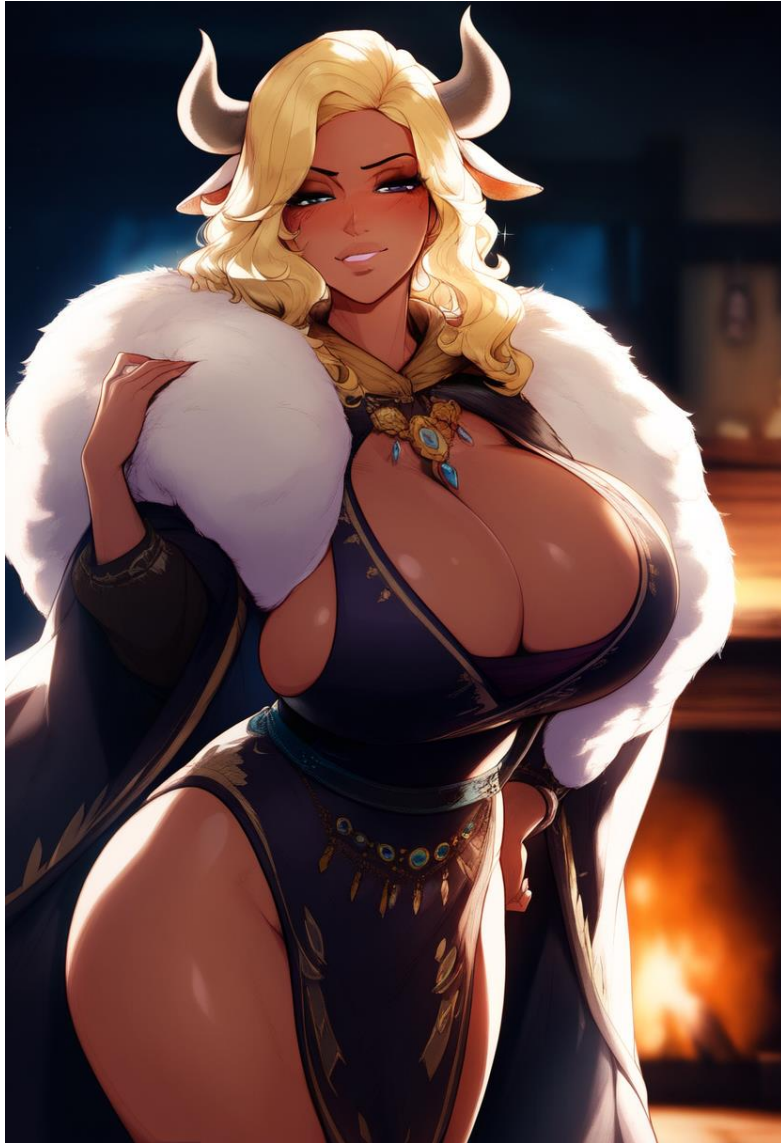




Mistakes had been made.

Possibly even by Evan, though it was too soon to be sure.

After all, his plan had been perfect. The Longdale Pass wasn't supposed to snow up for weeks when he'd set out. And yes, maybe he'd lingered a little too long in Lucena bartering for those diamonds, but he'd made so much money. And there'd still been time.

So, naturally, it wasn't really his fault that he was currently trudging through the Mountains of Despair while one of its infamous blizzards howled around him. Whose fault this was remained a bit of an open question, but he was sure he'd have an answer for it.

Provided he didn't freeze to death first.

Fortunately, he had always been a practical man, and had dressed in the anticipation of being on the road when the first snows hit. And he was... he was utterly confident he was on the right path, despite the whiteout. He just needed to get somewhere warm. Get out of the cold for a bit and recover his bearings.

But that was looking to be a problem.

He squinted through the white of the blizzard. By his calculations, he shouldn't be far from the town of Gibran. Once there, he'd be able to hunker down for the winter, and when spring rolled in, he'd be able to pop through the pass without issue, hit the main road, and be in the capital before the harvest.

