

What is a family? Is it merely a group of people, drawn together by shared genetics and happenstance? Or is it something more, something organic and yet at the same time environmental? What is the purpose, what is the drive of mortal men and women to band together, to form lasting bonds, to continue the species? Well, besides the obvious, of course, that sex was INCREDIBLY fun. For the Bobtails, family had always meant something more than the word, it was an idea, a belief in something better, bigger than the self. It was a way of life, that no matter what, family stuck together. They supported and rushed to each other's aid in times of crisis or joy.

This was not taught as how a family should be, how it could be, or how it might be. For the Bobtails, it was merely how a family WAS. There was no alternative, there were no options. A family was a force of nature, an unbreakable bond of mutual reliance and rejoicing in the successes of the many, and support for the challenges that life throws at us all. For Brei, the simple idea that some families were NOT that way was a mind-blowing experience, and the greatest tragedy she'd ever experienced.

You're listening to DJ Athena in the morning, on KNOT! Get tied in with KNOT! "Good morning furs, scalies, and assorted other critters! This is Athena, your personal goddess of the hunt, here to direct you how best to fight the traffic and get your fuzzy butts to work! I hope you all have a fun, safe 4th of July, no better way to celebrate our country's independence than by blowing up a small piece of it! Up next, one of my favorites, Lacuna Coyle with Around the Fur!"

The Bobtails descended on Bob and Emily's farm like a plague of very excitable, friendly locusts. To say the lynx family was prolific was to infer that water was

slightly damp, or that Brei's boobs were a little big. Great grandpa Bobtail had 8 kittens. Each of them in turn had 3 kittens, and each of THOSE kittens had in turn had 2. Several of Brei's cousins had already had multiple births. The farm was the only place big enough to hold a family reunion, unless they wanted to rent out Michigan.

The cars began arriving in ones and twos early in the morning, with Brei directing traffic, and Athena assisting Emily in the kitchen. She smiled sweetly and dished out countless hugs, genuinely pleased to see her relatives. She was wrapped in a typical bearhug by her Papa Bobtail, and gave a much gentler hug to her grandmother, before helping them both into the farmhouse. Her grandma Jackie quickly put on an apron and took over directing in the kitchen, making Athena and Emily dash in frantic cat mode, ears back, just keeping up with her instructions. Her Papa grabbed a beer and went to sit with her father in front of the TV to watch the game.

Next to arrive was her uncle, Burt Jr, his wife, and their two children. Burt Jr grabbed her paw in a grip that would have made anyone but the big hyper cringe, the short brown lynx having the sort of compact, muscular frame one gets from working construction since the time they could lift a hammer. Her aunt, by contrast, was a doughy, well-padded housewife, all bubbly smiles and laughter. She showed the new arrivals in, and was just in time to welcome her other aunt and uncle and THEIR two children.

"Oh hello, Brei honey, would you mind getting the BBQ out of the back? It's a little heavy. Thank you dear, is Grandma inside? Oh, well then I should get in there right away." Her aunt Kathy tottered off, while her two cousins went to mingle. As usual, her uncle Paul, a lanky crane with silver hair and spectacles, said very little, smiling and following his wife.

Immediate family thus assembled, she set about greeting the horde of more distant relations: great uncles, second cousins, third cousins, and lynx so far removed from the nuclear family that classification was impossible.

Every 4th of July, Bob and Emily invited every relation they could reach for a family cookout, a time to reconnect, to keep bonds fresh and friendships strong. This was the first year that Brei and Athena were in town, and they wanted to make the most of it. The big cat sat down on a hand-carved bench, sipping at a lemonade, waving to newcomers as she rested her paws. Her grandfather stepped out of the house, looking around for a minute, and then came to sit with her.

“Howdy kiddo, how’re things? Car still running good?”

Brei smiled and nodded, wrapping one enormous arm around her wiry, well-wrinkled relative. Burt Bobtail, like his youngest son, had worked his entire life in construction. It was widely reputed in town that he had built half of Circe, and remodeled the other half. While somewhat of an exaggeration, it wasn’t by much. Papa Bobtail was the reason the family was as close-knit as it was, he had instilled in his children a strong work ethic and a deep respect for family. He lived his life by a very simple principle: Work hard, and great things will come your way.

“Yes Papa, it gets me where I need to go. Athena didn’t like my Jeep, she said it rattled her teeth.”

“Well, I’ve always said, best way to a happy life is to keep the wife happy. You’re teaching at the high school, aren’t you? Bet they’re happy to have you back, I still run into your old classmates in town, they’re all happy to talk about you.”

“Nice to know I’m remembered! It’s been what, 10 years since I lived in Circe?” She grinned, knowing Burt wasn’t being completely upfront with the truth. She may have been a genetic oddity, and worthy of gossip and remembrance, but as long as she could remember, she hadn’t been Brei Bobtail, she’d been Burt Bobtail’s granddaughter. In her heart, she was very happy with that moniker. There wasn’t a greater man in the world, as far as she was concerned, nor one that lived his life better. The world was a better place for Papa Bobtail being in it, and it would be a much poorer, darker place when God called him home.

