

“Athena, let’s go or we’ll be late!”

“5 minutes, just finishing my hair!”

“You said that 5 minutes ago!”

“It’s a LOT of hair!”

Brei smirked, clipping on a pair of emerald earrings to match her eyes, her long, thick brown hair braided and gathered on top of her head, exposing her thick neck and powerfully muscled shoulders. The dress she wore was a strappy number in palest lavender that showed off quite a bit of her muscular back, as well as acres of décolletage. The dress came down to mid-calf, and given that she was wearing her restraints set to maximum cockblock, she just hoped she’d stay in it. A chunky silver necklace hung around her neck, dangling just above her cleavage and leading the eye to danger.

She was about to yell again for her primping lioness, but as she turned, one elegant footpaw stepped onto the top of the stairs, followed by more leg than one fur should be allowed to have. Athena was a runner and her body was molded by the exercise, meaning those legs had a hell of a lot of definition to them. Thick, shapely calves and quads, shown off in quite a large amount by the thigh-high slit of her deep crimson dress. She strutted down the stairs, knowing she was showing off, but dammit, it took a lot of effort to look this good. The dress was gathered at her slender waist by a thick black belt with a gold buckle, and from there on up the dress hugged her curves like a second skin, enveloping her soccer-ball sized breasts, at least the lower half of them. Athena’s generous chest was on nearly full display, one millimeter shy of indecency, and the layers of slim golden chain she wore did less to hide the fact and more to put an exclamation mark on it.

Her hair was loose, but had been expertly curled into thin ringlets, cascading over her shoulders and framing her gorgeous face. A red jewel was intertwined in her locks and dangled just under her right ear. The red of her lipstick matched the red of the dress, as did her toe and fingernail polish, and she'd applied kohl around her eyes to make them look even larger than normal. Brei's glasses fogged, and suddenly she regretted very much setting her restraints at the highest level as they creaked alarmingly.

"Well, what do you think, honey... was it worth the wait?" Athena did a slow twirl, skillfully setting her skirt to flaring and billowing about her shapely legs, one inch shy of exposing herself.

"Athena, my love... I think for the first time in my life... NO ONE is going to be looking at ME."

"You say the sweetest things. Now hurry up, we're going to be late!"

Vaguely techno music filled the air as Brei and Athena greeted students arriving at the Fall Bazaar along with several other teachers and their spouses. Brei stood next to old friends of hers from college, Royston Carmichael and his wife Dahlia, Royston a fellow math teacher at Circe. She cooed over all her young students, cleaned up and dressed so nicely.

"Señor Luis, qué guapo! Looking positively statutory, Miss Shasta. Miss O'Malley, lovely to see you as well, I'm glad you found a dress that flatters you. Mr. Thompson, please spit out your gum, it's not very attractive."

Athena nudged Brei, whispering in her wife's ear, "God DAYUM the boobs on that fox. I feel positively FLAT."

"Relax sweetie, yours are still bigger than the boys' heads, they'll still drool over you."

"I think I'm offended, but I'm not sure."

Dahlia Carmichael leaned over past her hulking husband and squeezed Brei's elbow. "Is that THE Amber O'Malley? Is it true what she did to that boy in the park?"

Brei smirked and nodded, "Yes it is, and yes it was. I swear, hypers these days, what sort of morally degenerate herm would blimp a poor boy in the middle of a park, hmm?"

Dahlia snickered and pinched Brei's rump through her dress, "Oh gosh, I couldn't begin to guess. Far different than doing it in the middle of campus, am I right?"

Brei winked and shook the hand of another student, "Oh quite, and besides, it wasn't the MIDDLE, more to the side."

Royston growled and rolled his eyes, rumbling in his deep voice, "Ladies, please, if you could refrain from morally bankrupting the student body for one night."

Both girls gave Royston perfectly innocent, identical smiles, "Why Mr. Carmichael, we

have nooooooooo idea what you mean...”

“Quite...”

Late that night, with the music blaring and the student body gyrating and grinding perilously close to impropriety, Dahlia found Brei at the punch table, nudging the massive lynx’s hip with her elbow as she served herself a glass.

“I heard a rumor that there’s to be a date auction tonight.”

Brei smiled and nodded, “It’s tradition, usually it raises quite a lot of money for the school teams, to buy new uniforms and whatnot. It’s also a way for some of the less popular kids to get a date with someone they wouldn’t normally interact with.”

Dahlia grinned, leaning in very close and whispering in Brei’s ear, “I hear a certain hyperherm kitty is going to be up for auction. You know how much Roy has always wanted to have a date with a real hyperherm... and a certain strawberry never succumbed to his charms.”

“Let’s just say I had my reasons, dear. I heard the very same rumor, by strange coincidence, especially since it was supposed to be a closely guarded secret of Miss Shasta’s.”

“Since when has a fox EVER kept a secret?”

“You make a solid point.” Brei smirked, reaching into her cleavage, startling more than half of the nearby furs, and pulled out an envelope, passing it to Dahlia.

“Make sure you win.”

Athena huffed from her side of the punch table, her arms crossed beneath her well-displayed chest, tapping one fluffy paw. “Brei, I think all these boys are gay.”

“Now honey, we’ve talked about this. You have no gaydar, you don’t get to say things like that.”

“Bullshit. We’ve been here for half an hour, I’m falling out of this dress, AND giving everyone my #5 smolder, and I haven’t been asked to dance once.”

Brei rolled her eyes, knowing full well Athena’s smolder was probably terrifying to a teenage boy, the sort of look that said the gorgeous lioness was going to eat them up, and not necessarily in the figurative sense. “Honey, you’re scaring them off. Come with me.”

The big lynx led her wife through the throngs of pubescent furdorn to a large group of slightly nerdy boys, huddled around a large table. She smiled, rested a giant paw on the shoulder of a shy little bunny, and gestured to her wife. “Boys, I’m supposed to be watching everyone, but my wife Athena would really like to dance. Do you think you could keep her entertained for me?”

A chorus of “Yes, Mrs. Darkpaw” rang out as the entire table tried to rise at once to be the first to dance with the busty lioness. Brei just winked and left a suddenly VERY excited kitty to give a large gang of teenagers dream material for years to come.

As she returned to her post, making sure no one spiked the punch (though the little bottle of amaretto secured in her cleavage had already been emptied into it, to add ‘flavor’), she passed the section of the gymnasium set aside for pictures. She

paused, smiling broadly, watching couples and trios and more have their pictures taken in romantic or comical poses, a wistful sigh escaping her lips.

“Something wrong, Mrs. Darkpaw?”

She glanced down, finding a sweet little tomcat looking up at her, the captain of the chess team.

“Oh, just memories, Philip. Just memories.”

Some time later, Philip gently poked her hip, “Mrs... Mrs Darkpaw?”

“Hmmm?”

“You’ve been spaced out for like an hour...this is the second time I’ve been back for punch. You look kinda like you were about to go into a flashback sequence.”

“Oh don’t be silly... anyone doing anything?” she sighed, her eyes shifting over the assembled sea of hormones, angry at herself for not paying attention.

“Nah, Mr. Carmichael broke most of it up. Say, where’d your wife go?”

Brei’s eyes shot up, staring and frantically surveying the dance floor. Athena was hard to miss, there was no way she was in the room, and that was very, very bad. Thanking Philip, she hurried out into the hallways, straining her amazing ears and hoping she didn’t hear what she feared she would.

“No, no, no, Athena... not tonight, of all nights!”

*****18 years prior*****

Loud country music blared over the radio in the beat up, run down looking pickup that bombed along back country roads on the outskirts of Circe. The truck had one headlight, no taillights, and ominous black smoke billowed from the tailpipe, but it ran. Behind the wheel sat the world's largest lynx, with strawberry pink fur, thick glasses, and absolutely no business being in a car alone at her age. A year away from being legally allowed to drive, and almost a decade away from being able to drive WELL, Brei had little fear of getting caught, not with her parents at Bingo and the sole police officer in Circe firmly ensconced at the local drive-in. The trees whizzed by at a totally unsafe rate of speed, particularly with the lynx constantly glancing down to change the radio station.

It had been two months since Tommy had moved away. They'd said they'd still be friends, that they would write, but both knew it wouldn't work. Even with the raging hormonal cocktail blazing through their teenage bodies, they instinctively knew that they would lose touch, it was only natural at their age. So, once again, Brei was single in a town where only a small handful gave her a friendly glance, and those that did treated her more like another guy than the grown woman she appeared to be, and thought she was.

And if that wasn't bad enough, once Lucy had come home unavoidably smelling of semen and sex, her parents had promptly enrolled her in Catholic school, to teach the young sparrow some God-given virtue. Not even seeing her little friend in a flannel skirt and button-up could ease the sting that generated... though the skirt DID do nice things for the sparrow's legs, and bad things for the structural integrity of Brei's underwear.

It was safe to say Brei was in a very maudlin mood, and as this was getting to be a habit, she'd taken to making long, aimless drives when her parents were out of the house. Mr. and Mrs. Barlow gave her money on a regular basis for gas, and because the only thing she did to possibly earn the money was fuck the bovines senseless, this pretty much made her a whore. Brei didn't care, didn't care about much of anything at that point. She was an over-grown, over-endowed, over-looked hyperherm, and since she was entering high school in two days, this made her life about as low as it was possible to get in the teenage mind. Growling, sniffing, fighting back tears, she cranked the music higher and kept driving.

Elsewhere amongst the trees, there was a flash of dim light, and two silhouettes promptly fell five feet to the ground, landing with various sounds of distress,

annoyance, and excitement. First to her feet was a tall, voluptuous shark of a vivid azure, her thick tail lashing at the air, glancing about in both curiosity and an alertness for danger garnered from being dropped into three separate worlds of fiction and depravity in the space of... what, two days, two weeks? It was hard to tell the passage of time and impossible to tell exactly WHEN they were, let alone where. “Did everything turn red for a minute there, Shell?”

The second silhouette, considerably larger both above and below, remained seated, rubbing her enormous bunnymakers and grimacing as the space-age polymers of her outfit stretched from the action, her hermness swelling from both touch and recent overstimulation. Her fur was a bright purple, and in good lighting she had a barcode on one footpaw. Shelly the phukbunny glanced around hopelessly, the light of the moon too dim to make anything out. “More of a mauve, I’d say.”

“Well, look who had the big box of crayons.”

“How do you think I picked my fur color?”

Thresha the sharkess smirked and stretched, her own interstellar attire hugging the ample curves of her bosom and hips, causing her girlfriend’s nethers to swell another few sizes. “Well, where do you suppose we are now? Looks like old growth timber.”

Shelly bit her lip, wiggling her wide rump on the ground, “Well, could be Kimmi’s world, or maybe one of DL’s older stories. It’s hard to tell from...”

As the bunny trailed off, Thresha came over to stand beside her, head cocked to one side. “What’s up, bunny butt?”

“Well...I’d say we’re back in Circe, or there is a massive coincidence going on.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Well, the water tower that says Circe, for one. And for another...” The purple phukbunny held up an unassuming black book, simply bound, with embossment on the

spine reading “Collected Works of Dissident Love”.

“You’re kidding! What are the odds of that thing showing up right where we come in... oh hey, awesome, my panties too!”

The big shark darted down to grab a pair of black bikini-style panties with the words ‘Going Down?’ in big letters across the front. “Thought I’d never see them again.”

“Thresh... I think you’re missing the point here.”

“Whatever, they’re my favorite pair.”

“No, you big goob, I think we’re getting bounced around WITH anything we brought with us. The book, our clothes, they stayed right where we left them, but they follow us through each story. They just appear where Amber’s... house... was... hmmm.”

Shelly stopped and looked around. Sure enough, still untouched forest, no tract housing in sight, no abandoned tricycles in a backyard from before Amber’s kitmakers dropped. Thresha frowned, pondering, an idea slowly trickling through her brain. Shelly picked herself up off the ground, collecting their clothing and keeping a very tight grip on the anthology.

“Oh, well, I’m sure we’ll figure something out once we get to town. If we head towards the water tower, we should be fine.”

Thresha nodded and followed her hyperherm sweetheart, trying her best not to stare at the swing of those wide hips, quite a bit larger than they’d been before the two had started warping around DL’s universe, not that she would complain in the slightest. “Just be careful, ok? There’s no telling what’s out here.”

Shelly scoffed, almost skipping through the woods, until she reached the edge of a two lane highway, turning to her girlfriend and laughing, “Thresha, come on... we’ve been to a Macro town, we did the dirty with an actual macro hyperherm! We’ve

been to an alien planet, and you even got fwoomped by THE Amber O'Malley herself! What could happen that would be more dangerous, or exciting, than that?!"