And he was sure he was going in the right direction.

Though, it was starting to feel like an awfully long walk...

But... wait.

Was that a light?

Hope bloomed in Evan's breast and he forced his legs into motion again, wading through the rising snow with the urgency of the damned. For a moment the cold receded in his limbs as he struggled through the drifting white banks, his scarf sucking against his mouth with every laboured breath.

It was a light! And more. Buildings formed out of the darkness. Near buried, their eaves covered in snow, yet from frosted windows light spilled out, promising heat and warmth and comfort. One in particular loomed ahead. More a lodge than a home, it spread itself forth in a dark mass, the windows glowing gold with heat. With life-giving warmth.

Evan staggered into the smaller drifts around the building. He trudged about to the front, finding himself before a large door. Elaborate carvings covered it, and twin totems that he couldn't make out due to the snow flanked it. But he paid them little attention as he searched for a handle. He almost sobbed when he found it, turned it, and fell inside.

The cozy heat from within hit him like a golden wave.

Warm.

Blessed, life giving warmth.

He groaned as he went to his knees, panting, head swimming as he swung the door shut behind him, silencing the howling storm. For a moment he could only kneel there, breathing heavily in relief and exhaustion.

"Well well! What have we here?"

Wearily, Evan raised his eyes towards the voice.

And stiffened anew.

A woman stood before him, and what a woman she was. All curves, she was soft and tall, and not just because she sported a pair of bovine horns. Huge breasts stretched a downy gown while a fur-

trimmed cloak draped her shoulders. Amulets and charms hung off her, while pigtails of golden blonde spilled down her shoulders and the curve of her chest. She smiled with a warm delight that made Evan's cock throb in his pants.

But a chill went down his spine at the sight of her nonetheless, for he knew a holstaur when he saw one, and he'd heard the rumours of the mountainous cowgirl breed, as had anyone else.

Naturally, he didn't put too much stock in them. He was a man of the world, after all, but enough stories floated around about the gorgeous cow women who populated villages along the high passes that it warranted some caution. Stories like how their milk was corruptive to those who drank it. That holstaurs were always seeking males to entrance with their breasts and cream, turning poor fools who stumbled upon their homes into happy, obedient slaves who never thought of anything but how to better serve the buxom beauties and pump their heavy, sloshing breasts.

Rumours as far as he knew.

Still...

Evan grunted and heaved himself back to his feet. "Sorry," he gasped. "Just... needed to get out of the cold."

"I imagine so," the holstaur said, her voice thick with a mountain accent. "You look half frozen! Please. Come in. Come in! Let's get you over to the fire."

"I-I can stay here," he quickly said.

"Not at all. You're still shivering! And never let it be said the Bovam tribe left a poor soul to the winter's bite. We must get you all warmed up."

Evan hadn't the will to argue. Not as the stinging ache of the cold buzzed in his extremities. And the warmth deeper in the lodge drew him in like a moth to flames.

He found himself being ushered out of the receiving room and into a large hall. The high ceiling was held aloft by arching wooden beams and the walls were inlaid with elaborate carvings of bovine figures and geometric designs. A huge fire roared in the middle of the room, the smoke sucked up through a chimney and into the freezing night. Benches were arrayed around tables layered with food.

And everywhere were the holstaurs.

There had to be more than a dozen of the bovine beauties about the room, all dressed in the loose, heavy robes that draped their tall frames, curving over their plump chests. Many wore bracers or ringlets made of gold and silver around their horns. More than a few held steins of foaming ale and were deep in merry conversation.

And all looked his way as he entered the room.

He stopped, eyes panning the interior, freezing under the very interested gaze of the assembled cow women.

Then he jumped as his guide's heavy hand landed on his shoulder. "Ladies," the cowgirl beside him declared. "This poor fellow just came in from the cold. Please, I invite you all make him welcome."

Smiles fluttered to soft lips all around the room, and a chorus of greetings met him. Evan felt his face warm under the attention of so many beautiful women and he cleared his throat.

