

Athena loudly cursed the alarm clock going off, flinging her stuffed elephant at it and growling when the aches and pains firmly associated with being a hyper's wife made their presence known. Brei smiled in the kitchen. She was already making tea and breakfast, though she'd suspiciously missed that whole getting dressed stage. She preferred to go about as much of her day as possible in the buff, her thick, fluffy fur was more than enough insulation even in the coldest temperatures, a fact that constantly irked her temperature sensitive wife. She laid out Athena's breakfast, knowing the lioness would scarf it down before her morning run, and then the big lynx would have the house to herself for her Yoga.

Athena, being a svelte, toned lioness, liked to jog. Brei, being a titanically endowed hyperherm of... cuddly proportions, preferred activities that did not cause her overwhelming sac to bash the shit out of her knees, both for her knees' sake, and her kitmakers. She'd discovered long ago that yoga allowed her to stay in shape, gain flexibility, and focus her mind to help with size control. It also had the added benefit of driving any nearby boys, girls, or herms totally crazy if they happened to catch the nude hyperherm bending into downward dog.

Neighbors properly riled, wife showered and dressed following her five mile run, Brei gave her a very deep kiss goodbye that had the lioness squirming all the way to work, and set about choosing her outfit for the day. On went her support underwear, charcoal grey boyshorts with bands of reinforced Kevlar and carbon-fiber to keep her bulges under control. She fastened a long, pleated skirt over the top that would minimize and conceal her size (there was no disguising her hyperherm-ness, only the degree), a lovely deep purple color that would compliment her bubblegum pink fur. She fastened on her bra, which could be used as shelter for a large family of Ethiopian furs, and pondered which top to wear, finally settling on a flowing white blouse that buttoned up the middle.

Her acres of chocolate brown hair were, as usual, put into a haphazard ponytail, the bangs draping cutely over her thick, round glasses, slightly obscuring her deep emerald eyes. A small necklace with a silver bell charm hung around her neck, just brushing the tops of her titanic breasts with a lover's gentleness. Her massive footpaws were bare, since in addition to preferring bare paws, good luck finding a pair of shoes in her

size. Maybe the BOX the shoes came in...

Seven o'clock rolled around and she squeezed herself into her Dodge minivan. Not the flashiest car in the world, but plenty of room for her, even if her nethers decided not to behave themselves. It also had plenty of room for one hell of a stereo system, which she immediately put to use blaring KNOT and its mix of rock and pop, as well as her smoking hot wife's sultry, deep voice. Throwing the vehicle into gear, she backed out of the driveway of their cute little 2000 square foot rambler (stairs were not her friend), and drove to the next stop on her daily journey...the HUB.

Swishing in, greeting the big Newf behind the counter (he'd been her student before graduation), she poured herself a cup of her most favoritist thing in the world... hot chocolate. For years, Brei Darkpaw had been one of the HUB's earliest rising customers, and every school day she would be in for her fix. Handing her credit card to Rufus to run, she swished back to her van, her poofy little bobtail going a mile a minute as she sipped her steaming, chocolatey little cup of heaven.

Next it was on to school, most specifically the teacher's lounge. She dropped her lunches in the fridge, grabbed ANOTHER cup of hot chocolate in her souvenir school mug (Go Whitefish!) and swished off to her classroom. Yes, she did a lot of swishing, it's a 5 foot long skirt on a woman with hips like that, don't make me turn this car around!

She entered her classroom, where every day between ten and fifteen students would be enjoying bowls of cereal for the 'Cereal Club' she was nominally the faculty advisor to, however not a lot of 'advising' was needed for a club solely centered around the act of eating cereal every morning. Dip spoon, raise spoon, insert in mouth, repeat, done. They were all good kids, though, and primarily it was an excuse to socialize in the most popular teacher's classroom. She set about getting her lesson together, idly glancing at the clock.

7:25am, on the dot, just like clockwork. Damn I'm good." A silly personal smile creasing her mental lips.

First period was AP Calculus, and she set about the arduous process of how to convince 30 teenagers with raging hormones and little interest in math to shush and do their assignments. As usual, this involved 'tricking' the students into thinking they were playing a game. In this case, it was something she called the Penny Olympics, a teaching exercise where the students would be formed into teams, competing in 'events' which all required them to solve a coincidentally calculus equation in order for their 'athlete' to successfully complete his, her, or hir event. The Penny Olympics were always a hit with her students, everyone looked forward to it, told their friends, and told their little siblings. As this would be her first year teaching at Circe, the young furs didn't know what they were in for yet. Mrs. Darkpaw was cooky, crazy, and zany, but she was also one of the most dedicated teachers around, it was hard not to want to earn her approval.

At 7:50am, the Cereal Club packed up their aforementioned reason for existing, and exited her classroom politely. At the same time, students for her first period class began to file in, taking their seats with the level of ambient chatter usually associated with raging hormones and teenagery.

"Good morning, Michael, cell phone away please. Lovely skirt, Amber, new? Ah, yes, it would have to be. Very nice haircut, Diss. Oh dear, you should watch where you're going." She greeted each student happily, her beaming, bright smile radiating from her massive muzzle at her seat at the oversized teacher's desk. Rumor had it the school district had needed to build one specifically for the Calculus teacher. She looked back at her lesson plan, reminding herself of the particulars before class began.

"Alright class, if you'll please open your textbooks to page 35..."

After class had ended, Brei took a few minutes to wander the halls of her school, huge paw dragging slowly over lockers, brick, and timbers, reveling in the familiar, the nostalgic. It seemed like only yesterday she'd been the same age as her students, walking these same halls, dealing with the same problems they were. As she stopped in front of the trophy case, two students passed by engaged in conversation. She chuckled listening to the girl and herm as they gossiped.

“I’m telling you, he was so big they had to get the jaws of life to take out the bleacher supports.”

“Poor Micah...do you suppose he’s single?”

“Ew, Candy, seriously?”

“What... we know he gives head...”

Her grin spreading from ear to ear, she peered through the pristine glass of the case. There, preserved for future generations, were the best and brightest of Circe’s history. State Football champions, debate team tournament winners, ROTC drill teams, and with a familiar name towards the top of the plaque, the Circe High Wrestling team’s honors and awards.

“Breianna Bobtail... state champion, super hyperweight division.”

*****20 years earlier*****

Following that night in the barn, Brei had gotten fairly good at relieving her own pressure, as well as getting to know Alex on a deeper level than purely the physical. It was a little weird, having a friend who was a senior, but she rolled with it, enjoying listening to his stories about high school life. She was just grateful to have a friend, someone who enjoyed her company and didn’t treat her like the elephant in the room (no offense to any elephants currently in this or any other room).

