

Office Snog



Chase Aster had never been a big fan of Christmas office parties.

They were, in his opinion, an absolute minefield of faux pas, where drink flowed too freely, festive headgear was too ubiquitous, and the menace of mistletoe was everywhere. All things that were just begging for an HR incident. Of course, at the same time, an ambitious young marketer looking to make his way to a corner office could hardly avoid the party. It would be a very bad idea to be seen as anything but amiable. A team player. Someone who could take a joke, have a laugh, and above all be willing to rub elbows with his fellow employees and have some gosh darn fun.

No, Chase certainly couldn't afford to be seen as a spoiler to the party.

Especially these days.

From the corner of the floor he watched as his coworkers moved among the cubicles, laughing and dancing to jingling Christmas tunes piped from various portable speakers and, generally, just making merry in the spirit of the season. For his part, Chase mused on how feminine the office had become in the last few years.

Not that he had any problems with that. Especially given most of his new coworkers seemed to prefer the shorter of skirts and the large of cup size. But he did feel a bit uneasy about his promotion possibilities. In fact, looking around the party, he realized he was one of the few males left in the office.

And definitely one of the only humans.

On that point Chase was a little less sure on where he stood. Again, it wasn't like he had anything against monster girls, but it was undeniable that ever since those holstaurs got hired in the HR department, every new employee was a busty cowgirl. A busty, rather flirtatious cowgirl, in his opinion.

And not too many male employees were left to keep them all busy.

In fact, he spotted Edward from IT getting cornered by some shapely bovine ladies from the mail room. Nearly a head taller than him even without the horns, four of them surrounded the nervous new hire, their faces flushed with booze, and mistletoe dangling from their horns. Even as Chase watched they leaned down, teasing and soon kissing their target, the human trapped among ample breasts and affectionate, pawing hands as they ushered him quickly into the copy room and locked the door behind them.

Chase scoffed. Idiot. All it would take was one complaint and Edward would be out of here. Chase took another drink of his water as he scanned the room. He sighed. Well, nothing for it but to socialize. He'd do some conversation. Make sure he was seen, recognized, then go home. But where?

Prospects weren't good. Most of the cowgirls were pretty drunk by now, which would not only make them handsy, but unlikely to remember he was here unless he took his shirt off and danced on the desk. And Mitchell had already done that, jigging to some Christmas tunes, to much acclaim from various cows.

Finally, Chase locked on to the eggnog table. Yes, that'd do. And it was being handled by Moora, who was not only head of HR, but had organized the whole party.

Perfect.

Chase made his way across the room and to the table, taking the long way to avoid too many cowgirls. As he drew nearer, he sized up the holstaur at the beverage table thoughtfully.

Moora was typical for most holstaurs, being tall, soft, and exceedingly busty. Two horns sprouted from her head, curving on either side and likely making passing through doorways interesting. She wore a tight black pencil skirt, which did wonders to showcase her gravid hips, which formed an excellent counterpoint to her chest, which forever seemed to lack a shirt that could fit. Instead, the upper buttons were always undone, and her dark jacket wasn't much better, leaving a deep valley that suggested some very interesting topography. Dark hair tumbled around her face, which always had a pleasant calmness in her lidded eyes and cupid-bow smile.

"Why Chase! There you are," she said as he came near. "I was starting to wonder if you were here tonight."

"Wouldn't miss it for the world," Chase replied as cheerfully as he could, even as he kicked himself for failing to make an impression earlier. Dammit, seemed like he'd been wasting his time after all. But he was keen to change that now. "Is that eggnog?" he asked.

"Home made! Care for a glass?" Moora asked sweetly.

"I'd love one," he said.

"Wonderful," she said, brushing her dark hair back with one hand as she leaned over the bowl. Chase tried not to stare down her shirt as she stirred the nog with a ladle and filled a cup for him. Sadly, he failed. The sheer heft of her mammaries was truly something to behold. They practically had a gravitational pull. Full. Heavy. Faintly tanned...

"Chase?"

"Hm?"

His head snapped up, body tensing as he realized what he'd been doing. But Moora didn't seem to have noticed, merely smiling as she handed over a cup.