"Ah, hello. My name is Evan. I'm a... ah, a merchant. Just happened to have been passing by and needed to warm up a bit."

"And we're all so pleased you decided to join us tonight," the blonde cowgirl with him said, smiling down at him. "Bellia? Some ale for our guest."

"Right away, Clara," a tanned holstaur giggled, brushing back her fiery red hair as she made her way to some tankards on a nearby table.

"You're quite fortunate to have stopped by tonight as well," Clara said as she walked Evan towards the hearth.

"I am? Why?" he asked, his eyes darting about warily.

"Because it's our festival of the Hollydays. A celebration of our company, and a prayer to the goddess to see the winter is not so bitter, and spring will be long and soon. But really," she said with another reassuring squeeze of his shoulder. "It's an excuse for the village to get together in these frigid months and get pleasantly drunk. Why, one could go mad all alone in their huts during this weather."

"Right," Evan said as he was sat down on a bench near the flames. Wonderful flames. No sooner had he done so than Bellia had plopped down on his other side, pushing a stein of ale into his hands.

"Here you are! Nice and warm."

"Thanks," Evan said, looking at the foaming drink. He gave it a sniff, but it didn't seem to have anything wrong with it. Maybe he was just being paranoid.

"So, do you intend to stay long?" Bellia asked, squeezing in closer.

"Long? Oh, no. Just... need to warm up. Then I'll be heading out. Thinking about trying to reach Grevin. Shouldn't be too far. Another day or so of walking."

"Maybe. But in this blustering wind?" Clara said, settling on his other side and scooting in towards him. "Trudging through that deep, deep snow? All the while the freezing air whips at you? The cold sucks at you? Numbs you?"

Evan shivered at the reminder and took a quick sip of the ale. It was quite good, though different from any he'd tried before. Thick and warm, yet smooth. Almost... creamy.

"What an awful thing," Bellia cooed.

He shrugged. "It's not so bad. Not the life for many, true. But I do love to travel. Just... made a small timing error."

"How terrible," Bellia said, stroking his shoulder before her arm slid around him, pulling him against her curves. "It must have been just awful out there. Why, you're still shivering! It must be those clothes you're wearing. Still so cold. Why not take them off?"

Evan almost choked on his ale. "M-my clothes?"

"Bellia, really now," Clara sighed. "He doesn't need to get naked here. At least, not until he's in his bed."

"Bed?" Evan looked between them uncertainly. "Oh, no. I couldn't. I'll just warm up and then head out."

"Oh, but you're still so terribly cold," Clara put in gently. "Why, I imagine you're already feeling the weakness of your journey."

Evan shifted. She wasn't wrong. His muscles throbbed with exhaustion and the cold, to say nothing of the sting of returning feeling in his hands and feet. "I really can't afford..."

"It would be free, of course," Clara noted.

His ears perked up. "Free?"

He saw Clara exchange a glance with Bellia. The pale holstaur's lips curved up further. "Of course," Clara said, wriggling in closer, squeezing him against Bellia. Against her breasts. Such big breasts. Gods. They were bigger than his head. Evan tried to ignore them, but they were so close. Close and soft.

Close and warm.

He hastily took another drink of his ale, the smooth taste tingling on his tongue and buzzing through his body. "Well..." he said, sneaking another glance at Bellia and Clara.

"We wouldn't dream of charging you to stay in our little village," Clara continued. "The laws of hospitality would never permit it. We don't have much, but what we have we gladly share. Especially with such a worldly young man. We so rarely get news from the outside here. Especially during winter."

"I imagine," he said.

"Of course. And we'd not dare send you out there again. Not with the brutal weather. Although..."

Evan frowned. Of course there would be a catch. "What?" he asked as he took another sip of his ale.

"Well," Clara said gently. "Unfortunately, we don't have enough beds for a newcomer, so I'm afraid you may have to... stay with some of us while you're here."

His eyes widened. Snapped between the two holstaurs. "Stay? But, I..."

"Oh, we don't mind," Bellia giggled.