The reunion a success, all Bobtails suitably quartered in farmhouse or RVs, Brei and Athena reclined in the hayloft, the huge lynx on her back, arms propping her huge head up, her buxom lioness resting with her head on her wife’s enormous boobs, one paw lightly squeezing Brei’s huge hermness, coaxing it to gentle life as usual.

“Did you have a good day, Strawberry?”

“Mmmff...keep that up at it will be SPECTACULAR.”

“I dunno, you’re a pretty loud kitty...your family might hear when you fwoomp me.”

“Nnghh...stupid family...still cockblocking me after 34 years...”

Athena laughed, still lightly stroking that gigantic sheath, purring in her pink wife’s ear and nuzzling. “Tell me a story...you never did tell me why you and Tommy broke up.”

Brei huffed loudly, trying to concentrate enough to tell a story while Athena worked on her was one of the lioness' favorite games, but considering what the game involved, Brei was usually apt to play along. "Ok...but you either need to stop the stroking, or speed it up..."

*****19 years ago*****

Riding in the back of your dad's truck...just plain sucked. Especially when your boyfriend was in the front seat with your dad. Brei grumbled softly, smoothing the lines of her skirt, trying to think unsexy thoughts so she stayed in the damn thing. Tommy had asked, politely, if she would wear a shorter skirt than normal to the movies today, and because she was both in love and an IDIOT, she had agreed. There was a definite breeze gusting up places that should not have breezes, and one sideboob would be enough to make her indecent. She DID look pretty darn cute, though, with her little cardigan and a pair of ribboned, paw-less stockings on her legs. She wished her dad's truck had a back window, or something to let her at least hear the two of them talking. They could be talking about ANYTHING in there, and she couldn't hear. They were probably talking all about her, it was really quite rude.

"I dunno, Mr. Bobtail, I think the Gremlins have a chance to win the series this year."

"Oh Tommy, they're sure to choke in the playoffs, they always do. Now the Tigers, there is a solid team."

Definitely, definitely all about her, they were probably discussing her future, her dad was sure to be intimidating poor Tommy, giving him every Dad Speech under the sun. She had to rescue her little boyfriend!

They arrived at the movie theater, and purchased their usual vat of coke and bathtub of popcorn, before taking their usual seats: Brei dead center in the middle of the theater, Tommy plopped down in her lap nuzzling at those perfect, enormous breasts, the two teenagers munching happily on popcorn. Also as usual, the presence of a cute little fox boy in her lap was having a decided effect on the snugness of her restraints, the carbon-fiber garment making alarming enough creaking noises that a middle-aged sheep beside them moved several seats down. The movie was horrible, but the company was nice, and the huge herm would never argue against having a boy in her lap...or a girl, for that matter. Lap sitting was awesome.

Following the movie, the two sat down for ice cream, and Tommy cleared his throat, “You know, Brei, I hear someone has a birthday coming up...”

The big feline giggled, hiding her chewing behind one giant paw and nodded, “My fifteenth, yup! Next Friday, my parents told me we’re gonna go to El Chupacabra to celebrate. I can ask if you can come, if you want.”

Tommy shook his head, “Nah, you go have family time, we can celebrate afterwards, get a bunch of your friends together and have a party. Invite the whole wrestling team, not like you have any lack of space at the farm.”

A party...for her. Brei blinked in sudden shock, a million and one ideas popping into her head. Piñatas, pin the tail on the donkey...no, that's racist, maybe a movie or something...

"You really think they'd come to my party?"

Tommy rode in the back of the truck with her as they drove home, the huge lynx hugging him tightly against her body, willing her restraints to hold, her back to the cab. She wasn't about to let her dad grill her little fox anymore! As nice as it was to have her Dad willing to drive her everywhere, she would be very, very glad when she had a car of her own.

Emily came to wake Brei up Sunday morning, shaking her huge daughter awake. She smiled as the titanic pink lynx rolled out of bed and clomped across the hall to the shower, stumbling and bouncing off walls without her glasses. She took several long minutes to indulge herself in the shower, her kitmakers swollen to impractical size by some lovely dreams, before drying herself and squeezing into some clothing. There were chores to be done, and then the whole family was going to church to surprise her grandfather for his birthday. She had yet to meet anyone with a single bad thing to say about her grandfather, and whenever she met someone new, she was never introduced as Bob and Emily's daughter, but as Burt Bobtail's granddaughter. She loved and idolized her grandfather, and was overjoyed any time she got to see him.

It was difficult to keep clean in the bed of a pickup on a normal day, doing so in a Sunday dress was next to impossible. Brei had brought a blanket to sit on, and was doing her best to keep the cream dress from becoming wrinkled as Bob tore down the back country roads towards Emmanuel Episcopalian. It was always interesting to go to Papa Bobtail's church, always so many different types of furs, all dressed up nicely and smiling, shaking hands and catching up.

She spied her grandmother standing and talking to several older ladies, and did her best to creep over (not that an eight foot lynx creeps very well). Jackie Bobtail was a big woman, round in a way that only old grandmothers who cooked a lot, and very well, ever got, helped especially by the trademarked Bobtail Hips, of which the men in the family were so fond. The big teenager wrapped her arms around her grandmother and hugged her tight, giggling.

