

BREAST INTENTIONS

by
Dekafox

Jessica couldn't help humming to herself as she rode the elevator up to her apartment. Running her fingers over the glass vial in her purse, she found herself purring as she imagined his reaction to the "birthday present" had planned for him. It'd taken her months to find the right store, and even now she wasn't completely sure if it would work. Still, she'd found enough testimonials on the shady side of the internet to convince her to try it.

As she locked the door behind her, she caught sight of herself in the floor-length mirror in the nearby bathroom. At 5'8", the tigress felt she was the perfect height, as it let her lay her head against her boyfriend's chest when he was holding her in his arms. Her fur, while she kept it brushed to a soft sheen, was nothing overly special. The majority of her skin was covered in a soft orange pelt, striped with black in the typical tiger fashion.

Unbuckling her pants, she let the denim jeans fall to the floor, to be joined a moment later by her shirt as she regarded herself again. Starting from her muzzle and continuing down her front the orange gave way to soft, cream-colored fur, which she felt contrasted nicely with the black bra and panties hugging her intimates. She couldn't help noting in the back of her mind she'd developed a bit of a belly, but she wasn't a teenager anymore, after all.

Unfastening her bra, she added it to the pile, then cupped her cream-colored breasts with both hands, hefting them gently. Unlike her sisters, she hadn't inherited her mom's large tits. They'd grown fast at first, but by the time she'd turned 14, they'd settled at a nice low-end C-cup, and never changed these past 10 years, while her sisters sported Ds and DDs. Of course, she was also the runt of the family, considering those same sisters were also all 6' or taller.

Now her boyfriend's 30th birthday was coming up, and she planned to make it extra-special. He had always loved breastplay, and while it wasn't a huge turn-on for her, turning him on always made her hot as hell. Even though he'd never say anything, she knew her breasts were a bit too small for him to really play with them the way he'd like.

Late last year, she'd come across an old high school friend who had been pretty heavy into witchcraft from what she recalled, and they'd caught up on old times. The talk had eventually turned to their men of course. As it turned out, her beagle friend was actually still practicing, and clued her in on a certain brew capable of increasing breast size. Unfortunately though, her friend hadn't known where to get ahold of any.

That had started off one of the strangest online searches Jessica had ever been on. After several months, she had found out to her surprise that the antique shop in town actually had a back room shop for items of an occult nature, which had resulted in today's shopping trip.

Letting her breasts hang free, she returned to her purse, digging through it for a few minutes before finding the glass vial again. As she lifted it to the light, eyes the amber liquid inside, she thought back to the shopkeeper's warning.

"A magical potion indeed, for one not satisfied with their body," the scarlet-feathered griffon had said. "But beware how you use it, for too much is as bad as too little."

Closing her eyes, Jessica repeated the instructions to herself. "A splash to the breasts, increases the chest, for but one day. If permanent size you wish, take shots of the mix. But beware, if you drink deep of the flask, there is no turning back." She had to admit, the thought of a permanent increase was tempting, but the last sentence still made her shiver from the tips of her black-furred ears to the black tip of her tail.

Gingerly, she uncorked the vial and lifted it to her nose to take a sniff. Surprisingly it smelt of cinnamon and ginger, and she found herself licking her lips.

No, down girl, she thought to herself. Just a little splash would do. Tilting it slightly, she watched the golden liquid flow towards the edge, just shy of spilling over. With a gentle motion she shook it over the soft curves of her breasts, scattering droplets of the brew over her chest.

"Mmmmm..." she found herself purring again as she felt a gentle warmth spreading through her chest. She paused a moment to let it sink in, and found her mind drifting to tonight as the warmth enfolded her, imagining what she was going to do with Art.

DINGDONG

"GAH!"

Startled from her reverie, her hand jerked, splashing her breasts with the entire vial's worth of elixer. "ShitshitshitSHIT!" she cursed as she felt the brew soak into her fur and flesh, a soft tingling spreading through the entire area.

"One moment!" She called as the doorbell rang again, quickly wrapping a towel around herself as unfastened the lock on the door. Cracking it slightly, she peeked into the hallway. "Yes?"

"ConfedEx, Ma'am. Package for you?"

"I was about to take a shower. Just leave it at the door." She all but growled at the bull in the navy uniform, the tingling sensation at her chest growing as she slammed the door shut and re-jimmied the lock into place.