"Exactly. In fact, we'd consider it our duty. Especially tonight. You need to do whatever you can to warm up, lest the shock kill you dead! I've seen it happen so often."

"Just tragic," Bellia sniffed, wiping her eye.

Evan hesitated. But she... did have a point. It would be pretty stupid to charge out there after just warming up. Especially for a trip that may take more than a day. And he had heard of the cold doing what she described. Men who warmed up too fast, then went back out into the freezing cold quickly

grew disoriented, the shock of the change in temperature causing limbs to seize up, and the cold burying them quickly.

He took another drink of his ale, feeling the warmth of it ooze through him and settle in his arms and legs. Gods that was good stuff. He had been walking an awful long time, he really needed that drink. And a rest wouldn't be so bad. It wouldn't be a terrible idea to maybe... take a rest. Get warm and ready for the next stage of his journey.

His eyes again crept to the holstaurs.

Lingered on their straining busts...

"I... suppose I could," he admitted.

"Wonderful," Clara said, rubbing his shoulder comfortingly. "Simply wonderful. Oh, and I see you're still shivering. How terrible. I imagine you can already feel all those aching pins and needles. We really must help you get the blood flowing. Bellia? Could you help our guest?"

"Gladly, chief," Bellia giggled, rising and taking his hand.

Evan found himself being drawn to his feet. "Er..."

"Now now! No argument," Clara said warmly as Evan found himself tucked against Bellia's side. "Not unless you'd like to lose those fingers and toes to frostbite."

"I... guess not," he admitted.

"Exactly," Bellia said with a lazy smile. "Don't worry. I'll make sure you keep nice... and warm..."

Evan smiled back, albeit a little uncertainly. He soon found himself brought down a dim hall and to a door. Bellia pushed it open, admitting him into a dark room. The curtains were drawn on its single window, but just the sound of the storm battering against the shutters and glass made him shiver anew. Bellia left him and lit a lonely lamp, the single flame revealing in its orange glow thick rugs hanging off the walls, many sewn with pastoral scenes. Scents lingered in the air, and he spotted a number of incense burners before a carved altar, wafting their scents into the air on thin trails of smoke.

He realized he was still holding the stein and finished it off in one go, the warm ale seeping down into him in a tingling rush.

"Now," Bellia cooed, patting the heavy blankets of a large, strongly built bed, "Time to get those clothes off."

"E-excuse me?" Evan stammered, blinking.

"I need to massage the feeling back into you, silly," Bellia said, smiling. "Don't worry. I'm well trained in it. All the village girls are. It's our way of strengthening our bonds. A deeply personal ritual."

Evan considered refusing, but it wasn't unreasonable. Again, he found his eyes wandering to her plump, bronzed breasts before he forced his eyes away.

"Sure. Alright," he said, and began to strip off his clothes, which proved somewhat difficult with his numb fingers.

"Let me help," Bellia said, moving in.

Evan sighed and decided he may as well. He shivered as her gentle fingers helped undo his jacket and stripped it away. Soon more of his clothes came off, revealing his shirt and pants, though even those soon went, leaving him in nothing but his underclothes.

Which failed utterly to hide how aware he was of her body.

"Oh," Bellia said, a smoky look in her eyes as she looked at the tent he'd pitched. "Oh..."

"Uh," Evan coughed. "So, massage?"

"Hm? Oh! Right. Of course. Please, sit down on the bed."

Evan did so, Bellia kneeling before him. Her eyes were low and lidded as she took his foot and began to gently knead the sole with her fingers.

Evan tried not to react, but it was terribly hard not to. It was like she was rolling all the aches from them, leaving only a warm looseness. A groan escaped him as her fingers rubbed his feet, another throb of heat moving through him.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" she asked sweetly.

"Yeah. Yeah, it does."

"Good. Then just relax. Let me help you get what you need..."

Evan sighed, laying back as Bellia's wonderful fingers worked their magic on him. And it did almost feel like magic. The way her touch seemed to still the painful tingling and replace it with warm heaviness. He sighed, head lolling as more of the wonderful, heady pleasure went through him. And when it hit his stomach, it seemed to mingle with the ale that heated his blood.