“Oh my stars! Breianna, you get bigger every time I see you...how are you, sweetie?”

“I’m doing good, Grandma. How’re you?”

“Oh, you know, child, aches, pains, and all that. Don’t get old, it’s no fun at all.”

She laughed, and waved to some of her cousins as they walked up to the church. She had four of them, two boys and two girls. All were standard Canadian Lynx, small, skinny, no pink fur or overactive happy bits among them. As Burt’s oldest grandchild, Brei was used to being bigger than everyone, even before her ridiculous growth spurt, but now it was beyond silly. Her oldest cousin, Michael, came up and shook her paw, his own nearly disappearing in her grip.

“Heya Berry, doing the birthday thing soon?”

“Er, yeah...couple weeks, why?”

Michael winked and put his arm around his sister Jenny, “Well, you can count us in, Mom’s even promised to take us shopping at the Addition-elle for ya.”

Her face a proper shade of plum purple, Brei shuffled behind her cousins, her mind reeling from the thought of presents...from Addition-elle...that family would be buying. “Oh god...they’ll know my size...I don’t want them to know my size...”

Jackie laughed softly, poking her huge granddaughter in the side, “Breianna dear, Michael can’t remember his OWN size, it’ll be Kathy buying the clothes, and she’s known since you were 3 what size outfit you wore. Your mother sends us an update every time you get into a new dress size.”

Great, Headline: Brei’s expanding butt. Argh.

The small army of Bobtails tromped into the church, taking their places in the pews. Papa Bobtail sang in the choir, and so they wouldn’t see him until after the service, which was long and not very interesting, as services tended to be, but at least there were snacks halfway through. She wasn’t so sure about the wine, though. After the congregation had filed out, the grandkids waited at the bottom of the stairs to the choir loft for Burt to come down. The smile creased his aged face the moment he saw everyone, and he passed out tight bearhugs freely. That was the way with Papa Bobtail, he didn’t just hug you, he squeezed the dickens out of you, and held on. A lifetime of physical labor had given him an impressive physique, even at his advanced years, and despite a slight stoop to his back, he was obviously still hale and healthy.

He asked about her wrestling, and her school. He asked about her new boyfriend, something she wasn’t aware he knew, but apparently he was acquainted with Mr.

Shasta, so there was no hiding anything from her Papa. Her father came over to the two of them, and gave his dad a wink.

“Brei honey, we have a surprise for you in the back. Why don’t you follow your Papa and I out there, and we’ll show you your early birthday present.”

She squealed, taking up position behind the two short men, and together they wound their way through the maze of outbuildings, finally reaching the back parking lot, rarely used except by the pastor and office workers.

“And there we are...your Papa and I bought you a little something.”

The ‘little something’ was a huge pickup. Easily twice the size of Bob’s truck, the monster was an old Ford, with a cab you could have fit the whole Bobtail clan in, well...minus Brei. It was heavily rusted, and looked like it had seen better days, but it was an automobile, with tires and everything...and unless she’d heard wrong, it was HER truck.

Papa Bobtail clapped a paw on her back, nearly flooring her, even at her size, “Now she doesn’t run at the moment, and we’ll have to do some bodywork, but between you and me, we can have her up and running in no time.”

She screamed and grabbed both her father and grandfather, hugging them good and tightly, before sprinting to inspect her very own vehicle. Reaching the vehicle, she screeched to a halt, her huge green eyes blinking rapidly, staring at the bed of her new truck. There was an engine in it...along with the bench seat from the cab. She

wasn't a mechanic, but even the teenage lynx was pretty sure engines didn't go in the bed of a truck. Peering into the cab, she noticed the steering wheel had rusted almost completely away, the dash was in a serious state of disarray, as though a rabid critter had eaten half of it, and whole sections of the floor were missing. Before she could react, her dad patted her arm and smiled. "I know it looks rough, but we'll get it fixed up in time for you to learn to drive on it. Papa will help you restore the engine, and you and I can work on the body."

Brei smiled broadly, faking as much excitement as she could manage. She tried to tell herself it wouldn't be as bad as it looked. Her grandfather was a great mechanic, and her father had banged up his old truck enough to learn how to fix any body damage. She popped the hood and let out a yelp as something small, brown, and furry leapt out and booked it for the treeline. "Er...maybe we should hose it out before we start working on it..."

"So they got you a truck? That's awesome, Brei! Totally got dibs on shotgun." Lucy chirped, excited, as they walked through the halls at school. The little sparrow bounced along, her pigtails swaying from side to side, her tailfeathers keeping time to some song playing only in her own head.

"They got me PARTS of a truck, Lucy. Seriously, this thing looks like it was in an explosion. I mean, I'm sure we can get it running, eventually, but...wow, it's gonna be a project. I mean, the fucking engine was pieces...in the bed...and there was something living in the engine compartment. I'm no expert, but I don't think that's supposed to be there."

Passing the chemistry building, they were joined by Tommy, who hopped up on Brei's shoulders to give her a smooch, before sliding back down and hip-checking the sparrow. "Hey Babe, Lucy. What's new?"

"Brei got a truck!"

"PIECES of a truck."

"And a pet!"