"Ah, thanks," he said, quickly taking it and tipping it back. The thick, creamy brew hit his tongue with a surprisingly rich, heavy taste. And there was definitely the hint of something alcoholic in there. Better be careful. He was confident in his ability to hold his drink. But best not to take any chances around here.

"Frankly, I was surprised to see you here tonight, Chase," Moora said.

"I don't know why," Chase quickly replied. "I love parties!"

"Is that so?" she began, shifting her weight from one leg to the other, which had the added effect of causing her breasts to wobble in her tight top. "Well, you're normally so... standoffish. You never seem to interact with your coworkers outside the necessary."

"I'm quite personable," Chase assured her, even as he felt a lump form in his throat. "Really."

"Really? Everyone has such trouble talking to you."

"I uh..."

"Would you like some more nog, Chase?"

"Eh? Oh, uh, yes. Sure," he said, holding his cup out.

"We haven't gotten any complaints, of course," Moora said as she leaned forward again, her breasts straining her top, captivating Chase's eyes as she stirred the ladle in the bowl. "We'd certainly have called you into the office if there were. But we haven't gotten any comments about you otherwise. For example, Tricia! Tricia, could you come over here."

Chase looked over his shoulder to see another holstaur come towards them. His hand reflexively tightened on his cup when he saw which buxom beauty it was. Tricia was a blonde holstaur, her horns shorter than Moora's, but also sporting a number of mistletoe hanging off them. And judging by the puffy softness of her lips, she'd been giving plenty of kisses tonight. Her hair was so long it reached her lower back, and she wore a tight one-piece, strapless dress that was honestly more like a tube of fabric than clothes. It was also the hottest of pink, much like everything Tricia wore, which got her the reputation around the office as something of a bimbo.

And now here she was, hoop earrings swaying as she smiled with lush, pouty pink lips at Chase and Moora.

"Hey!" she chimed cheerily, her breasts wobbling as she stopped. "Need something?"

"Tricia," Moora said. "Have you met Chase before?"

Tricia looked down at Chase, who gave a weak smile. "Mmmm..." the holstaur hummed, touching a lacquered nail to her lips. "Oh yeah!" she said, brightening as her whole face opened with delight. "You're the gloomy one!"

"I uh, I'm not really gloomy," Chase quickly assured them.

"Aw," Tricia said, pushing a plump lower lip out. "But you never wave hi to me when I wave to you."

That was true. Mainly because Chase considered the office a workplace, and Tricia treated it more like a social club. Chase hastily drank some of his nog to buy him a moment to find an excuse. Again he tasted the creamy heaviness. The tang of alcohol and smoothness of the drink. "I ah... must have thought you were waving at someone else."

"Well, that's just it, Chase," Moora said. "Why wouldn't Tricia be waving at you? She's such a friendly cow. Aren't you, Tricia?"

"Toooootally," the pink beauty said. "He's just so cute! And looks so sweet."

Chase flushed and hastily took another drink of his nog. "Ah, thank you."

"Well?" Moora prodded gently. "Aren't you going to compliment Tricia back?"

"Yeah!" the cowgirl said, her pout deepening as she crossed her arms under her breasts, nearly popping those massive mammaries from the tight fabric she wore. "It's only fair."

She had a point. "Ah, well, you have such a... an eye for fashion," he said lamely, wincing even as the words escaped him.

But the holstaur seemed positively delighted. "Yeah?" she giggled, running her hands over the tight pink dress, causing Chase's eyes to follow raptly. "You like my outfit? I really tried to go with something festive!"

"It looks great on you," Chase assured her. "Very... pink."

"My favourite! Pink is just the cutest colour, right? It's the same colour as your adorable face right now!"

Chase coughed. "I uh-"

"Have some more nog," Moora said.

Chase accepted the new cup gratefully, eagerly downing the sweet tasting cream and coco. He really did need it. It was doing wonders to take the stress off the moment.

"Now you're getting the hang of it," Tricia said happily. "Oh! Cynthia!" Tricia exclaimed, eagerly waving at someone else. "Cynthia! Come over here!"

