

Special Blend



“Yes” Dr. Ander said wearily into his phone. “Yes. Yes, I understand. Thank you for your time. Yes. Alright. Goodbye.”

He sighed, hanging up. “Damn it.”

“Problems, Doctor?”

Ander pinched the bridge of his nose as he swivelled in his chair. “A big one, Maya. Those cowards in management won’t release the budget for human trials.”

“Oh no!” his assistant gasped. “Why not?”

Ander grimaced, leaning back against the stainless-steel table of the lab. “The usual, of course,” he grunted, waving his hand dismissively. “They’re afraid of the results. They say that the blending of monster genes is dangerous. Even after I assured them that the serum properly eliminated the more dangerous sequences of both holstaurs and lamias. They claimed that blending them with a human subject could reawaken them, and potentially make them even more dangerous!”

“Well that’s just silly,” Maya said, moving up behind him, her gentle hands coming to rest on his shoulders. “You’d never let a thing like that happen.”

Ander grumbled, but found himself reluctantly relaxing as Maya’s fingers gently kneaded his shoulders. Though his temper still flared, the feel of her touch soothed him, as it usually did. Which also annoyed him.

To be honest, he wasn’t sure why Maya had wanted to work as his assistant. He stole a glance backwards at the woman in question, his frown deepening. She was attractive in that ‘girl next door’ sort of way, with soft blonde hair and a heart-shaped face. Her figure was fairly modest, and she wasn’t particularly clever, he had to admit. Which, to be fair, wasn’t out of the ordinary among your university sophomores. But she was a willing worker, and with the constant budget cuts from the university, she was the best he could afford.

And his work was so important! If he could figure out which monster gene dampened another, it would let humans interact with them more. No longer would monsterfolk be treated with suspicion. Caution. Discrimination. If he could only get his work to human trials, he could break down the barrier between species, and create a utopia!

Ander flushed a bit at the thought. A bit grandstanding, true, but still. Dreams were needed to change the world.

And now?

“Well,” he sighed, turning back to the glowing green vials in the refrigeration box, “it doesn’t matter. I can’t very well research if the new serum is bondable to humans if I can’t get a test subject.”

“And you were so confident in it,” Maya sighed. “Oh!” she suddenly exclaimed, her hands pausing on his shoulders. “I just had an idea!”

This ought to be good. “Yes?” Ander asked, glancing back at her.

Maya smiled down at him. “Why not test it on me?”

Ander stared at her, flummoxed for the first time in a very long while.

"Y-you?" he demanded once he got his voice back.

"Me!" Maya said, smiling contentedly. "Who better? I'm always at the lab anyway. And you can trace the course of the alterations very easily with me. And I'll know exactly what to look for."

"W-well, yes, I suppose so," Ander said uneasily. "But still, that seems..."

"Aren't you confident in the serum?" she asked, resuming her gentle massage of his shoulders. "I've been watching you work for months now, Doctor. And I just know such a clever man as you will succeed. I just know your serum will have no problems. And even if it does, you have that genetic dumper too, right? It'll turn me right back into myself no problem."

"Well, yes," Ander admitted. "Of course. As a last resort if the gene sequencing becomes unstable. But--"

"It'll be fine," Maya said gently. "I'd be so happy to be a part of the future!"

Ander chewed on his lower lip, still hesitating. But... well, if he wasn't confident in his work, he wouldn't have gone ahead and been asking for a human test subject anyway.

Still...

"I..."

"For the future," she said again.

"Well... Alright. Fine," Ander sighed, giving in at last. "I suppose we could give it a shot."

"That's my doctor!" she exclaimed happily, squeezing him in a hug.

"But I insist we use the dumper if anything goes awry," he continued, flustered.

"Of course, Doctor," Maya said happily. "I knew you would. And don't worry. Everything is going to be just fine..."

#

The vortexer hummed as it spun the serum in its arm, the sound strangely grating on Ander. He watched it as it slowed, coming to rest with a gentle ding. Reaching over it, he unhooked the vial and lifted it before his eyes. Pink and green swirled in it like contrasting inks, and he again grimaced, wondering if this was the right thing to do...

"Are we ready, Professor?" Maya asked.

"Yes. Yes, I suppose we are," he said, fitting the vial into the injector gun before turning to his assistant.