The curvy shark crossed her arms beneath her bust, a smile slowly creasing her snout. "I suppose you're right. But doesn't it seem like we're no longer the main characters in the story? I mean, everywhere else we've been, we've encountered one of DL's girls within a few minutes."

Shelly waved her hand in dismissal, "Oh pish posh, I'm sure the story will run into us eventually, we just need to keep our eyes open."

The phukbunny should have known better than to give an opening that obvious to an author, especially a somewhat lazy smut-peddler. As she stepped into the highway to cross, a massive, primer-gray and well dented pickup rounded the corner going way, way too fast. Three sets of eyes widened, there was a screeching of brakes, skidding rubber on asphalt, and then a horrifying, dull thump. Thresha watched helplessly as her girlfriend was flung ten feet down the pavement, panties, skirts, and one black book going flying.

"SHELLY!!!" She screamed, sprinting for her fallen love. Her knees skinned painfully as she slid to a stop beside the purple herm, who lay very still, both forepaws clutched to her leg.

Thresha looked up just in time to see the massive pink lynx come rushing from her truck, tears already glistening in her eyes, the loose t-shirt and sweats still doing precious little to disguise her 'gifts'. Brei skidded to a stop, wringing her huge paws, "Oh god, are you ok?! I'm sorry, didn't see you, it's just so dark, and I wasn't paying enough attention, and..."

Thresha narrowed her eyes and snarled at the big herm, "Call an ambulance, you idiot! She's hurt!"

Brei blinked at her in confusion, looking around at the endless reaches of trees, "Er... how?"

“Use your cell phone, dammit!”

“My what?”

Shelly put her paw on Thresha’s arm and forced a smile onto her face, “Thresh, honey, I’m ok... I think my leg is broken, but I’m ok.”

The blue shark nodded once, curtly, and turned her gaze back on the pink feline. “You. Go find me two straight pieces of wood, and something to tie them together. MOVE!”

As the huge teenager sprinted off as if her life depended on it, Thresha turned back to Shelly, brushing a few locks of hair from her eyes.

“I don’t understand... this doesn’t happen in DL’s stories... you told me no one ever gets hurt.” Thresha whimpered, trying her best to keep the tears from her eyes.

“We’re not in a Dissident Love story anymore, honey.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean... I’m pretty sure that... was Brei Bobtail. There’s not an overwhelming amount of giant pink hyperherm lynx running around. I’d say we’re about 10 years before Amber was even born...”

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“The leg is definitely broken, miss. I’ll need to put a cast on it, and you should stay off your feet for at least a week or two, after which time we can look at a soft cast for the lower leg. Shall I go with purple, to match your lovely fur?” The little owlsh doctor did his best to smile, trying to keep his eyes off the gigantic package and hips of the phukbunny and mostly failing.

“Actually if you have anything in a fuchsia, I like what it does for my eyes.”

Thresha snorted, trying to still her own nerves. “There’s that big box of crayons again.”

The doctor smiled and left the two hyperherms and one woman alone. The door was barely shut before Thresha was in Brei’s face... or rather, would have been if she wasn’t squarely eye level with enormous lynx tits. “What the fuck did you think you were doing, driving that fast down an obscured road, AT NIGHT?! You’re lucky she’s going to be alright, you could have KILLED someone.”

Brei nodded, the huge lynx looking terrified of the angry sharkess, so frightened and cowed that she BARELY noticed the breadth of Thresha’s hips, or the way her interstellar undies showed off the heft of her bosom... barely, her restraints groaning beneath her over-full sweats. As the older woman tore into her, the big cat began to sniffle, then sob, huge tears rolling down her cheeks, leaving darker furrows in her pink fluff.

“And without proper lights, to boot! You’re lucky that rust bucket even held together long enough to get us here. Why I have half a mind to...”

Shelly’s voice cracked like a whip, instantly seizing the attention of both Thresha and Brei. “Thresha! That is ENOUGH.”

The two large furs snapped their eyes to the prone phukbunny, her hyper endowments making it very difficult for her to see OVER them, but those huge eyes were glaring hard enough to set her girlfriend’s hair on fire. “I’m alright... she made a very bad choice tonight, but she’s still a teenager, you’re hitting her a little hard with the angry shark routine.”

Thresha jerked her eyes back around so fast her tail nearly knocked the cat over. “You’re a TEENAGER?! But... you’re fucking HUGE!”

Brei blushed, nodding, scuffing her huge footpaw on the floor. The doctor chose that

moment to come back in, wrapping Shelly's leg in a hard cast. If his paw wandered just a bit more than it should have, Shelly chose not to mention the fact, though she MAY have allowed herself to swell just a bit for his enjoyment. Had to thank him SOMEHOW.

The door opened quietly, and the person Brei most dreaded seeing slipped inside. Bob Bobtail very quietly grasped his daughter by the arm and pulled her out into the waiting room. He kept his voice very even and very quiet, but the anger was clear behind his words. "I can't begin to say how disappointed I am in you, Breianna. You can bet you won't be driving again any time soon, and I think we need to find some more chores for you, if this is what you do with your spare time."

The little lynx rubbed his temples, pacing, while his daughter sobbed silently, her top starting to grow damp from the tears. "We're not going to tell Papa about this. It would break his heart, and I won't do that to him. Frankly you're going to have to work pretty hard to regain the trust you've lost tonight."

Brei nodded, her head hanging so low she was almost nuzzling her own breasts. The door to the examination room opened, and Shelly hobbled out, leaning on her sharky girlfriend.

"Oh, hello Mr. Bobtail! Wow, you look EXACTLY how I imagined. Er... from the way Brei described you." Shelly gushed, remembering herself barely in time to fumble a half-assed save.

"Good evening, miss, I'm very sorry for my daughter's actions. If there's anything I can do to make amends, please let me know."

Shelly slapped a fluffy purple paw over Thresha's mouth moments before the shark put her foot firmly in it and smiled. "Well sir, we ARE from out of town, and it doesn't look like I'll be going anywhere for a while. Do you maybe have a spare room to put us up? We'd be happy to do whatever work we can."

Thresha's eye quirked, swiping her tongue over Shelly's paw until the bunny let go with a yelp and rubbed saliva on her leg. The curvy shark whispered softly, "Why are we staying?"

“Because she needs help, Thresh. And I’m uniquely equipped to give it to her.”

“Was that an innuendo?”

“Always assume innuendo with a phukbunny, dearest.”

Bob waited for the covert conversation to stop before nodding, “Absolutely, and don’t you worry about helping out. It’s the least we can do to make up for Breianna’s actions. I would ask, miss shark, if you could drive the truck home? I’m afraid I can’t reach the pedals, and my daughter won’t be getting behind the wheel.”

Thresha nodded, and was about to walk Shelly out when Brei shuffled over and calmly lifted the phukbunny as though she weighed nothing at all, cradling her in the crook of one arm, her eyes huge and red from tears. “I’m REALLY sorry...”

Shelly patted the huge cat on the cheek, trying to ignore how GOOD it felt to just be carried, and replied, “I know. You and I have lots to talk about, Strawberry, but this is a good start. I’m Shelly, and this is my girlfriend Thresha.”

Thresha suddenly stopped and began swearing up a blue streak, prompting the other three to come to a halt and turn to look.

“The book... the damn book... we just got it back, and I didn’t think to look for it!”

Brei shifted Shelly to one arm only, earning one hell of a shiver from the purple phukbunny, her clothing audibly squeaking at the sudden growth of her nethers, and pulled the black bound collection out of her pocket. “Oh don’t worry, Ms. Thresha, I grabbed it when I picked up your clothes.”

The curvaceous shark grabbed the book, looking suspiciously at the big feline, “You didn’t read it... did you?”

Brei shook her great head, shifting Shelly back to cradle in both paws, and continued on her way to the car. “No, why? Is it private, like a diary?”

“Kid, let’s just say... the less you know, the better it is for all of us.”

Shelly nodded, still nuzzled underneath the lynx’s chin, and having a hard time keeping her thoughts in the PG-13 range. “Paradox, altering timelines, that sort of thing. Best just to let us handle it.”

“I didn’t understand any of that, but ok.”

Thresha moved in front of the two. “Hold on, I’ll get the thing for you.”

“The thing? What thing?”

“We can’t say the word or we jump stories. The thing you go through to get into the truck.” She explained, popping the door open and holding it for the lynx.

“Oh... ok then. Can’t say the thing or... or you jump... stories... sure.”

Brei carefully slid Shelly into the middle of the bench seat, before reluctantly handing her keys to Thresha, and clambering in after the phukbunny. The sharkess took a moment to try the pedals, needing to stretch with her toes, but managing well enough that she turned the key.

As the big engine turned over and Thresha very carefully pulled the beast out of the hospital’s parking lot, Brei used the opportunity to really look at the two strange furs. Thresha, with her wide hips, thick tail... thick EVERYTHING, actually, had her straining her Kevlar underwear just by glancing, not to mention the shark’s scent, which she couldn’t quite describe but had to admit it was having quite the effect on her. Shelly was another story... the little hyperherm was certainly equipped. Relatively speaking she made Brei look tiny. She was at least as hung as the big cat and was several feet shorter. Something about the way the bunny had squirmed against her when being carried also suggested she got a HELL of a lot bigger.

Shelly, meanwhile, was sizing Brei up in much the same fashion, albeit with a lot more subtlety. She bit her lip as her eyes traveled up and down the big cat in her peripheral vision. There was just so MUCH of her, the cat barely fitting in the large cab, her purple sweats pulled tight across a massive bulge, which Shelly already knew was heavily restrained.

The ride back to the Bobtail farm was done mostly in silence, Shelly's big butt having knocked out the radio somehow upon impact. Most likely a loose wire, but where exactly it lay under the hood would have to be investigated much later. The little (in some ways) purple bunny was practically bouncing in her seat as they pulled into the long gravel drive.

"You don't know how badly I've wanted to see this place! Oh my gosh... is it Fall? Are we in time for Halloween, and the hay rides?!"

Brei shook her huge head slowly in disbelief, "Er, yeah, and yeah... and yeah. I didn't realize our little tradition was so famous outside of Circe... where did you two say you were from?"

Thresha answered for the excited phukbunny, "We're from the coast, just passing through. And Shelly, remember what we talked about."

Shelly sighed, rolling her eyes and leaning against one of Brei's enormous boobs, "She can be such a killjoy at times. Us hyperherms have to put up with a lot of humbug, you know."

Thresha snorted, and put the car in park, dropping down to the ground with a loud grunt as Brei helped the injured bunny down.

Emily Bobtail was both excited and annoyed when she was informed she had two new boarders to deal with. Excited, because she was the type of mother than enjoyed fussing over young people, and annoyed, because she hadn't had time to prepare.

"Oh dear me. Well this room should do you just perfectly. Fresh sheets are in the

closet, towels as well. I notice you don't have any changes of clothes, so I brought you some old t-shirts of Breianna's to wear to bed... they're too small for her, but they'll make nice nighties for you two girls."

Thresha caught Shelly's eye and gestured to Emily, the signal they'd worked out for 'baby got back'. Shelly tittered and swatted at her girlfriend, before limping over and flopping onto the bed, her assorted curves and bulges undulating and jiggling in such hypnotic fashion that the sharkess began to drool. "Oh this will be just fine, Mrs. Bobtail, thank you."

Thresha slid in beside her girl, resting her head against the twin swells of Shelly's monumental rack, one hand tracing over the tightly confined bulges between those thick purple thighs. "So we're doing the Quantum Leap thing, huh? What do I need to know about this girl?"

Shelly sighed happily, her legs parting to give some room to her swelling endowment, before lightly stroking her paw down Thresha's fins. "She's looked like that since she was nine... not a lot of friends, everyone is scared of her. Minimal sexual experience, mostly with the neighbor couple, though it's hard to say what all they've done, I think the author forgot about them. If I've parsed correctly, her boyfriend has just moved away, she's about to hit high school, and she's got absolutely no confidence in herself. As far as I know, she's the only hyperherm in Circe at this point, or if there's more they're keeping it under wraps."

"I love it when you get all expositional. Mmm, speaking of under wraps... we should really take advantage of our host's generous wardrobe donation."

"You just want better access to my dick..."

"I don't know what you're talking about. Totally innocent sharkie over here. So... what are we looking at... 'under the hood'?"