Chase looked quickly over to see a third holstaur approaching them. This one he recognized right off. Cynthia was a taller cow-girl, and in fact was quite intimidating around the office. Scuttlebutt said that she was the one in charge of firing people, and she certainly looked it, with lidded, frosty eyes and black hair brushed back behind her head. Her stride carried her like a sergeant on a catwalk, and was full of domineering confidence, like she'd bull her way through any obstacle. She wore a tight skirt and jacket, but underneath were fishnet stockings

and some kind of top of the same restrictive, diamond pattern fabric. Her skin was a mocha brown, and Chase coughed into his nog as she came up to them.

“Yes?” she said, her voice a throaty hum that went straight to Chase’s crotch.

“Cynthia, oh you just have to listen to Chase’s compliments! He’s getting so good at it!” Tricia giggled.

The imposing holstaur raised an eyebrow and gave Chase a strange, faintly menacing smile. “Is that so? I’d love to hear it.”

“I uh...”

“Have some more nog.”

Chase automatically accepted the cup. When had he finished the last one? He wasn’t sure. His head felt foggy. His body warm, almost hot. And his pants were getting increasingly tight. He tried not to stare at the three women crowding around him and instead look somewhere safe, but where that was he couldn’t say. Everywhere he turned a pair of huge, heavy breasts confronted him. A smiling face looked down at him. A gorgeous cowgirl crowded him.

“I ah...”

“What about her breasts?” Moora suggested.

“B-breasts?” Chase gasped.

“Yeah!” Tricia gushed. “Her breasts! Cynthia is suuuuper proud of her tits. I just know she’d love if you talked about them!”

“I ah...”

“It is considered very flattering in holstaur culture to praise a cow’s chest,” Cynthia said smoothly. “You are culturally sensitive. Aren’t you, Chase?”

He knew a minefield when he saw one. “O-of course! Yes. Absolutely. Very um... very sensitive to... to culture,” Chase said, his eyes glued to those mocha orbs straining the dark jacket, the fishnet fabric beneath tantalizingly digging into the soft flesh.

“Then go on,” Moora prompted.

“Yeah! Go on,” Tricia giggled.

Chase cleared his throat. Took another drink of his eggnog in the hopes of clearing his head, but that only seemed to mix him up further. “Your breasts are um... They’re so big.”

"Mmm. They are, aren't they?" Cynthia said, cradling those heavy orbs. "I am awfully proud of how... big my breasts are. Men can't seem to look away, eh Chase?"

"U-um..."

"No fair!" Tricia giggled, pushing in closer to Chase and hefting her own chest, squishing those immense orbs together. "What about mine?" she asked.

"Uh," Chase stammered, forced to lean back lest he bury his face between those awesome mammaries. "They're uh... they look so s-soft."

"Ooooh, they are!" Tricia giggled as she fondled her own breasts, her teeth nibbling on her lower lip as she did. "So big and... mmm... soft too. Like big marshmallows."

"And what about mine?" Moora asked, leaning in and hefting her left teat with a hand. "What do you like about mine?"

"They uh... um..."

"Have some more nog," she said, passing him a drink with her other hand.

Chase took it, not even questioning the instinct to drink it. To feel that heady, soothing rush of warmth. That smooth, delicious taste of cream, sugar, and cocoa. Festive spirit in a cup. "They're..."

"Yes?" Moora hummed.

"They um..."

"Yes?" Cynthia purred, licking her lips hungrily.

"They..."

"Uh huh?" Tricia cooed.

Chase looked between the trio, his thoughts a jumble. His body burning hot. His cock throbbing and balls aching and everything feeling good and strange and warm. "They um... they're... p-perfect," he whispered.

The three holstaurs exchanged a knowing look. "Perfect, huh?" Moora cooed.

"And mine aren't?" Cynthia asked with a sly smirk.

"Yeah! What about mine?" Tricia pouted.

Chase stammered, his chest tight with panic. "I uh... that um, is to say... You're all perfect. Really! Promise!"

"Mmm. That seems a little shallow," Cynthia mused playfully.

"Yeah! Sounds like you're just telling us what we want to hear. I mean, how do you know our tits are perfect?" Tricia asked, booping him on the nose. "Hmm?"

Chase blushed hotter. "Um..."

"You better prove it," Cynthia said.

"P-prove it?"