She sat expectantly in a single chair, her shirt off and leaving her in only a tight fitting bra and skirt. Her eyes shone with eager anticipation, and Ander again considered giving up this effort. But no. He couldn't. This was his best chance to see his work come to fruition.

"Are you ready?" he asked, resting his hand on her shoulder and placing the injector against her bicep.

"I was born ready," she replied eagerly.

With a last nod Ander pressed the nozzle to her arm and pulled the trigger.

A hiss of decompression signalled the injection, and Maya jolted with a gasp. Then a soft, heavy moan as her head tilted back, her eyes lidding.

"What's wrong?" Ander asked frantically.

"Oh D-Doctor," Maya gasped. "It... it feels... g-gooooood."

Ander failed to respond. He was staring at her chest, his eyes widening as her breasts seemed to swell. Her bra quivered as the fabric stretched around her bust. "Oh. Oh! Ohhhh fuuuuuck!" Maya moaned.

Her bra straps gave way with a snapping sound and Ander fell back as her breasts wobbled out, swollen with size. A rasping sound had him look down in time to see Maya's legs fuse together, scales shimmering along her pale thighs and legs to form a serpentine lower half.

"Gods!" Ander gasped.

"Mooooo," Maya moaned, squeezing her breasts as nubs poked out of her hair, soon growing larger until they formed a pair of small bovine horns.

Ander held his breath, staring at his assistant. Her hands cradled her breasts which had easily grown to DD's at the least, her lower half now that of a serpent with dark scales and a pale underbelly. Maya sagged on her chair, panting hot and fast, but looking delighted.

"Ohhhh Doctor," she breathed, giving him a dizzy smile. "It... it worked so well!"

"Ah, ahem. Yes, well, that ah... remains to be seen," Ander stammered, quickly looking at his clipboard so as not to stare at the massive breasts she now sported. "Now do you... er, well, feel any discomfort at all?"

"Oh nooo, Doctor," Maya repeated happily, looking down at her chest as she continued to bounce and squeeze her breasts. "I feel... I feel absolutely wonderful! Better than ever!"

“Well, some ah, euphoria was hypothesized,” Ander demurred, though he couldn’t help stealing the occasional look at the buxomness of his assistant. “How does your tail feel? Do you have full range of motion?”

“Let’s see...” Maya said impishly.

Her tail suddenly swung out, wrapping around Ander’s legs. He yelped, almost toppling before the lamia tugged him close to her, giggling. “Mmm. Feels like I was born with it, Doctor,” she said.

“Er, yes. Good. Good,” Ander said, trying not to stare at her naked breasts, now so very close indeed. “Good. But, in time, things may change as your body may reject the alterations.”

“You think so?” Maya asked, her eyes lighting up, and her smile... there was something about her smile that made Ander a bit uneasy. It looked almost... predatory. “Then... I guess you’ll have to keep a real close eye on me, Doctor,” she murmured, her tail squeezing his legs. “A really close eye...”

“I ah... well, I suppose so.”

Maya smirked, her eyes lidding, and Ander wasn’t entirely sure, but he thought he saw her tongue slide along her lips. “Mmm,” she purred. “Lucky me...”

#

With considerable satisfaction, Ander turned on the tape recorder and he lifted the microphone to his mouth.

“Doctor Ander’s Log. Three Days into experiment 213. The serum seems to be working well. A full week into its use and I’ve noticed no ill effects.” He frowned a little. “Though Subject Maya has had some alteration beyond the physical. Her personality has grown more...” Ander searched for the right word. “...forward,” he eventually settled on. After a moment he rallied. “Nonetheless, this is not beyond the expectations of the experiment. And I look forward to-”

He yelped as he suddenly felt something wrap around his waist and spin him around on his chair. The microphone fell from his hand, and he jerked back, discovering Maya suddenly before him, his assistant smiling broadly.

“Hello, Doctor?” the lamia purred.

“M-Maya!” he gasped. “Don’t sneak up on me like that,” he said, trying to inject appropriate disapproval into his voice.

"So sorry, Doctor," Maya said, though she didn't look particularly contrite. "I thought you heard me. But I really needed to talk to you. There's been a... development in my changes," she said.

