. "No...not hungry..." she muttered, her eyes lowered, as usual, her shoulders hunched protectively.

"Probably not big enough for you, is it? Big freak like you, probably need a bird like..." Ralph looked around, pointing at a nearby sparrow girl, "Someone like Peck's size. Ya wanna eat Peck, freak? My Ma says you freaks are into that sorta thing."

Peck's name was not Peck...it was Lucy, but Brei reflected that she'd much prefer a derogatory nickname based off her eating habits than her chesticles. The sparrow, for her part, had gotten wide eyed and looked torn between screaming for the teacher, and just booking it for the door. "No...and no, your Ma is wrong. I'm not hungry, and I don't wanna eat Lucy..." she grumbled, hoping against hope that her ravenous belly did not choose that moment to growl, gurgle, or make a sound.

Another feline turned around and gave the boys a sneer, wrapping her arms with their oversized paws around the frightened sparrow, "Why don't you guys leave her alone. She didn't do anything to you, pick on someone else."

Ralph growled, glancing over his shoulder at the feline, "Shut up, Sierra. Just having fun with Boobs here. Is it true you eat a cow a day? Without chewing?"

Brei was about to snarl a reply when the teacher FINALLY noticed the three boys lurking in the back of the class, and shouted at them to sit down and be quiet. The big lynx bit back her reply, just slumping back in her chair and trying to give Sierra a smile of thanks, but the pretty calico had already turned around.

Each day passed like the last, and time started to lose meaning for the young kitten. Her weekly sessions with Doc Roberts were nice, and she started to talk about her feelings a little more, but it was hard to know what to say to the old bear, she just didn't feel comfortable spilling her deepest, darkest thoughts to him. She was fairly certain the questions she was dying to ask were more of the physical variety than the psychological anyway, like what the heck made her bits blow up like a carnival balloon when she started thinking...thoughts.

Keep in mind it was the late 80's, the internet was little more than a database for professors and the military, Google wouldn't be invented for decades, and the local library certainly didn't have a section for THOSE type of books. She had urges, though, and without a handy search engine to type in 'Why do cute butts make my bits go crazy', she was left to be merely another confused adolescent. Hell, sex education

wouldn't even be thought of for another few years, and would still be at the level of 'don't do it.'

At first they were just little tingles in the back of her mind, little fleeting glimpses into a much deeper and darker psyche. The smell of a girl's hair, the sight of a boy's chest...butts of any kind. It did not matter if it was someone her age or one of her teachers, her neurons would fire randomly all day, putting the tensile strength of her homemade underwear to the test. Without any friends, older male relatives, or Playfur to look at, she was completely in the dark about what it meant and what to do about it. So she just ignored the tingles, and they got worse, and worse, and worse. Her sac grew more and more swollen, heavier and heavier. She realized none of this, however, thinking it was completely natural, and the added weight, though enormous, didn't register much to a feline her size.

Every Halloween since the wheatfields had grown to sufficient size, the Bobtails hosted a holiday hay ride. For those of you from the city, this entails riding on the back of a flatbed truck, surrounded by hay bales for safety and comfort, and driving slowly through fields, past livestock pens, and other farm equipment as a guided tour. This is typically done at night, and especially in the case of the Bobtail's, also included some Halloween themed occurrences. The Headless Horse would appear somewhere in the corn maze, and riders got to pick out their own pumpkin from the pumpkin patch. It was usually meant for the younger kids, but being as Circe was a very small town, the older kids came too, if not to actually enjoy the ride, then to meet other bored teens and sneak off to isolated parts of the large farm.

It was typically THE place to be in the weeks leading up to Halloween, parents would drop kids off or ride with them at dusk, and pick them back up a few hours later excited and happy. Bob Bobtail loved driving the truck, and Emily Bobtail loved baking sweets and dipping caramel apples for the children. Breianna Marie Bobtail was not so fond of it, especially after puberty. It was not only a little lame, but it meant her classmates, they of the mockery and douchebaggery, would be at her home, her one happy, safe place. But like the good little girl she was inside, when her father told her to help out, she did, dressed in absolutely the most scratchy, irritating scarecrow costume ever. Straw suck out from her sleeves and pants, pants which

were definitely not helping her hide the sheer OOMPH of her lower half, and even from the undersides of the hat she wore. It itches in places she did not approve of, and the fact that her one job was to direct people to food and hay ride did not really play to her strengths. What her strengths were, she wasn't sure, perhaps Olympic blushing, or 500 meter hiding. After directing a family of five badgers towards the hay ride, she muttered softly, "This sucks..."