Shelly laughed, struggling to get her jumpsuit unzipped and over her cast, before pulling on the second-hand shirt. It might have been too small for the lynx, but on Shelly it hung to her shins and was constantly in danger of slipping over her shoulders and down. On Thresha the provided shirt was even more amusing, as without hyper

bits to require additional fabric, the big shark wore it like a dress, scuffing lightly against the floor.

“Hard to say, the author hasn’t really gone into deep detail on her size, I think to let the reader decide just how big ‘enormous’ is. But I’d estimate her as smaller than Amber at top size, and definitely smaller than Penny or any of the Seed of Lifers.”

“Well, she’s a giant either way, those muscles... mmmm... and size isn’t everything.”

“The Thresha I knew is dead.”

“Oh shut it, bunny butt. Just because she can’t compete with a macromare doesn’t mean I’m not interested. With those muscles, a lot of interesting possibilities open up.”

Brei sat with her back to the slatted wall in the barn, her little loft bedroom seeming like a jail cell, one she felt she deserved. She’d nearly killed someone tonight, a nice someone, if she read Shelly right. And Thresha, when she wasn’t snarling and spitting at her... Thresha seemed really cool. Brei hadn’t ever met a shark before, and that thick tail had her interest peaked. Call it tail envy, but she wondered how it would feel to stroke with her big paws. She could just barely see the two odd girls in silhouette through the window from where she sat, and when the vaguely shark-shaped shadow mounted the vaguely bunny-shaped shadow, she was very glad she was already ‘in her bunk’.

To those that have never been woken up by a rooster crowing... count yourselves lucky. The blasted bird started his alarm far too early in the morning for Thresha, the big shark growling and glancing about for anything to throw, only gradually realizing that she was sprawled alone in the bed, her belly only moderately bloated with the remains of Shelly’s seed. There was no sign of the Technicolor rabbit, and her girlfriend’s clothing was missing.

“Well, at least she didn’t decide to strut the halls naked... wonder if they have coffee.”

No farmhouse anywhere operated without two things: coffee, and a generous supply of bacon. The dual scents played their siren song on Thresha as she wobbled down the stairs, somehow having managed to stuff herself into her space age undies despite the added pounds. Emily Bobtail hummed under her breath as she prepared food for her guests, her daughter, her husband, and a few seasonal farmhands. Shelly sat at the kitchen table, her injured leg propped on a box, with a growing barrel of peeled potatoes between her legs.

“Morning Thresh! Didn’t know if you’d be up and around this early.”

“Not by choice... couldn’t find the snooze button on the rooster.”

She took a seat at the table, and had a heaping plate of bacon, eggs, and the most heavenly smelling java ever plopped in front of her, the ravenous woman tucked in immediately. Shelly tried not to giggle as she watched food disappear into her girlfriend, having some idea of just why Thresha was so hungry that morning.

“Bob’s in the fields, and I think Brei was in the stables. Shelly was nice enough to offer to help with lunch, since she can’t very well move about on her leg. Do you think you might be able to help Brei with the cows?” Emily asked sweetly, refilling Thresha’s cup.

The curvy sharkess nodded, finishing her breakfast and standing once again, giving Shelly an affectionate peck on the cheek, before whispering, “I’ll have you know, I’m very sore in places this morning... I’m glad you got over that whole ‘holding back’ bullshit.”

Shelly grinned, and Emily snickered, “Thresha, darling, we lynx have very good hearing. You might want to watch what you say, especially around my daughter. She’s not nearly as... discreet as I am.”

Blushing rather more than she was comfortable with, Thresha ducked outside to the peeling laughter of the two girls. She padded carefully through the dawn light, managing to find the barn on the second try (how many barns does one need, honestly). She found Brei moving hay bales around, one under each arm.

“Oh! Good morning, Miss Thresha.”

“Just Thresha, Brei. Or Thresh, or ‘sha, or ‘hey you with the fins’. We don’t stand much on ceremony where I’m from. You need help with those?”

Brei raised one brow, glancing from the shark to the huge hay bales. “Er...if you think you can.”

The shark scoffed, flashing the much younger herm a grin, and went to grab a bale. She was used to being doubted, she definitely didn’t look very strong, but shark physiology being what it was, she could hold her own in most any situation.

Of course, she didn’t often try to lift 400 lb hay bales. Thresha heaved and strained, her eyes bulging with the weight, barely managing to pick the thing off the ground, and in no way able to move with it. Her eyes darted to Brei, who calmly stood with two of the damn things without a hint of strain. Her panties were suddenly VERY moist.

“Er... maybe I’ll just watch. Not light on the muscle, are you?”

Brei blushed softly, setting the two bales down and going back for more, her huge footpaws stepping lightly over the straw covering the entirety of the barn. “As I understand it, it’s a hyper thing. Just naturally stronger than normal furs... though in my case, I think my size helps.”

Certainly doesn’t hurt... or maybe... Thresha clamped down on that train of thought... as well as squeezing her thighs together to fight the rising heat.

“Nice to have around a farm, I’d imagine. Not to mention the effect on girls and boys alike.”

Brei sniffed, briefly freezing, and then resumed her duties, “Not a lot that appreciate a grrl my size, Thresha.”

The shark scowled briefly, before stepping up close to the huge herm and resting a hand lightly on her hip. “You’d be surprised, Brei. They just might be a bit quiet about it, at your age. But there ARE those of us out there that would go crazy for someone like you.”

Brei did not miss the fact Thresha had incriminated herself. Just like Thresha did not miss how Brei’s skirt suddenly got a LOT fuller. But they were both polite (and shy) enough not to mention it. Brei showed Thresha how to milk the cows, collect the eggs, and feed the pigs, and then it was time for lunch before the afternoon chores. Thresha decided she was not cut out for life on a farm... the poor shark was utterly exhausted where Brei hadn’t even broken a sweat.

Emily piped up through a mouthful of potato salad, “Now Brei, make sure your nice dress is clean for tomorrow. You want to make a good impression on your first day of school.”

“Mom, I’m not sure I could make any impression other than ‘look at that freak’ if I wanted to.”

“Now honey, don’t talk like that. You’re definitely not a freak, and your classmates will love you.”

Shelly looked at Thresha and nodded before clearing her throat, her plate empty. “Brei dear, I’d really enjoy seeing the orchard, do you think you might carry me?”

Brei finished her meal and smiled, nodding a little sadly as she placed her dishes in the sink to be washed. “Sure Shelly, I’ve got time before I need to muck out the stables. Just want to see it? Or do you want to take your book and read under one of the trees? I always love that.”

“Oh no honey, that’s not necessary, just a nice stroll with you.”

The huge feline picked Shelly up carefully, cradling her like a child against her rather enormous chest, earning a soft stab of jealousy from Thresha and a slight plumping of

Shelly's nethers. All present politely ignored the gentle squeak of expanding nanofibers, both from the bunny and the lynx.

Nuzzling against Brei's cheek and chest, Shelly let her eyes droop in relaxed pleasure, one paw gently stroking over a bicep every bit as large as her own thigh. "Mmmm... muscles."

Brei giggled and together they set off for the Barlows' orchard, Brei's long stride effortlessly covering the half mile with no hint of strain from either the walk or the effort of carrying the rapidly expanding bunny herm.

"High school tomorrow, huh? Big step, lots of new faces, people that haven't grown up with you for 15 years."

"Hey, I'm nervous enough, don't make me think about all the NEW people that are going to treat me like some dangerous beast."

"Actually honey, I'm trying to tell you that there's going to be quite a few who are going to have much different ideas... particularly about your 'beast'."

Brei paused mid-stride, her head cocked, and then blushed a shade of purple pretty close to the bunny's fur. "Oh you hush... I've gotten my hopes up before and had them dashed."

Shelly squirmed slightly in Brei's arms as they entered the pear orchard, her huge eyes widening as she looked around, one paw fishing in the pockets of her coveralls. "Oh WOW... it goes on for miles... I didn't think it would be this big!"

"That's what SHE said."

Shelly bapped the big cat, and finally succeeded in freeing what she had been fighting with. She opened her wallet, and flipped through several pictures of her and Thresha, before coming to one in particular. She held the photo up to Brei, a small, skinny, nerdy looking brown bunny. No hyper boobs, no hyper junk, just... skinny.

“This is what I used to look like, honey. I CHOSE to look like this. To look like... well, you! There are a lot of us out there that will not only love you for how you look, but who you ARE. They’ll want to get to know you, and I’m not just talking about that gigantic cat cock of yours.”

“God, Shelly, I don’t have any blood left that’s not in my face! Folks are really not shy where you come from, are they?”

“Oh, just me, honey. Besides, it’s just us hyperherms here, no need to beat around the bush.”

“That’s what SHE-“

“Don’t start...”

Both hyperherms dissolved into giggles, and Brei gently set Shelly down in the shade of a pear tree, reaching up to pluck two pieces of fruit from the hanging branches. “Do you really think people will like me at the high school, Shelly?”

Munching on the sweet fruit, the phukbunny nodded emphatically, which did interesting things for her arousal-plumped breasts and bulge. “I think, like any school, there will be a period of adjustment as folks get used to you, but I think you’ll find a great many people interested in getting to know the Strawberry Lynx. Just remember, it’s all in the impression you give. If you assume everyone is going to hate you and fear you, you’re going to act in such a way as to make it come true. Act like everyone should love the wonderful person you ARE, and be nice to everyone around you, and you’ll make friends paw over fist. Brei, you can be whoever you want to be... it’s all up to you. Be who you want to be.”

Brei rested her massive head against the trunk of the tree, her plaid skirt draping over a bulge that would make anyone but another hyperherm, especially one of Shelly’s proportions, either terrified or extremely excited. “I’ll try... really I’ll try. Um... if you don’t mind me asking... how do you know so much about me? I only met you yesterday, but it feels like you know everything there is to know about me.”

Shelly grinned and tapped the side of her nose, “Now now, a herm has to have SOME secrets. Just think of me as a very fwoompy guardian angel.”

“Fwoomp?”

“You know, when you... um... finish... inside someone? And they kinda...” Shelly made expanding motions with her paws on her own belly, her eyebrows raised to a degree of suggestive that needed censor bars.

“Oh? Oh... OH! Oh my!”

Shelly grinned, resting her head against one of Brei’s bunny-sized boobs. “Spread it around, it might catch on. God you’re comfy, can I just use you like a bed?”

“You can use me however you LIKE!” Brei groaned softly, gulping after and meeting Shelly’s gaze, after which both herms dissolved into uncontrollable giggles.

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High school was both bigger... and smaller... than Brei had imagined. She had visions in her head of some vast edifice of higher learning, with massive buildings that would make even her feel small and insignificant. The reality was much different, of course, with Circe High only playing host to some 2000 students in those days. The school itself looked much the same as the Junior High, just a little bit more of it, but the students... the students all looked so... so old!

As the huge pink lynx stepped off the bus for her very first day of high school, she was greeted by the sight of whole clumps of Seniors and Juniors standing about, chatting, checking out the new freshman, and generally loitering like most teenagers did. Brei was used to how she looked, but she’d only had a rare occasion to be around older teenagers, to see how THEY looked, hear how THEY talked. Given her fantastic hearing, it was very easy for the big cat to hear EXACTLY what the topic of choice was when she came into view.

“Holy fuck will you look at HER!”

“Oh those cannot be real.”

“Oh that cannot be real...is it?”

“Where did she get that shade of dye...?”

“Wonder what class she teaches.”

Brei blushed and hurried out of the parking lot as the topics of conversation grew a LOT more indecent, referring to parts of her anatomy in such familiar terms that her restraints began to dig into her hips. She wasn't even sure some of the suggestions were physically possible... though she'd love to find out. Shelly had warned her that being around this many raging teenage hormones might affect her more strongly than she was used to, and boy was she right. Wincing, she tried to shift her hips a little, take the pressure of her massive seed-tanks off her poor hips and thighs, but no matter which way she moved, it didn't help.

So focused on her squirming was she, that she failed to notice her audience until Fred cleared his throat politely. Brei's eyes snapped up to find the entirety of her wrestling squad trying very hard not to giggle or stare. Apparently she'd been putting on quite the show.

“Heya pynx, got a problem there?”

“Nothing your mom can't fix, Fred.”

There was the usual round of 'ooooohs', the young colt slugging her in the arm with a smile. “Horrifically enough, you may have a chance, she's been on a herm kick lately.”

“Oh, well give her my number, then, let’s get you some pink brothers and sisters.”

“Gross. Thank you for that mental image of you banging my mom...”

“My pleasure. Where’s the food at?”

Like some bizarre wolf pack, the wrestlers and Brei found the cafeteria for their first taste of school breakfast, which Larry the Rhino promptly issued a very dubious score of ‘4’ on the quality... despise going back for seconds.