In an instant Ander forgot about her tail wrapped around him. "A development?" he demanded, reaching over and shutting off the recording before turning his full attention to her. "What is it? Is your body rejecting the splicing?"

"Well... not exactly," she said, reaching up and unbuttoning her shirt.

Ander's jaw dropped as she finished undoing her top. As soon as it opened her breasts flopped free, plush and heavy, her nipples covered in some sort of pad. Ander couldn't believe his eyes. She had to easily be an F cup now. Possibly even FF.

"My gods!" he breathed. "Your breasts are huge!"

"Why thank you, Doctor!" she chirped, making him flush. "But that's not all," Maya said as she pinched the edges of the pads and peeled them off. Ander stared as they came free, and the moment they did pearly whiteness drooled from her nipples.

He swallowed thickly. "You... you're..."

"Yes, Doctor," she breathed, cradling her breasts. "I'm just... stuffed with cream. My breasts have been so very productive. Sometimes it's all I can do not to moo about how needy and milky I am to everyone around me. Let them know what a desperate, stuffed cow I am."

Ander cleared his throat. "I ah... this is certainly quite, ah. Right. Yes. I understand. It seems the... the holstaur genetic sequence is coming along well. I'll ah... I'll look into getting you a pump right away and-"

"Oh, but Doctor, that's not the big thing I was worried about," Maya said softly.

"N-no?" Ander said, quite surprised. He was certainly worried about it.

"No," Maya continued sweetly. "Because you know how... compelling holstaur cream is. How... addictive. How dangerous it can be. Why," she giggled. "Humans can so easily lose their minds when they suckle from holstaur teats. And I know you said it couldn't possibly be taking effect with your sequencing, but we should really... test it."

"Oh. Oh!" he gasped. "Right, yes, I suppose we... we had best. If I could get a sample of it..."

"Just what I was thinking," Maya breathed. And suddenly her coils yanked him forward.

There was no time to prepare. One moment he was on his chair. The next he was crushed against her massive breasts, his hands catching him on the ample softness.

"Mmm. There we are," she cooed.

"M-Maya!" Ander gasped, pushing himself back and looking up at her. "This is..."

"Just right, isn't it?" she said, looking into his eyes, her own strangely... intense. "Now you can test if my milk is... compelling. Can't you?"

"W-well, yes. I suppose so. But-"

"How better to test it than with a taste?" she asked, her voice oddly lyrical. Smooth and buttery to his ears. And... did she always have those rings around her pupils?

Rings that seemed to... pulse?

"How better to test it," Maya continued in that crooning purr, "than a quick... suckle. A little drink. Just... test it. See if you feel any different. It just makes sense. Doesn't it?"

Ander frowned, knowing how incredible inappropriate such a thing would be. He looked Maya dead in her yellow eyes, opened his mouth.

Then blinked.

Blinked.

Blinked.

His mouth slowly shut, as he realized she was right. After all, medical testing always found it difficult to tell if a holstaur's cream was truly... well, addictive at low doses. It had caused all manner of problems in the past. And she surely hadn't been... hadn't been changed so much that it would have an effect before he realized it. And taste was, of course, the best way to test it.

It only made sense.

Right?

"I..." He cleared his throat. "I um... well, if it is for... for scientific reasons I suppose we..."

"Exactly," Maya said, and her smile made his heart flutter. "It's all just a scientific problem we need to deal with. That's all. Its just for science. It's not like you'd be brainwashed by my big, bouncy tits, after all."

"R-right," Ander coughed, his eyes trailing down to her bust. "Of course not."

"You're much too smart for that."

"Exactly."

"Much too strong-willed for a bit of holstaur cream to captivate you."

"Mhmm..."

"You're much too willful, brilliant, and cute to get all dumb just from a taste of cream."

"Yeah," he said softly. Dreamily as he watched her breasts heave.

Rise.

Fall.

"Wonderful, Doctor," Maya cooed. "Then, let's get started."

He could fairly hear the smirk in her words. But before he could process that she was pulling him in closer.

"Go on," Maya murmured, her voice hot and even teasing, her tail wrapping further around his waist and chest. Her eyes gazing into his. "Have a drink, Doctor. For my health, of course."

"R-right," Ander murmured, swallowing thickly. That... that was right. This was his... his duty to her. She took the risk of the serum. The least he could do was... was make sure it was leaving her healthy.

