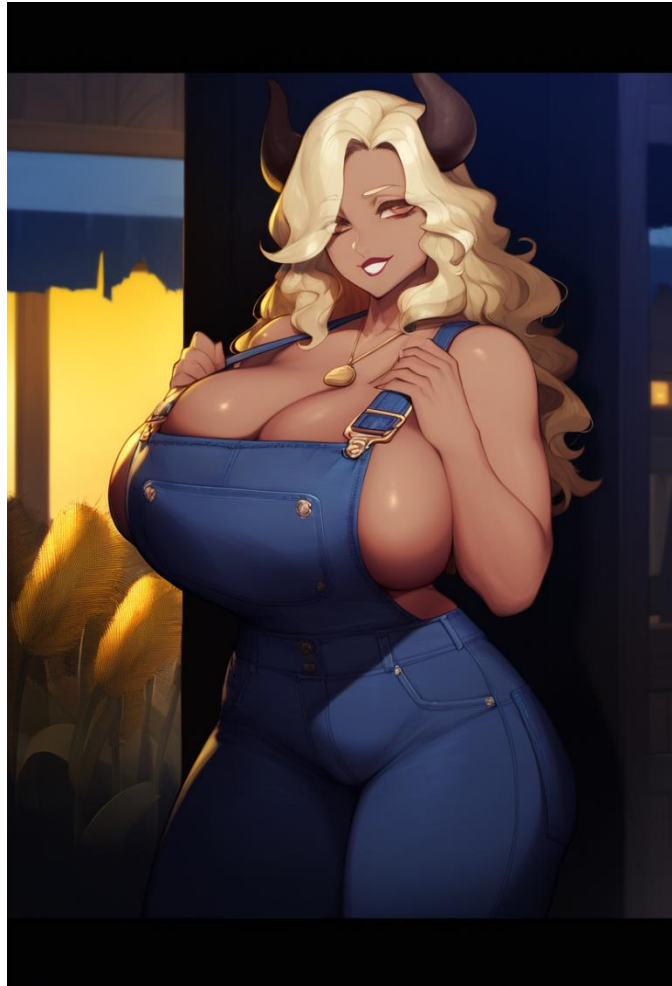


A-Mazed



Julian loved the harvest fair.

He had since he was a child, and even now as an adult he still made sure to attend every year. Sure, he didn't work on any of the numerous farms in the area, instead having a comfortable job at the local book shop. But he was a sucker for nostalgia.

Things had changed in Bedhollow, of course. For one, there were a lot more fey around, which no one seemed to know just what to think about. Ever since Lord Carter married that nymph maiden, he'd allowed more of the arcane races to settle in the area. Thus the population of Bedhollow had boomed, with the small agrarian region getting flooded with newcomers, bringing with them new business, new celebrations, and new uncertainties.

But some traditions had remained, and the Harvest Fair was one of them.

Julian strolled through the grounds, munching happily on a candied apple. Stalls selling more treats ran along the path, along with those familiar markers of such local events. A dunking tank, a play, and even a number of carnival rides had been brought out. It truly did feel like nothing had changed.

His feet suddenly stopped as Julian found himself beside a field of corn with a path cut into it. It was framed by some posts and a newly painted sign with 'Minotaura Maze' written above it.

"A corn maze?" he said.

"Sure is."

He turned his head to the speaker, who lounged behind a counter that looked to be made of scrap wood nailed together. She was tall, even taller than him, and quite large. Not fat, exactly, but she was big and soft. Of course, the sheer size of the breasts straining her overalls could have coloured his perspective. They were absolutely immense. Easily bigger than his head, and when he saw the pair of bovine horns on her head, he realized she was a holstaur. One of the cow-like fey that had been moving into the area over the last decade.

She grinned, a piece of straw jutting from her mouth as she shifted forward, her breasts wobbling against the blue denim. "Been real popular too. Set up by the Bedhollow Heifer Association." She thrust out her hand. "Hera. Nice ta meet you."

"Julian," he said, shaking her surprisingly rough hand.

Hera grinned as she pulled back. Then she jerked her horned head towards the entrance. "Want a turn in there?"

Julian laughed nervously. "Oh, well," he said. "I'm a little old for a corn maze, you know."

"Not at all," the bovine beauty assured him. "This maze is for adults only."

"Adults only?"

"Sure! Because this is a real special kinda maze. Get me? We got a whole bunch of heifers in there playing the minotaur. Challenge is for a cute human to make it to the end. If'n you make it, you get a year's supply of cheese straight from the dairy!"