But Alex had his own life, and as she grew older, he graduated and moved to the big city. He did, however, email her almost daily about his new girlfriend, who he referred to as ‘Mistress’ for some reason. By the age of 14, she was once again mostly alone. Lately she had taken to filling those periods by beating off in the nearby orchard, where not only would no one find her, but cleanup was negligible. Those pear trees really started to grow big, though. She spent many a pleasant afternoon, her back against one tree, enjoying the shade, her pants folded neatly beside her, her massive cock in both paws as she fertilized the local flora.

It was during one of those sessions that she was spied by the owner of said orchard, or at least one half of the couple it belonged to, Mrs. Bessie Barlow. Mrs. Barlow was a pleasantly plump cow in her early forties, with very wide hips, a bottom so round and so jiggly as to look out of place on someone twice her size, and a pair of tits that dwarfed even Brei's spacious balcony. She had been wandering through the orchard, picking fruit, when the wet, lewd sounds and deep, rumbling moans reached her ears. Cocking her head to one side, she crept closer to the source, peeking around a tree and spying the Bobtail's girl doing something quite indecent to herself.

She stared in awe, her mature pussy gushing instantly into her panties, which were far sexier and skimpier than anyone would guess. The sheer size of Brei's cock had her teetering on the edge of rushing out and offering herself up to the young feline's mercies, but she ducked out of sight, breathing hard, and beat a hasty retreat back to her farmhouse. Mr. Barlow would want to know about their... healthy neighbor... and he was definitely getting a blowjob... immediately.

School had gotten slightly more comfortable as the children around her had caught up, puberty wise. She was no longer taunted or bullied, but she was still avoided. Whether that was due to her size, her endowments, or the general air of gloom and doom she carried was difficult to say, but in an environment where furs paired up and separated on a nearly daily basis, there were no love notes in her locker, and there were no kisses stolen under the bleachers. Certainly no inflated goth jaguars, either, more's the pity.

A whole new discomfort had been visited upon Brei this year, because this was the first year she was required to suit up for Phys. Ed. As if being as big as she was, both above, below, and around wasn't bad enough, as she entered her final year of junior high, now she had to get undressed... around others... with people watching. As she unclasped and slid off her long skirt, exposing her visibly straining homemade support underwear, she couldn't help but hear the other girls and grrls snicker and comment. They thought they were whispering, but with her huge ears, they might as well have shouted.

“O.M.G. she’s wearing bungee cords... what the heck is with that?”

“That thing is even bigger than I thought!”

“Jeebus, I thought she was stuffing all this time.”

Brei grumbled softly to herself as she pulled on a pair of shorts designed by Hitler or something, and tugged her shirt down over her enormous chest. The school had given her a 14XL shirt, but it barely made it to her navel. Thus thoroughly mortified, she made her way out to the class.

Mr. Ford, the gym teacher, was a tall English bulldog who had played professional football in his younger days. Though he was still only about tit height on Brei, he was much broader, and built like a truck. His hair was thinning, and his professional musculature had given way slightly to a paunch, but he was still a very imposing fur. He was also a sweetheart, and had always had a kind word for Brei, encouraging her when few others did.

“Gather up, gather up! Gus, keep your paws to yourself. Ralph, Steve, Phillip, shut it and listen. Ok guys and girls, today we’re going to be pairing off and learning some basic wrestling holds. Find a buddy and stand together.”

Brei groaned, biting her lower lip and trying her hardest to disappear. *Oh great, so not only am I stuffed into this outfit, but now I have to roll around with someone... yeah, this is gonna end well.*

So lost was she in her thoughts that by the time she looked around, everyone already had a partner with the exception of an unbelievably nervous looking Lucy, the sparrowgrrl. Brei smiled hesitantly, being sure not to show her fangs, and shuffled slowly to stand beside the much smaller herm. Lucy barely reached where her kitmakers were bulging her shorts like watermelons stuffed into a shopping bag. From the wild look in her eyes, Lucy had definitely noticed.

“Ok, now the first hold we’re going to practice is the half nelson.” Mr. Ford grabbed

Ralph the mutt, he of numerous detentions and community service probations, and demonstrated by hooking his enormous arm beneath the younger canine's right arm, and bracing his big paw against the teenager's neck, effectively neutralizing him. "Make sure it's tight, but don't press too hard on your partner's neck, I don't want any injuries."

Brei gulped and looked down at Lucy, who also gulped. With their size differences, she wasn't even sure she COULD reach Lucy's head in that fashion, without dislocating the poor bird's arm. Likewise, the poor sparrow couldn't even reach her neck. In a moment of inspiration, Brei lay down on the ground on her belly. She gave Lucy a smile and gestured. "Try it this way, I'll lift my arm for you, like this." Suiting actions to words, she raised her arm so the little herm could wrap around it, that tiny hand touching her neck without a lot of force behind it. That was when Brei became aware of Lucy's own hermness pressing quite firmly against her back. Blushing hard, she glanced over her shoulder, seeing her blush mirrored on her partner's cheeks.

Class continued in the same vein, with Brei allowing Lucy to practice the holds on her while laying down, though she couldn't attempt them herself without significant risk to her little partner. As the class ended, Mr. Ford took her to one side, smiling. "That was sweet of you to be so accommodating to your partner. That took confidence I haven't seen in you before. I'm wondering, have you ever given thought to joining the wrestling team? With you, we could finally compete in the super hyperweight division, and Circe hasn't fielded anyone in that spot since I was your age."

Brei blushed, shaking her huge head and trying very hard to stare at her toes. "N-no, I haven't... not sure I could do that, Mr. Ford... those outfits are pretty revealing... and I'd have to get pretty close to people."

"It's not so bad, grrls get to wear a skirt with their singlets, and I could train you myself, so you wouldn't have to worry about someone smaller than you."

"Mr. Ford, YOU are smaller than me."

"Not width-wise, kiddo."

Brei giggled, a soft blush hitting her cheeks, a small smile creasing her muzzle. “I suppose that’s true, Mr. Ford, but I still don’t know. Can I maybe talk to my parents first?”

The bulldog nodded, his jowls flapping, giving her arm a pat. She headed into the locker room, where yet another indignity was heaped upon her.

“I have to SHOWER?! But I didn’t even break a sweat! I spent the whole class on my tummy with Lucy on top of me!” She whined, only realizing her poor choice of words when it was greeted with snickers and hastily choked off laughter. Poor Lucy was turning a pretty shade of crimson.