Yes.

He had to.

Calm settled on him, and Ander looked down to her breasts. He reached out, lifting one up, not missing the shudder that went through Maya. "Are you alright?" he asked.

"Mmm. Yes. Very," she breathed, her tongue flicking along her lush lips. "Just... sensitive. Go on, Doctor. Milk me."

He wished she didn't say it so... lewdly. After all, this was merely a medical matter. Still, his cheeks warmed as he lifted her breast and wrapped his lips around her nipple, giving it a tender suck.

At first he got nothing, and even dared to wonder if they'd been mistaken. Then his tongue caressed that needy nub of flesh, and like a spout a sudden burst of rich cream spurted onto his tongue.

Ander froze, his eyes widening as the taste hit. Heavy. Creamy. Delicious like nothing he'd tasted before. Without thinking he swallowed, throat working as the warm milk slid down his throat into his stomach like a pleasant balm.

Oh.

Oh, that was... was so goood.

"Oh, Doctor," Maya breathed, her breasts quivering, her coils tightening around him. "That feels... feels wonderful."

His face heated up again and he lifted his lips from her nipple. "I ah... g-good. But... but I-"

"And you don't feel addicted, do you?" Maya asked sweetly.

"N-not really," he admitted. "So-"

"Good. But better have a bit more, right?" she asked, her eyes staring into his. Her ringed pupils so deep. "Just to be absolutely sure. Just to be totally convinced."

"I... I suppose so," Ander stammered.

Maya's smirk grew. "Good boy," she said.

Ander flinched. Something about those words made him feel... odd. Not bad (though intellectual he wasn't thrilled about it). In fact, it felt a bit... good.

"Keep going, Doctor," she murmured, pulling him back to her breast. "Must make sure. Must milk your cow. Must suck her cream. It's only right. Only good. Good boy. Gooooood boy."

Those words filled him with uncertainty that he couldn't put his finger on, and yet his mouth nonetheless latched on to her nipple and resumed his drinking. And with every pulse of her milk into his mouth, Ander felt the doubts recede. Sink into the background. Right. There was nothing strange about this. Nothing wrong. As a Doctor, he had to do it. He had to test her properly. Make sure she... she was healthy. He was responsible for her. Responsible for looking after her. Taking care of her.

Milking her.

Pumping her.

Suckling her big, soft, productive breasts.

Soft hums and gasps escaped Maya as he drank. The coils of her snake half flexed and squeezed him with the slow joy of her passions. Ander moaned softly as he worked, pumping

her breast, switching when she reminded him he needed to test both of her breasts. Which seemed strange to him. There was no chance one of her breasts would not be hypnotic and the other would be.

But better safe than sorry.

He didn't want to be sorry.

He wanted to be good.

A good boy...

Soon he lost track of the time. Minutes just bled into each other, punctuated only by the gush of cream as he gave another suckle. It was so easy to just sag against her, squeezing her breasts. Drinking her milk.

Which, of course, wasn't unusual. Holstaurs were bred to be comfortable and affectionate. If not for the addictive and corruptive nature of their milk, they'd be welcome everywhere. Which was another part of why his research was so vital.

So important.

Why he had to do whatever he could to advance it.

But inevitably, no more milk found its way into his mouth, and groggily, Ander lifted his lips from Maya's breast.

"I..." he gasped, panting, feeling oddly sleepy and content and wool headed. "I think... that's it..."

"Mmm. I guess you're right. Thank you, Doctor," Maya cooed as she stroked his head. "This was wooooonderful. And such thorough testing. You know? I think we should do this every day. Just to be safe. Doesn't that make sense?"

"Yes," Ander said, his tongue feeling heavy from the rich taste of cream. "Yes, that... that makes sense. Yes. Every day."

"Gooood boy," Maya said, her smirk showing the hint of fang. The rings around her pupils throbbing. "Ssssuch a good boy..."

#

Something had changed in Ander's life.

He sighed and rubbed his face tiredly as the computer hummed in the background. Well, naturally there was a change. He was on the cusp of true monster-human hybridization. A grail

that had eluded the world for millennia! Not to mention the woman who was enabling it came by every day, always eager to have him test her milk and ensure she was still healthy. Still not changed too much by the hybridization.