"And if I'm caught?" Julian asked, amused.

The holstaur grinned. "Well, if'n you get caught, then you gotta give the pretty cow that catches ya a kiss."

"A kiss?"

"Yep!" she giggled. "And if that pretty heifer is satisfied, she can let you go. And if she's not, then she'll carry you out and you lose. Simple, huh?"

Julian shook his head in amazement. Such a strange game. Though, he could certainly see why it might be popular. Another look at the woman manning the booth was enough to make him flush. It was hard to keep his eyes off the heft of her chest, and he was sure many of the burly farmboys in town would feel the same.

"So, how about it?" Hera asked, yanking his eyes back to her face, whose knowing smile made Julian feel even warmer. "Wanna give 'er a run? Just for fun?"

"Well," Julian chuckled, shrugging. "Why not? For fun."

"Attaboy! A copper and you're in!"

Julian paid, noting to himself that the admission was quite cheap, before passing the holstaur and entering the maze.

Rows of corn boxed him in from every side, grown so tightly packed together they really did feel like impassable walls. His shoes scuffed the dusty ground as he ventured deeper into the maze. He considered the old trick of putting his hand against the wall in order to find your way out, but almost instantly dismissed it. After all, this was for fun! No need to take it so seriously.

Besides, he thought with a slight blush, giving a kiss to a gorgeous cowgirl was hardly unappealing.

It was a sentiment that wasn't shared with many others about town, he unfortunately had to admit. Stories still floated around that fey were out to corrupt gullible humans. Turn them into mindless servants or some sort of fuck slave. He scoffed to himself at the idea. Absurd. Though, he supposed there were worse fates than being the lover to some gorgeous fey maiden...

So caught up in his thoughts, he didn't notice the footsteps until they were almost on him. He froze in surprise, but too late! Around the corner came a holstaur.

Julian stopped short, but the thought of escape fled his mind in shock when he actually got a good look at the cowgirl. For one, she was easily a head taller than him, bringing his line of sight directly level with the huge breasts that swelled from her chest.

And what breasts! They were positively incredible. Huge, heavy, yet looking amazingly firm. All of which was plain to see, as the holstaur was wearing barely anything. Only a strap of hide kept her immense mammaries from spilling out, while a loincloth slipped between her

thighs, ghosting between them with her sudden halt. Her hair was lush and red, her pale skin freckled, and when she saw him, her eyes absolutely lit up with delight.

“Caught you!” the cowgirl chimed, her arms sweeping out and catching the startled human in them. Before Julian could even think of running he found himself crushed against those immense pale breasts, fairly swallowed in their buxom heft.

“I got one! I got one! I got oooooone!” the cowgirl giggled, bouncing in place, holding Julian tight, causing her breasts to wobble around his head, and dear heavens, Julian swore he could hear the sloshing of her cream within them.

“Y-you sure did!” Julian stammered.

Giggling, the holstaur finally finished bouncing and pulled him from her bosom, beaming down at him with delight. “Oh!” she exclaimed, finally easing him from her chest. She gave him an appraising look. “Am I the first one to catch you?”

“Uh, yes. You are,” he admitted.

She looked a bit disappointed, then shrugged it off. “Oh well! Anyway, I get a kiss now, right?”

Julian’s eyes went to her lush lips. “I ah, do think that was the... um...”

He trailed off, his jaw slowly falling slack as the holstaur reached up and unwrapped the leather around her chest. His eyes widened as the full heft of her immense chest bounced into the open, her skin peppered with freckles, her nipples large, plump nubs that seemed to be faintly moist.

“What ah... What are you doing?” he managed to ask.

“What else?” the holstaur giggled, cradling her breasts. “I win, I get a kiss. And I want you to give me one right on my big, milky breast.”

Julian stared, for a moment too gobsmacked to reply. Well, now he knew why only adults were allowed in this!

“I uh...”

“C’mon,” she cooed, her finger circling around her nipple teasingly. “Be a good sport. It’s all in fun!”

Julian... supposed that was true. After all, it wasn’t like it was anything serious. A bit strange, he’d admit that. But...

Well...

“Okay,” he said. “I suppose...”

“Attaboy!” the holstaur cried.

And before Julian could say anything else, she’d grabbed his head, and pressed him to her breast.