“What? I’m a growing boy, need my vitamins.”

“Larry, you’re supposed to grow UP, not out.”

“I’m getting there, shut up.”

There was a commotion at a table across the room, and Brei glanced up to see a crowd of four big furs surrounding a table of what could only be described as ‘weirdos’. There was a very large and wide husky girl with hair shaved so only the bangs were long, wearing a flannel shirt and sitting beside a very femmy looking doe with longer hair. A couple nerdy boys in glasses holding D&D books, one very wide bovine boy, two goth rabbits, and one very feminine looking skinny panda boy. It was the panda that the four older boys were focused on, like a pack sensing the weakest member of the herd. With her amazing hearing, she was able to pick out the conversation as though she stood next to the group.

“Hey fag, don’t you be checking out my ass.”

“Yeah, you heard him, ya queer, wuss...”

“Where’s your purse, fairy?”

“When your boyfriend finishes with you, do you totally go ass to mouth for him?”

The group paused in their abuse and turned to stare at the fourth boy, who shrugged and raised his paws. “What? My dad watches some kinky shit.”

The panda hadn’t responded, he merely sat staring back at the four boys, possibly the worst thing he could have done. His gaze was challenging the group, the panda not acting like the easy prey they had assumed he was. There was the pregnant pause in conversations throughout the room as the unmistakable lead-up to a fight started ticking away. The rest of the panda’s group all seemed to be trying to turn invisible, not looking at the confrontation nor offering any kind of support.

“Be who you want to be...” Brei murmured, before rising.

“Hey, I’m talking to you, you pillow-biting sword swallower... I asked you a fucking question. What the fuck do you think you’re doing at our school? We don’t like your type around here!” The big, burly wolf leading the group was growling, prodding the little panda with one finger. His letterman’s jacket proclaimed him the captain of the Circe High Football Team (Go Whitefish!). He was about to start poking again when a massive pink paw came to rest heavily on his shoulder, prompting him to look around, and then up... and then up some more.

“Hello.” Brei said, smiling brightly.

“Uh... hi...”

“You know, I don’t think it’s very nice to be picking on this nice young man for the choices he may or may not have made with his life. I think we’re all entitled to live our lives how we see fit, and all try to be happy in whatever way makes us so. You may not agree with his choices, might not want him around, but that’s not your decision to make, and I think you should respect that. After all, I’m sure that there are things about you that you’re sensitive about, and that you wouldn’t like if someone picked on.”

She beamed her huge, brilliantly white smile at everyone around, releasing the wolf’s

shoulder and crossing her arms gently beneath her chest. “I think it would be a great idea if the two of you just agreed to disagree, and went about your separate ways. This nice young man is enjoying his breakfast with his friends, and you can enjoy your own with YOUR friends. Wouldn’t that make everyone happier?”

“Uh... sure...”

“Yeah... why not...”

“Great! Now I’m going back to sit with MY friends. You all have just a WONDERFUL day, ok?” Brei smiled once more, and practically skipped back to the wrestling table.

There, I was who I want to be, and I made a difference. I’m sure those boys are going to be thinking over what I said, and be better people because of it.

The wolf waited until she was more than halfway back across the room, before he managed to find his voice again, breathing in an awestruck, small voice, “Holy shit, did you see the tits on that chick?”

The little panda boy also had difficulty finding the words, nodding dumbly before squeaking, “God yes... I would motorboat those puppies for DAYS...”

“Wait... you like boobs? I thought you were gay.”

“I prefer to think of myself as open-minded. And who DOESN’T like boobs?”

“You know what, little dude... you’re alright.”

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Brei came practically dancing through the front door, flinging her coat and her bag onto the hook waiting by the stairs, and lightly sprang into the kitchen where her

mother was preparing dinner. She bent down and gave her mom a kiss on the cheek, then gave one to Shelly, who was peeling potatoes, her foot elevated. Then she skipped across the room to the table where Thresha and her Dad sat, and passed out kisses there too, earning one hell of a blush from the blue sharkess.

“Good day, sweetie?”

“Oh god, the BEST! My teachers are awesome, the school is like... ME size, and I even stopped a fight today!”

Bob Bobtail smiled, lifting his eyes from the mound of ledgers and paper that Thresha had spread out, going over the farm’s finances with him. “That’s great, honey... wait, fight? How did you stop a fight without me being called in to the principal’s office...?”

“Thanks Dad, appreciate the confidence. I just calmly explained to the boys why I though what they were doing was wrong, and they totally are going to be friends now. I’m like... Gandhi... or something.”

“I’m not sure Gandhi wore a size 24X, dear. But that’s lovely!”

Shelly tossed a wink to her girlfriend, who returned it and went back to figuring out Mr. Bobtail’s finances.

After dinner had been scarfed, and Mr. and Mrs. Bobtail had gone to bed, Brei, Shelly, and Thresha sat out under the stars, their bellies full (extra full, in Shelly’s case. Mrs. Bobtail made carrot cake).

“It’s really peaceful out here. I’ve never lived outside of the city, you have so many more stars!” Thresha breathed, gently moving her hand from one to the next, trying to identify constellations. “Hey Shell, they have the same ones we do... is that significant?”

“Probably not, the author is probably just too lazy to make up new ones when they

don't have anything to do with the sex."

"You two are weird, you know that?"

"Says the eight foot hyperherm with pink fur."

"So much weirder than a five foot purple hyperherm."

"I know, right?"

Thresha shivered slightly, her scales not much defense from the cool autumn evening. Before she could voice her discomfort, a massive pink arm wrapped around her, cuddling her in close to acres of softness. Her teeth grabbed her lip as the sheer power, the size of the teenager sent her panties towards the 'tidal wave' level of wetness, only to glance over soft white belly to find Shelly also held in tight, grinning at her. The sharkess sighed in utter contentment, and the trio spent quite the happy hour cuddling under the night sky.

The following day, after she had wolfed down enough breakfast to feed a platoon, Brei grabbed her belongings to make it to the bus on time. Thresha stopped her with one hand on her belly, smiling.

"Hey kid, I'll drive you, I want to do some exploring in town."

"Oh I don't want to be a bother."

"No bother, really, I'm headed that way."

"Oh it's alright, I don't mind the bus that much, really."

Thresha sighed, put her hands on her hips and gave Brei her number 3 scowl. "Kid, you're bigger than me, stronger than me, and I know I can't physically make you do

anything. But I have very sharp teeth, and I know all the sensitive places to use them. Get your big ass into the truck.”

Brei gave a yelp and hopped to obey, sliding into the passenger side of her own truck, as Thresha hauled herself up into the driver’s side. At a much more sedate pace than the vehicle had yet known, they took off towards town and Circe High.

“So, all set for your second day of High School? Best years of your life, everyone will tell you.”

“Is that true?”

“Fuck no, they have BOOZE in college.”

Brei giggled, blushing slightly as her eyes couldn’t help but wander over Thresha’s shapely thighs. The sharkess wore an old shirt of hers, cut and tied off so that it revealed her midriff and lifted her breasts. A pair of jeans that seemed to actually belong to the girl completed the look, as well as hugging parts of her anatomy that definitely deserved embracing.

Thresha snickered softly, making Brei snap her eyes up, to find she had been absolutely caught. “Crud...”

“Oh shush, I don’t mind. Best part of me is below the belt, if I do say so myself. Say, where’s the nearest Stardoe’s to your school?”

“Um, 3rd street... no 1st... no wait, there’s another on Lime Ave.”

“Nice to see our worlds have something in common.”

Thresha dropped Brei off at the school, earning a couple whistles from some of the boys... though which girl they were whistling at was open for discussion. She set off for the coffee shop, where she set about phase two of her master plan. Putting her

sauciest wiggle into her walk, she ‘accidentally’ bumped into a well-dressed businessfur as he was getting his triple caramel moccialattechinowwhatever.

“Oh, EXCUSE me, sir, I didn’t see you there.”

“Oh my... no... no problem miss, none at all.”

“Goodness, is that your briefcase? What do you do for a living?”

“Well, I’m a senior vice-president of marketing at Genco.”

“Oh really? Well, maybe I could talk to you about something then...”

The curvy sharkess sat down beside the well-dressed rabbit, her smile almost predatory.

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“You got a job?!” Shelly exclaimed, staring at her mate.

“Not really a job, I’m a consultant.”

“Thresha, you go to a building for eight hours and get a paycheck, I think that qualifies as a job. What are you THINKING?! We don’t know how many ways you’ve changed the timeline since LUNCH!”

Thresha rolled her eyes and clamped one hand around the Technicolor hyperherm’s muzzle. “Shell... relax. I’m a marketing consultant, I might raise their profits by one or two percent, nothing more. Just trust me on this, I have something I need the money for.”

Shelly mumbled a muffled protest, her muzzle still held shut by Thresha's strong hand. She folded her paws across her chest and huffed.

"This brings up an interesting extra-curricular idea... I wonder if the Bobtails have any bridles..."

Shelly kicked her. Terribly rude.

- - - - -

Saturday morning found Brei underneath her truck, fiddling with a loose wire, and trying to make it so the radio dial didn't turn the windshield wipers on. So far she'd only electrocuted herself a little bit. She became conscious of another presence when one fluffy purple paw and one tightly-wrapped paw stepped to either side of her head, giving the big cat one hell of an amazing view between Shelly's legs. Enormous, denim-covered bulges didn't quite completely obscure the cleft of her thighs, the generous bubble of her butt, tightly hugged by those jean shorts. Brei reflected that Shelly had one HELL of a caboose, and a certain part of her got a hell of a lot bigger, impacting with the undercarriage of the truck in a way that couldn't be safe for either lynx or automobile.

"Hiya Brei! Whatcha working on?"

"Breaking the land speed record for popping wood..." she mumbled, before continuing loud enough for Shelly to hear, "I'm trying to work on the electrics, they're shorting out. My papa and I are rebuilding it, but he's busy with work, so he gave me a couple projects."

"Neat! Mind if I help?"

"Um, ok, but I'm not sure there's a lot you can..."

"Oh it's no problem, I'll grab tools for you."

“I’ve got a tool you can grab...” They both responded in unison, dissolving into giggles shortly after.

“I’m pretty transparent with the puns, huh?”

“Honey, you could double for a window. But that’s alright, my sense of humor can take a little obviousness.”

Brei called for a pair of pliers, and when the phukbunny handed it to her, she reflected on just how nice Shelly’s thighs were. It wasn’t often that you heard someone appreciate a nice pair of thighs. It was always the butt, or the boobs, or the legs as a whole. The thighs, as it were, were a very under-represented member of the catcall community. Shelly had some DAMN good ones, though.

“You have some pretty killer thighs yourself!”

“Fuck, I said that out loud, didn’t I?”

“Every word. And don’t swear, it’s not ladylike.”

“Sorry...”

“Just fucking with you.”

“Bitch.”

“And proud!” Shelly grinned, sitting down on the big truck, barely making the nearly kaput shocks work. “What do you guys do for fun around here?”

“Besides masturbate?”

“Besides masturbate.”

“Um, in the summer we go swimming in the lake, or go hiking. In the fall... well, I mean we go see movies, or football games... the older kids sometimes sneak off into the woods to drink... not a lot goes on here. Heck, most of the time I’m too tired after working in the fields to do much of anything.”

“Besides masturbate.”

“Shush you.”

Shelly grinned, patting her oversized bunnymakers, “Hey, don’t feel bad, grrl’s gotta let off steam somehow. You’re young, you’ll find your Thresha someday.”

“Till then, can I borrow yours?”

Shelly smirked broadly, covering it with one fluffy paw. “Oh, well... that’s not out of the question. I’ll ask her for you.”

There was a loud, emphatic WHUMP from the underside of the car, following by gratuitous cursing from the lynx. She emerged from beneath the truck, rubbing her hyper bits rather tenderly. “That’s not nice when I don’t have a lot of clearance, you know.”

“Sorry, didn’t realize it was so snug...”

“Liar.”

“Well yeah, but still, you’re fun to tease. Incidentally, your wires are crossed, you need to run the positive to the positive, you’ve got them all switched up. Here, scootch, I’ll show you.”

With a lot of help from the big cat, Shelly managed to lay down on the rolling cart and slide under the truck, pointing out the mis-managed electrics to the younger herm, and giving her a basic lesson in electrical physics. They fixed that particular problem, then followed some loose wires back and managed to get the heater working, and the radio. By the time Thresha came looking for the two, rather hoping to find one or both of them bloated and sloshing, Brei had lifted Shelly back to vertical and they were chatting about fur care.