Her milk...

Ander groaned and pressed a hand to his temple. Gods, his head felt so... muzzy these days. So confused. The only relief he seemed to get was when Maya came in for her checkups.

Yes.

Her sweet, delicious checkups.

Ander licked his lips, recalling the taste of her milk. She really was developing nicely. So big. So productive. Though, now that he thought about it, was she supposed to be so... busty? Surely the lamia genes should have moderated it a bit. And she was so pushy. Which was okay. After all, everything she wanted to do he wanted as well, so it wasn't as if she was going against his will.

Still.

He glanced again at the analyzer as it hummed along. It had been difficult, but he'd managed to resist drinking all of her milk after the last test. He knew she said mechanically testing her milk was unnecessary, and she was right, but still. It paid to be thorough, and testing the gene sequencing would be a smart thing to do. Though it made him curiously... guilty about doing it. Going behind her back.

Which was another odd thing. Why should it bother him? He was the doctor here. The brains behind the work. And as lovely and clever as Maya was, she was still his assistant. He didn't need her permission to do his job.

So why did he feel so torn about it?

Gods. He pressed his hands to his face with a groan. What was going on with him? Nothing seemed to make sense. And he was so thirsty. When was Maya's testing time? He wondered if he should call her. Ask her to come in early. It wouldn't be the first time...

The beep of the machine drew him back to the present. Barely paying attention, his mind still thinking of huge, milky breasts, his hand distractedly clicked the mouse, bringing up the readout. His eyes skimmed over it.

Then he stopped.

Read closer.

Oh.

Oh no no no.

Ander leaned back in alarm. “No,” he breathed. It couldn’t be. If... if this was right, then Maya’s cream wasn’t just addictive, it was... it was more potent than even a purebred holstaur’s! Had the sequencing shifted somehow? Did the lamian DNA enhance it? And if so, what about the lamia half?

Ander had a sudden vision of eyes. Those strangely alluring eyes with their rings that seemed to go on forever. How easy it was to fall into their endless spiral...

Spiral...

In a sudden terrible moment it all fell into place. Her eyes. Her cream. Her tests. He... he’d been brainwashed! Every moment with her he fell further under her sway. And he’d never even realized it. He bolted to his feet, his chair clattering to the floor behind him. “Gods,” he gasped. “Oh dear gods!”

He... he had to do something.

The dumper!

He spun on his heel and raced to the safe. Frantically he stabbed in the code. Bad. This was very bad. The changes at this point were almost permanent. But the dumper could still purge her of the gene alteration. Make her human again! He just needed to give it to her.

As the safe opened with a hiss of cooling air he snatched the syringe out of it. He had to get to Maya and-

He heard the door to the lab open.

And the soft susurrant of scales.

“Doctor,” Maya purred. “I’m ready for my check-up.”

Ander shuddered, need aching through him from his balls to his head. He felt the muzziness grow heavier, and he turned reluctantly to the door.

Maya loomed there, even bigger than he remembered. In every way. She barely fit through the door now, her tail so long it bunched up around her as she slid inside, her horns so huge she had to tilt her head to clear the frame. Her breasts were positively huge and heavy, bigger than his head, and heavens help him, he could hear the slosh of her cream.

She paused when she saw him, her eyes faintly luminous in the gloom of the lab. Their rings seeming to contract and expand around her pupils. They narrowed, but her smile was predatory as it grew.

"Oh," she said softly, amusement plain in her tone as her tail shut the door behind her. "Seems someone has been... thinking of things other than my big breasts, hasn't he?"

Ander swallowed thickly. "I... Maya, this is... These changes are... are..."

"Wonderful," she purred, spreading her arms. "Glorious. Just like me."

"M-Maya," he gasped. So she knew! "Y-you're sick. I c-can help you."

"On the contrary, Doctor," Maya breathed as she slithered in closer, her movement smooth and seamless, yet her breasts still wobbled teasingly on her chest. "I've never felt better. Besides, you've already helped me soooo much. So very, very much. You've made me the woman I was always meant to be. Full figured. Sexy." Her lush lips widened. Her forked tongue flicked. "Irresssstible..."

Ander shuddered, swallowing thickly. He could feel his legs quake with weakness. His mouth grow dry. Thirsty. So thirsty. His eyes went to her breasts. Her nipples. How they peaked through her shirt. Begging for a pair of lips.