"Mmmm," Evan sighed.

"Enjoying that?" Bellia cooed.

"Verrrry," he sighed.

"Thank you. But we should also get your blood pumping a bit harder, shouldn't we?"

"Blood? Sure. Sounds... sounds good."

"That it does," she breathed.

Evan gasped as he felt fingers hook in his boxers and ease them down. He groggily raised his head, discovering Bellia eye-level with his cock, which jutted up shamelessly from his lap. The cowgirl's eyes burned hot, her tongue teasing along her lips.

Evan's mouth opened, but the words died as Bellia grasped the front of her gown and unlaced the threads. His eyes widened as the fabric fell open, her immense breasts spilling forth. Tanned to a chocolate brown, her nipples plump and seeming to quiver as she hefted them, leaned forward.

And wrapped her massive breasts around his cock.

“Oh f-fuuuuuuck,” Evan groaned, head falling back as sweet, aching pleasure surged up through him, throbbing in his balls.

“The best way to get a man’s blood pumping,” Bellia cooed as she squeezed her breasts around his manhood, massaging him with her plump, warm orbs, “is with his big... hard... cock... Don’t you agree?”

“Y-yeaaaaah,” Evan gasped, hands clutching the sheets as he arched beneath her, muscles tightening in sweet pleasure.

“That’s so good to hear,” Bellia crooned, and Evan swore he could hear her breasts sloshing as she bounced them around his shaft. “Getting that blood pumping... That cum frothing... That tension tightening. Get you nice and warm. Nice and relaxed. Oh Evan... it’s going to feel so goooood.”

“Ohhhhh,” Evan moaned, panting, breathing hot and fast, biting his lip as she continued to bounce and massage her breasts.

“Feels so goooood,” Bellia breathed.

There was no denying that. Evan tried hard to resist the allure of the pleasure as it surged through him. He bit his lip, tensing in pleasure. But he couldn’t last long. Not after the trek. Not with the heat rushing through his veins. Not with those perfect, massive breasts squeezing his throbbing cock.

“Oh... Oh! Oh f-fuuuuck!” Evan cried out as he felt his balls tighten, his cock throb, and spurts of hot, heavy cum pulse from his balls.

White spurted from between Bellia’s breasts, splashing across the surface of those chocolatey orbs. Bellia cooed, lifting the plump heaviness from his cock. Meeting his eyes, she hefted her breasts and lovingly licked the creamy whiteness off her tits.

Evan watched, mouth open, breath hot and warm as she finished. Smirking wider, she rose and moved into the bed beside him.

“Here we are,” she said, pulling him close, pressing him against her breasts and cuddling him like he was a giant teddy. “Let’s get you nice and warm... all night...”

Evan sighed, his eyes sliding shut, exhaustion seeping through him as he slumped against the gorgeous cowgirl. Yes. A quick... quick nap sounded pretty good.

Sounded very good...

#

Gods, what a strange dream.

Because, most assuredly, what had happened yesterday had to be a dream. It certainly felt like it.

Then, Evan peeled his eyes open, and found himself confronted by a pair of impossibly large, tanned breasts nearly enveloping his face.

He blinked dully, then glanced up at the face above those teats. He recognized Bellia in an instant, the holstaur looking so soft in her sleep, her lips parted, her cheeks rosy as she snuggled into the blankets with him.

Evan swallowed thickly, tasting again the heavy creaminess of the ale. A part of him desired to bury himself once more between those breasts, close his eyes, and slip back into a long, deep slumber. But he knew he had to get moving. It had been a long night, but one thing was for sure, he was very warmed up.

With exceptional care he slipped out of bed, Bellia murmuring but failing to wake up. He managed to find his pants and shirt and pulled them on, then eased open the door and peeked out.

The wooden hall of the lodge was empty, and once he was sure there was no one else about he slipped out the door. His winter clothes couldn't be far. Once he had them on, he could just slip out and get back on the road.