She barely heard the box being placed on the floor or the retreating steps of the deliverybull as she let the towel drop. Quickly padding back into the bathroom, she gripped the edge of the sink, breathing heavily as she felt her body grow hotter, her face flushing beneath cream-and-orange. Was it her imagination or were her breasts visibly swelling?

Curious, the tigress cupped a breast in her palm. Her eyes widened as her own touch sent a shock through her body that made her gasp, but simultaneously the tingling grew less intense. Experimentally, she pressed her fingers into the warm, soft titflesh, and let out a sigh of mingled relief and pleasure as she felt the tingling fading a bit more as she rubbed the elixir into her growing titflesh.

Carefully, she brought both hands to her slowly enlarging tits, panting as she squeezed and massaged those swelling breasts. Her nipples and areola started to stand out firmly from the growing mounds, jutting from those swelling jugs as she began to moan, a damp spot forming on her panties as her expanding chest overflowed her grasp.

She barely even noticed the tingling fading, as it was gradually replaced by a much more pleasant warmth spreading through her body. Firmly, she squeezed her swollen tits, her fur almost completely dry as the soft titflesh pushed through her fingers. Her breathing grew heavier as she began to grind against the ceramic sink, her maw hanging open as she massaged her sensitive breasts.

She could feel her clit rubbing against the soaked cloth as she ground her hips firmly against the ceramic surface, but it was nothing compared to the fire spreading from her expanding bust. Letting the huge titmounds fall free, she brought both hands up to the swollen areola capping each one, and gave each a firm pinch.

Jessica's eyes closed tight as a sudden rush of pleasure exploded within her chest and washed everything else away in a mrowling roar of climax, her crotch pressed firmly against the sink as her cunny squeezed at nothing, her sweet juices gooshing out around the hem of her panties and coating the side of the sink in her honey.

"Whoa," she panted as the heat began to fade and lucidity returned. Feeling a little shaky, the worn tigress grabbed the ledge again to steady herself, and blinked in surprise at the sticky feel as her hips left the sink edge. "That was... unexpected."

Lifting her gaze back to the mirror, she felt the urge to do a double-take. Where before she had had merely moderate C-cup breasts, they were now at the high end of DD at least, if not bigger! But.. had she just cum from merely playing with her own tits?

The newly-busty tigress reached back up and gingerly cupped her warm titflesh, hefting it in her

palms. Merely touching the huge cream-furred mounds sent another shiver down her spine, every touch feeling magnified tenfold. "Mmm, god that feels good," she purred. Better and better... not only was Art bound to love this, but she was going to get more than she thought from it too!

But what the heck was she going to wear?

Carefully she wrapped a towel around her expanded bust, but a soft mrowl still escaped her muzzle as the rough cloth rubbed over her sensitive nipples. With the new size of her bustline stretching it, it didn't cover her nethers at all, but a second towel took care of that long enough for her to retrieve the package.

Once the door was locked, she quickly undid the upper towel, already panting lightly from the stimulation it had given her. Well, shit," she murmured, the tigress's huge bare breasts swaying slightly as she calmed herself back down. Even if she found a top that would fit her now, she was fairly sure she'd be creaming her panties again before making it even halfway to Art's house.

Running her fingers through her raven-colored hair, Jessica blew out a soft sigh. So much for that romantic dinner she'd been planning to lead into the evening's play. If only that postman hadn't startled her into using the whole thing at once... but, no help for that now. It was time to improvise, she thought as she reached for the phone.

"Hey love! I had something come up so I won't be able to make it to dinner tonight like we planned....No, no, it's nothing major. Once you've eaten though, drop on by. I've got your gift ready and it was bigger than I expected, so....Oh mrrr! You know it, hon, but it's your birthday, not mine.....Mmmhmm, 8 sounds fine, see you then! Love you!"

The first chimes of the distant clock tower were ringing 8 as Arthur stepped off the elevator onto Jess's floor. "Right on time," the cervine murmured to himself with a grin. 6'3" if he was a foot, unlike his tigress he was anything but the runt of his family. It was no surprise he came from a family of football players, but somehow he never really got involved with athletics despite that, and he knew it was a source of disappointment to his old man.

Not that he gave a flying toss. His family had disowned him long ago, but he'd persevered and managed to land a job as a medical technician, which was actually how he'd met his pussycat. She'd been working as a part-time nurse, and the two of them had managed to hit it off just right.