“Hey you two, Emily says dinner will be ready in five minutes, you should come inside.”

Shelly smiled and patted Brei on the hip, “Why don’t you go ahead, honey, I’ll be right behind you.”

Brei shrugged and took off, while Thresha raised a brow at her girlfriend. “Having fun?”

“Oh tremendously, we were playing with electricity. Is my fur actually standing on end, or just feels that way?”

“Looks fine to me.”

“Oh good. Hey, where were you today?”

Thresha had the grace to look slightly guilty as she scuffed one paw on the ground. “Well... I was shopping. Have you seen her underwear selection? Poor thing is deprived, only plain white cotton as far as the eye can see.”

“It’s pretty hard to find sexy undies in her size, dear heart... though one wonders why you were in her underwear drawer.”

“Uh... no comment. But I had an idea...”

The two travelers huddled up, whispering, with Shelly grinning wider and wider, before erupting into furious, maniacal giggles. “Oh yes, lets!”

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Brei smiled gently to herself, getting comfy in bed in the hayloft, the lights dimmed to nothing, her naked body sprawled delightfully. It was a nightly ritual, especially since the two odd girls had been guests of the house. Her paws wrapped tightly around herself, her eyes watched through the window for the silhouette of Thresha bouncing on her girlfriend’s huge phukbunny cock. Brei began to get hard just thinking about it, her length growing steadily outward, larger and larger in her huge paws, which slowly worked their way up and down the throbbing flesh.

Thresha didn’t appear tonight, however, much to her disappointment. That was alright, she had enough mental images of those big shark tits bouncing to get the job done on her own. She sighed softly, happily, and began to stroke, just as the softest sound of a footpaw reached her big ears. She froze in place, grabbing at herself, and listened again.

“Hi Brei.” Came Shelly’s voice, INCREDIBLY close.

“GAH!” She screamed, immediately releasing herself and drawing the covers up around her neck. “Don’t sneak up on me like that!”

Thresha’s teeth gleamed in the moonlight as she grinned, helping her girlfriend make it up the ladder and into the hayloft. “It’s getting awful cold out, and it was so comfy cuddling with you under the stars, Shelly thought it would be nice to spend the night that way. You don’t mind, do you?”

God...I’m hard as fuck and they want to cuddle?! Oh my poor kitmakers...

“S-sure, that’d be fine. C-come on under the c-covers here with me.”

The purple phukbunny and blue sharkess suppressed giggles and climbed into bed with the enormous teenager, wrapping themselves around her and somehow keeping their bodies from rubbing against Brei's hardness. Shelly churred softly, nuzzling at Brei's neck, while Thresha rested her head on a massive lynx boob and promptly drifted off to sleep.

"Goodnight, Brei!" Shelly squeaked softly.

"Goodnight, Shelly..." Brei whispered, before inwardly groaning. *God, this is gonna be a long night.*

One thing teenagers get used to, is that most weeks of high school are interchangeable. The food all tastes the same, the classes mainly cover the same stuff, and it's just a general malaise of non-experience. So it was at Circe as well, and when Brei got off the bus Monday morning, she was greeted with the same whispered exclamations. Rolling her huge green eyes, she made a bee-line for her wrestling buddies, and they rushed off to get breakfast before Larry the Rhino started eating bits of the buildings.

Before she even got to her table, Brei overheard a conversation between two vixens sitting in the middle of the lunchroom.

"Gawd, if I was that fat, I swear I'd just literally kill myself. I mean seriously, she jiggles, even when she's sitting still. That can't be healthy."

"I KNOW, she's like a total cow... no offense to cows. Oh em gee, look at the kid next to her, he looks like he's afraid she's gonna eat him."

"Well wouldn't YOU be? I mean, if your butt could fit in anything."

"Hey now, it's genetic, I'm just built for badonkadonk."

Brei found the two with her eyes, and followed their gaze to a rather cute feline, who happened to be a size 20 or larger. Nodding at her buddies, she set her tray down,

took a deep breath, and made her way over to the two vixens. When she was maybe twenty feet away, however, the large wolf boy, with panda in tow, beat her to the punch. Wearing his varsity letterman's jacket, the senior sat down opposite two vixens who immediately began fawning over the handsome young fur. He cut them off cold.

"Stop. I heard what you were saying about Susie, and I don't appreciate it one bit. As my little bro Kevin here has been teaching me, there's a lot of crap that gets tossed around here at Circe. A lot of bullshit gets said, furs get put down, and folks feel like dirt. You're part of the problem." His eyes were hard, staring down the two popular femmes like they were the defensive line.

"But... but it's not like she could hear us..." one began, before the wolf made a chopping gesture with one paw.

"I heard it. The furs around you heard it. I don't hear it again, got it? Yeah, she's heavy, but that's not who she IS."

Kevin, apparently the little panda boy, piped up from beside the wolf easily twice his size, "Yeah, besides, it means she has bigger boobs."

"Well said, little bro. You see girls, me and Kevin here, we like boobs. Big ones especially. And when someone picks on a girl like Susie, she believes them, and starts thinking less of herself. And that means those boobs are gonna get hidden away, or worse, get smaller. We don't like that."

"We don't like it one bit." Kevin chimed in, as Brei stared in shock.

The vixens nodded, almost in tears at being brought to task by the hunky captain. "We're sorry, we won't do it again, we promise."

The big wolf stood up, nodding, and resting one big paw on Kevin's shoulder. "Good, I've got my eyes on you. Now go and make friends with her."

The two girls goggled, blinking several times, “Uh... excuse me?”

Brei watched the wolf point at the table where Susie sat, oblivious to her champion’s actions. “You’re going over there, you’re going to sit with her, and you’re going to get to know her as a person. Maybe then you won’t be so quick to tear her down.”

As the two boys turned to go, they spotted Brei, frozen in mid stride, and the big wolf sauntered over, trailing his panda sidekick. He extended one big paw, smiling, “Hey, name’s Rick. Thanks for what you did last week, Kevin and I have been hanging out. He’s a pretty cool dude, despite being more femme than my sister.”

The panda huffed as Brei shook his friend’s paw, “Your sister has a bigger dick than me, too, but it’s not nice to bring up... douche.”

“How do you know how big my sister’s dick is... you know what, nevermind, I don’t wanna know.”

Rick winked at Brei before giving his buddy a good-natured cuff on the ear, “Thanks again, I’ll see you around, kay?”

Brei just nodded, still dumbfounded by the avalanche she’d started.

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Working at an advertising agency without using any ad campaigns she’d heard over a lifetime was considerably harder than Thresha had anticipated. Several times she’d had to toss hours’ worth of work after realizing that she had copied a Taco Bell ad from ten years prior. Her coworkers kept checking out her ass, her boss was an idiot, but at the end of the week when she got her check, it was all worth it. She examined that innocuous piece of paper and grinned broadly, which for a shark was a very disconcerting look. The teller at the bank had given her a funny look when she’d made her request of what to do with the money, but had still contacted the individual she’d chosen. It HAD been a fairly nice sized check, after all. Thresha put the remainder of her funds into her wallet, and crawled back into the oversized pickup. She reflected idly that if they didn’t leave this story soon, she’d need to

invest in some flannel and a John Deere hat.

Shelly leaned over, resting her head on her girlfriend's shoulder, nuzzling and making eyes at her. "You know, I've never done it in the bed of a truck before..."

"The term 'bed' is a misnomer... that shit is UNCOMFORTABLE. Besides, you'd fwoomp me right out of it."

"Awww, don't want to experiment, my love?"

"ONE of us would have to drive home... and you have a bum leg and would need a phone book or six to see over the dash..."

"Mmmm, that's assuming I want to go anywhere... why would I want to leave a nicely fwoomped shark bed?"

Thresha felt her panties growing wetter and growled lightly, "You fucking tease, you're just doing this because I can't take you up on it."

"That may have factored into my calculations, yes. Oh, there's the doctor's office."

With the phukbunny leaning against her shark, the two made their way into the medical center, informed the receptionist of their appointment, and waited. Once inside, the doctor was exceptionally flustered by the degree of healing Shelly's leg had done in so short a time.

"My god, it's nearly completely healed! You say this happened two weeks ago? This is extraordinary!"

"Let's just say I have certain advantages over your average fur."

Thresha exchanged a look with Shelly and placed a hand on the doctor's arm, "We'd

appreciate it if you kept this quiet. I'd be... very grateful..." She winked slowly, her tongue slowly slithering over her lips.

The young fox doctor turned eight shades of red in a short span of time, which Shelly could have probably named in sequence, before nodding with a dumb smile. "Oh... oh of course... um... doctor/patient privacy and all that. Let me get that cast off you, Miss Shelly."

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Thresha smacked her lips as they drove back to the Bobtail house, her face scrunched in thought. "Shell, I think you should try eating more meat... seems to make it thicker, richer. Kinda tasty."

"Babe, if you attack my dick like you did his, I'll eat steak every meal of the day. What's got into you today?"

The big shark smirked, having the good grace to look slightly guilty, "Well, uh... it was because he blushed when I caught him looking at my ass. Really turned me on, must be the predator in me."

"I'll be sure to blush more then!"

"I'm not sure you're capable... but I'll happily play along!"

They pulled into the driveway to the farm and found Brei waiting for them, leaning against the barn with a slender book dwarfed in one paw. She grinned and waved happily, the book disappearing into a pocket of her skirt quickly, before bouncing... and bouncing, and bouncing... towards the truck. "Hi girls! Guess what? I've started a revolution!"

Shelly and Thresha exchanged concerned glances before Shelly answered, "Er, that's great Brei... should we start calling you Che?"

“Who?”

“Pay more attention in history class, dear.”

“Nooooo, I’ve got the popular kids at Circe talking to the unpopular ones! Although I guess that means everyone is popular... or unpopular... is popularity based on a bell curve? Anyway, I watched a cheerleader ask a bunny from the chess team to the Fall Bazaar today! Isn’t that awesome?”

Thresha snickered, noticing some definite similarities between brightly colored herms, though she wisely didn’t mention it to Shelly. “Oh neat, anyone ask you yet?”

Brei smiled bashfully, shaking her huge head and biting her lip gently. “Um... no... but that’s alright. I... um... well...”

Shelly put her paws over her mouth, practically dancing in place, glancing aside at Thresha, who blinked in confusion.

“Well... I was sorta hoping you would go with me... both of you.”

Shelly squealed loud enough to make the big lynx with her sensitive hearing flinch, and sprang into Brei’s arms on her two (count em, two!) good feet. Thresha felt her face sliding slowly into a deep, happy grin as she joined the two herms, hugging and looking up at the big pink lynx. “That means, sweetie... you’re going to need a dress...”

“THE dress.”

Shelly glanced up, her brow furrowed, “What?”

“It’s not just A dress...it has to be THE dress. It’s a rule.”

Thresha giggled, wrapping her arms around both her girlfriend and the huge hyper, nuzzling as Shelly continued to frown softly. “Right then, THE dress!”

Brei stretched languidly as the rooster sang his morning song, every inch of her enormity arcing in feline grace, the only thing between her and the elements a very strained pair of men’s boxer shorts. She winced slightly as her kitmakers dragged, gravity once more not her friend. On either side of her, Shelly and Thresha stirred slowly, the big cat grumbling very softly about cockblocking time and space travelers.

Finding one dress for a hyperherm in Circe was difficult. Finding a dress for two hyperherms in Circe was exceptionally difficult. Finding a dress for a hyperherm Brei’s size was next to impossible. Because of this, the three girls were going to head to the big city to buy their outfits from the Addition-elle outlet. Brei squeezed her overfull fwoomp-tanks into her largest skirt, tugged on an Aerosmith t-shirt, and made her way down the stairs, where the two older girls and her mother were in huddled conference.

“Not too slutty, ok Shelly? I want MOST of her to stay in the thing.”

“Don’t worry, Mrs. B, I’ll make sure she’s PG rated at the worst.”

“And make sure she gets another set of restraints... I swear she goes through the things like I do chocolates.”

“Yes, Mrs B...”

“Oh, and -”

Brei interrupted by wrapping her mother in a great big hug, which somehow accidentally involved one giant pink paw over the older lynx’s mouth. “Love you mom, we’ve got to get going, we’ll bring you back some candy, love you, bye!”

Beating a hasty escape, the three girls dashed out of the house for the truck. Brei headed for the passenger side, only to quickly catch the flung keys Thresha lobbed her way. Her eyes widened and sought the shark's for confirmation.