Julian found his mouth near her nipple, the dampness leaking into his mouth. Milk. She was lactating! Well... of course she was. She was a holstaur. She couldn’t help that. It was in their nature. And though he hadn’t expected tonight to involve getting his face crushed to the heavy, sloshing teat of a gorgeous cow woman, he was having a hard time justifying his hesitance.

“Just a nice, long kiss, sweetie,” she cooed.

Oh, right. Julian licked his lips (which were dampened by the cream. That surprisingly tasty cream...) Then he pressed a kiss to her plump nipple.

A sudden spurt of milk burst into his mouth, basting his tongue in a taste that was... was surprisingly good, actually. It was rich and heavy. Creamy and thick, tingling pleasantly on his tongue.

And then he swallowed.

The little spurt of milk was warm going down. Felt like it was coating his throat like honey. Then it hit his stomach and settled there, warm and soothing.

“Gooooood boy,” the holstaur breathed.

The sound seemed to vibrate through her breast, and before Julian knew what was happening, he’d given her nipple a gentle suck, one rewarded by another spurt of milk.

Oh.

Oh, that was... that was delicious...

Julian groaned, his lips seeming to have a mind of their own as he continued to suckle at her teat. The heavy cream gushing eagerly into his mouth. Dancing on his tastebuds and down his throat. Warm. Rich. Heavenly. Simply heavenly. Like nothing he’d known before, yet so intimately familiar and delicious.

“Gooooood boy,” the holstaur cooed, stroking his head with her gentle hands. “Such a goooooood boy. Mmm. That’s it. Suckle my milky breast. Tastes so... ah... good, doesn’t it? Sooo good. Mnn. Drink up. All you want. Oh goddess. What a good boy. A good boy...”

Julian felt himself warm at those words. Humiliation burned in his face, and yet his heart fluttered and beat faster with excitement.

But...

But this was... was wrong. He shouldn't be... ah... He was...

With extreme reluctance Julian pulled away from her breast. The holstaur's face was flushed, her eyes lidded and lips plump and parted with arousal as she panted with pleasure. She blinked when he stopped and looked down.

"I ah..." Julian gasped, drawing back. "That was the ah... kiss, right? I'm... you won a kiss? And now I can... I can go?"

The holstaur pouted a little. "Mmm. I guess you can," she said, before cradling her breasts and squishing them together, milk dribbling from her nipples, squeezed out as she fondled herself. "If you reaaaaally want to. But, you know, there's no rule you have to give only one kiss. C'mon," she cooed, opening her arms wide, her breasts giving a teasing wobble. "Gimme a suckle."

Gods but it was tempting. He was so thirsty for more. Julian swallowed, his body feeling almost magnetically drawn towards the buxom beauty. But he managed to turn away. "I ah... need to... bye!"

He hastened away, rushing deeper into the corn maze. He took several wild turns before he managed to slow, his heart pounding.

Which, coincidentally, made him more aware of tightness in his pants.

He looked down and saw the bulge of his cock absolutely straining the stitching of his crotch. He groaned, shaking his head. Dear gods. Really? Was he really... really that... that perverted?

Well, why not? She had been gorgeous. And those breasts... that taste...

He realized he was licking his lips and quickly shook it off. Get it together, Julian. It wasn't like she'd forced anything. Hadn't made him suckle her huge... bouncy... milky breast. Her delicious cream. Her wonderful milk...

He slapped his cheeks, the pain stinging sharply. Focus! Gods. He had to get out of this maze. Go home. Sit down and try and forget about... about those huge, sloshing tits.

Shaking his head again, he started off once more into the maze. Left hand on the wall and keep going. He'd find his way out soon like this. Just had to keep walking. He could find his

way out easily. Find his way out and not run into another holstaur. Just had to get out, settle down a bit, and just stop thinking about milk. Smooth milk. Creamy, delicious, wonderful milk...

Movement had him freeze and glance sharply to the right. A new holstaur had just emerged from further down the maze. Unlike the one he met earlier, this one was dressed a bit more modestly. Sort of. A flowing gown that was white as snow garbed her. Her horns were decorated with gold rings, and her dark hair tumbled in a wave to her shoulders. A belt cinched her gown tight around her waist, and drew attention to her hourglass figure and the heavy curve of her chest and hips.

She paused, looking around, and Julian hastily stepped back around the corner, pressing his back to the corn stalks. Okay. Nothing to worry about. He'd just wait until she passed. He wouldn't be caught again. Wouldn't be made to... to kiss her. Kiss those soft, warm lips.

Those big, heaving breasts.

Suckle those plump, needy nipples.