Even now, five years later, he still had some muscle definition under his soft brown fur despite his current job not involving a lot of physical activity. Of course, part of that could probably be blamed on his kitty's bedroom activities, the dark-furred buck thought with a grin. While neither of them had the libido of a teenager anymore, they still found plenty of time for buck-naked fun.

Ringling the doorbell, he took a step back, idly reaching up to fidget with one of his ivory-colored antlers. He couldn't help wondering what she had in store for him tonight, considering last year's birthday had involved gymnastics equipment, bungee cords, and use of antlers as handlebars.

"Come in!" he heard Jessica shout, the tigress's voice sounding faintly muffled through the door.

Opening the door, he slipped inside, then paused. "Any reason the lights are off, love?" he called as he waited, letting his eyes adjust to the low lighting as the door swung shut again behind him. "I thought the candlelit dinner was already canceled... unless you're in the mood for some beef?" he added with a grin.

"Just finished... wrapping... your present," Jessica called back, her breathing sounding a bit labored. "Just... wait right there..."

Idly flicking a triangle ear, Arthur shrugged and leaned back against the door, hands behind his head. "If you're sure you don't need any help..."

After a few minutes of listening to the rustle of silk and his tigress's heavy breathing, the bedroom light came on, throwing a square of brightness into the dim apartment through the opened door.

"Alright," she called, a warm murr underlying her words, "come unwrap your gift~"

Grinning, the buck strode down to his lover's bedroom. "I'd love-" he started to respond, then froze mid-sentence as he finally saw what she'd been doing.

Standing with hands behind her back was his Jessica, bare naked but for a couple strips of silk ribbon. One strip was wrapped around her burgeoning chest, her thickened nipples denting the fabric as it strained to keep her now-huge breasts in check. A second strip came up from between her legs to meet the first in a tie of sorts between her cleavage.

Looking at him through lidded eyes, Jessica gave him a sultry smile. "So, loverbuck, ready to unwrap your 'present'?"

"Wh-wh-what did you DO to yourself!?" the surprised cervine sputtered as he started to recover from the shock, his eyes locked for a long moment on her gigantic, cream-furred tits. "God, Jess, don't tell me you went and got a fucking BOOB JOB!"

"Y-you don't like them?" Jess mewled softly, still shivering slightly from the stimulation of the ribbon

on her sensitive breasts. Despite the pleasant tingling, it was quickly being outweighed by the steadily sinking feeling of her heart at her buck's unexpected response. "I j-just thought... since it was your birthday and all..."

"FUCK no!" Art almost shouted at the busty tigress before catching himself. "Look, we both know I've got a thing for breasts, but yours were just fine the way they were. You didn't need to.. to... mutilate yourself like this!"

Starting to sniffle, the chastised tigress slid her arms around under her huge breasts, hefting them a bit without realizing as she hugged herself. "I just thought *sniff* it'd *sniff* make you happy to have *sniff* more to play with..."

Art quickly strode forward, wrapping his arms tight around his kitty, pulling her as close against his chest as her enlarged bust would allow. A soft gasp escaping her muzzle at the electric shock that sent through her, despite being on the verge of tears, but he barely noticed. "Look hon, it's you I love, not your breasts." Lowering his head to plant a soft kiss between her ears, he started to gently rub her back as a few muffled sobs escaped her chest. "I wasn't angry at you, just the situation. You were plenty beautiful before, without permanently screwing up your body with implants-"

Suddenly, he found his words cut off with a warm kiss, her short muzzle pressed tight against his own longer one. After a few long moments, she drew her head back, glancing up with a slight uncertain expression on her face "Um, love?" She murmured, "it's not implants."

Art merely blinked a moment as he tried to process that, before responding with a merely confused "Huh?"

"Well," the well-endowed tigress continued softly, glancing aside, "I don't suppose you believe in magic?"

The puzzlement in the male cervine's eyes grew at the question. "You know my cousin is a practicing druid, but what of it?"

"Well you might want to sit down for this one. You see..."

"So this is only supposed to be temporary?" Art asked as he held the vial from earlier up to the light, eyeing the last remaining drop in it.

"Yeah, it's only supposed to last up to a day, but like I said, I kind of... overdid it," Jess responded as she gestured to her oversized chest, the ribbon having left during the explanations. "Though I have to admit, I was... tempted earlier."