"Driving lesson, Pinkie. We've got 3 hours of road between here and there, plenty of time for me to try and make sure you don't go running over any more bunnies."

Shelly huffed, "In point of fact, at no point was I run OVER, merely nudged forcefully."

"Remind me to have you nudge me forcefully later tonight."

"Can I watch?" Brei piped up, climbing into the driver's seat, "That is, if you ladies can manage to get in the truck before tonight."

Both travelers stuck their tongues out at the big cat, but swarmed up into place nonetheless. Thresha took the center to be able to better advise Brei (or save all their miserable lives), while Shelly placed both paws on the window to watch the landscape go by.

"Ok Brei, now adjust your mirrors. Seatbelt. Paws at 10 and 2..."

"Huh? What's that mean?"

"Like a clock."

"My watch is digital."

"Nevermind, here and here. Ok, now check your blindspots and let's pull out slowly."

Shelly chirped from her vantage point, "If I had a nickel for every time I've heard

THAT!”

The big truck pulled onto the highway, and off they went. Three buxom, high-spirited gals off on an adventure that would culminate in clothing purchases. If that wasn't a made-for-tv-movie, Brei didn't know what was. Thresha kept up her steady stream of advice, while Shelly squealed and pointed out every sign that remotely referenced a Dissident Love location.

“You want to slow down a bit, Brei, you're... Brei, slow down... BREI!” Thresha barked, resisting the urge to cover her eyes, but only barely.

The big lynx slowly let off the gas, frowning as she nearly collided with the back of a semi. “What, I had plenty of... oh that is really close, isn't it?”

Thresha leaned over to Shelly, whispering, “Geez, she really IS blind as a bat.”

“She also has excellent hearing... bitch. The glasses aren't a fashion statement.” Brei quipped, sticking out her tongue and pinching Thresha.

About ten minutes after all three girls would have gladly given their left paw to get out of the moving vehicle, they arrived in Capital City, and got off at the exit for the mall. Brei gawked like a typical townie at the huge edifice, rather excited she had found a reason to use the word ‘edifice’, and nearly rear-ended an SUV before pulling into a parking spot. When last she'd been here with the wrestling team, she hadn't been driving, and to be perfectly honest had been much more interested in the way Sierra filled out her cheerleading sweater than any architectural wonders.

The big cat got out of the truck, coming around to help Shelly down, and offer her paws to Thresha for the same. The shark had to struggle not to swoon at the feel of Brei's muscles surrounding her body, but she was an aquatic on a mission, it was game time. She cut through the crowds filling the Mecca of consumer confidence like... well, a shark, Shelly close behind her, Brei running rear-guard. That is, she was paying very close attention to her squad's rears. The Addition-elle outlet here in Capital City was enormous... even for someone so used to needing the word ‘enormous’ as Brei. They had everything imaginable, from bras that would fit someone at the height of ridiculousness, to ball-bras for the effective reverse of such,

clothing for the hyper pregnant, and a whole rack of clothing for excessively large hyper-herms, which apparently included Brei.

The girls all stopped when they found the glittery, satiny dress section, with the kind of hive mind that women often displayed. Shelly nodded once, squaring her shoulders, and announced in a loud voice, "Alright girls, this calls for a 1980's getting stuff done montage!"

"Oh, can there be music?"

"Fuck yes!"

Between the three of them, they tried on nearly every dress in the store. Most fit Thresha to a degree that made her two herm companions need to step behind racks of clothing, and there were quite a few that fit Shelly to a point where she was not R-rated, if only just. Finding something for Brei's overall size, though, was proving problematic, especially as the hyperherm wanted a skirt long enough to leave some mystery at the school. Shelly and Thresha reclined in the provided 'boyfriend chairs', as Brei tried on dress after dress after dress. There was a red one for which the skirt left the lion's share of her restraints visible, to say nothing of the effect had she not been wearing them. A green one that fit her lower half, but was so tight across her prodigious chest that she could barely breathe. A white dress with sparkles that she couldn't zip up, and a purple one she refused to even come out of the dressing room in. Just when the girls were beginning to give up hope, the helpful old hippo working the counter brought over two separate dresses of the same black hue.

"Have her try this top with this skirt. I think it might just work."

Thresha passed the outfit over the wall, wishing dearly that the slats in the door were just a bit wider spaced. She returned to her seat, only to spring to the edge as the door opened, one incredibly long, shapely, muscled leg exiting first. The skirt Brei wore was slit to mid-thigh on one side, and ended at her hips, rather than her waist. There was an awful lot of exposed, toned belly between the skirt and the stylish faux-corset top, which hugged Brei's breasts perfectly, still conservative enough to pass inspection, while risqué enough to excite. Brei blushed as her friends stared at her, scuffing one huge paw on the ground and wringing her hands.

“Is it... is it alright?”

Shelly squealed loudly, springing up and hopping over to her huge friend, hugging her around the middle. “I think we’ve found THE dress!”

Thresha smiled, standing and handing the hippo a large stack of bills. “We’ll take it, and the other two for us.”

Brei began to protest, but Shelly planted her paw over the young herm lips to prevent it. “Shush, let us do this for you, I know your parents can’t afford it. Matter of fact, go pick out a dozen or so pairs of panties, yours are kinda getting thin.”

“How do you know what my panties look like...?”

“Uh... no comment.”

The ride back to Circe was a little... interesting. Between one very large lynx, a shark, a bunny, and several dozen boxes, bags, and packages, the cab to the truck was exceptionally full. Shelly sat in Thresha’s lap, both of them scrunched rather closely to Brei. After all was said and done, they’d walked out of the mall with the three dresses, a dozen new pairs of panties for Brei (some of which the tag being the largest piece of fabric), several new bras, and several entire wardrobes for Shelly and Thresha.

“Good thing I got that bonus...I’m down to singles here.” Thresha lamented, glancing into her wallet.

Shelly giggled, nuzzling at her shark’s neck, “oooh, detour to a strip club?”

Brei nodded emphatically, before she was overruled. So rude.

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On the night of the dance, the three girls busied themselves with the many and varied things that young ladies have to go through to make themselves presentable. Shelly somehow managed to squeeze herself into her restraints, her hermness quite swollen and excited from the simple thought of GOING to the dance. She had her hair up in a graceful arrangement that left her throat and a generous amount of shoulder bare and visible, and her dress was a flowing number in pale blue that left her generous cleavage on display, while preventing any embarrassing slips.

Thresha, who had no hair, wore a tasteful band around her head in a matching green to her dress, which was slit to high heaven on the leg, leaving no doubts about whether she was going commando, and had a keyhole cut just over the tops of her breasts to entice. They both sat rather impatiently, waiting for Brei. Bob Bobtail looked up from his paper, raising a brow and glancing at the clock.

“Emily... they’re going to be late...”

The voice of Brei’s mother drifted down the stairs, giggly and in high spirits, “I know, I know, just one more pict-”

Brei stepped onto the top stair and peeked down at her waiting dates. Slowly she walked down to meet them, her hips swishing in unaccustomed motion, the slit in her dress exposing her muscular leg up to mid-thigh, just beneath her restraints. Toned white belly came next, and then her massive breasts, hoisted up high and perky by the corset-esque top. She stepped off the stairs and the girls got the full effect, her hair, normally just thrown into a lazy ponytail, curled and styled, flowing down her back nearly to her shapely rump.

The big lynx did a slow twirl, her eyes on the ground and her lip held tightly in her teeth. “What... what do you think?”

Thresha calmly stood and went to the teenage herm while Shelly attempted to deal with the sudden tightness of her industrial underwear. “You clean up extremely well, dear. Absolutely gorgeous.”

“I’d hit it!” Shelly squeaked, still struggling to keep things from pinching other things.

Bob coughed loudly, his paper rustling as he steadfastly did not hear a damn thing.

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The girls arrived at the dance when it was in full swing, squeezing past chaperones and students alike, and emerging into the gymnasium, which has been decorated in streamers, banners, and glitter. A veritable sea of adolescence undulated and surged with tidal force between the door and the stage, where a band played early 90’s grunge with moderate skill.

“God, it’s like Pinkie Pie exploded in here...” Shelly mumbled, elbowing her girlfriend.

“Shush, its high school, streamers are in.”

Brei was staring at all the other furs in their finery, gyrating in vaguely rhythmic attempts at social grace. For their part, a good deal of the student body was staring right back. She picked out Rick and Kevin, who danced side by side with a chubby feline and a wolf that looked suspiciously related to the big football star. Poor Kevin only came to her waist...though it didn’t look like he minded one bit. Fred, Willem, and Larry the Rhino had come stag, and were huddled around the punch bowl, arguing about whether it had, in fact, been spiked. Brei suspected it had not, but the rhino was staggering about as if he was firmly convinced that he was shitfaced.

Shelly grabbed Brei’s right arm, Thresha her left, and together they dragged the big cat out onto the dance floor, to attempt not to embarrass felines everywhere with her dance moves. The pounding beat of the music, the heat of so many bodies pressed in tightly, the smell of all that sweat, perfume, and cologne, had Brei very shortly remembering that she’d been prevented from getting release for several weeks now. She did her best to be subtle about the way she kept having to adjust herself, though her two dates didn’t miss the way she squirmed.

“Enjoying yourself, Brei?” Shelly asked, needing to stand on tippy toes to yell at Brei’s ear over the music.

“I’m gonna go get some punch, you two girls play nice till I get back.” Thresha informed the two herms, swishing off into the crowd with enough hip motion to give several young furs neck trauma following her generous aquatic caboose.

Brei smiled down at Thresha, wrapping her paws around the smaller herm and jostling side to side in her best approximation of dancing. “I’m having a great time... I feel just so... so normal. And at the same time, I feel beautiful. So many people are staring at me, but they’re doing it with smiles, with interest. I’m just used to people staring at me in disgust.”

Shelly was about to respond when the band paused in their efforts, and a familiar voice growled huskily through the microphone. “Hello Circe... this is a little song I’d like to dedicate to two very lovely herms I know. The big pink one is single, boys and girls, but the purple one is mine, all mine.”

Brei and Shelly stared up at the stage, where Thresha clutched the mic and swayed her hips slowly to a slow, hard, rock beat, a guitar blasting out a three chord refrain.

“Never made it as a wise man.
Couldn’t cut it as a poor man stealing.
Tired of living like a blind man.
I’m sick of sight without a sense of feeling.
And this is how, you remind me...”

Thresha’s voice was raspy, husky, almost dripping with sexuality as she belted out the song, the assembled teenagers going crazy, cheering, swaying to the beat and staring at the curvy sharkess singing it.

“Did you know she could sing like THAT?” Brei breathed softly.

“I... I didn’t know she could carry a tune in a bucket, Brei...”

“This is how, you remind me, of what I really am...”

A young fox dashed for the payphones in the foyer, grabbing the receiver and

hurriedly dialing, glancing back at the stage as he did so.

“Hello, Chad? It’s your cousin Phil... Phil Kroeger? You know that repetitive, formulaic sound you’ve been looking for? Well listen to this!” The little fox held out the receiver to pick up the audio as Thresha continued to belt out the chorus.

Brei grinned down at Shelly, before they both cheered loudly for the grinning shark, paws held up in the air and swaying with the rest of the crowd. For her part, Thresha was enjoying herself immensely, subject to the adoration of the entire student body. She finished the tune and tossed the mic back to the young ferret who served as lead singer to the Screaming Weasels, and hopped down to make her way back to her dates.

Shelly caught her in a crushing grip, grinning into her face and rolling her hips slowly, “You, young lady... are going to be singing to me a lot more from now on.”

The two older girls started to dance together, and Brei was approached by a young fur from her class to dance. Smiling, she accepted his offer, wrapping enormous paws around him and doing the slow hug and spin that qualified as dancing for a high school student. Then another young fur cut in... and another... and another... and ANOTHER, until she had lost count of how many tender young bodies she’d held in her paws, though her restraints seemed to indicate that it was a tidy sum. She winced as her hips began to complain about the stress, twinging every few minutes and making her legs go weak.

Just when she was about to rip right through her dress, Shelly appeared as if from nowhere, and dragged her off to one side of the dance floor, where she and Thresha had found a seat.

“Gotta pace yourself, honey, or you’ll make a hell of a scene. Let your body cool down, stop thinking about fucking half your school.”

“Only half? I don’t discriminate...”

Thresha laughed and pulled Shelly down into her lap, while Brei seated herself

carefully so as not to crush her kitmakers beneath her bulk. Subtly she pawed at herself, wincing at the steel-like tension in her restraints. Another few minutes and she'd have torn the carbon-fiber to shreds. Seeing her wince, Shelly glanced at her girlfriend and raised an eyebrow. Thresha nodded, and they both stood, taking Brei's paws.