"Now now, girls," Moora said, suddenly behind him, her hand resting on his shoulder. "Can't you see the poor thing is getting flustered? How can we expect him to prove it in public?"

"Y-yeah," Chase gasped with relief.

"Oh that's so true!" Tricia gushed, suddenly at his side, her arm looping with his, squashing him against her bust. "We better do it in private."

"An excellent idea," Cynthia agreed, stepping up to Chase's other side, pressing against him, sandwiching him between the two beautiful, busty holstaurs.

"Uh," Chase managed, looking between them, suddenly unsure.

"Not to worry," Moora said from behind him, pushing him forward. "We know just the place."

Chase offered no resistance. He wasn't even entirely sure what was happening. Things were moving so fast. He was so confused. And the holstaurs seemed so sure. So confident. He supposed he shouldn't be surprised. Such gorgeous woman. Such busty women. Of course they'd know what to do. Of course he should listen to them. He just had to go with the flow, and it'd be alright.

Even if that brought him away from the rest of the party and to a small office.

Even if he heard the lock click.

Even if he found himself pushed against the desk with the three holstaurs looming over him, their smiles making his chest flutter and body tremble with anticipation and excitement.

Even if he watched raptly as all three pulled off their shirts, revealing the full, soft, hefty bounty of their breasts.

Chase felt his jaw drop and stay dropped. Three pairs of heavy titflesh surrounded him. All firm. All plush. All with hard, nubby nipples beading faintly with hints of cream.

"Now then, Chase," Moora said from the middle, stepping forward. "The biggest thing you need to know before saying if a cow's breasts are perfect is the heft of them,"

"Heft?" he squeaked.

"Yeah!" Tricia giggled. "You gotta measure their weight. Make sure they feel nice and big."

"But girls," Cynthia noted with that same faint smile. A look of amusement, like she were reading the lines of a script that Chase had no access to. "He only has two hands."

"Quite right, Cynthia," Moora said. "I suppose there's only one thing to do. One of us will have to use his lap."

"M-my lap?" Chase asked blankly.

"Oh! Good idea!" Tricia giggled, then tapped her chin again with a pink fingernail in scholarly consideration. "But he won't be able to feel it right through fabric. Better take your pants off, Chase."

"Uh..."

"Unless you're not a team player," Moora said with a playful frown.

Chase flushed hotter. N-no. He had to be a team player. Had to make a... an impression here. Had to... to do something. He couldn't remember what. But odds were the holstaurs knew. Odds were the cows knew what they were doing. What he needed. What he wanted.

Yes.

Yes, Chase thought with a sensation of calm. That's right. Do what the cows say, and everything would be alright.

But he still felt himself blush brighter as he pulled his pants down.

Then his boxers.

And into the open air sprang the thick, throbbing length of his cock.

And maybe he shouldn't have, but when the trio's faces lit up and a hungry look burned in their eyes, he felt a tingle of pride.

"Perfect, Chase," Moora cooed. "Now, sit on the edge of the desk."

Chase obeyed, a shock shooting through him as his bare ass settled on the cool wood.

As quickly as a closing trap Moora and Cynthia were on his either side, sandwiching him once more between the softness of their ample breasts, their shining eyes looking down at him and their smiles playful and almost mocking. Tricia went on her knees between his legs, pushing them apart before squishing the hugeness of her breasts around his cock.

“Ah!” Chase gasped, body tensing as the warm softness of the cow-girl’s breasts captured his manhood between them, those ample orbs so big not even his tip escaped their embrace.

“Are my girls heavy?” Tricia asked teasingly.

“I um...”

“What about mine?” Moora asked, taking his hand and pulling it to the warm softness of her breast. “Is the heft good?”

“And what about mine?” Cynthia asked, taking his other hand and pressing into the plush heaviness of her own teat, the netting that bound her breast catching at his fingers as if entangling them. “How’s mine feel for... heft?”

Chase had no idea what was going on. He could barely follow the conversation. He felt so hot. So dazed. Confused, aroused, and yet oddly happy. Whatever was happening was wonderful, there was no question of that. He tried to think back. Yes. Heft. They wanted... wanted to know how he felt about their heft.

“Very ah... very h-heavy. In a good way,” he said, each hand cradling the plump boob of a different cowgirl, while the third holstaur playfully rocked her body, rubbing his cock between her teats. “So f-firm but soft too.”