Drink that rich, heady, heavenly cream...

He realized his mouth was watering and swallowed, then froze as he heard the slow, heavy steps of the cowgirl drawing closer. That was fine. There were plenty of turns she could take. There was no guarantee she was coming for him. He'd wait until she was gone, then keep going. He wasn't going to get caught.

Wasn't going to drink more of her wonderful cream. Cream that tasted so good.

Though... though if he was caught then... then he'd have no choice, wouldn't he? He'd have to kiss her breasts, right? Or... or wherever she told him to. That was the game. Just a fun game. It wouldn't be... wouldn't be bad to m-milk her breast.

Suckle her teat.

Drink her rich, wonderful cream...

Julian felt his cheeks burn hot. His pulse racing. His cock aching and throbbing in his pants. The thump of his heart echoing in his ears.

No.

Wait.

That wasn't his heart.

It was footsteps.

Even as he realized that a hand suddenly reached around the corner and grabbed his arm. With a jingle of her horn ornaments the holstaur stepped around, smirking down at him.

"Caught you," the dark haired beauty sang.

Julian swallowed hard, and tried very hard not to stare at her chest. "Y-you sure did," he managed weakly.

Still holding his arm, the holstaur rounded the corner fully. Her gaze flicked over him, wandering from his flushed face to his crotch, and her smile seemed to widen.

"Mmm. Looks like I wasn't the first either," she said, her voice holding a certain cultured smoothness that sent shivers tingling down his spine and into his cock. "But that doesn't bother me. So, I guess that means I won a kiss. Doesn't it?"

Julian's pulse leapt with excitement and his eyes wandered down to the plumpness of her chest. "Y-yeah. I um, guess it does, huh?"

"Mmm," she hummed, her smirk widening. "And I just bet," she crooned, hand rising to her teat, cupping it teasingly and giving the plump softness a lazy bounce, "that you might have some thoughts about where you'd like to kiss me, don't you darling boy?"

Julian felt his face warm even further at the mocking tone in her voice. "I uh... I um..."

"In fact," she cooed, finger trailing down her breast, down the curve and folds of her waist and to her belt, circling on the buckle, "I bet you're so awfully thirsty, if I opened this dress, you'd just be all over my needy nipple like the silly... thirsty... milk boy you are. Huh?"

"M-milk boy?" Julian said, throat feeling so dry.

"Mhmm. A cute male who just. Can't. Get. Enough. Cream."

On that last word her fingers undid her belt. With a clink it fell open, her gown parting like curtains as her breasts fairly forced their way out of the sultry fabric.

Julian's mouth fell open as he beheld her naked body. Because it was naked. She wore neither bra nor panties, revealing her shaven pussy nestled between the marshmallow softness of her thighs. But that alone couldn't hold his gaze, and his eyes trailed back up to her breasts, her nipples pierced by metal studs, accenting the puffiness of her nipples. The heft of her chest holding his gaze like twin moons. So big. So... heavy...

"Chelsea."

"Huh?" Julian said, eyes flicking back to her.

"My name is Chelsea," she said, still smirking down at him. Amused and confident and somehow so powerful and tall compared to him that it made Julian feel strangely ashamed and even more aroused. "I think you should know my name if you want a suckle, huh?"

"I um... M-my name is-"

"Shhh," she purred, finger touching his lips, silencing him instantly. "It doesn't matter. All that matters... is are... you... thirsty?"

Julian swallowed.

Nodded.

Chelsea laughed throatily, her eyes smoldering and hot with wicked amusement. "Mmm. That's what I thought. Poor boys just can't resist a good suckle. A bit of milk. Alright, sweet thing. You can have a drink."

"Ah-"

"But!" she crooned, her finger brushing over his lips, silencing him instantly. "First, I want my kiss. And you're going to give it to me right... down... here..."

Her hand moved from his lips to the top of his head. She pushed, and somehow Julian's legs just folded up. He found himself kneeling before Chelsea, eye level with her glistening, shaven pussy.

Realization hit him, and Julian looked up in shock at her. "But-"

"Kiss my pussy, milk boy. And if you do a good job," Chelsea said with wicked amusement, her free hand running over her breast, playing with the hard nubs of her nipples and the studs that pierced them, "I'll give you what you need. I'll give you a nice, long drink."

Julian swallowed again, his eyes once more moving to her pussy. C-could he really do this? Kiss her down there?

"But..." Julian stammered, glancing at the maze, "what if someone..."