Putting the glass back down on the living room table, her buck gave her a stern look. "Don't. I don't want you EVER to think you're inadequate for me in any way." AS he continued, his voice softened a bit. "Sorry I yelled at you earlier, and I have to admit I am flattered that you went to all this trouble. I know you had my best intentions at heart."

Jess started to nod softly, then paused as a sudden thought hit. "Or maybe," she said, trying to hold back a grin, "I had your 'breast' intentions?"

Art had to fight not to snicker at the bad pun, but the last of the tension in the room finally melted away. "You could... say that, I suppose." As he finally relaxed, he found himself glancing back towards the bathroom, another kind of tension starting to grow in his body. "So, they were really so sensitive that you came just from rubbing them?"

"Oh, mmmHMMMmm," Jess nodded firmly, the grin changing into a sly smile as she followed his gaze. "I know you said you like my old breast size better, but they arrrrre your birthday gift. You wouldn't turn down a girl on giving it a little test spin, would you?"

Hearing that familiar tone in her voice, Art returned his full attention to the sexy naked tigress before him, and to those huge, cream-furred tits hanging before his eyes. He found himself licking his muzzle a moment, before catching himself and looking away again. "Are you sure...?"

Rather than answering with words, Jessica silently padded the few feet to the chair her buck was sitting in, and slid into his lap. Taking his antlers in hand, she gently turned his head back so that his muzzle rested between those mountainous tits, giving him a nice close view of their firm curves. "Happy birthday, love," she murmured as her hands slid down his chest to rub gently at the growing bulge in his pants.

Sliding his arms around her, he lifted his muzzle and planted a warm kiss on the busty tigress's lips, conceding defeat as her hands firmly massaged his growing deerhood through the denim covering it. As she drew back slightly, he slid his hands back around to gently grasp those pliant curves of warm titflesh, drawing a soft gasp from her and a matching squeeze to his loins. Now that he held those soft, ripe tits, he couldn't help but marvel at how their curves spilled over his fingers, feeling perfectly natural and as much a part of his beloved as they always had.

Lifting one bounteous tit to his mouth, he surrounded her stiff pink nipple with his lips, toying with it gently using his tongue. That alone was enough to draw a soft gasp and warm moan from his tigress, not to mention another warm squeeze to his hidden member. Curious, he gave it a soft suckle, and opened his eyes wide as his effort was met with a soft dribble of warm breastmilk. Almost grinning around the thick, jutting nipple, Art began to suckle and tease at it with his cervine tongue while his hands firmly massaged those swollen, milky tits.

"G-geez Art," the horny tigress murred as she felt the warm liquid squirting into his mouth, breathing heavily as a damp spot started to form on the thirsty buck's pants. "G-god that.. mmmmm... feels good... oooooohhh...." Half-consciously she started to grind herself on her cervine mate's leg, her hands working at the catch to his pants, trying to force them open as his massive shaft pushed at the denim cloth entrapping it.

"I always knew your milk would taste delicious, hon," he said with a grin as he released her nipple to the cool air of the apartment, lapping up a loose drop of his tigress's kittymilk before it could drip from her glistening nipple. Just as she finally got the catch open, he gave those large, fur-covered breasts a firm squeeze that made her squeal in pleasure and tear open the crotch of his pants hard enough to send the zipper flying off into a corner of the room.

"Uh, Je-" he started to ask but was silenced with a hungry kiss, those huge breasts smushing against his chest as both her hands grabbed for that stiff tower of cervine meat rising from his lap, pulling it free from the remains of its denim protection. He found himself mming into the kiss before she pulled away, leaving them both panting as her fingers traced over every inch of that cervine cock she knew so well.

Slowly, she lowered herself down in front of her buck, holding those pillowy breasts in her hands as she came to eye-level with the swollen head of her lover's thick cock. "Relax love, this is your treat," she murred as her tongue darted out to lick tentatively at the tip of his maleness, drawing a soft gasp from him at her rough tongue. Slowly, she took the large head into her small muzzle, teasing the underside with that sandpaper-like texture of her tongue, causing her cervine lover to mmmmmmm appreciatively at the wonderful sensations to his maleness.