"Let's get out of here, honey. Go somewhere... private." Thresha purred.

"Private like... private, private?"

"The privatest."

Brei practically broke land-speed records getting to the truck, a sonic boom off to one side, Thresha and Shelly being dragged behind her, both giggling up a storm at the reaction of their big friend. The huge lynx stopped them at the truck, leaning down and whispering, her expression hope mixed with fear.

"Just so we're clear...we ARE going to go have sex, right? I mean it's alright if not, I just want to know up front. But that doesn't mean I don't want to, cause I really really really want to, but if we're not, you'd tell me, right? Right?!"

Thresha couldn't help herself, and laughed loud before leaning in and grabbing Brei's hair, tugging her down into a kiss that had the lynx's underwear creaking like a dock at high tide. "Brei dear, Shelly and I have kept you from masturbating for two weeks now, all in preparation for you fwoomping the ever-loving crap out of me. I'm taking you home, we're finding somewhere secluded, and you are going to empty those big balls into my pussy until I am a house..."

Shelly smirked and tugged Brei's head down further to kiss herself, her paws slipping down and firmly grabbing at the feline's junk. "And I'm gonna make sure you get it ALL out, kitty kitty."

Brei gulped, took a moment to catch her breath, and then whispered, "Then you better drive, Thresha... because this dress can't take much more."

“Oh absolutely dear, let’s get you home and into something more comfortable. Like me.”

The cab of the truck was considerably more cramped than the ride over, Brei and her kitmakers taking up well over half the vehicle, with Shelly close behind on the growth scale. Thresha, for not the first time this wild trip, was feeling particularly inadequate, though it was tempered with a healthy dose of BURNING FUCKING DESIRE. She didn’t QUITE squeal the tires on the turn into the driveway, but there WAS a healthy spray of gravel flying out behind the big truck. Pulling into the barn, the three dolled up girls spilled out like clowns from a clown car, and without even glancing at the house, Brei led them into the orchard.

It was a bit hard to see at night, but it seemed the big cat had been this way often in the dark, and she took them unerringly down winding rows of pear trees, through gullies and dips, until stopping at a small clearing with an embankment of earth.

“Here, I use this place a lot when Mrs. Barlow is asleep and I need to let off pressure. The ground is soft and it’s far enough away from either house that you can make noise.” Brei murmured, already fighting with the straps of her top, shedding the garment carelessly, before struggling to unlatch her bra. Shelly stepped in to help, letting out a low whistle.

“Holy crap, there’s 18 hooks back here...”

“Used to be 19, but one lost the war.”

“His loss will be mourned. Suck it in, here we go.”

There was a loud series of snapping sounds, and Brei’s bra ended up on Thresha’s head, the cup completely covering the shark’s noggin. Both herms paused to laugh, while the sharkess grumbled and squirmed, her pussy drenching her thighs at the tangible feeling of the size difference.

“Stupid hypers with your stupid big... everything... making me all wet and shit... just so totally unfair.”

Brei bit her lip and picked Shelly up, plopping her next to Thresha before taking a few steps away for safety. “Stand back... the last time I was under this much tension, I put a dent in the truck...”

Thresha tipped the bra up, she wouldn't miss this for the world. Brei's skirt dropped down muscular, shapely thighs, earning a throaty moan from both her little friends. Her iron-gray boxer-brief style restraints were certainly full. Pink flesh could be clearly seen by the moonlight through the weave of the fabric, the poor garment valiantly trying to keep her contained, and slowly losing that fight. The huge cat looked behind her, making sure the coast was clear, and very slowly and carefully undid the latches. There was a loud crack like snapping leather, and twin clouds of dust billowed from the embankment, where both buckles were imbedded at least a foot. Brei's restraints loosened and fell to her ankles, her massive kitmakers and overfilled sheath bared to her friends.

“I'm... not as big as Amber, Thresha... at least from what I can tell... but I bet I could beat a bedroom fwoomp with how much you've been teasing me.” Brei whispered, her heart in her throat.

“Oh honey... you don't need to compete with Amber or anyone else. You're wonderful, beautiful, big enough to make me waddle tomorrow, and above it all, I love you. Then there's your muscles... you better flex your ass off for me, sister, because I'll be all over those...”

Brei giggled and nodded as Thresha got undressed, but Shelly was frozen, staring at the big lynx. “Brei... how do you know who Amber is? How do you know Thresha filled a bedroom after?”

A loud gulp sounded in the night, the dark hiding the deep violet in her cheeks as Brei blushed. “I, er... sorta read your book. Especially the story you two are in.”

Shelly's eyes went huge, and she let out a terrified squeal, “You... you read it?! But... but you can't DO that! It could irrevocably alter the time line, and... wait, the one we're in?”

“Yeah, the one where you two travel between all of Dissident Love’s stories and fuck all his protagonists.”

“But... but we’re not... but he didn’t...”

Thresha cleared her throat loudly, clamping a hand over Shelly’s mouth. “Shelly, dearest, my love, my sweet. Right now we are fucking. When we are done fucking, you can freak out about the book, we’ll have coffee, we’ll talk. Right now, you are shutting up, you are getting naked, and I am making this lovely giant walking orgasm pound me, ruin me, and fill me until I ache inside and out. Is that clear?”

Shelly nodded, her own restraints giving one hell of a squeal at the note of command in Thresha’s voice. The big shark released her girlfriend, looked at the lynx, and sprang. Somewhere between point A and point B her dress ended up in Shelly’s arms, her bra hit a branch, and her panties went flying in a wholly random direction. Brei, for her part, managed to catch the bottom-heavy beauty, and they started kissing in a way that redefined kissing for the young herm. For starters, she was not aware that much tongue existed, let alone could be fit into her mouth. For another, hands were places... PLACES...

“Jesus fucking christ, what are you WORRIED about, Strawbs?! This thing is enormous!” Thresha breathed in awe, her hands trying to wrap around the increasingly taut sleeve of Brei’s sheathe.

“Well, it’s just... well Penny...”

“Point of fact, I didn’t get that inside... not sure I could if I tried... and for another, you’re not a macro, you’re just big. Trust me, baby, you’re huge... this is going to hurt in the BEST way...”

A pair of fluffy purple paws joined Thresha’s, and Shelly’s face suddenly appeared out of the night, latching on to one of Brei’s thick nipples, suckling slowly, her eyes watching the interaction between the other two. The effect was immediate, Brei’s cock cleared her sheathe fast and hard enough to make her wince, worried that she had just gotten rugburn. Her huge, heavy shaft tumbled free and began to rise, slapping between Thresha’s overly thick thighs, parting them, slithering over damp

lips and smooth cheeks.

Thresha's breathing was coming dangerously fast, the whites showing vividly against her eyes, her mouth open and baring half a million or so teeth. "Brei... I'm ready... boy am I ever ready... I've been waiting for months to feel... wait... flex for me."

Brei and Shelly both erupted into laughter, while the teenager flexed one arm, letting both smaller girls feel up her biceps and triceps, Shelly's left paw roaming the thick muscles of her thighs.

"Fuck that's so hot... ok honey... I'm ready, I know how much you want it... take it..."

Brei gulped loudly and looked about, backing up a handful of steps to put her back to the embankment, and lifted Thresha higher, level with the head of her impossibly huge shaft. Shelly licked her lips and spat several times on the monster lynxcock, stroking it good and hard to spread her saliva, and assisted in lining up with her girlfriend's entrance.

"Happy early Crimbo, Thresh..."

"You're still getting me a present, you bitch..."

"Is it... is it ok for me to..." Brei mumbled, distracted.

"YES!" Both girls answered in unison.

Shelly got to watch, closely, as her girlfriend was opened up like an airlock. Huge, thigh-thick feline dick slowly sank inside the squirming, writhing, ORGASMING sharkness, her lips spreading wider, wider, wider, the phukbunny wrapping one paw around Brei, the other around herself, and guiding her friend into her mate. Thresha's belly expanded outward with every inch that disappeared, quickly bloating beyond her breasts, continuing out into the night. As enormous gouts of pre spurted into the curvy aquatic, the shape of Brei's cock softened, becoming more of a football shape, the shark beginning to loudly slosh with liquid.

“FUCK! JESUS FUCK! FUCK! CHRIST ON A CRACKER IT’S HUUUUUUUGE!” Thresha wailed and screamed, her nails digging into Brei’s strong paws, her feet clenched so tightly she was getting Charlie horses and not CARING. Her eyes had completely rolled back in her head from the penetration, and then... then it got even better.

In all their travels, in most of their own romps, there was a point at which a hyper was physically incapable of actually FUCKING, whether from lack of reach, lack of strength, or just lack of elasticity of their partner. Brei had none of that. She was enormously hung, true, but she was also just plain enormous, with enough muscle to do damn near anything. Thresha had been counting on that, and now since apparently God was smiling on her... and a pervert, she was getting to live the dream.

Brei’s hips started to pump, earning screams from Thresha and some dangerously highly raised eyebrows from Shelly, the phukbunny’s cock giving one hell of a spurt of pre over Brei’s paws at the sight. She kept stroking, beating her meat as the huge lynx went to town on her girl. Those wide, powerful hips kept rocking and bouncing and slamming down with all their might... and Brei was doing pretty good too! The wet, lewd sounds of sex filled the night, Thresha’s cream squirting so copiously that it was exploding out of her each time Brei went to the hilt. She was all but limp after ten minutes, after twenty she could barely scream, her throat was so hoarse. She’d lost track of the number of times she’d cum, and she was pretty sure she wouldn’t remember her middle name if her life depended on it. Shelly planted her paws on Thresha’s expanding gut, cooing and whispering dirty things to the big pink hyper.

“Oooh, she’s getting so FULL, Brei... her belly is so tight, so round... don’t you want to make her MUCH bigger? Don’t you want to make this horny bitch WHINE?” The purple phukbunny’s paws had left her own junk and moved to Brei’s sloshing kitmakers, squeezing, stroking, smacking, teasing the big cat into higher and higher levels of need, desire, and pleasure.

“Yes Shelly... yes I want to fill her... oh god... oh fuck can I please fill her? Is it ok for me to cum inside your girlfriend?”

Thresha interrupted, her voice a husky wheeze from her lungs being pressed somewhere north of her sternum. “Fuck yes, fucking cum inside me, baby...”

“You heard her, Brei... fill her up...”

For months after, Thresha would claim she didn't remember the moment that Brei exploded. Even after, her memories came only in flashes, red hot and sizzling like a hot stove. The feeling of gallons and gallons of steaming liquid pouring into her deepest places. The sensation of her flesh pulling tighter and tighter, expanding and growing into a massive dome of azure flesh. She distantly remembered being forced to hiccup loudly by each blast that rocketed into her. But most of all, she remembered the loud, desperate growl from her lovely friend.

Brei poured all of her need, her desperate NEED into one last growl, before all her muscles locked, her toes curled hard enough to dig her claws into the ground, and her glasses instantly fogged up from the heat of her breath. She held tightly to Thresha's body, feeling her massive balls clench, her shaft throb and twitch, and then she was cumming, spewing her load deep inside, bloating the sharkess bigger, bigger, bigger, BIGGER, that smooth belly expanding and sliding across the ground in the clearing. Thresha reached higher than the trees, almost filling the glade, and a good portion of Brei's seed was leaking out of her from sheer overpressure. It took the big cat many long minutes to complete her orgasm, and when she did there was silence, save for the desperate panting of Thresha's abused lungs.

Shelly appeared from beneath that vast belly, crawling up over the shark's distended gut to grab her face, kissing her mate passionately, her balls and her shaft swollen nearly as large as the feline's. “Fuck that was incredible, Thresh... I've never seen you take it like that! Makes me want to hit the gym now...”

“That... would... be... nice... Shell...” Thresha panted, barely able to get enough air with the amount of liquid filling her.

“How do you feel, Brei? Brei?” Shelly glanced down, trying to locate the pink lynx around all the Thresha. One huge paw reached around the vast swell of shark and patted the phukbunny's leg.

“I'm great, honey. Ready for round two, actually, with how much you've been keeping me from unloading.”

Thresha turned panicked eyes to her mate, whose own were bulging as well.
“Round... two?! Can... you... go... twice?!”

“Fuck NO! Once is all I’ve got in me! As far as I knew all hypers were that way!”

“I... can’t... take... another... tummy... so full...”