A pair of good boy lips...

He shook himself violently. "M-Maya. This..."

"Oh Doctor," Maya cooed, and her tail slithered around his legs before he even realized it. "What's wrong? Are you getting cold feet? Silly silly," she giggled, licking her lips. "We're far beyond that."

"W-we are?" he gasped, clutching the dumper's syringe behind his back.

"Oh yes," Maya said as she leaned in closer, her hands playfully undoing her shirt. "We're going to go further, Doctor," she purred as her eyes bore into his. As her words etched themselves into his brain like gospel. "You're going to keep working. Improving. I've got tons of friends that would just love to help. Love to see what monsters we can merge them with. Make them sexy. Compelling. Enthralling." She took a shuddering breath, her forked tongue flicking. "It's going to be soooo wonderful, Doctor. We'll even go private. Make it available to everyone! We'll make a fortune. Let every woman have breasts like mine. Eyes like mine. Able to make the men they love just putty in their hands."

"Maya," he gasped, trembling. With fear, yes. But more. A sort of pathetic and submissive desire radiating through him. His eyes glued to her chest as she yanked her shirt open. "This..."

Her breasts burst into view, freed, bouncing with heft. Sloshing with their cream. His whole body bucked as if sensing the weight of them. Their presence making his mouth water. The scent of cream rolling over him in a wave. Drowning him.

Sinking him.

"And it's all thanks to you, Doctor," Maya breathed, cupping his cheeks, squeezing them, dragging his eyes back to hers as she smirked down at him. "All thanks to you. And me, of course. But I'll let you take the credit. Because you're all mine," she cooed, her tail wrapping further around him, drawing him in closer. Binding his legs helplessly together. "Your silly head just stuffed with love for me. Your body so drunk on my milk you can't help but obey. Just helpless to my tits and eyes and kiss. Oh, Doctor."

Ander saw her lips descend towards him, and knew this was his chance. His chance to stick her with the dumper. Purge her of this change. Bring her back to normal. He tried to move. To end this!

Yet his arm failed.

His hesitation hung there.

And with a terrible understanding, he realized he couldn't do it. He couldn't move away. Couldn't resist. Not those eyes. Not those breasts. Not those succulent lips. He could only stand there, trapped in her coils, frozen, and feel her kiss press to his mouth.

And when he felt those hot lips against him, he melted with a moan.

A groan.

A weak, submissive whimper as he was crushed to his assistant's breasts. Shivering as he felt her nipples grind into him. Milk dampening his lab coat. He moaned, submitting gladly as he heard her cream slosh in her tits and her tail wrapped tighter around him. Squeezing him as if to never let him go.

And gods help him, Ander didn't want them to.

He wanted her to stay with him. He wanted to do whatever Maya said. He wanted to obey her every whim and receive her praise and kiss and be crushed to her milky breasts with her pleasure. He wanted to pump and love and adore her. To do anything for her. To hear her hissing moo as he swallowed her rich, heady cream.

He'd do anything for it.

For her.

Because he loved her. Loved what she had become.

And he felt the syringe with the dumper slip from his fingers and rattle on the floor.

Maya's smile widened and her eyes grew warm. "Good boy, Doctor," she cooed, stroking his head. "Sssssuch a good boy."

Oh. Oh those words. Those wonderful, heavenly words. Words that oozed through him like ambrosia in his veins. "Th-thank you, Maya," he breathed as he basked beneath her spinning eyes. Lost in her gaze. Trapped in it. In her coils.

Helpless.

And so very, very happy.

Maya smirked and lazily shrugged her shoulders, pushing forward the ample heft of her immense breasts. Ander fairly drooled at the sight of them. The scent of cream.

"Go on," she purred. "Have a drink."

Ander did. His world zeroing in on a plump nipple. Almost the second his lips touched it sweet cream gushed into his mouth.

And he was in heaven.

He moaned blissfully as he sucked, drowning in Maya's cream. Feeling the torpid warmth of pure ecstasy roll through him in a pearly wave of pleasure. What little fight remained in him fled. His hands came up, cradling Maya's immense breast as he lovingly suckled.