"Oh I don't know, it's kinda nice, tradition." the disembodied voice came from the darkness, making the big cat jump ten feet in the air, hissing with shock, until she was able to find the speaker, a short, slender white bunny slightly beneath her boobs, which explained why she hadn't seen him. Stepping back, she inspected the stealthy boob-hider. He was short, really short, even for someone who was...not her. He barely came up to her waist, and his long white ears were tied behind his back like a ponytail. She couldn't quite tell in the low light, but his lips glistened like he was wearing lip gloss, and she could almost swear he was wearing eyeshadow. Below the neck, he wore a black gothic dress, his legs were encased in pantyhose, and he wore cute little Mary Janes on his paws. He looked older than her, but with him being so small(not to mention dressed in drag), it was hard to tell.

"Oh...hello...sir, are you looking for the hay ride, or the snacks? That's a marvelous costume." She asked, trying to remember to be a good hostess, though she was having trouble keeping the boredom out of her voice.

The little bunny shook his head, looking around, blushing slightly, "Um, yeah, costume, thanks. Neither actually. I'm here with my kid sister and my mom, and they both already got on the hayride. I'm mostly looking for other people to hang with, but most of the others went to go play in the corn fields and scare the kids. Do you work here?"

Brei shifted, so completely unused to someone not knowing exactly who she was and what she toted between her huge thighs that for a moment, she couldn't respond. "N-no...well, yeah, but...I'm Brei Bobtail, my mom and dad own the farm."

The little bunny smiled, extending one little paw, “Well pleasure to meet you, Brei Bobtail, I’m Alex Bish. You’re what, a senior?”

She blushed again, HARD, taking his paw in her own, and dwarfing it so utterly that it disappeared in her grip. His eyes went huge at the sight and feel, and having a lot of experience with the event, her eyes caught his dress pulling tighter in front. She let go of his hand, suddenly embarrassed without knowing why, and averted her gaze.

“N-no...Alex...I’m...I’m in 6th grade.”

You could have heard the proverbial pin drop. He simply stared, slackjawed, the angel and devil on his shoulders arguing furiously.

“Dude, she’s just a kid.”

“Dude, TITS.”

“Dude.”

“Tits, Dude.”

“Duuuuuuuude.”

“That’s...wow...you’re a pretty big junior high girl, you know?” he asked lamely, both the angel and devil leveling a kick at his head.

“Y-yes, it hadn’t escaped my notice.”

“Sorry, you probably hear that a lot.”

“Only from other people.”

Silence, broken only by the bunny’s embarrassed cough. The two stood, the only two to have come this way in nearly half an hour. The hay rides were winding down, and very few furs wanted caramel apples at 10pm. Well, ok, very few mothers or wives

would LET their children(the small ones OR the big ones) have caramel apples at 10pm. Alex cleared his throat and asked the first thing on his mind.

“So, uh...got a boyfriend?”

Brei blushed so hard she turned purple, her mouth opening and closing like a fish, before she nearly screeched, “No! What?! No! Why...why do you ask?”

“Oh, no reason...just...curious. What kind of music do you like?”

“Country...”

“Ewww...no, that’s cool. I’m more a Guns n’ Roses fan, myself. Paradise City is like...my life.”

Brei cocked her massive head, “Is that near here? I’ve never been out of Circe.”

“No no, it’s a song, by Guns n’ Roses...here, lemme just...”

The little bunny fished around in his fanny pack(80’s, remember...) and pulled out a walkman with cassette. He put on some headphones and hit some buttons on the thing, before crying out in victory and taking the headphones off, offering them to the giant lynx. Brei took them cautiously, judging correctly that trying to put them on like the bunny would snap them in half, so she held the phones up to one huge, tufted ear as Alex hit play. She winced and held the headphones further away, her incredible hearing not compatible with Axl Rose on high volume, but began to tap her paw just the same.

“It’s...good...different. His voice is very shrill, not like Willie Nelson at all.”

Alex laughed, “Well, he’s not a jackrabbit, for one. But yeah, rock and roll is awesome. I always pick up their latest when I get paid. What else do you do, when you’re not scaring off crows?”

Brei blinked at him for a moment, before remembering her costume, and started to snicker. It was the first time she'd laughed in two years. "Well, um...my mom is teaching me to knit and sew...and I help my dad in the fields a lot. Oh, oh, and I take care of the cows and chickens and we have a mule. I like the cows, they're nice, and they're always happy to see me."

"Brei, you're giant and bright pink, I'm pretty sure everyone is happy to see you."