Brei’s giggling laughter reached their ears just as Thresha felt like a wine bottle whose cork had been pulled, complete with sound. As she felt the tidal wave of semen begin to pour from her body, her ears turned bright red, feeling so very, very naughty with a teen’s cum gushing from her gaping hole. “Oh don’t worry, Thresha...see I noticed something as I read your story...”

One huge pink paw grabbed Shelly’s leg and tugged, pulling the bunny down off her mate with a squeal, fetching up against the big lynx, whose shark-cum-coated dick bobbed menacingly in the air. “The whole time I read... read about you fucking the busty fox Cindy... fucking the macro mare Penny... even playing with the Breeders, the Heavies... I didn’t once see anyone put anything inside YOU, my purple friend.”

“Eep... well, normally I just...well Thresha... I mean...”

“Shhh, you don’t need to explain, I get it. Herms are tops, far more than bottoms. I get it, I’m a bottom myself, given half the chance. But I’ll tell you one thing...” The big cat leaned in close, grinning in a most gentle way, “Variety is the spice of life.”

Shelly opened up almost as easily as Thresha, screaming her head off as she was overfilled with pink dick. Brei’s massive right paw fastened securely around the phukbunny’s own growing cock, teasingly aiming it at Thresha as she stroked, pumping her hips in time with her moving paw, setting the smaller herm on fire. Fluids flowed, backs arched, and muscles contracted as the two objects of shark desire went at each other with a vigor and a need that was palpable. Brei wedged herself between Thresha’s bloated belly and the unyielding expanse of earth behind her, Shelly’s slowly expanding middle growing right beside her mate’s, like twin orbs of sloshing perfection.

The purple herm just barely managed to grab Thresha's hand in her paw and squeeze, holding on tight as she was thoroughly and completely filled. "Wow... is this... what you feel... when I'm inside you?"!

"Just... about. Little... bigger..."

"Nnnghhh... we are... definitely... finding a friend... when we get home..."

"Agreed... my... love..."

By quirk of chance, or possibly narrative license, both herms approached orgasm together, Shelly's paw squeezing harder on her girl's, her poor little legs kicking helplessly as her belly expanded past the point her feet could touch the ground. She felt Brei's balls pulling tight, her own right behind, and glanced behind her at the young cat. "Fuck Brei... yes... give it to me..."

- - - - -

Bob and Emily sat at the breakfast table, Emily knitting a new sweater for her huge daughter, Bob reading the paper yet again. Emily sipped at her coffee and glanced around. "Bob... did Brei and the girls not come home last night?"

"Nope."

"Well don't you think we should look for them?"

"Nope."

"Well why the heck not?"

"Because I can see Shelly from here, out in the Barlows' pear field... part of her, anyway."

“...what? What do you mean you can... OH MY GOD!”

“Ayup...”

“...I think we should get that girl on birth control... in a hurry...”

“Ayup...”

Shelly insisted they stay for the hay rides. She would not be budged. Thresha was not inclined to argue, especially not after the phukbunny had come down from her anger over a possible paradox being created if Brei knew her own future. The big lynx had promised not to abuse the knowledge, and besides, it wasn't as if Dissident Love ever wrote about stocks and bonds, or the result of the Superbowl, or anything that could really be used to mess with things. At worst, she'd just know when Lacuna Coyle's albums would drop, before the rest of the nation.

So it was that the three girls sat in the back of Bob Bobtail's pickup, amongst the hay bales, giggling like the schoolgirls that only one of them was. Both bunny and shark were curled up in the lynx's lap, enjoying the last few hours of togetherness, before the travelers were off on their next adventure.

“So... you're sure you have to go?” Brei asked, stroking down Shelly's back.

“Yes honey... as much fun as we've had here the past couple months, we don't want to overstay our welcome... and there's so much more to see. Our place is elsewhere, and this place is yours.” The little herm replied, arching into the strokes.

“You'll do just fine, Brei. Trust us... or at least Shelly, I haven't read your story.” Thresha nodded, glancing through a stack of papers she'd brought for some reason.

“That's one thing I still don't understand... if this is all a story... and it wasn't written by Dissident Love... how are you here?”

Shelly grinned, pushing gently off Brei's chest to sit up straight, "Oh, I think I figured that out. See we were on another planet last time, and had to travel back to earth, or whatever planet this is. I think during the trip, we passed a black hole or some over graviton field, and it kicked us JUST out of alignment enough to make the jump into YOUR story."

Thresha glanced up from her papers, "Ah, so the mauve...?"

"Precisely."

"So what's to guarantee we'll end up back in DL's world on the next jump?"

"It's just a theory, but I think it can only take us there, the black hole was a fluke, and since we'll be staying here, everything should be fine."

Brei glanced over at Thresha, trying to see what she was working on. "What's that, Thresh? Not trying to cram in some last minute consulting before you go, are you?"

The curvy shark glanced up, her eyebrows raised, "Hmm? Oh, no, actually it's something for you. Bob and I were going over the family finances, and I pretty much figured out you'd never be able to afford to go to college as it is. So I got you something, but you have to do exactly as I've written, ok?"

Shelly raised a brow, her bunny senses tingling, "Thresha... what did you do...?"

"Relax, I know what I'm doing."

"I find that very hard to believe."

"Oh for god's sake, tell me what it is, you're KILLING me!" Brei groaned, her muzzle in her paws.

Thresha grinned at her mate and re-pinned all the papers, slid them into a folder, and handed them over to her big friend. “Using my paychecks from the job, I got you stock. Not a lot, just enough that if you cash it out exactly when you graduate, you’ll be able to pay for four years of college.”

The other two girls sat, stunned. Brei because of the incredible gift that had just been given to her, Shelly because of what Thresha had possibly done to the timeline.

“You... you can’t... you can’t DO that!” Shelly squealed, reaching for the envelope.

Thresha stopped her, firmly but tenderly. “Thus why she can ONLY use it for school, part of the contract with the broker. He’s holding it in trust until the day she graduates, and then it goes straight to a college. We know she goes, so this changes nothing. Hell, for all we know, it could be the REASON she’s able to go to college. Just relax.”

Brei clamped both girls into a powerful hug, sniffing and clenching her eyes shut. “I love you both so much... thank you... thank you for all the help you’ve given me, for the way you’ve treated me, for... for this amazing gift, Thresha... I can’t ever repay you for what you’ve given me. Just knowing that there are people like me out there, Shelly, Amber, Penny, Kimmi... I’m not alone, I’m not a freak, I’m... I’m just me...”

The girls remained clutched in a three-way embrace until the truck had stopped, Bob making a wise, silent exit and letting the friends say goodbye. Finally they parted, Brei drying her eyes on her sleeve, and helping the smaller girls down off the truck. She gave them each one last kiss goodbye, and stepped a little ways away for safety.

“I’ll never forget you...” she whispered.

“Well I should hope not!” Shelly quipped with a wink.

Thresha ran her fingers over the spine of the thin black book, tracing the embossing. “Well Al... where do you think Ziggy will send us next?”

“Oooh, I hope it’s somewhere with pie... I’ve got a serious craving. Say, what stock did you get her?”

“For her?” Thresha grinned a big sharky grin, and as an aside she said the word to take them on their way. “Door. Are you kidding? I got her Amazon, the only way to go. They should blow up big right around her junior year.”

Shelly laughed, nuzzling at her mate as sparklies started to form around their bodies. “It’s nice here. Not quite as good as Dissident Love, but the difference in kinks is kinda cool.”

“Difference? Seemed pretty much the same to me.”

“Well, this difference probably won’t show for another trimester...”

“Oh, that makes sense I guess... WHAT?!”

With a flash, the two travelers were gone, leaving Brei alone with her thoughts. She dried her tears and squared her shoulders. She wasn’t alone, and somewhere out there in the universe, there were two angels who loved her.

*****Present day*****

Brei had canvassed nearly the entire school when she heard her wife’s throaty laugh coming from one of the social science classrooms, the big lynx grumbling and rushing as fast as her dress and her restraints would allow, glancing around in horrified fear that someone else would also have heard the lioness.

Thankfully, it seemed everyone was too busy with the dance to go patrolling the

hallways, and so she reached the door to the classroom and cracked it open without incident, the intense scent of sex and sweat slapping her in the face like a physical blow. Huffing loudly, she ducked inside and shut the door, finding her wife seated on a desk, one leg crossed over the other, bouncing lightly, as the lioness held two cell phones in her paws. She was, thankfully, dressed. The other occupant of the room, however, was only now getting back into his suit and tie, his face flushed, his hair a shamble from leonine fingers tugging at it.

“Ok, got the number, what’s your name, sweetie?” Athena purred, her own hair tastefully mussed, her cheeks redder than normal.

“Uh, Diss...D-I-S-S...”

“ATHENA, you didn’t even get his NAME first?!”

The busty cat glanced over her shoulder, a satisfied smirk on her face, “Well it just wasn’t very important at the time, love. How’s the dance going?”

Brei growled deep in her throat, startling the poor badger boy, who promptly hid behind a desk. “The dance will be fine, IF my wife will stop dragging poor boys away and make me miss the auction. Come on, quickly, before anyone comes to look for us. Oh dammit Diss, get out of there, I’m not going to eat you.”

The big badger nodded, finishing fastening his pants and started to make a break for the door, before Athena hopped off the desk, slipped his phone back into his front pant’s pocket, while also giving his spent junk a squeeze. “I’ll be in touch, honey... we’ll have another... mmm... lesson.”

Diss squeaked and this time managed to run out the door, Brei huffing and glaring at her wife.

“What, you told them to entertain me.”

“I had intended it to be with clothes ON. Come on, hurry, I’m not missing this

auction, I've been waiting years for it."

"That makes no sense. Also, hand me my panties, they're on the fan and I couldn't reach."

Brei glanced up, where a pair of lacy black panties of which the tag was the largest bit of fabric hung by one leg-hole from the ceiling fan. She huffed, AGAIN, and grabbed them for her wife.

The two cats made it back to the gymnasium just as the overly buxom fox, Cindy Shasta, the organizer of the dance, was won by a very blushy young fur. Brei clapped her paws and squeezed her wife, "Oh good, we made it. They haven't got her up there yet."

"Got who up there? Where is there? Why do I never know what's going on?!"

"Probably because you're too busy teaching young boys how to make you scream."

"Pure coincidence, I assure you."

Cindy hugged the victorious boy, who promptly disappeared into cleavage he would need a Sherpa to find his way out of, and then turned back to the audience. "THANK YOU, EVERYONE! WE'LL GET BACK TO THE MUSIC MOMENTARILY, BUT RIGHT NOW, WE'VE GOT A SPECIAL SURPRISE!"

The crowd cheered, Brei loudest of all.

"WE'VE GOT A SPECIAL GUEST BACHELORETTE TONIGHT!"

The crowd cheered louder, and Brei nudged the still very confused Athena, who was doing her best not to squirm in her rather sodden panties just for the thrill. "This is IT!"

"YOU KNOW HER NAME, YOU'VE HEARD THE STORIES, AND YOU'VE DANCED WITH HER TONIGHT!"

Brei watched 'little' Amber O'Malley start to edge backwards, looking for an exit, and

her smirk only widened, “No escape now, honey... this is for your own good.”

“DUE TO OVERWHELMING DEMAND, MAY I PRESENT OUR LAST DATE: AMBER, GET UP HERE, GIRL!”

The bidding began hot and heavy, climbing, the numbers growing faster than the auctioneer, and when finally the buxom fox began to issue last call, Brei glanced at her little rabbit friend, watching Dahlia step forward, clear her throat, and...

“TWELVE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FOUR DOLLARS AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS!” screamed the bunny.

Cindy’s eyes bugged out. “TWELVE HUNDRED AND... UHM... SOMETHING GOING ONCE! TWICE! OH MY GOD, SOLD!”

Athena rounded on Brei, scowling. “Wait, non-students can bid?! I could have bought a date with some cute little boy, and you didn’t TELL ME?!”

Brei giggled, shrugging, “Well, I might have, had you not been off with that poor badger whose name you didn’t even get before taking his virginity.”

“Bitch!”

“Slut.”

“Trollop!”

There was a small, squeaked exclamation of “YES!” coming from the direction of the little hyperherm Amber.

With Athena safely sleeping off a night of debauchery and amaretto-spiked punch, Brei sat up in her recliner, a very old yearbook clutched in her paws, a single tear glistening on her cheek. She softly stroked over one picture in particular, of a huge lynx bookended by a grinning purple bunny, and a smirking blue sharkess.

“Thank you, girls... thank you for being there when I needed you. Wherever you are, I hope you’re happy, and I hope you found your way home.”