"Then," Chelsea said, stepping in closer, her gown swishing around them, her slick mound mere inches from Julian's startled face, the heavy scent of her body washing over him, "I guess you better do it fast, pretty boy."

This... this was crazy. Julian should stand up, refuse, and get the hell out of this maze. He should break through the corn rows and just head for the open. He didn't have to take this. It would be so easy. So simple.

But he didn't.

Instead, Julian lifted his arms. Wrapped them around Chelsea's waist. Leaned forward.

And pressed a kiss to the slick lips of her pussy.

"Mmmmm," the holstaur moaned above him, her head tilting back, a smirk on her lips. "Yessss. That's a goood milk boy. Kiss me deeper, cutie. Kiss momma with some tongue."

Julian felt her hands on the back of his head, pushing him against her pussy. And... and strangely, he felt no hesitation about doing exactly what she said. Kissing around those fluttering folds. Gently easing his tongue into her pussy. Tasting that strange sweetness.

Licking.

Kissing.

Pushing his tongue deeper inside her.

Pulling her closer.

Pressing his face against her. Crushing his nose against her mound as he tongued her out.

"Mooooo," Chelsea moaned, her head tilting back, her inner walls fluttering against his tongue as he licked his way up. "Oh yessss~! Just like thaaaat. Gooood milk boy. Good boy..."

Julian's face was blazing with heat. Humiliation. Arousal. His cock was so hard it was a wonder it didn't burst right out of his pants. But strangely, mixed in it all, was pride. Pride that he was pleasing her. Pride that he was pleasuring the gorgeous holstaur. And a desire. A desire to make her even happier. Make her proud.

Make her cum.

"Ah!" Chelsea gasped, hands tightening on his hair as his tongue found the hard pearl at the peak of her pussy. "Oh. Ohhhhhh yes! There. Right there, milk boy. Ahn! Yes. Lick... lick me right there. Ffffucking flick it."

Julian obeyed.

Cupping her pussy with his mouth. His breath was hot, steaming as he pleased the holstaur. Strumming her clit with care. With love. With a skill he never knew he had, but that the moaning holstaur clearly was appreciating.

"Mnn! Yes. Yes! Lick me out, milk boy. Fuck. Fuck! Keep going. Keep ah... going. A little more. Just a... a little more. A little... little... m-moooooooooo!"

Pain lanced through Julian's scalp as her fingers pulled on his hair, crushing his face against her mound as she lowed with pleasure and came. Body quivering, shaking, moaning in loving bliss as her sweet juices soaked his face. As she rode his tongue like a bronco over the peak of orgasm.

Julian whimpered beneath her. Flushed. Hot. Confused and happy and horny and almost smothered by her mound as she humped his face to orgasm. But his hands did nothing but squeeze the softness of her ass, pressing her harder against him as he lapped up her juices, more of it sprinkling down his chin and into the dust or onto his kneeling legs.

"Oh," Chelsea panted as her body slowly relaxed, her legs slowly folding up under her, lowering her to the ground. She slumped back against the corn stalks, her huge breasts wobbling with her panting breaths. "Oh goddess yes..."

Julian said nothing, his head still in her grasp, his face dripping with her juices as his eyes stared adoringly at her heaving breasts.

Chelsea blinked and her eyes focused on him. The familiar smirk instantly danced on her lips once more. "Aw, that's... that's right," she cooed, stroking his hair. "I promised you some... some milk as a reward, didn't I?"

"Yeah," Julian panted.

She giggled. "Mmm. And it'd be so naughty not to be true to my word. Alright, sweet thing," she said, drawing his head towards the heavy orb of her breast. "Let's give you your reward."

Julian was fairly drooling as he crawled over her, drawn towards that puffy nipple like he was magnetized to the metal stud piercing it. His eyes lidded wantonly as his lips locked with that firm nub of flesh, and just the touch was enough to unleash a burst of sweet, wonderful cream into his needy mouth.

The taste washed over his tongue, down his throat as he eagerly swallowed. Soothing. Relaxing. He felt the tension he hadn't even realized he'd been carrying evaporate as his lips suckled, his tongue stroking her nipple, teasing yet more of that warm cream from her, flavoured subtly by the metal bar piercing her teats.

"Mmmm," Chelsea moaned, stroking his hair lovingly. "Thaaat's it. Ah. Good boy. What a... mmm... good boy. Just like that. Milk me. Milk my big, soft breast just like... ah... that. Oh goddess, you're... mmm... you're g-good at this. And so thirsty. So... ah... th-thirsty..."