"Woman, I will bite you..."

The three roamed down the hallway, a pocket-sized fur to either side of Brei, and took their positions in the lunch line. As usual, the lunch ladies saw Brei coming and went to get additional food...quickly.

Tommy picked up a tray and plopped a chocolate milk on it, before bumping his girlfriend with his hip. "So pretty kitty, are we still on for Saturday? Captain Picard and company wait for no lynx!"

Brei smirked and ruffled her fox's hair, "Yes they do, you have them on VHS. I think Saturday my papa is coming over to help work on the truck. You're more than welcome to come over and work with us, I think I've got a lot of cleaning out to do before we get to the grease monkey work. I know you're good at getting into tight spaces..."

Lucy piped up from behind the happy couple, “I’ve got a couple tight spaces that could use some attention, you know. Brei, can I borrow your boyfriend for a weekend? I’m turning blue over here.”

Brei thought about it a minute, glancing between her little boyfriend and her little best friend. Some lovely images popped into her head, causing her restraints to let out a few squeaking noises. “My mother DID teach me to share, but I’m not done using him yet...besides, didn’t you have that stork you were trying to boink?”

“Yeah, she got pregnant over spring break.”

“A pregnant stork...how ironic.”

“She can totally cheat at the ‘where do babies come from’ thing.”

Tommy raised one brown paw high in the air to be seen over Brei’s boobs. “Excuse me, can we get back to the part where I get shared between two cute herms?”

Lucy and Brei laughed, the meal progressed, and school continued relentlessly. Like death, or taxes, or The Simpsons.

They’d towed the big old truck to the Bobtail farm, so Saturday morning after she’d mucked out the stables, Brei pulled out her father’s old pressure washer, fired up the engine, and made ready to do war with a varmint-infested engine compartment.

Straw, dirt, several surprised fieldmice, an old shoe, and several half-eaten pieces of fruit soon blasted out of the big, deep compartment.

“One good thing about it being so rough, don’t need to worry about any electronics or stuff getting water in it.”

She hosed out under the hood as well as possible, then got a long brush the family typically used to wash the rafters of the barn, and shook loose the remainder of the debris. By the time her grandfather rolled up in his truck, the engine compartment was looking spotless. It was also looking very EMPTY.

Burt Bobtail slid out of his truck and gave her one of his patented bearhugs(Lynxhugs?), before grabbing some tools out of the back of his rig. Every tool known to man had a home under the canopy of that old pickup, and though her grandfather always seemed to know just where everything was, it appeared as though someone had dropped a nuke on the hardware department of Sears back there.

“Alright kiddo, first thing’s first, we need to get that engine up and running, then we can see about dropping it under the hood. I brought a hoist, but guessing you can probably manage it on your own. Grab it and let’s work in the shop, it’s gonna take us a few weeks, and it’s gonna rain tomorrow for sure. My leg’s barking at me.”

“Shouldn’t that be meowing?”

“Nah, just my dog-gone arthritis.”

Brei hefted the heavy small block engine with a loud grunt and a roll of her eyes, and wobbled her way toward her father's machine shop. The engine was well within her ability to lift, but the distribution was all off, and it was very awkward. Awkward like carrying around a sac that weighed more than her boyfriend most days, though, so she had experience. She was very happy when she was able to set it down none the less.

Burt set his toolbox down and started pulling all manner of esoteric paraphernalia out of it, setting them down in a row to be grabbed at a moment's notice. He explained to Brei what each was for, and the names, so that she could be his assistant. Then he slipped into a pair of coveralls and gloves, and got down to business.

Brei lacked a pair of coveralls, mostly because the simple act of 'covering all' for her was a task no off-the-rack item was up to, nor most retail tents. Instead she wore a loose pair of shorts she'd found at a Big & Tall store, and an old t-shirt with more holes than were permissible to wear out and about, according to her mother, who had strong opinions on just how much of her baby girl she wanted public knowledge.

"Ok honey, let's see if all the cylinders are clear, we don't want any misfires or grinding." Papa Bobtail was hunched over the engine, calling for tools which his giant granddaughter then handed to him.

He looked up with a twinkle in his eye as he made an adjustment, explaining as he went, her huge green eyes watching closely, and his mouth curled into a sly grin. "Say, do you know what the difference is between a piano, a tuna, and a pot of glue?"

"Uh...no...no I don't, Papa."

“Well, you can tuna piano, but you can’t piano a tuna.”

“Ok...what about the glue?”

“Ah, see, I knew you’d get stuck there.”

Brei groaned, her eyes rolling to the sky, and couldn’t help but giggle.

“Hand me that crescent wrench, kid. Gosh I’m tired, I stayed up all night wondering where the sun went, and then it dawned on me.”

“That’s terrible, Papa...you oughta be ashamed of yourself...”

“What’s the difference between a poorly dressed man on a tricycle and a well dressed man on a bicycle?”

“I’m almost afraid to ask...”

“Attire.”

“I see I was right to be afraid.”

It took the better part of a month of Saturdays to fix up the engine to that old truck, and then it was time to drop it into place. They decided to use the crane for that, because it needed to be held perfectly steady for quite a while to get it connected right. Papa Bobtail bolted it down while Brei held it in place, and when her grandfather stood up there was a triumphant grin on his face.