Grumbling about the fairness of life in general, and school in particular, Brei stripped down, carefully removing her restraints and wrapping a towel around as much of herself as possible. Unfortunately this amounted to treating her sheath like a towel rack, the little square of fabric not reaching from hip to hip. Walking carefully into the shower room, she darted her eyes left and right, making sure no one was looking, before sprinting the last few steps and turning on the water, not waiting for it to heat up before losing her towel and trying to wash as quickly as possible.

A small cough got her attention, and when she looked over the tops of her breasts, she saw a small blur standing beneath the shower next to her. Without her glasses she was effectively blind, but the voice clued her in to the identity.

“I wanted to say thank you... for... for being careful, I guess. And for not making fun of how short I am.” Lucy whispered, the soft rustling of her feathers suggesting she was darting her head about to insure no one was listening.

“Oh... um... no problem. Why would I make fun of you? It must be awesome to be small, not hitting your head all the time, clothes fit you, you can blend in...”

Lucy laughed softly, a very pretty trilling sound, and there was the muffled sound of gargling as she pushed her beak under the flow, her slender, slim form dripping water

from her plumage. “I guess it’s probably a little different, being so big. Truth be told, I’d trade places with you in a heartbeat. You’re a really pretty grrl.”

Both herms blushed softly, and the silence stretched until their showers finished, and towels were dragged over fur and feathers. Brei slid her glasses over her muzzle just in time to see Lucy wrapping her towel around her little body, just catching a glimpse of the other herm’s cute little package. They smiled to each other, and then went their separate ways.

Dinner that night was awkward. Not so much because of the subject matter, but who was speaking. Bob and Emily had long ago gotten used to their monosyllabic daughter only answering direct questions, and excusing herself to do the dishes as soon as the increasingly large quantity of food disappeared down her gullet. Their big girl hadn’t stopped talking since she had gotten home, and aside from feeling like it was something out of a Twilight Zone episode, they could not stop smiling.

“And then... and then, she said thank you! I think I love wrestling... not so crazy about the public showering part, especially since I had to sit down to wash my hair, but it was so cool and then Mr. Ford asked if I wanted to join the team and I said I had to ask my parents and that’s you so can I join?” Brei gushed, a smile that would not have been out of place on a My Little Pony stuck on her face as she rattled off the question, her parents only realizing she was done after a few moments of staring.

Bob and Emily glanced at each other, weighing their response, before Emily was elected by default to answer the question. “Well dear, have you thought about everything? You’ll be wrestling other boys and herms, in front of a crowd... in tight outfits. And there will be more showering, and lots of training. You’d probably have practice after school several days a week, are you willing to put in the extra time?”

Brei nodded emphatically, still smiling in what had to be a record amount of non-frowniness. “Oh yeah, I know I’ll have to shower with others, but I can wait till most of them are done, and Mr. Ford says herms get to wear a little extra skirt to go with their singlet that should kinda... mute me down there. I’ll have to get used to the crowds, but I think it could be a lot of fun, I’d actually get to use my body for what

it's meant for, instead of just... uh... stuff." She trailed off, realizing she was about to confess to hosing down most of the Barlow's pear orchard.

Her parents nodded and gave their blessing, and Brei got up to take care of the dishes prior to rounding up the cows to put them into the barn. "Oh and Brei sweetie, Mr. Barlow was asking if you'd be available to help them with the harvest this year. I guess they've been having trouble hiring seasonal workers to pick the pears."

She smiled and nodded enthusiastically, "Oh sure, I'd be happy to! I remember helping Dad to do that when I was a kitten, they even let me nibble on some pears when I was done! They're so good right off the tree." *Plus I can make up for drenching them in kitty batter...*

All the next day, Brei was antsy and squirmy, eagerly looking forward to her first day of wrestling practice. Mr. Ford had been very happy when she told him she'd been given the green light, and since the school didn't have a singlet in her size yet, she'd brought her sports bras and a pair of sturdy cotton shorts that she often wore when working in the fields. They wouldn't be quite as revealing as her gym shorts had been, though she was handed a shirt to go over her bras, emblazoned with the school mascot. (Go Whitefish!)

She was paired up with a very large rhino boy, who was eyeing both her chest and her groin with equal vigor, though with considerably more trepidation for the latter. Mr. Ford, also the wrestling coach, came over to demonstrate the various holds to her once more, since she had been unable to perform them on Lucy. Lucky (or perhaps unlucky) for her, the rhino boy was not a fan of showers, and so his pungent gamer funk effectively neutralized any risk of her growing. Resisting the urge to hold her nose was a bit more difficult. She went through the exercises with him before the team started to do practice matches. Mr. Ford instructed her to watch closely as her teammates performed their match, and she kept her eyes glued to the young men grappling, rolling about on the mat, straining...

"Oh dear..." she whimpered, feeling herself swell a few sizes, shuddering.

After matches, the team was sent to the weight room, and Mr. Ford took Brei aside to work with her individually. “Ok kiddo, we’ll need to train you a little differently from the boys. Then we gotta work on strength training and endurance, but you we have to teach how to control your body’s instincts and inherent power. You’re got a ticking time bomb inside you with those hyper genes, and your body is telling to you crush, kill, destroy, and breed everything you see. It’s my goal to teach you how to control your instincts, rather than them controlling you.”

Brei listened raptly, though she blushed hard at the word ‘breed’, that single word conjuring up enough images and desires to have her swelling yet again, beginning to strain at her shorts.

The big canine took a seat and gestured for her to do the same, getting comfortable and bringing his paws together in front of him, his eyes shutting slowly. “I want you to mirror me, close your eyes and try to block out what your physical senses are telling you. Ignore the sounds surrounding us, just focus on what your body is telling you.”

“My body is telling me I’m hungry, Mr. Ford.”

“Mine too. Look deeper than that. Listen to your muscles, your core. Feel what your instincts are telling you right now, learn to recognize their voice separately from your own, so you can block them out when you need to.”

Brei focused, straining to hear the voice that Mr. Ford was talking about. The more she concentrated, the more she couldn’t help thinking about those boys wrestling around, about that fleeting glimpse of Lucy’s naked body, of the way Sierra’s rump filled out her jeans. She only became aware of her own straining clothing when one of the seams gave way with a loud tearing sound, giving a yelp and snapping her eyes open. She had swollen several sizes larger, and felt quite a bit heavier than normal.

“I take it you found it... you understand what I mean by your instincts talking to you?”

Brei took a deep breath, one paw keeping her shorts firmly where they were supposed to be, and closed her eyes again. “Yes Coach... I, er... I know what you mean now.