It was actually fascinating for Julian to see the haughty cowgirl becoming flushed, whimpering and panting as he milked her breast. His heart throbbed with adoration for her as

her cream soaked his mouth, slid down his throat in gulps to spread a torpid warmth all through him. It felt good to see the holstaur in pleasure. To see her relieved of the incredible pressure in her breasts. He wanted to help her. Needed to give her that relief.

He switched breasts, cupping the other, cradling and gently massaging it, feeling his fingers sink into a marshmallowy softness that elicited gentle moans and gasps from the holstaur.

“Yes. Oh yesssss. Just like... like that. Milk me, baby. Milk my big... my big breasts. Oh goddess. I... Ohhhhh...”

Julian glanced back up at Chelsea’s face and saw her eyes slide slowly shut. The holstaur slumped back against the wall of corn, head lolling in a fatigued slumber. For a moment Julian wasn’t sure what he should do, aside from keep sucking. Keep drinking and massaging her breast.

But eventually he pulled his lips from her, listening to the slow, heavy breathing of the cowgirl in her pleasure-induced sleep. Julian bit his lower lip, wanting to do more. To get some relief from his cock and keep milking her. But... but he couldn’t unless she was awake. And she looked so peaceful. So... satisfied.

He should... he should probably tell someone about this...

Though he loathed to leave her, Julian nonetheless pulled away, though he did close her gown again so it hid her breasts and pussy from anyone who wandered by. Rising, he turned and staggered once more into the maze. Had to find someone for Chelsea. Had to get out of the maze. Had to... had to...

Had to get some relief for his throbbing cock.

Julian grimaced, but without the constant flow of rich cream into his mouth, there was no ignoring the absolute pulsing need of his manhood. It pressed so hard against his underclothes every step was downright painful. His balls ached as if full to bursting. His head spun, hot, his desire and lust palpable. He needed relief. No. He needed help. But he was having such trouble thinking. Just some... some relief would help him think. Help him decide. Needed relief...

Julian stopped and looked about. No one was around. If he was fast, he could get it over and done with quickly, before anyone found him. But... was he really going to do it? Was he honestly going to masturbate in a public place like this?

Fuck. He was. He just... He had to.

His fingers fumbled with the laces of his pants. He groaned aloud as he finally undid them, his cock flopping into the open. Gods, was he always this big? He seemed bigger than he remembered. But there was no point thinking about it. No point in anything but to take his cock in hand, and...

"Nnn," Julian gasped as his palm stroked his cock, the pleasure almost painful. But even better for that. Even hotter...

He gasped, hunching over, stroking himself. He barely needed to think about something to feel that pleasure.

And yet he did.

And what he thought of was breasts.

Hardly unusual. But now he was thinking about huge breasts. Heaving breasts. Breasts sloshing with milk. Breasts that bounced and voices that crooned and hands that stroked his head. Hands that pulled him against huge breasts. Hands that pet him and whispered that he was a good boy as his lips locked onto a nipple. A good milk boy for sucking. For drinking. For milking mistress and... oh... Oh gods...

"So here you are."

Julian's head jerked upright, tracing up the blue denim of overalls before locking onto the face of Hera. The holstaur towered over him, hands on her hips, a piece of straw still jutting from the corner of her smiling mouth, but something in the cowgirl's eyes made Julian's heart skip a beat and thud even louder. Something amused. Smug.

Almost... predatory.

"Wha...?" Julian stammered.

"I was getting worried," she said, moving towards him. Her breasts swaying with her movement. Straining the denim.

Sloshing with her rich... delicious cream...

"W-worried?"

"Sure. Fair's closing up soon. And you're the last one who went in the maze. And here I find you, all milked up and with your dick in your hands."

Julian stared at her, comprehension bleeding through slowly. But when it did his face lit up and he awkwardly turned away. And yet he couldn't stop stroking. He was just so... so horny. "I uh... um..."

“Shhh, now,” Hera said, the warmth of her body moving up behind him. The softness of her breasts enfolding the back of his head as she pressed against him, her arms wrapping around him. “Don’t you worry about a thing, cute thing. I can see how it is. Some cute heifer got you all hot and bothered and didn’t let you cum, poor boy. Just stuffed you full of her cream and was so naughty she didn’t even give you any relief. Well, don’t you worry, sweet thing,” Hera murmured, her breath hot in his ear, her body seeming to mold around him as her hand joined his around his cock. “Let me lend a hand...”