“That’ll about do it for the engine. Course we won’t know if it’s gonna work until we get the rest of the parts. I’ll come by in two weeks and we can hit the junkyard.”

Brei cocked her huge head to one side, “Why not next weekend, Papa?”

“Well kid, cause it’s your birthday, and you’ve got a party your mother is pretty set on. Truck isn’t going anywhere, you have fun with your friends.”

Brei blushed, she did, in fact, have a birthday party planned. She’d invited Tommy and Lucy, of course, Fred, Willem, Larry, and half a dozen other boys from the wrestling team as well. Sierra and two of her cheerleading squad members that had been fairly nice to her (and not just the looks they were throwing her lap), and two of her cousins completed the invite list. Her mother had already promised to make cookies. Mrs. Bobtail’s chocolate chip cookies were to DIE for.

That Saturday, she ran through her chores so fast the cows were still smoking cigarettes post-milking when she hopped in the shower, squeezed into a nice light dress, and hitched her restraints to one notch shy of soprano. Eyes still bulging slightly from the tightness of her underwear, she skipped down the stairs just in time to greet her friends as they arrived. They came by twos and threes, toting presents, which made the big cat blush horribly, and she ushered every one into the back yard

and the waiting barbeque. Lucy arrived somewhere in the middle and kept her company, babbling about the latest gossip, and finally Tommy showed, carrying a huge box wrapped in pink paper.

Outside, an impromptu soccer game had sprung up, with the colts displaying why there were very few World Cup MVP horses, and Sierra displaying unknown skills as a goalie. Brei watched while Tommy and Lucy enjoyed themselves, tending the grill to make sure the burgers didn't burn, passing out drinks, and generally being a good hostess.

Fred came up for a burger, throwing a meaningful glance at Marcy, a slender mink friend of Sierra's, and leaned towards Brei's ear. "Hey, um...Marcy has been kinda giving me the eye, is there somewhere...private around here?"

She handed him a burger and winked, "Hayloft, above the barn. If you get past second base, make sure she stays quiet, the vents are open."

Lucy snickered, watching the colt and mink wander off together. "You know, if you have any other minks to toss over the fence... I'm still a freakin virgin, you know."

"Really? I figured you would have at least scored with that boy from last summer, he was all up in your tailfeathers every time I turned around."

"Um, yeah, well...he was a little too...'straight and narrow' for that." She made air quotes even.

“Ah, couldn’t handle the birdfeeder?”

“I thought we agreed to stop calling it that.”

“I reserve the right to change my mind. You’ll find someone, hon, can’t resist the tailfeathers for long.”

As Lucy walked away with her burger in hand, Brei pondered, her lips pursed in deep thought. Lucy was VERY little, even compared to Tommy, it was one of the reasons the two of them had never explored anything beyond friendship, the big lynx was afraid of squishing her friend, to say nothing of vast quantities of semen and hollow bones. But Tommy was more or less the right size, and it wasn’t like she ever thought particularly hard about monogamy. Heck, for a hyperherm, monogamy was dangerous...no fur was made to contain THAT much sperm on a regular basis without having about half a billion kittens running around, despite advances in birth control technology. The moment would have to be just right, though, she wasn’t quite sure how Tommy would truly feel about being shared out without being consulted. True she COULD consult him...but that wouldn’t be as much fun.

Larry the Rhino, whom everyone always referred to as Larry the Rhino, rather than just Larry, came up for his fifth burger, smiling. “Great party, Brei. First one I’ve been to with girls at it since I was a little fur. And these burgers are fu...freaking great.” He cast a suddenly guilty look at Brei’s mother, tottering out with more snacks.

“I hear nothing and repeat nothing, young man.” Emily quipped, her little bobbed tail swishing happily.

“Head’s up, Straubs!” Sierra yelled, a ball coming speeding towards Brei’s head.

She ducked it barely, and shook her huge fist in mock anger, before handing the tongs to Larry to go get some retribution for attempted murder with an inflatable device.

Man, there’s gotta be an innuendo in there somewhere.

After the sun had started to dip towards the horizon, Emily announced that it was time for cake and presents, and so following a rather painful rendition of the happy birthday song, Brei sat in the middle of a ring of partygoers, surrounded by presents and blushing that familiar shade of purple.

“You know, you guys didn’t need to get me anything...”

Lucy tossed a cookie at her. Rude.

Brei started opening presents, delicately slitting through the tape to save the paper, and folding it carefully before opening each box.

From her cousins, of course, two new skirts from Addition-elle, a few t-shirts that would actually fit over her chest without becoming translucent(one she especially liked, Star Trek themed, with ‘To Boldly Go’ stretched tightly across her pillows), and a new scarf.

Fred and Willem had gotten her some Country CDs she'd wanted, and Sierra had chipped in with her fellow cheerleaders(one of whom had returned suitably disheveled and mussed from the hayloft) to get the big cat a purple, sparkly purse that she thought went quite nicely with her fur.