Smiling around the warm deermeat in her mouth, she gave it a few gentle suckles, her dark-furred ears swiveling slightly to better capture those lovely sounds of pleasure and heavier breathing coming from her buck's muzzle. Slowly, she drew off once more, a string of her saliva linking lips to deercock for a brief moment, before she started to give that thick pink shaft long, slow licks, coating it with more of her saliva. Unbeknownst to her lover however, she was also gently massaging the underside of her large breasts, keeping herself hot and bothered for what she planned next.

Art let out a soft half-breath of relief as his feline lover withdrew after a few more licks, sitting back a moment to let her buck cool off as she admired her handiwork. "So soon?" Art mock-pouted a little. If he knew his tigress though, she wasn't going to leave him hanging...

"Didn't want you to blow yet," she murmured to him with a sly grin as she rose back up on her haunches, taking those huge, softly-furred tits firmly in hand and guiding them to surround that rigid cervine cock with their soft warmth. As the thick deermeat nestled between those full, ripe mounds of titflesh, she felt a slight shiver run along her spine, a soft gasp of pleasure echoing the warm murr of her buck. "You see, I want to... feel you cum.... alllllll over my breasts.... just like you always love to do."

"After that tongue... I don't think I'll... last too long," he responded as she started to rub her huge, soft breasts along that firm, throbbing deercock, and Jess firmly stepped on the urge to laugh between the gentle moans slipping from her throat. He was worried about how long he'd last? She felt like she was going to explode, and she'd barely started!

As her cream-furred tittlesh squished out around her fingers, she rose and fell as fast as she dared on that wonderful malehood, gliding through the velvet grip of her bust. She couldn't help but watch the flared head of her buck's massive shaft as it poked in and out from between her massive mounds, already dribbling clear pre and matting the fur between her sensitive breasts, and she could already feel her cunny quiver like it always did when Art played with her clit.

Lowering her muzzle, Jess started to add a bit of tongue as well to her tender ministrations, the sharp laps sending jolts of pleasure into the already foggy brain of her birthday boy. He could feel his arousal grooming as he murred wordless pleasure at feeling the silky warmth of her milky tits massaging his heated length.

Despite the increasing pleasure, the room itself was fairly quiet, the only sounds being the soft rubbing of her fur-covered tits rubbing along that cervine malehood, while the two lovers' sounds of pleasure grew in sync. It wasn't long before Art found himself gasping out, "G-gonna cummmm," as he tried to hold back just a bit longer.

"Mmmm, do iiiiiiit. Cummmm on my tits," Jess murmured as she gave her own swollen breasts a firm squeeze that made herself gasp. All she needed now-

With a loud cry, the horny buck thrust up against the tigress's gigantic bust, thick spurts of pearly white cum jetting out to splash off her muzzle as he came against her tits and lips. Jess could feel the throbbing shaft pulsing between her large titmounds as spurt after spurt of his sticky cream jetted out to cover those lush curves. She found herself cumming as well as the hot, thick liquid splashed across her sensitive tittlesh, soaking into her fur as she yowled her pleasure and squirted her own sweet honey onto the floor below.

After what felt like hours, but was only a few moments to the rest of the world, their twin climax trailed off. As tense muscles relaxed, Art found himself with a lap full of sticky tigress breasts, his lover and girlfriend leaning in to snuggle between his legs as his spent shaft twitched against her chest, leftover drops of his deercum oozing out to join the mess on her chest.

He found a gentle smile growing on his muzzle as he looked down at the tigress who'd always tried to do her best by him, purring in satisfaction at the success of her little "gift". In fact, it was kind of cute the way her head was nestled in against his stomach to rub her cheek against his bellyfur, though the gentle stimulation from her matted breastfur rubbing against his malehood kept him still slightly on edge, despite his generous "release."

Reaching down, he ruffled his tigress's hair gently, to her surprised but pleased mrowl. "You know, now I'm going to have to think of a fitting gift for your next birthday."

"Mrow?"

Trying to stifle the growing grin on his face, the mischevious buck tapped his own nosepad in mock thought. "I'm thinking something in a black leash, with red pleather straps..."

Jessica's eyes widened, then narrowed as she looked up at him. "You wouldn't dare..." she whispered, a slight hint of longing slipping into her voice despite the threat she tried to project.

Letting the grin reach his face, Art reached down to scoop a drop of his cum off her spattered breasts and dotted the feline's nose with it. "We'll see. But for now, why don't I thank you for your gift... properly."

"Mrow! <3"