Please don't open your eyes."

"Don't worry, kiddo. Ok, so now that you know what it sounds like, I want you to visualize white sandy beaches..."

"There are bikinis at beaches, Mr. Ford..."

"...I want you to visualize a mountain, covered in virgin snow..."

"I can do that, but please don't say virgin."

"Deal."

They worked together for the next hour, teaching her breathing exercises, meditation techniques, and generally practicing shutting off the little voice inside that told her to grow and pounce anyone remotely physically attractive. She made limited progress, but the more she tried to shut off that insistent voice, the louder it got, until her feral ancestors were roaring in her head to go fuck something, ANYTHING into the ground.

Mr. Ford told her to shower and get dressed for the late bus, and helpfully turned to check on the boys working out to allow her some privacy. She dashed carefully to the girl's locker room, thankfully finding it empty, before putting the shower's drains to the test. They passed the test... most of them, anyway, and after splashing water on the walls to take care of the collateral damage, she dried and dressed and was on the bus just before it took off on the long drive to her house.

The bus didn't go down the long driveway to her house, and instead dropped her off near the mailbox at the end of the half mile gravel road. As she was checking the mail, Mr. Barlow the bull drove up in his truck, waving and leaning out his window. Mr. Barlow was a fairly large fur, though the big lynx still towered head and shoulders above him. He had slightly graying hair, and the sort of muscled but padded frame associated with farmwork. He was handsome, in an older way.

"Howdy Brei! Are you ready to help with the harvest this weekend? The missus and I

are sure looking forward to having you over. Maybe you could ask your folks if you could come have dinner with us tomorrow? Afterwards we can show you where we'd like some help, if you're willing." His smile was genuine, honest, full of warmth and good natured mirth. He couldn't help letting his eyes wander down to the enormous bulge in her skirt when she looked away, though.

"Sure Mr. Barlow, I'll ask them tonight when we have dinner. Say hi to Mrs. Barlow for me!"

Waving, the bull drove off, and Brei skipped down the path towards home, providing any onlookers with a wealth of jiggling and bouncing that were not recommended for those on heart medication. Bursting through the front door, she announced she was home (as if more notification was needed) and gave her little mother a great big hug.

"Hi mom! Practice was so much fun! I got to put a boy into a full nelson, it was awesome. Oh, Mr. Barlow wants to know if I can have dinner at their house tomorrow, so he can show me the fields they want help with. Is that ok?"

Emily nodded and patted her big daughter on the hip. "Sure dear, I'll let Bessie Barlow know tomorrow. Go wash up, dinner is almost ready."

The following day at school was surreal for Brei. She was greeted by no less than six of her fellow members of the wrestling team, including two very cute and single boys of the equine variety. Walking through the halls, she suddenly found herself linked arm in arm with Lucy the sparrow, the diminutive herm smiling at her. "Wrestling buddies again, Brei? I hear today we're learning escapes... but there is no escape from the wrath of Sparrowgrrl!" she giggled, darting off to a large clump of her friends.

"Okaaaaay... if I'm dead and heaven is a school, I need to give whomever is in charge a stern talking to..." Brei muttered in wonder, slipping into Geometry and taking her seat at the back where she wouldn't block everyone's ability to see.

Lunchtime was even more bizarre, because one of the aforementioned colts pulled her over to sit at what was apparently the wrestler's table, the huge lynx squeezing very

carefully between the two equines, looking with pity at the many boys who were eating only salads to make weight. Her own plate was mounded high with meat products, as usual, and the little badger boy in particular looked on with envy as she tucked in.

During gym, she paired up with Lucy once more, and Mr. Ford taught the class how to tense their necks and roll out of a hold. Though she had an easy time of it, Lucy shouted taunts right out of the WWF (Wildlife Wrestling Federation) that made them both dissolve into giggles.

“Whatcha gonna do, sistah, when these eight inch pythons come for you?! Ooooooh yeeeeeeah, dig it! If ya smell what the burd is cookin!”

In between instructions, Lucy took to laying on Brei’s back, the little avian able to comfortably fit on the big lynx’s back and butt, her pinions lightly tickling Brei’s ears. The little sparrow was chattering without pause for breath about any number of things, her words overlapping to such a degree that they were hard to follow.

“Brei, you don’t talk much... you should be more social, I’ll bet there’s a lot of interesting stuff going on in that great big head of yours.”

“Mostly enjoying being talked to, Lucy. This is a weird day, no one has said more than five words to me all year, and now I have you and the team talking my ears off... its kinda nice.”

“Well, you just need to make more friends, talk to people, let yourself go a little.”

“Usually when I let myself go, I flood the place.”

She had muttered it softly, under her breath, but Lucy still heard. The sparrow giggled softly, whispering very softly in Brei’s ear, “Now THAT I would love to see someday.”

Yep, I died. Died and went to some weird afterlife where boys like me and grrls come

on to me. I hope I was wearing clean underwear when I went. Their conversation was abruptly interrupted by the bell.

Practice that day involved lifting weights, after they had finished practice matches, and Brei had done her meditation practice. Mr. Ford brought her over to the free weights, showing her how to do it, and then pointed her towards the largest weights available. She did struggle slightly, but not nearly enough for the amount of weight she was curling. She did a complete rotation of muscles, then moved to a different section to do squats and shrugs with even more weight. It got to the point that the entire team had ceased working out, just to watch their newest member. Noticing the scrutiny, she had a moment of panic before the inner warrior her roared forth and she started to show off. Not satisfied merely bench-pressing the most weight available in the gym, she asked two of her teammates to lean on the bar, and lifted them as well. She was in the process of trying to lift the bench with half her team sitting on it when Mr. Ford came back in the room and put a stop to it.

After a long shower to soothe her aching muscles, and a long bus ride back to the farm, Brei rushed to her room to put on something nicer than her school clothes, and gave her parents a kiss on her way out the door to the Barlow's. It wasn't really a far walk exactly, but it also wasn't a short one, the big cat hiking through about a mile of orchard to arrive at the large, well maintained farmhouse of their closest neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Barlow were on the porch, waving as she skipped the last little bit, waving back. Her eyes involuntarily went to Mrs. Barlow, the middle aged cow all curves and padding, with a generous rump and boobs from here to Tuesday, the nicely rounded belly holding them up just adding to her allure.

Hugs were given, Mrs. Barlow's lingering for a bit longer than strictly necessary, not that Brei was complaining (those boobs were magnificent), and then they all sat down to dinner. She regaled her neighbors with tales of her limited wrestling progress, and they asked about her classes, and any boyfriend situation, which she calmly denied with only a small amount of blushing. This seemed to make the two especially happy, which she assumed was due to her age, and let it go at that.