“It’s because we’re so full,” Cynthia said, her voice easy. Low. Husky in a way that sent tingles shooting through his shaft.

“It’s true,” Moora agreed, leaning in further, crowding Chase against the other smirking holstaur. “But you know, something equally important as the size... and heft... of our breasts to see if they’re really perfect?”

Chase licked his lips, trembling, breathing quick and hot, smelling the heavy perfume and musky arousal of the trio as he stared up at Moora. “Wh-what?”

“The... taste...”

Moora reached up, her fingers lacing with his as she gave his hand and her breast a squeeze. Milk spurted eagerly from her nipple, splashing onto Chase’s shirt. He gasped, whole body bucking as a surge of sinful pleasure throbbed through his cock.

"T-taste!" he managed to say.

"Sooooo important," Tricia giggled from his lap, her hands on her own breasts, mushing them together, rubbing his cock between the pillowy mounds as his pre lubricated them, Her milk drooling from her nipples and into his lap. "Reeeeaally need to think about that too!"

"So true," Moora breathed, pushing against him further. "You want to give an honest assessment, right? Give us a thorough test, right?"

"R-right!" Chase said, nodding furiously, not sure what he was agreeing to. Unable to tear his eyes from Moora's breast as milk dripped from her plump nipple, wetting his hand with its warm creaminess.

"So right. Then you better taste it, right?" Cynthia asked, stroking his head fondly.

"Right," Chase breathed as he found himself being eased backwards.

"Right," Moora cooed, smirking down at him.

And just like that, Chase found himself laid out on the desk. Moora was beside him, still smiling as she shifted atop him, her weight trapping him, holding him as she leaned in, her breast consuming his view. "Then open wide, Chase. And have a good... long... taste so you can give us your honest assessment."

Chase stared, his mind trying and failing to understand what was happening. So he did what he needed to. Did what she told him to.

He opened his mouth.

And when that nipple pushed between his lips, he gave it a suckle and a gentle, firm squeeze.

"Mooooooooo," Moora moaned, head head lolling, her eyes lidding with pleasure as sweetest cream burst into Chase's mouth. Flooded his tastebuds with rich cream.

The moment her milk touched his tongue, Chase recognized the taste. The same as the eggnog. In sudden realization, he understood where the milk in that wonderful beverage had come from. And he realized something else.

It was even better right from the tap.

Chase moaned beneath the lovely holstaur, his hand pumping her breast. His lips suckling her teat as cream gushed into his mouth in a flood. Drowning him heavenly ambrosia. He groaned as he felt Tricia begin to bounce her breasts around his cock, masturbating him with a pair of breasts as big as his head.

"Is he good, Moora?" Cynthia breathed above him, leaning in towards the other cowgirl.

"Soooo goooooood," Moora moaned.

"I bet he is," Cynthia said, her voice thick and hot, her parted lips inches from Moora's. "Such a good boy. A tender boy. So happy to milk beautiful cows. To get in the spirit of giving... and receiving... Oh Moora, you made such a good choice..."

Chase watched in utter fascination as the two gorgeous cowgirls began to kiss over him, even as he continued to pump and massage Moora's breast. Even as milk continued to pour into his mouth with great, heavy spurts. Even as his cock throbbed and pulsed in the bouncing, heaving softness of Tricia's breasts.

"Good boy," the blonde bimbo of a holstaur cooed. "What a good bull you are. Keep drinking. Keep drinking up. Milk that pretty cow. She needs it. Deserves it. Come on, Chase. Get nice and horny for me. Can't wait to taste your cream too, baby. Ooooh, I can't wait!"

Chase moaned in mindless bliss. It was all too much. It was too much before, when the three holstaurs were teasing and touching and sneaking him away into this office. And it was certainly too much now, as his tongue sang with the flavour of Moora's milk. As the two busty beauties kissed and pleased each other over him while a third masturbated his cock with a pair of tits equal only to his dreams.

And when Chase came, he came like he'd never cum before.