She stopped laughing, shaking her head slowly, "N-no...most of the furs my age tease me about being big...or a herm...or having these..." She cupped her chest with both her huge paws, momentarily threatening Alex with a coronary, but not realizing the sexual appeal of the act. "You're the first person to talk to me in...a long time." She gave a soft grunt as her pants tightened noticeably, wincing as her restraints dug into her hips hard. Alex could not help but notice the growth, his eyes going wide as saucers when he realized exactly what he was looking at.

"Oh wow, I'm sorry to hear that, Brei. Wow...you're...you're big all over, I see...I've never seen a herm so...big...before. You must be a...a hyper..."

Brei blinked again, lost, "What's a hyper, Alex?"

The bunny's jaw hit the ground with an audible click, only managing to find his voice after several aborted tries. "You...you don't know? But...but you're...uh...ok, well, a hyper is...well...um..." he pondered the best way to explain, the angel on his shoulder repeatedly reminding him the girl before him was only 11 years old, and he needed to be gentle with his explanations. "Well, you know boys and penises, and girls have vaginas, and herms have penises AND vaginas, right? Right. Well, hypers have extra LARGE versions...and hyper HERMS have extra large versions that...well...grow."

Brei gawked, realizing for the first time that her parts were not...exactly...supposed to grow. She realized that this was not just a natural part of getting older, and maybe the fact her balls had gotten bigger each night for the last month was...unusual.

"Oh...so I'm a...um...hyper herm? How do you know?"

Alex laughed softly, “Um, well, the fact you’re about to rip those pants is one indication. How come you haven’t...uh...taken care of yourself before you get so big?”

“What do you mean?”

“You know...take care of things...yourself...with your paws...m-masturbate?”

Alex blushed red hot from having to say the word to an 11 year old, especially one so overly endowed and incredibly stacked that his own panties were in danger of bursting. Good thing he had a protective layer of nylon between his junk and the outside world. He could feel himself leaking gently into the pair of lady’s pantyhose currently snuggled around his waist, encasing his slender legs in luxurious finery.

From the look on Brei’s face, however, she had no idea what he was talking about. “Masturbate? What’s that? Why are you blushing?”

Alex took a deep breath, pondering, and began to mentally tick off the items in his head. 1) Doesn’t know what a hyper is, let alone that she is one. 2) Has never heard of masturbating. 3) Is clearly at the high end of growth, and not getting smaller anytime soon. The devil on his right was screaming in his ear that he better not pussy out, while the angel was trying to reason with him. Mentally looking left and right, he asked, “But...it’s ok if I just help her masturbate, right?” The angel blinked, visibly pondered, and gave a thumb’s up.

“Brei...is there someone private we can go? I can...I can show you how to masturbate...so you won’t be so...big...down there.”

Two giant eyes blinked, blinked again, and then that enormous head cocked very far to the side. “Um...I guess so...does it...does it need privacy?”

Alex blushed harder, thinking about this giant herm letting herself go in public, and frantically nodded, “Oh yeah, this is like...a very personal thing, private, just you and your hermness. We need to be somewhere that no one will walk in on us.”

Brei pondered for a moment, before taking the cross-dressing bunny's paw in her own and dragging him off towards the barn. As she threw open doors that he himself would not possibly be able to budge, Alex looked inside, seeing a fairly pleasant, clean barn, clearly not having seen a lot of use. "This is where I milk the cows, we only put them in here at night when it gets cold, they like sleeping in the fields more. The loft is over here, I sometimes use it when I want to be alone."

Alex watched her huge, perfectly rounded butt climb up the ladder, his own chubby straining at the nylon surrounding it, idly wondering what it was he was doing. He inspected his motivations, and was pleasantly surprised to note he had no intentions of leveraging this into a sexual opportunity, just feeling a sense of empathy for the huge herm. He had a certain...connection with someone who was different, considering he had several other dresses just like this one, and they didn't only come out around Halloween. True, usually he stuffed a bra and tried to lift his voice a few octaves, but this was the one time all year he could really be himself. Brei never got that chance.

After scampering up the ladder behind her, Alex looked around the hayloft, Brei sitting cross legged on a pile of straw, her back resting against one of the huge bales. It was definitely private, the only illumination from a string of small sodium lights at the apex of the roof. He took a very, very deep breath, sitting down in front of Brei and looking about two feet up to meet her eyes. "Now Brei, what I'm about to show you is something sexual. You're very young, and I don't want to influence you in any way, but this is going to definitely help you feel better, and make you smaller down there. You can do it as often or as little as you want, and no one should EVER force you to do anything you're not comfortable with. I'm going to show you how, and then if you want me to leave and let you do it alone, I will."