Mrs. Barlow spent the entire dinner trying not to squirm in her seat, the object of her

deepest desires sitting within reach of her, that gigantic, perfect cock nestled beneath her skirt. The older cow wanted nothing more than to climb beneath the table and show the young herm a very good time, but these things had to be done right. Wriggling softly from side to side, she could feel her lacy underthings gripping and sliding over her nethers in the most luxurious of ways, trying desperately to quench the heat boiling between her legs. Mr. Barlow devoted a great deal of time to watching his wife squirm, and eagerly anticipating seeing her being stretched by the pink lynx. Brei spent her time eating. It takes a lot of fuel to keep a girl that big going.

After dinner, Mr. Barlow walked Brei through the fields, showing her where they wanted her to help pick. It was the furthest orchard from the farmhouse, which made sense, since she could walk a lot further and wouldn't need to make multiple trips. Mr. Barlow showed her how to pick the pears just right, and since this field was closer to her house than their own, they agreed she would come by that weekend to help pick, and then Mr. Barlow waved goodbye, heading back for his home.

"Well... I guess since I'm already here... I might as well take care of things. Good a spot as any." She giggled, finding a large tree to sit against before removing her skirt and folding it neatly beside her. Normally she didn't do a lot of visualizing when she touched herself, she just let the touch of her paw carry her away, but tonight, she found she couldn't stop picturing those huge tits of Mrs. Barlow's, the way they bounced when she laughed, the way they overlapped onto the table, almost pushing the older woman's plate to the center of the table. Her cock began to swell, slipping free from her sheathe in moments, to be carefully gathered up in her huge paws, stroking nice and slowly as she imagined the plump cow offering herself, her full lips parted just so. The more she imagined, the bigger she grew, her paws being forced inexorably wider and wider apart. Smiling, she opened her eyes to see herself, and standing directly before her was Mrs. Barlow herself, wearing only a pair of black, lacy panties and a matching bra.

"GAH!" she screamed, cracking her head on the tree and trying futilely to cover herself.

Mrs. Barlow sauntered slowly forward, her hips rocking slowly from side to side, standing over the younger, larger feline and bending down, giving Brei a great view of acres of cleavage, which resulted in a hard throb of her huge cock, a gooey rope of pre splattering on the ground beneath the cow's hooves.

"Hi Brei... I didn't get to say goodbye... and you look like you could use some help with this big, beautiful cock. How about I give you a hand... or two?"

Brei's brain was severely lacking for blood at the moment, her mouth opening and closing slowly, her teenage hormones kicking into high gear, while her hyperherm instincts were screeching at her to do something illegal in numerous states to the married woman. She struggled, trying to visualize the mountaintop she did with Mr. Ford, trying to calm her instinctive voice, but all that went out the window when she felt her cock nestle into somewhere soft, warm, and fluffy. Her eyes snapped open and she saw her cock slipping between Bessie Barlow's enormous udders, the sultry farmwife wrapping her giant jugs around the base of Brei's swollen shaft, her thick cow tongue washing slowly over the underside, seeming to know just where to lick.

"M-Mrs. Barlow! You're m-married!" she screeched, her huge claws digging into the ground, struggling to get away, but the tree at her back made that rather difficult.

"Oh don't worry about that, dear. Not only does he know, he encouraged me. See, we didn't always live in this small town, both Mr. Barlow and I were originally from the city. We're what you'd call 'swingers', we both play with other people and enjoy it. We just have one rule, we have to tell the other all about it. I think Mr. Barlow is going to enjoy hearing about this..." her voice was low, honeyed with arousal, her boobs so blessedly soft and warm. Brei felt her urges rising harder, the voice of her instincts louder than ever.

"Hear that? He's ok with it, fuck those titties!" devil Brei crowed.

She turned her head to seek advice from angel Brei, finding the haloed little lynx with her dick out, stroking.

“What? Those tits are too good to pass up!” angel Brei grumbled.

“Mrs. Barlow... are you sure about this?”

The cow nodded, wrapping her tits tighter around Brei, and began to run her tongue round and round Brei’s crown, making this big lynx slump against the tree and groan in a deep, happy growl.

“Then... you might... want... to cover... your eyes...”

Brei moaned loud and long, and her pent up cock, balls churning from a full day of buildup, tensed, pulled tight to her body, and she swelled one final time before sending a cannon-blast of semen rocketing out into Bessie’s mouth. The first blast knocked the older woman backwards, her grip on her boobs forcing the huge, erupting cock lower, so that the following spurts impacted on her face, chest, and belly, drenching her older neighbor in gallon after gallon of creamy spunk, obscuring the cow’s black spots completely, until she was just a white glob of dripping semen, her eyes shut tight, her body vibrating as a sympathetic orgasm ripped through her.

Panting, unable to see clearly, Brei reached out with one huge paw, patting around until she found Mrs. Barlow’s muzzle, blinking her eyes clear enough to find the cow’s face, and carefully scooped the cum out of her eyes. “That... that was awesome...”

Bessie shuddered, cumming again from the touch of the young lynx, and nodded, grinning when she was finally able to open her eyes. “Mmmmm, you’re telling me. I’ve been wanting to do that since I caught you in my fields... and I’m glad you had such an intense reaction! Must mean I’ve still got it, even after all these years. Mr. Barlow and I would be deeply honored if you’d come visit more often. There’s a lot we can teach you, and give you a place to experiment without judgement.”

Brei smiled and nodded, feeling that delicious rush of post orgasmic bliss and power. Licking her suddenly dry lips, she let her instincts run her body a little longer, and squeezed those gigantic cow tits liberally coated in her spunk. “I’ll definitely take you up on that... my gosh these are gorgeous... all natural?”

Bessie laughed and nodded, moaning loudly from the play. “Mmmhmmm, 100% cow right there. You can feel them all you like, anytime you come over... but for now, your parents might be missing you, and I think I need a bath of a different kind.”

The next two days of school seemed to pass in a daze for Brei, as her emotions warred with her instincts. Every time she tried to meditate and control the voice of her instincts, Mrs. Barlow was all she could think of. When she attempted to relieve pressure at home, all she could think about was that she should control her urges. This had the dual result of making it very difficult to concentrate while wrestling, and almost impossible for her to gain the release she so desperately needed. Two days passed, three, and she had been unable to achieve climax, her kitmakers feeling swollen and heavy.