The other boys from the wrestling team had each gotten her some small item they thought she would like, and to a one they all got hugs in return, which they LIKED, but it was Tommy who got the biggest snuggle for his gift. He'd gotten her a Game Boy. An honest to goodness video game system of her very own! It was even pred sized, so her huge thumbs didn't mash every button at once. Little Tommy got an extra long, possibly R-rated hug, smothered in his girlfriend's immense tits, much to the envy of the other boys and at least one cheerleader.

The party broke up a little bit after cake time, as most had parents picking them up. She gave each a hug goodbye, Tommy a great big kiss, and waved from her front porch as each car pulled away, smiling bigger than she could remember doing.

As soon as everyone else was gone, Brei turned to Lucy and smiled, putting one enormous arm around her little sparrow friend. "Lucy, I think we need to make some plans."

"Will I like these plans, and do they require maniacal laughter?"

"Yes, and yes."

"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeexcellent."

Summer is a wonderful time, especially as a teenager. No school, warm weather, plenty of sunshine. Ok, so Summer is a wonderful time if you're not a Canadian Lynx with three inch thick fur...

"It's hoooooooooot..." Brei whined, sweat dripping from her nose, her fur turning a much darker shade of pink the longer she trudged along behind her two little friends. Tommy and Lucy were both wearing their bathing suits and little else, while Brei was still required to have considerably more covering herself, at least until they reached their destination. That, coupled with her fur, made for one hot, sweaty, possibly smelly lynx. And that last part she DEFINITELY did not approve of, especially when it was the result of something besides a VERY happy lover. They were heading for what Tommy assured the two girls was a secluded beach, with soft sand and lots of shade for his giant girlfriend. What he had neglected to mention before starting on this little jaunt was that the beach in question was five miles from the nearest access road. Brei was very jealous of Lucy's more modest proportions by the time they finally crested the last hill, and the promised beach spread out before them. True to his word, the beach Tommy had led them to was very secluded and quiet, and the water looked very nice heated by the sun to merely 'cool' and not 'dear god my balls went back in'.

With what could almost be called a battle cry, the three furs charged the beach, Tommy and Lucy flinging themselves into the blue water, followed moments later by their huge pink kitty, once she'd managed to squeeze herself out of sweats, t-shirt, two extra sports bras, and her carbon-fiber restraints, finally diving in wearing a pair of boy's trunks and a massive bikini top from her birthday party. The splash she and her bulges made started seabirds for 20 yards around, and she emerged like a whale, water streaming from her, her long hair being tossed back in a dramatic wave...right

up until it smacked Tommy in the head, tangling them both up and leading to explosive giggles.

Lucy emerged more sedately, floating on her back, the little sparrow paddling round and round the happy couple. Brei took a minute to admire her friend's body. She was exceptionally slender, waifish even, with small yet perky breasts and a cute little butt. Brei felt a momentary pang of empathy for her little friend, next to the big lynx, she must have felt like a 12 year old boy. She wore a little two-piece suit, the bottoms just barely showing off her moderate sized bulge, about the same size as Tommy's...which pretty much had Brei swelling immediately as thoughts of the two of her little friends filled her head.

"Hey...did it just get hyperer in here?" Lucy chirped, poking at Brei's trunks as she passed.

"Ack! Personal space! We talked about this."

"Honey, your personal space could fill an arena."

"Theater at the most!"

Tommy was splashing in the shallows, laughing his bushy tail off at the two herms, a tail that was rapidly becoming less bushy and more sodden, which was incredibly adorable. Brei herself was looking about a hundred pounds lighter, her normally fluffy fur wetted down and sticking to her skin, giving her a much sleeker, muscular

look that her boyfriend wholeheartedly appreciated...at least if the message his trunks were sending could be believed, and the cock has a lousy poker face.

The three furs frolicked in the water for nearly an hour, until pawpads and noses were getting pruneey, and Lucy felt her feathers would never dry. Tommy spread out the beach towels they had brought(3 of them for Brei), and they lay comfortably in the noon sun, letting the warmth from the earth's star dry their bodies. Tommy lay curled up against Brei's right side, and Lucy her left, both her little friends having their hands on her belly, running through the extra soft fluff there. At an unspoken signal, Brei glanced at Lucy and winked, the little sparrow nodding, and pulling back, standing up quietly.

"Hey, I need to find a bush, I'll be back in a minute." She said, hurrying off to the nearby forest.

Brei waited until she was out of earshot, and then very calmly and gently lifted Tommy onto her front, cradling the little fox against her belly and breasts, one massive paw trailing down his chest, roaming at will until she arrived between his legs, cupping his bulge and fondling it softly. Her deep, happy purrs in his ear woke Tommy from his daze, the teenager giggling and squirming atop his huge girlfriend, getting quickly hard under her touch.

"Brei, she's gonna be back any minute...you'd better stop when you hear her, ok?"

"Mmmm."

“I mean it...it’s not nice to do PDA in front of her, she doesn’t have anyone to cuddle and...and I should shut up and enjoy this, huh?”

“Mmmm.”