Julian gasped as her gentle touch grasped his cock. He whimpered as she began to stroke him. Pumping his cock as she tugged him against her. Nestled his head between her breasts.

“Ch-Chelsea!” he gasped, his mission thrusting itself into his mind again. “Chelsea is um... she’s b-back there and...”

“Let me guess,” Hera said conversationally. “She passed out in the dirt after you gave her a good milking?” Hera snorted. “Don’t worry. That girl just can’t take a thorough milking before nodding off. Why do you think she always has her fun before letting a cute milk boy chug his fill? Selfish of her really. Not like the rest of us,” she added sweetly, her fingers firm and loving on his cock. “Most cows love making their boys... cream...”

Julian whimpered, his face burning. His body trembling with the pleasure aching through him with every stroke of his and Hera’s hands. “I ah...”

“But maybe it’s a good thing,” Hera mused, nuzzling the top of his head, breathing in his scent. “Because now, I get to bring you into the herd, sweet thing.”

“B-bring in? I um... I...”

“Shhh,” Hera cooed, silencing him instantly. “It’s for your own good. I mean, could you imagine living without our milk? Could you dream of going on without getting to suckle and chug as much cowgirl cream as you can every day? Can you imagine a minute without the taste of our wonderful milk on your tongue?”

Julian realized he couldn’t.

He really, really couldn’t.

Which was utterly shocking to him. How could he not? He’d only had two tastes of it in one day. But oh such tastes. Such wonderful indulgences. Nectar of the gods!

It was so good.

And he could hear more of it.

Smell more of it.

Sense it like some newly discovered power in himself. Detecting the delicious cream in the breasts that sandwiched his head. Sloshing as Hera masturbated him. Pressing him into her.

"Cum, sweet thing," Hera cooed in his ear. "Cum for me."

"I... I... Nnnnn!"

Julian groaned, shuddering, quivering as his balls tightened and he bucked into her hand. His cock pulsed, throbbing, spurting his cum out onto the hard dust of the path in sharp, wonderful bursts.

Relief washed over him. Pairing with an orgasm like none he'd known before. He fairly swooned as the pressure in his balls eased. As his mind blanked white as the cream that gushed from a holstaur's teat. Every muscle loosened, and he sagged into Hera's arms, nestling between her breasts as she gently pumped him. Milked his cock.

"Good boy," the holstaur cooed. "Such a goood boy. Cumming so much for your pretty cow. She's so impressed. But darling? I'm thinking you might be forgetting something."

"Mmm?" Julian breathed, so relaxed, so at ease, so happy and thoughtless and feeling so very good nestled against her curves he barely heard her. "Wh-what?"

"You got caught by a cow, sweetie," Hera whispered in his ear, and he felt his skin tingle as she inhaled his scent. "And that means you owe me... a kiss..."

Kiss.

Kiss?

Julian felt a quivering thrill rush through him. Stirring him in more ways than one. His mouth felt dry. Thirsty. His cock twitching in Hera's loving hand.

"K-kiss?" he gasped.

"That's right," Hera whispered before she eased him down. Turned him around. Julian found himself lying in the dust as the holstaur towered over him, her smile warm and amused but also hot with anticipation, her hands moving to the clasps of her overalls. "A nice... long... kiss for a pretty cow by her happy milk boy. You're up for that, right?" she asked smugly, the first clasp of her overalls giving way, the denim bulging as her breasts struggled to be free. "You can give me a kiss, right?"

"Y-yes," Julian said, hardly daring to breathe, his eyes glued to her chest.

"Attaboy," Hera giggled.

And undid the second clasp.

She actually moaned as her overalls flapped open, her bust absolutely bursting free. Julian had seen some big breasts that night, but Hera's had to be the biggest. Or maybe his perspective was merely skewed as she towered over him like some primal queen of fertility. Horned, milky, a masterwork in all that was wonderful in the female. He felt his pulse race again. His cock throb as it stiffened to its full, turgid height, pointed up at her.

"And when you're done with that," Hera continued, that same playful, knowing note in her voice, as if there was no possibility he would disagree. Quite accurately, Julian realized. "I think it would be wonderful if you came with me to the commune. To meet the other cows. It's been so hard finding a good milk boy. But I think you're up for the job, don't you?"

"I a-am?" Julian said, watching raptly as Hera pulled off her overalls, revealing the full beauty of her ample curves to the evening glow.