Practice matches were a whole new level of difficulty for Brei. Circe didn't have any other herms on the wrestling team, so she usually got paired up with the next largest boy fur, who she not only outsized by several feet, but outweighed by several hundred pounds. He was pretty cute though, an appaloosa with a short mane and deep blue eyes she could lose herself in. She couldn't fight back the urges boiling around inside her head and it made her grow rather spectacularly, pressing her increasingly large bulge into the boy's back and rump, the big colt more than a little wild eyed after each match.

Friday of that week the team had a meet to go to, and while the team they would compete against had no one in her weight division, she still got to go and support the team. The meet was in the City, so the team and the cheerleaders piled onto the bus for the long drive. Brei was about to sit in her usual spot at the front of the bus, before Sierra grabbed her big bicep and started tugging her towards the back of the bus. The gorgeous calico was wearing her cheerleading uniform with its little skirt, white sneakers, and well-filled sweater (Go Whitefish!), and for a moment, Brei thought she'd passed out on the curb.

“C'mon Brei, come sit with us in back, we're a lot more interesting than Mr. Ford.” She leaned in close, giving Brei a smile that almost stopped the huge lynx's heart,

“Besides, Lucy told me to make sure you be social.”

Ok, not funny brain, I died in the locker room, and this is all some sort of out of body hallucination. Yep, so long kitty, thanks for all the fish, punch your ticket and don't pass go. Her thoughts were so jumbled that she was halfway to the back of the bus before realizing she was being dragged by someone who weighed less than her breasts. (Not that it was an uncommon occurrence to weigh less than those puppies... kitties... knockers.)

Sierra gave her a playful shove into a seat surrounded by the other eighth grade wrestlers, plopping her multi-colored backside down on the aisle seat to prevent any attempts at escape. Her teammates gave Brei a nod, before resuming their conversation about the local sports team. Though she had nothing to contribute, it was the closest Brei had gotten to being included in a conversation, and she was truly enjoying being a part of it, even a peripheral participant. The fact that Sierra had discovered the fluffy lynx made an EXCELLENT pillow to lean against while chatting with her fellow cheerleaders certainly helped as well.

She was almost disappointed when they arrived at the meet and her pleasant, warm seat buddy skipped her succulent backside off the bus. Waiting a few minutes for things to calm down south of the border, she followed the teams to the locker room. She had to get dressed with the boys, but they had at least cordoned off one section for her privacy (or maybe their protection). The singlet fit a lot snuggier than she would have liked across her nethers and her chest, but the skirt made her feel a little better as it lessened the visual impact of her junk.

Sitting on the bench and watching sweaty young boys grapple with each other tested every limit of her endurance, her body screaming at her it needed to grow, to fuck, to stick her overwhelming hermness in someone tight and yielding. Maybe Sierra, that cheerleading skirt wouldn't offer much resistance, it could just be pulled up and...

“Stahp, brain! God... as if she'd ever go for a hyper. She's so tiny, I'd split her in half.” She grumbled under her breath.

“Maybe she likes that.” Quipped devil Brei.

“Maybe you should shut your cock-hole.” Replied angel Brei.

It was around 6pm when the meet ended, and the team filed back on the bus all showered and cleaned up. Brei was once again commandeered by diminutive calicos and forced to talk to people, and the bus pulled in to the Capital City Mall. They were told they had an hour to eat and be back on the bus, and most of the boys rushed off to find the food court. Brei begged off from Sierra’s caterwauling attempts to get her to come with, instead rushing to a directory, her big pink finger tracing down the list of stores until she found it. Addition-Elle was a store that catered exclusively to hypers in every sense. Whether your boobs, butt, belly, or Miss Happy were oversized, they had clothes to fit you. Brei had in her pocket every dollar her mother had been able to save from her bingo winnings, and she had a mission.

“Excuse me, where is your underwear section?”

Fifteen minutes later, a giant bag clutched possessively in her paws as though she could be mugged at any moment, she made it to the food court and even without prompting sat down with her tray at the table occupied by several of her fellow wrestlers. She had to fight the urge to squirm in her seat, just to feel the glorious silky goodness of her new panties, and the luxurious comfort (relatively speaking) of the control and support underwear that was designed to keep her more...outstanding elements contained. Strips of Kevlar and carbon fiber criss-crossed the front of a pair of charcoal gray boy shorts, worn over her silky panties and keeping all of her at a more manageable size. Granted, as dialed up as she was at the moment, ‘manageable’ was a relative term. And it seemed despite the fact they kept her from growing, they did nothing to prevent weight being added to her kitmakers, the twin orbs growing denser and denser. She joined the conversation with her teammates about the latest MTV show, and reflected that it was very nice to be ‘one of the guys’ for once.

She rose early on Saturday morning, not even bothering to attempt her usual morning indulgence, just fastening her underwear securely, tugging on her clothes, and making

the hike to the Barlow's. It was difficult to walk, as large as she had gotten, but she had made a promise, and she would keep it. Arriving at the farmhouse, she found Mrs. Barlow waiting for her, her husband having left to work the north fields already.

"Good morning, sweetie! I'm so glad you came!" Bessie grinned inwardly at the dual meaning. "We've got extra baskets and clippers set out for you, and our old cart so you can stack the boxes and not have to carry them. I'm going to make lunch around noon, so just come on back and you can get something to eat."

Brei nodded, trying very hard to resist her instinctual urges to push Mrs. Barlow down and put a litter of kittens in her. With a sleepy yawn, she took the supplies and went to her designated field. Usually picking pears involved a field ladder, but Brei could reach even the highest branches herself, so she just set about snipping and picking fruit. It became very therapeutic, the voice of her body quieting as she submerged herself in her work, finding the peace that had been denied her all week. She smiled, knowing that the mountainside would not be her only happy place anymore as she quickly filled box after box with the delicious, fresh fruit. Only a few pears disappeared down her gullet, but they were so juicy she intended to ask if she could take a box or three home. The sun was shining, the air was crisp, and it was mornings like this that made her remember her childhood, the happier, simpler time.

Lunchtime rolled around, and she wheeled her mostly-full cart back to the farmhouse, dropped it off with the others to be emptied, and headed into the house. Mrs. Barlow had quite a spread set out, grilled steaks, halibut, heaps of salad and fruit.. and then she saw it, the most beautiful thing in the whole wide world. An entire rack of ribs... with her name on it. She wiped a tear from her eye, padded over and considered clutching the smoked, barbeque goodness to her fluffy white chest, but tomato stains were impossible to get out of her fur. She took the ribs, some potato salad, a few steaks, and a big bowl of pears out to the porch, sitting and devouring her food with such vigor that several other farmhands stayed away from her, lest they lose a limb. Mr. and Mrs. Barlow watched her eat with grins on their faces, the big lynx chewing up and swallowing enough food to feed a platoon, tossing the rib bones into a bucket before washing her face from the hose, a smile spreading from ear to ear.