Brei continued to fondle her little boyfriend, his cock tenting his trunks, pressing into her massive paw. At the same time, her own trunks were making loud, insistent sounds of protest as her sheath swelled, her balls gurgling and sloshing with building spunk. Very gently she dragged his trunks down, wrapping two of her huge fingers around his length and stroking it, slowly, softly, kissing at his head, her free paw reaching down to give herself an affectionate squeeze, her trunks pulling enough away from her body for her fluffy white sheathe and balls to be visible.

“B-Brei...oh god Brei...I love your paws, they feel so soft and strong and moist...”

There was a sudden silence, broken only by the sound of Tommy’s eyes blink-blinking. “Moist? That can’t be right...”

The little fox sat up with the help of his lynx, to find Lucy kneeling on Brei’s enormous balls, her beak wrapped softly around Tommy’s cock, a mischievous smile on her face, and precious little else on her body. There was a pregnant moment of silence, and then Tommy gulped, loudly, and turned his head slowly to face Brei, as if expecting to be eaten.

The grin he found his girl wearing was both reassuring and utterly terrifying. “Oh god...you two planned this...I am so fucked.”

Lucy snickered with her mouth full, popping off and leaving a long strand of saliva to connect his shaft with her beak. “Mmm, no...but I sure as hell better be. Brei told me I can borrow your cock, Tom. Unless you have a problem with that...?” Her little tongue gently lapped at his head, swirling round and round the shaft, Brei’s thick fingers still loosely clutching the base.

Brei purred very deeply, her sheathe finally pulling back with the soft slip of velvet fur on hard flesh, rising proudly towards the sky. She lay back blissfully, one massive paw stroking over her best friend’s back, the other lightly brushing her boyfriend’s rapidly hardening cock. Her massive shaft began to swell from the visual in front of her, not to mention the lovely things Tommy’s bushy tail and Lucy’s soft tailfeathers were doing to her.

Tommy yelped as Lucy swallowed him once more, taking him to the back of her throat with an almost dainty gag, her little feathered hands running through Brei’s belly fur again, her cute little butt swishing back and forth, back and forth while she sucked, unintentionally teasing that enormous lynx cock, Brei groaning as her shaft continued to grow, bulging both outward and upward, casting shade over her two small friends.

“Why do I feel like I’m in 2001?” Tommy gasped, squirming and trembling under Lucy’s determined oral assault.

“If you call me Dave, I’m leaving.”

“I think in this situation, you’d be Hal.”

Lucy nipped Tommy gently, her eyes latching on to his own. She pointed two fingers at her eyes, and then at her mouth, indicating the young man should focus on matters at hand. She gently popped off the fox's hard, saliva-drenched cock and huffed at them both, slowly turning to locate the source of the shade. "What ARE you two talking abou..."

The little sparrow froze, her eyes almost cartoonishly wide, just staring at the monumental feline shaft rearing up behind her, mashing into her tailfeathers. Her whole little body shivered, shuddered, whether in fear or in awe it was hard to say, and she finally reached out with one tiny hand, pressing it firmly against the huge shaft to feel its fever-hot flesh.

"Mary, mother of god...this thing can't be real." She breathed, subconsciously squeezing Tommy's dick and stroking it while she stared.

Brei's body picked that moment to twitch, her shaft throbbing extra hard, and putting on another foot or so of size. Then, in a giant middle finger to the laws of romantic comedies, that tremendous length twitched, pulsed, and spit a couple gallons of clear, sticky precum over Lucy. The gooey fluid splattered against her head like the world's biggest, dirtiest raindrop, matting her hair in the blink of an eye, seeping down her feathers, over her beak, and all the way down her back.

Lucy jerked hard in shock, frozen, her tongue very slowly slipping out of her mouth and over the hard surface of her beak. Pulling back a large mouthful of Brei's prespunk, she gave a soft gulp...and came. Not a small, whimper of an orgasm, but a hold-on-to-your-tits screaming, trembling, eyes rolled back CUM. Her little body

collapsed on top of her two friends, unable to support herself, as her dainty cock spewed cream over Tommy's feet and Brei's increasingly enormous kitmakers, her little hands grabbing hold of any fur she could reach and holding on for dear life.

Both Tommy and Brei just watched, stunned at the intensity of the reaction, before Brei's massive dick gave another lurch and grew even more so, towering over the trio, starting to curl down from gravity itself. When Lucy did finally come down from her peak, she crawled forward and grabbed Tommy by the hair, tugging him in to a hard, passionate kiss. Lips still touching his, she practically begged, her feet massaging the beachball-sized orbs of Brei's sac. "Fox...please put this dick in me...I'm dying here, actually dying...if I don't get something hard and hot in my little pink pussy in the next two seconds, I swear to god I'm going to try to stuff this elephant dong up my cunt."

"Hey, I resent that remark...I've gotta be bigger than an elephant."

Tommy didn't wait, having a bit of experience with the needs of a horny herm. He leapt up and pushed Lucy closer to Brei's head, the big lynx grinning and wrapping her huge paws around the little sparrow's waist, bringing her in good and close, and slurped her friend's cum-coated member between her enormous lips while Tommy got between the sparrow's ass and Brei's erection. With a sound like an override fruit bursting, he was in, the smaller girl jerking hard against the lynx, her moaning cries of pleasure filling the air.