"I do," Hera cooed, kneeling over him. Straddling his waist. Trapping him beneath her as her breasts wobbled from the movement, her slick pussy suspended above his twitching cock. "Wouldn't you like that, Julian? Being the sweet milk boy to a whole herd of pretty cowgirls? Cowgirls in dire need of a sweet, skilled, eager milk boy? Doesn't that sound just... wonderful..."

Julian knew there was something about that he should be wary of. That such a deal had to be too good to be true.

But he couldn't figure out what the catch was.

Couldn't think with those creamy breasts above him, nipples beading with delicious milk.

With the heat of her pussy radiating against his shaft, begging to be filled by him.

So, he said the only thing he could. Something true. Something real. Something he knew he'd never regret.

"Sounds wonderful," he whimpered.

Hera smirked deeply.

"Good boy," she purred.

And sat on his lap.

Julian arched, crying out as his cock vanished into her slick, hungry pussy.

Then he moaned as Hera pulled him up and mashed his face into her soft, pillowy breast.

Instantly his lips kissed their way across that warm, sensitive softness. Found the needy bead of a nipple. And at once he began to drink.

“Mmmm,” Hera moaned, clasping his head, pulling him into her teat. “Oh yes. Oh goddess yessssss! Good boy. Oh what a goood boy...”

Julian groaned as Hera’s hips began to move. Riding her atop his cock. Fucking him under herself like she was in heat.

And it felt good.

It felt right.

It felt like this was where he was supposed to be. Where he’d always belonged. Pressed beneath a curvy holstaur, face buried in a soft breast as rich, smooth cream burst into his mouth with every suckle. His cock squeezed and massaged by the velvety inner walls of a gorgeous cowgirl eager to make him cum. Make him spurt. Make him dumb and happy and adoring as she gave him what he needed. What he loved.

And she was having a pretty good time too.

“Oh yes,” Hera moaned as she rode his cock. “Yes. Yes! Mmmilk me, baby. Milk me good! Ah. Nnn! Good cow. I’m a goooooo cow! Good moo. Yes. Good moo! Milk moo. Moolk moo!”

Julian did.

Loving it.

Adoring it.

Squeezing and massaging her immense breast. Spurting her rich, wonderful cream into his hungry mouth. It was incredible. Amazing. Better than he ever could have conceived. And so energizing! So wonderful. He could feel his body grow warm again. Relaxed. All but his cock, which pulsed with pleasure. His balls aching with new heaviness like he hadn’t cum mere minutes ago. A sensation that wasn’t even shocking. After all, how could he not have more to give this gorgeous cow? How could he not be ready to stuff her full of his heavy seed again? How could he not be ready to cum as much as she needed? As much as she wanted?

And oh, she did want it.

And to be fair, so did he.

“Yes!” Hera cried, her pace increasing, her arms clutching him to her breast as milk gushed into his mouth. “Yes! Milk! Milk moo! Moo! Moo! Moooooo!”

A low, heavy, throaty cry escaped the gorgeous holstaur. Her inner walls squeezing and massaging his cock as they tightened. Rippling. Convulsing with the sweetness of the busty cowgirl's orgasm.

The pleasure shuddered through Julian's cock. The sudden flooding of his mouth with cream pushed him over the edge. As her hips slammed down on him, burying him between soft thighs and plush breast, smothering him beneath the feminine glory of the cowgirl, he came. As he fairly drowned in her milk and cream and pleasure that seemed to have no end he came, his cock throbbing, pulsing, spurting his hot seed into the greedy depths of Hera's pussy.

Julian was in heaven.

Soft, sweet heaven.

Floating on creamy clouds and bliss he'd never known before.

When it ended, it was more like an easing from pleasure. His lips came free of the cowgirl's plump breast, and he dazedly looked up at Hera's face, lit by the fading sun. She smiled down at him. Tender. Loving. But confident and amused. Triumphant in a way that made his cock twitch again despite his second orgasm in an hour.

"Did you like that, milkboy?" she asked.

"L-loved it," Julian gasped with utter honesty.

Hera giggled and stroked his cheek. "Good boy. And are you ready to meet the rest of the Bedhollow Heifer Association?"

Julian's pulse quickened. "Y-yes ma'am!"

"Good boy," Hera cooed, rising, helping him to his feet. "Now, let's go. Those cows have been working real hard for the fair, and I just know are gonna be stuffed with milk.

Stuffed?

Julian licked his lips. Yeah.

Yeah.

He... he could help with that...