“Thank you for lunch, Mrs. Barlow. I’d best get back to the field, I’m about half done picking, should be finished in a couple hours.” She waved and grabbed her cart, trundling through the fields back to where she’d left off.

Mr. and Mrs Barlow then rushed into the barn to get everything ready, giggling to each other and plotting their gratitude to the young hyper, as well as fulfilling Mrs. Barlow’s deepest desire. They spread fresh straw on the ground, and opened all the upper windows to get a breeze going, airing out the ever-present livestock scent. Mrs. Barlow changed out of her overalls and into a slinky black dress, struggling valiantly to contain all of the heifer, her breasts and butt pulling the fabric taut enough to be semi-transparent. As a final touch, Mr. Barlow wrapped a red ribbon around his wife, with an oversized tag that read, “To Brei, from both of us.”

A few hours later, her cart brimming with fruit, the big lynx returned to the farmhouse, dropped her cart and looked around for the Barlows. Since they weren’t in the house, she poked her head into the barn, and her eyes widened at the sight. Mrs. Barlow was sprawled seductively on a mass of fresh straw, her tight dress creaking every time she took a breath, the red ribbon around her drawing the lynx’s eyes and making her blush furiously. Mr. Barlow stood beside his wife, smiling, and beckoned her in.

“Come on in, Brei. We just want to thank you for helping us today, and Bess has always wanted to be with a real hyper. Since this little town isn’t big on the finer points of sexuality, we were thinking we could be mentors to you, teach you what you need to know to live a happy life as a mature herm.”

Brei stammered and stuttered, coming into the barn and shutting the door, terrified that one of the farmhands would find them like this. She also felt her restraints struggling to contain her growth, digging into her hips and thighs, not to mention scrunching her nethers almost painfully as they grew to the carbon-fiber imposed limit. She staggered closer, her instincts screaming louder than ever with the cow so close and so obviously desiring her. She fought to maintain her composure, focusing on the fields, the mountain, the snow, struggling with every ounce of her being to resist.

“It’s alright, Brei, just do what comes naturally. Be guided by your instincts. Bessie wants you so badly, she’s primed and ready for you, and I’ll really enjoy watching you two go at it.” Mr. Barlow gently patted his wife, all smiles and pleasantries.

Her mind was in turmoil, feeling her body wanting to expand, to swell and grow, to push Mr. Barlow aside and breed Mrs. Barlow. She fell to her knees, whimpering and squeezing her bulge, trying to get herself to settle down, feeling her huge kitmakers grow heavier and heavier. “I’ve never... with anyone... I don’t even really know how...”

Mrs. Barlow rose and swished her way, undulating gently from side to side, wrapping her arms around Brei’s waist and nuzzling against her, those enormous tits pressing firmly against the big lynx’s bulge. “I’ll help you, sweetie. I want to be your first. I want to show you the joy you can bring to a needy woman. You just trust me, and trust your instincts, and I’ll make you feel so good.”

Brei groaned at the touch of those tits to her body, her kitmakers growling and gurgling as more and more cum was produced, swelling the twin fluffy orbs, straining at her new undies. She bit her lip hard, trying to focus, trying to think clearly, but her head was swimming.

“Go on, she wants it, he wants it, and we know you want it.” Devil Brei counseled, leaning against one big lynx ear.

“Remember what Mr. Ford said, control your instincts, don’t let them control you.” Angel Brei countered, her eyes wandering to the buxom cow.

“Aw c’mon, it’s not going to hurt anything. Let the kitty out for an afternoon.”

“No, we have to fight, we have to maintain our focus, if we let our instincts rule us, we’ll be no better than an animal.”

“Wuss!”

“Harlot!”

“Eunuch!”

The argument would have continued much longer, except Mrs. Barlow chose that moment to undo Brei’s pants, and the lynx’s instincts roared to the fore, a snarling, howling beast of primal intensity chasing off her conscience and pointing at the cow, growling low. The meaning was undeniable, and Brei found herself giving in, letting her instincts take over.

She grabbed Bessie with her huge paws, growling low and ferally under her breath, the cow getting her pants down, revealing the control underwear and gasping softly. “Oh goodness... you’re awfully packed in here. Should get you out of those tight things, and into something else tight and moist...”

Brei lifted the older woman to her hooves, and gave her a gentle shove into her husband. “Step back... this gets dramatic.” She unlatched her supports, giving a large, heavy sigh of relief when the reinforced bands released and whipped around and put a sizeable dent into the barn wall. Released from holding her underwear up, her boyshorts fell to her ankles, unveiling her incredibly overstuffed panties and swollen sac. She stepped out of her frilly panties as well, tossing them to Mr. Barlow with a sudden burst of confidence. “Hold these, it’s about to get very messy in here.”

Brei was no longer piloting her body, having given over complete control to her instincts. She gave a liquid-wet panther growl, advancing slowly on her prey, her muscles flexing subconsciously, a heated, almost hungry look in her eyes. Reaching out with one long claw, she slit through the ribbon, unwrapping her gift, as it were, and dragged Bessie’s dress over her head, tossing it to Mr. Barlow as well, who she noticed was sniffing her panties like a pervert. Bessie wore nothing beneath the dress, every inch of her mature womanhood revealed for the hungry eyes of her teenage paramour. Brei reached out, gripping each monumental breast firmly, and gave them a squeeze, her massive shaft flopping out of her sheathe, dangling beneath her knees for the short time before it began to swell and grow hard, inching slowly upwards until it was pointing accusingly at the older cow.

“Ok Brei, just... be gentle, that thing is huge, deliciously so, but still, you’ll need to take it easy on me...” Bessie whimpered softly, her thighs squeezing around her paw, the scent of her arousal heavy in the air. She turned and bent, getting down on all fours in front of the horny hyper, Mr. Barlow setting the clothing side and stripping himself, holding his wife while grinning at their neighbor.

“Go on, honey, fill her up... you have no idea how horny she’s been all week, waiting for this.”

Brei moved into position behind the cow, pressing the gigantic head of her cock against Bessie’s sopping wet entrance, the buxom cow moaning loudly at the sheer size. Her instincts roaring in her ears, Brei grabbed her wide hips and thrust, pushing herself slowly and firmly into the wanton cow’s molten interior. Bessie’s belly bloated instantly, the shape of the lynx’s cock clearly visible, even with the amount of pudge she had. The older cow clutched her husband, her eyes wide and unfocused as she immediately detonated, cumming hard enough that she felt a charlie-horse trying to form in her calf. Feminine juices squirted heavily around the invading member and she screamed bloody murder, shivering and shaking from the intensity of the sensations.