"Mmmoooo. Gooooood boy," the lamia-cow moaned as she held him close. "What a gooooood boy..."

Ander groaned as he felt her coils shift around him. Her arms cradling him against her as she eased back. She shifted him atop her, and one of her hands left his head, moving between them. He felt her maneuver the fabric of her skirt and his pants. A gasp escaped him as his cock was drawn out and grasped by the beautiful seductress.

"So big for me," Maya breathed as she gave him a slow, loving pump. "Sssso needy. Sssso thirsty. That's it. Mmm. Keep suckling. Keep drinking. An. Good boy. What a good boy. So horny for me. All for me. Your poor mind just... lost in my eyes. Lost in my cream. You'll be my good boy, won't you, Ander? My loving, obedient plaything?"

"Yes," he gasped between suckles of her nipple, fairly slurring around the cream that drowned him. "F-fuck yes..."

"Mmm. I know," Maya breathed. "And I love it."

He gasped as he felt her coils slither further up him, wrapping around his chest. Squeezing him. Dominating him. Showing him who he belonged to as she guided him against her. Rubbed the tip of his cock against her entrance.

Ander whimpered, sensitive pleasure shuddering up his cock, yet she held him there. Didn't let him inside her even as his hips began to rock, desperate to taste the silky wetness of her pussy. He groaned in helpless need. Helpless desire. Hearing Maya's pleased hum at his desperate noises. Feeling her coils contract with her satisfaction at knowing she controlled his pleasure. His desire. It was all for her.

And she knew he loved it.

Finally, she let him push forward. Let his cock slip inside her. A great moan of delight escaped Ander as his cock sank into her. He heard Maya gasp then purr in delight.

"Yesssss, Ander," she breathed. "Yesss. That's it. Fuck me. Fuck your mistress. Your goddess. Give me your cock. Give it to me!"

Ander did.

Oh, how he did.

With near mindless desperation he thrust his cock into the tightness of his beloved. With every buck of his hips he sent her breasts wobbling. Spurting their wonderful cream into his eager mouth. Her coils tightened deliciously around him as his cock was rammed home again.

Again.

Again!

Gods but it felt good. Felt wonderful. Felt right! This was where he belonged. This was what he needed! As long as he had Maya, it would all be good. He just needed to do what she said. Obey her. Obeying felt good. Good boys obey.

"Good boy," Maya panted above him, smiling down at him, her gaze intent. Passionate. Hungry and eager. "Good boy. Cum for moo. Cum in moo! Give it to moo! Give moo your seed. Fuck moo. Fuck moo. Fuck moooo!"

"Yes," Ander gasped between spurts of cream. "Yes. Yes! Y-yesssss! Mistresssss!"

That final wail of blissful submission heralded his orgasm. Spurred his balls to tighten and cock to spurt what felt like gallons of his seed. Pumping it into the hot, hungry depths of her pussy.

His pleasure did not go unnoticed. As he came, Maya moaned, her coils squeezing him tighter than ever, her pussy rippling around his cock in a sudden swell of pleasure. "Yesss! Ohhhhhh fuuuuck! Mooooooo!" the lamian moaned, her breasts spurting their creamy bounty as she came, her orgasm a high stronger than possibly even Ander's.

He appreciated this, even as his vision tunneled, breath squeezed from him by her reptilian tail, bringing a new dimension to his orgasm that made it even better. He offered no resistance. Barely even struggled as he basked in the carnal high of that moment.

He must have blacked out for a moment, because the next thing he knew he was released from Maya's coils, leaving him instead draped on them, her breasts his pillow as she lazily stroked his hair. Blinking vaguely, he lifted his head, and found his eyes instantly captivated in her spiraling gaze.

"Mmm," Maya purred. "Did you enjoy that, Ander?"

"Yes, mistress," he droned obediently.

"Good boy," she purred, smirking. "Because we're going to do it so much more, aren't we? Working together so close."

A shiver of anticipation went through him. "Y-yes, mistress. Work with you..."

"Good boy," she repeated, causing another quake of bliss to pass through him. "Now," she said, lifting her other breast. "I think you still have more work to do, don't you?"

He nodded eagerly, squirming in closer and latching on to her breast, his eyes lidding in warm bliss as her cream gushed into his mouth with every suckle.

For he was a good boy.

And she was just... perfect...