For all of his qualities, Tommy hadn't exactly learned restraint, dating Brei. He didn't give the tiny, tight sparrow time to adjust to his shaft, he just started pounding away like he was drilling for oil, in that fashion that all young boys seem to think is the proper way to go about the act. Brei had to reach back and take hold of his hips, slowing him down, easing his motion into a fluid, wave-like rock, Lucy practically

melting against the cat's face, her own cock cradled by a muzzle nearly bigger than she was.

The three rocked back and forth, engaged in a pleasant, if tinged with adolescent impatience, coupling. Lucy erupted into Brei's ready mouth, her body trembling and spasming from the sensation of FINALLY getting a real cock inside her, while Brei continued to grow and swell, throwing more and more shadow over the three, Tommy's tail swishing madly over her flesh, threatening to bring her off before she had a chance to aim the thing. Tommy was doing his best, but given his inexperience with the tightness of the sparrow's nethers, he was approaching his peak like a bullet train with no brakes. Beginning to tremble, his pace faltering, the little fox locked eyes with Brei and nodded. The huge lynx just smiled and nodded back, and Tommy exploded into her best friend, filling her little sparrow cunt with creamy vulpine seed.

It took several minutes for the two little furs to come back to themselves, and when they did, they were greeted to the sight of Brei huffing and puffing hard, shivering with desire, her cock having drooled the contents of a small bathtub over her two friends, turning all involved into a gooey mess.

"Tommyyyyyyy...I need to cuuuuummmm..."

Her little fox nodded, standing on shaky legs and moving to one side of that titanic shaft. Lucy wobbled to her legs, which had fox cum trickling down them at the moment, and moved to the other side.

"Tommy?"

“Yeah Lucy?”

“How tall are you?”

“Five feet, why?”

“That’s taller than me...and Brei’s dick is STILL taller than you.”

Brei whined, her hips wriggling and squirming, humping air as she fought to push herself over without success. Tommy beckoned to Lucy, who stepped in close with him. They embraced around that enormous rod, kissing it, stroking it with their full bodies, the nearly seven foot long shaft throbbing and lurching like a large animal, almost tossing Lucy off on several occasions.

Both little furs stood on her bloated, swollen sac, their little feet and paws barely sinking into the dense orbs, feeling them shift and gurgle, watching as her flow of pre stopped like a faucet had been turned off, the two sharing a look of awe. Tommy gulped and whispered, “I’ve never seen her THIS big.”

“I’m scared...” Lucy whimpered, only half joking.

“Hold me...”

Brei screamed out, her paws slamming into the sand as her back arched high, “Shut up and make me CUM!!!!”

There was a loud, deep rumble, a hard twitch like a localized earthquake, and her shaft seemed to freeze in place, trembling, twitching, and then all at once it nearly doubled in thickness, but only in one part...her urethra pushed a bulge bigger than Tommy was up her shaft, and like Old Faithful itself, she erupted with a spume of off-white kittenbatter that arced up at least twenty feet, raining down on the ménage-a-trio in a torrential downpour, splattering loudly and lewdly as she pushed half an ocean out of her aching balls, her entire body tensed, arched up painfully high, her two little lovers clinging to her cock like shipwreck victims to driftwood. She growled, she hissed, she cursed, and finally she went limp, crashing to earth loudly, panting and trying to focus her eyes through her cum-glazed glasses.

“Is everyone still here? Is everyone ok?”

Lucy coughed loudly, picking herself up and trying to scoop the spunk out of her eyesockets, her voice husky from arousal, “I’m good...I feel like a Krispy Kreme, but I’m good.”

“Tommy?”

“My girlfriend is a monument to fluid dynamics...”

“Ok, you’re as alright as you get...someone find me a towel, I have cum...well, everywhere.”

After determining that the only way to get everyone clean was a dip in the lake, the tree helped each other clean most of Brei's issue out of their fur and feathers, but there was no helping the smell of sex, it virtually saturated all three. Regardless, Lucy sprawled on her towel like a queen, idly stroking herself and making noises of pure delight.

Brei rolled onto her side, smiling at her best friend, "So Lucy...how was it?"

"I had snoo-snoo..."

"We went from quoting 2001: A Space Odyssey to Futurama?"

"Fuck it, I don't gotta have culture, I just got laid, life is good."

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

Brei was starting to squirm and moan quite a bit by the end of her story, trailing off and enjoying Athena's skilled paws, her kitmakers swollen to immense size thanks to her playful wife, the big lion barely encircling her growing shaft with both her fluffy tawny paws.

"That's sweet...dirty as fuck, but sweet. Your two best friends and you, all enjoying each other. But...wait, did Tommy get jealous, and that ended it? Or did he and Lucy hook up instead? You didn't tell me why you broke up, you ass!"

“Hmmm? Wassat? Oh, his dad got a promotion and they had to move out of state that summer. He and I decided it would probably be best if we were just friends, since we’d almost never see each other.”

Athena stared at Brei, her paws ceasing their motion, her ears back in classic feline show of disapproval. “That’s it?”

“Pretty much.”

“ARGH! You ASS!!! I waited through that whole story to find out, and you could have told me in two seconds?!”

“Yeah, but that would have made the paw job stop...”

“...ARGH!”