She smiled, tears sparkling at the corners of her eyes at his kind words, the first uttered by a non-parent since she'd developed. Impulsively, she lunged and grabbed the started bunny, hugging him against her enormous chest until he felt his ribs starting to creak. Weakly slapping at her arms, fighting not to completely ruin his dress and his chance to show her how to pleasure herself, he sucked in hasty breaths of air when she released him.

“Thank you, Alex...I’ll, um...I’ll tell you if I need some privacy. How do I start?”

He recovered his breath, if not his dignity, and stood up. Now was the part he needed some serious courage for. His own junk was...well, compared to Brei HE looked like the child, and he wasn’t 100% sure he was ok with it. But for her sake, he was going to be a brave little bunny. Besides...these were new hose, SOMEONE should see them before the fuckers got a run in them.

“Ok Brei, since this is a sexual thing, I need to take some clothes off. I’m going to be touching my penis, so be prepared for that.” He took another deep breath, and began unlacing the bodice of his dress. It took entirely too long to get into the outfit, but he had gotten pretty skilled at getting out of it in a hurry. The lacy number dropped to the ground, and he carefully moved it to one side, standing there in just a pair of pantyhose(which made his ass look FABULOUS, he thought). He carefully rolled his hose down to his knees, and let Brei see him, his semi-hard cock dangling a few inches.

“Oh wow...you’re little...but...cute. Is that how normal people look?” She whispered, feeling that this was a moment for whispering. It felt covert, sneaky...and vaguely wrong, though she couldn’t say why.

Alex blushed hotly, “Er, no, I’m...I’m a little small, but only a few inches. Ok, now...” he sat down beside the enormous cat, resting his back against the small amount of bale left over after her own broad back took its share. Very gently he wrapped his paw around his rapidly hardening shaft. “First step is to get comfy, and then you wrap your paw around yourself, like so. Everyone is different, so you want to adjust your grip till it feels nice. I’m pretty sensitive, so I like a nice soft grasp, you might be different.”

Brei watched raptly as his little paw squeezed himself, her own nethers starting to grow, swelling and stretching with a soft sound like silk ripping, her pants growing increasingly tight as she watched Alex’s instruction.

He bit his lip gently at the intensity of that gaze, as well as the swelling obvious in her pants. Very slowly he started to stroke himself, his paw sliding up and down gently, a tiny dribble of precum bubbling from his tip and sliding down to froth against his paw. “Now...ooooohh...you start to stroke...just like thiiiiis...and focus on the...the...the good spots...like...the h-head...and this spot underneath, called the glansssss...”

Brei felt like she was on fire, her vision having narrowed down to a paw and a shaft, her heartbeat thundering in her ears, roaring until she heard his voice like it was coming from a deep well. She grabbed her belt and undid it, her huge paws struggling to slide off the costume pants over her incredibly inflated nethers. Each ball was easily the size of a beachball now, and her plump sheath had inflated to the diameter of a hubcap, sticking at least a foot away from her body, straining her restraints so far that the bungee cord was beginning to tear.

Alex’s eyes widened at both the fact she was quickly stripped, and the sight of her homemade hyper-undies. The devil poked him in the head with his pitchfork to get his attention. “Hey, did we ever think about the fact she might, Oh I dunno, pounce us and stick us with that thing?” He darted his eyes to the left, looking for the angel, and finding him booking it for the hills. “You’re on your oooooooooown!”

Brei managed, by dint of her excessive strength, to get the latches undone, the released cords whipping out and embedding themselves into the hay bale, missing Alex’s head by inches. She slithered out of her now loosened undies, and the poor bunny nearly cried out in shock as she was unveiled. She had clearly gone quite a while being aroused, without seeing to the problem. Even his guesses at her size didn’t come close, and then she burst forth from her sheathe...

The cock that emerged from that fluffy white sheathe was a darker shade of pink than her fur, and it was so huge that he couldn’t hazard a guess at her size, and much to his irritation he’d forgotten his tape measure at home. The big cat, her eyes watching his paw working up and down himself, tried to copy the move on herself, but was unable to fully encircle herself the way he did. She reached out with her other paw, hissing in pleasure at the sensation. “Oh...oh that feels...that feels really good, Alex.”

He gulped, whispering softly, “Do you want me to...”

“No, stay with me...”

“Ok.”