"Mmmmm," he moaned, unable to tear his lips from that spurting nipple even then. His body shuddering in ecstasy. His cock throbbing. Pulsing. Surrendering his hot, needy seed in pulses so powerful they escaped the prison of Tricia's breasts to splatter ropes of pearly white onto her breasts and face.

The blonde holstaur cried out in delight, her tongue greedily capturing the drops on her face before she lowered her face and licked his cum up off the curves of her breasts.

And all the while Chase kept drinking.

Kept pumping.

Kept being a good boy.

A good bull.

A happy, horny, obedient boy...

“Ohhhh, Chase,” Moora hummed, stroking his hair as he suckled at her teat, her breath hitching as his tongue stroked her nipple, teasing another gush of cream into his mouth. “I... ah... I think m-marketing isn’t really... really where you belong!”

“Mmm?” Chase hummed, barely listening, drowning in sweet cream and pleasant euphoria.

“Yeah,” Moora cooed, and he caught her sharing a sly look with the other cows. “In fact, us girls in Human Resources could really use a man around the office. You know. Offer us a different perspective. Give us a hand. Or two...”

Giggles met this, and Chase felt himself warm at the prospect. He’d never seen himself working in HR before, but if the cows needed him around, well, far be it for him to disagree. The pay was sure to be better. And the benefits...

Oh, the benefits, he dreamed, giving Moora’s breast a hungry squeeze, causing the lovely holstaur to gasp and another spurt of rich, frothy cream to gush into his mouth.

“Oh yes,” Cynthia breathed, smirking down at him as she cupped his cheek and turned him from Moora’s breast, his lips popping from her nipple. “We’d be oh so grateful, Chase, if you took a... new position around here. So very... very grateful.”

“Soooo grateful,” Tricia said from between his legs, giving her breasts another bounce before she lifted them off his cock.

“Absolutely,” Moora said as she moved over his lap. “After all, you’re such an excellent judge of a hosltaur’s... assets. We could really use you.”

“Uh... uh huh,” Chase said, barely listening, his lips trembling as his head was eased towards Cynthia’s bust, the fishnet straining against her dark flesh. Her nipples poking from the diamond patterns and beading with her cream.

“So just say yes, Chase,” Cynthia said softly, so softly, as she guided his head to her breast. “In fact, just nod. That’s all we need.”

Chase didn’t hesitate a moment. He simply nodded his head.

And found his lips on Cynthia’s nipple.

“Ohhhhhh. What a good buuuuull,” Cynthia mooed, her arms wrapping around him and squeezing him deeper into her breasts as cream gushed into his mouth. “What a smaaaart bull. You’re going to love working with us, Chase. Just... mph... Loooove it.”

“Oh yeah!” Tricia giggled as she laid down on his other side, snuggling against him, squishing Chase between another pair of ample breasts. “You’re gonna loooooove working under us.”

“And behind us,” Cynthia laughed, crushing Chase to her bust with another gush of glorious cream.

“And definitely on top of us,” Moora breathed, sinking down onto his lap, burying his throbbing, twitching cock into the tight, wet heat of her pussy.

Chase groaned in agreement, crushed between the three gorgeous heifers. His tongue buzzing with the taste of milk as cream pumped into his mouth and down his throat. A heavier flavour than Moora’s, but just as good. Just as rich and wonderful and perfect. All the stress of before was simply gone. All the doubt and hesitation washed away under a tide of cream and pleasure. He could only imagine how wonderful his new job would be working for the cows. How perfect it would seem to be a good bull for them. For all the cows in the office. To helping them. Serving them. Making them cream and moan and moo.

“What a wonderful Christmas present. Isn’t he, girls?” Moora moaned as she rode his cock, the wet slap of flesh on flesh filling the tight room, her breasts bouncing, nipple still slick from his lips.

“So good,” Cynthia hummed, stroking his hair as more cream soaked his tongue.

“So very good,” Tricia cooed, kissing him behind his ear as she rubbed against him.

Chase nodded in agreement, never lifting his lips from the lovely cow’s teat. He only did when he came, and the cows traded places again, with Cynthia dragging him to his feet and having him fuck her tight ass while she bent over the desk, Tricia having him suckle her breast while he did, and Moora rubbing up against him, whispering encouragements in his ear.

Because Chase loved the holidays.

And he was really going to love being a team player...