The huge lynx reached down, grabbing those massive tits, and raised her up, driving her hips deeper and deeper, the bulge in Bessie’s belly extending further and further, until she was hugging it with both arms, Mr. Barlow kissing at it while stroking himself. She thrust with her hips, pistoning slowly in and out, fighting for every inch of motion against the tight grip of that wanton cunny, the cow having orgasm after orgasm from the gigantic intrusion. Her kitmakers swelled larger and larger, finally freed from the prison of her boyshorts, very quickly touching the straw beneath her, propping her rump up like big fluffy beanbag chairs. A week without being able to reach climax had left her pent up to the point she was going to make the hayloft incident look like a mild trickle, and the only thought in her mind was claiming the screaming cow beneath her. A never ending stream of filth issued forth from Bessie’s wide open mouth, clutching hard at her husband, drooling heavily onto his fur.

“Yes! Yes Brei! Fuck my cunt, fill me with that big fucking dick, make me cum my goddamn brains out! Take this pussy, make it yours, pound me like a bitch and fill me with your spunk!”

Mr. Barlow shifted position just slightly, shoving his hard cock into his wife’s open, screaming mouth, the buxom cow immediately beginning to suck like chocolate would come out, giving him some of the best head she’d ever done in their twenty years of marriage. He sat back, enjoying his small part in this threesome, while staring at the enormous, bouncing breasts of his young neighbor.

Brei growled and grunted, aroused beyond words, beyond thought. Bessie’s pussy felt so deliciously soft and moist, even better than her mouth, the oceans of feminine juices pouring down her shaft and over the front of her kitmakers just making it even better, the loud, lewd sounds of her rutting filling the air. Angel and devil peeked over her shoulders, their eyes wide and their mouths gaping, watching as the cow was so thoroughly filled. They watched as her massive globs of precum began to bloat her lover’s belly larger and larger, soon propping the cow up, lifting her higher off the ground, her husband clutching her head to stay involved, feeling his balls churning and his shaft twitching, so very close just watching his wife get taken.

Bessie was down to moaning throatily as she sucked her husband’s hard dick, her mouth too full to scream her usual litany of dirty talk, but her pussy never stopped cumming, squeezing her young lover until she felt that familiar throb, that delightful bulge that signaled the big cat getting close to cumming. After the plastering she’d gotten in the fields, she was eager looking forward to having a nice big belly. She had been mildly concerned that the big hyper would have too much cum for her, but the load she’d been coated with was on the small size of ridiculous. She had no idea that Brei had drained herself several times that day, where today her balls were swollen with over a week’s worth of semen. Brei could feel her load churning, gurgling inside. She knew the signs well, knew she was seconds away from erupting.

Angel Brei piped up hesitantly, “Um, maybe you should pull out...” Devil Brei nodded, about to second that opinion when Instinct Brei turned and roared, making the two conscience sprites run for the hills.

“Going... to... cum...” She growled, thrusting harder, deeper, shoving Bessie into her husband, triggering his own orgasm a moment before her own. Her paws sank into cuddly cow hips, and Bessie squealed at the increased size, Brei’s load working slowly up her shaft, stretching Bessie’s body to its limits, before blowing right past them. The first shot hit like a cannonball, bulging Bessie’s gut out far enough to shove her hubby aside, but that was just the beginning. Gallon after gallon, shot after shot exploded into the mature female, her belly bloating out further and further, sliding across the straw floor, the huge cat shivering and shuddering as she emptied her massive sac, howling with relief, finally taking some long held pressure off. Her mouth freed from bull cock, Bessie screeched, her paws flailing wildly, pressing into her gut as she came over and over and over, hitting a hard peak with every blast of cum, her biological clock spinning off its wheels at so much sperm being pumped into her.

She screamed again as she felt her belly hit the barn wall, and then another. Mr. Barlow got up just in time to see possibly the most amazing thing ever, his wife swollen almost to the roof of the barn, her belly undulating slowly with every blast of lynx cum. Even more amazing, Bessie’s breasts were swelling right along with her belly, the twin mountains hitting the back wall of the barn, Brei getting pushed against the barn door, Mr. Barlow quickly clambering up onto the heaving breasts and embracing his wife before she grew too big to allow it.

Brei’s orgasm finally trickled off just before the two Barlows hit the roof, her sac much reduced in size, her cock even aching from the strain of pushing out so much cum. Surveying her work, her instincts quieted for the moment, she bit back a curse. She could see nothing except white fur with black spots, taking up the entirety of the large barn, Mrs. Barlow’s rump and back almost lost in the sheer bulk of her belly and breasts. “Oh my gosh! Are you ok, Mrs. Barlow?!”

From above there was a soft, dreamy sigh. “So much better than ok... but I don’t think I’ll be going anywhere for a while. I’ve got good company up here, though, so I don’t mind one bit.”

Brei giggled, taking a moment to find her underwear, and shimmied back into her clothes. She left the jiggling, sloshing cow and her hubby quietly, being polite and closing the barn door, despite the overwhelming smell of sex lingering in the air. Stretching, smiling to herself, she set off for home, almost skipping at the much lighter weight in her shorts. Her instincts were quieter now, sated, and she reflected that perhaps pursuing one extreme or the other was unhealthy, and every now and then, she should let the beast inside come out and play. Her consciences agreed, from their position curled up on top of Instinct Brei.

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

Brei smiled at the fond memories, turning away from the case in time to see Amber O'Malley and Cindy Shasta scampering away from the art room. Cocking her head to one side, she watched the girls rush out the front door, noting that Amber was not wearing her restraints that she normally did, and yet was of normal size for a hyper. With a grin of understanding, she peeked in the window of the art room, seeing what looked like a slowly undulating balloon full of tapioca pudding squeezing against the glass. Blinking, impressed despite herself, her mind traveled back to that sloshing expanse of dairy cow belly, her big tongue lapping slowly over her full lips.

"I think Athena is getting extra fwoomped tonight..."

Leaving the art room to poor, overworked Mr. Stachowski to find and deal with, knowing that if Amber O'Malley was fleeing the scene, some poor boy was in there utterly enjoying himself. It would be a pity to deprive him of that enjoyment... at least for a bit longer. Exiting the doors of the school, she took a long, happy look back, remembering even more happy times.

"I'll be back tomorrow... don't go anywhere, kay?"