She started slow, like him, stroking with small, gentle strokes up and down the base of her shaft, but soon was squeezing harder and harder, before her whole body gave a hard jerk and her eyes rolled. “Th-there...that...that’s the spot...” Her strokes got longer and longer, as her balls gurgled, churned, and swelled, her fingers being pushed steadily further apart as she grew, the young hyper not experienced controlling her arousal or growth. Alex continued to stroke, but mostly from shock, watching this beautiful girl in a woman’s body pleasure herself for the first time. Up and down those paws went, squeezing and clenching. He watched in awe as a massive bead of precum, easily twice what his full load was, slithered down her shaft, to be spread glistening over her straining flesh.

“Alex...something...something’s happening...my tummy feels weird...”

He gulped nervously, nodding his head slowly, his stroking increasing in pace, “That’s...that’s good, Brei. Focus on that feeling, and keep doing what you’re doing. You’re going to have an orgasm, that’s the whole point of this. When you do, you’ll ejaculate, and stuff will come out of your penis. It’s perfectly alright, just make sure you aim it somewhere safe, you don’t want to get it on your clothes or in your eyes.”

She nodded, her breathing increasing in pace, her massive chest rising and falling like a bellows, her cock getting harder, until even her own paws couldn’t compress it. The odd feeling in her belly got more and more intense, her butt squirming in the straw, her huge toes curling, legs being forced wider by the growth of her balls. All at once, like a lightning strike had hit her, she had an experience like the biggest sneeze she’d ever had, but so much more intense and pleasurable it defied words she could express. Her balls swelled one last time, her cock bulged massively, and then she was erupting. Her first shot arced out the length of the barn, impacting with a loud SPLAT on the far wall. It was followed by dozens of its closest friends, until the far wall was dripping

gooey white strands down to the straw floor. Again and again she tensed and geysered semen, crying out in alarm, panic, and pure bliss. Alex watched the incredibly dramatic orgasm, and could not help but offer his own rendition, though it involved far less fanfare and fireworks, and much more feminine whimpering and thrashing.

All in all, it took Brei almost ten minutes to empty herself, laying panting and whimpering and squirming, her eyes refusing to focus, her tongue lolling out with every pant. Alex watched her, trying to clean himself up with some straw, before carefully rolling his hose back up. Finally her eyes turned towards him, a blush staining her white cheeks pink to match her fur. 'That was...that was really fun, Alex...and I feel a lot better now.'

He smiled, watching as her balls and sheathe shrank slowly back to something resembling normal for a hyper, though still quite a bit larger than normal for anyone else. She mirrored his actions with the straw, though her bits hadn't dribbled as much, and carefully pulled on and fastened her underwear, looking about for her pants as he slipped back on his dress.

"Remember Brei, you can do that whenever you need to, just find somewhere private and...um...washable, and take some pressure off. That way you won't be so...full."

She smiled and nodded, belting her pants back on, sighing in luxurious fashion at the unfamiliar sensation of having ROOM in a piece of clothing, and reached out to hug him tightly. "Thank you, Alex..."

"You're welcome, Brei."

They both peered over the edge of the hayloft at the gooey sea of semen-soaked straw, stretching from the base of the ladder all the way to the door.

"How are we...going to get out of here?"

"Good question..."

*****Present Day*****

Brei carefully pulled the moving van into place next to the barn, locking the parking brake and hopping down to the ground to stretch, her huge body looking much the same as that night 23 years ago. A little more padding, a few smile lines around her eyes, but otherwise unchanged. Gone was the hurt in her eyes, the hunched shoulders and meek walk, but that was a tale for another day.

Athena positively yowled as she stretched, yawning expansively after the long trip. She swished over to her wife just in time for Bob and Emily Bobtail to come outside, the two big cats giving their parents and in-laws a great big hug, each pressing a lynx face into soft, comfy bellies, before they were ushered into the farmhouse for dinner. It would take a few weeks to close the house they'd picked out in town, so Brei's parents had offered to put them up until they could move in.

Some time later, Brei and Athena reclined in the hayloft, Athena's head on Brei's shoulder, one huge pink paw resting on the lioness' back, stroking softly.

"This must have been a great place to grow up. So open, fresh, and green." Athena said sleepily.

"It had its moments...got a lot better once I was older, my early years weren't all that happy."

"I remember...but at least you had this cool loft, right? You must have had some great fun here."

Brei snickered.

"What?"

Snicker snicker.

"Whaaaaaaat?"

The big lynx began giggling uncontrollably.

“Oh you’re a pervert...I meant...why do I hang out with you again?”

“Because after me, no one else will satisfy you?”

“Cute, I’ll bet you say that to all the girls you bring up here.”

“As a matter of fact...”

Bob and Emily smiled as the sodium lights went out in the barn, before very deliberately placing their noise-canceling headphones on and turning over to go to sleep. It was good to have their little girl home.