He found his way to the main hall of the lodge. The hearth was extinguished and a coolness pervaded the room.

He exhaled in relief at finding no one. Good. He could leave easily now. He did feel a bit bad about not saying goodbye. Especially after the delights of last night and what the holstaurs had done for him. But at the same time, there was just something... off about the whole situation. He wasn't sure what. It was just a nagging feeling of unease about the lodge and its residents.

Either way, best to be gone soon. Hefting his gear, he made his way towards the exit and reached for the handle.

Only for the door to fly open, knocking him off his feet.

"Oh my! Evan, I'm so sorry!"

Evan shook off the shock of his fall and looked up. Clara stood before him, her curvy form bundled in heavy winter clothes. She leaned forward and over him, her eyes warm with concern, her breasts bouncing with the motion and straining the woolly fabric.

Her breasts.

Her big... soft breasts...

"Goodness me, I didn't see you there! I'm so sorry. Here, let me help you up."

Evan shook himself back to the present. "Thanks," he said, accepting her hand. She pulled him to his feet with surprising strength, and Evan jolted as he found himself pressed against her breasts.

Her big... soft... warm breasts.

"Are you alright, Evan?" Clara cooed.

Evan jumped, realizing he'd been leaning into her chest. "I-I'm fine. Absolutely," he said, taking a quick step back.

"I see. But whatever are you up to?" she asked, looking him over.

"Just... heading out onto the road," he said.

Clara's face dipped into a disappointed frown. "Already?"

"I do need to get on my way."

"Really?" Clara asked, crossing her arms beneath her breasts, a pout on her lips. "With the storm still raging? I was just out checking on the rest of the village, and the weather is even worse than yesterday. Do you really think that's a good idea?"

Evan found his eyes drifting back down to her breasts. The memory of how they'd felt as he pressed against them rose in his mind and he hastily shook it off. Though... was that a sparkle in Clara's eye?

"What's going on?"

Evan turned quickly to see a number of other holstaurs filling up the hall. Most were dressed in simple sleeping robes, blinking sleepily and looking his way with docile interest. Again Evan found himself looking at their chests. At the way the filmy fabric hugged those curves. Gods, they were almost transparent...

"Evan was thinking of leaving," Clara said, gently resting a hand on his shoulder.

A chorus of disappointed sounds came from the holstaurs as they crowded in closer.

"Are you sure?" one asked.

"In this cold?"

"Oh, it'd be so very chilly out there."

"Poor boy."

Evan swallowed hard. His nose twitched as he inhaled the sweet, creamy scent of the gorgeously busty women. He shifted where he stood. "Well, I..."

"I was just telling Evan all about the storm," Clara put in. "But if he wants to go, we can't stop him. Although..."

Evan's ear twitched and he looked at the chief of the clan. "Although?"

"Well," Clara said with a gentle smile. "You did promise to tell some stories of your travels. And I'm sure the girls would just love to hear them. Wouldn't you?"

Gasps and trills of eagerness came from the holstaurs. Evan bit his lip at their pleading eyes. Again he looked out a window as the howling wind battered at the shutters.

"I... suppose it wouldn't be the worst thing to... to wait out the storm," he finally mumbled.

A great cheer went up and Clara squeezed his shoulder, leaning in with a smile. "A wonderful idea," she said, her breasts swaying softly with her breathing. "The weather will clear up in a few days too. The storm will go. It'll be sunny and warm. Doesn't that sound good?"

It... it did sound good, he had to admit. The thought of trudging back into that storm was very unappealing. Especially with Clara's soft curves so close. So warm.

"I... I guess you have a point," he said.

"Exactly," Clara crooned, guiding him back into the lodge. "What's a few days rest? And really, you'd be doing us a favour! All us girls are so desperate for conversation. And I imagine you have the most fascinating stories to tell around the fire. Stories us poor provincial girls would never hear all alone up here. Would you like to hear them, girls?"

There was a chorus of agreements from the crowd of cowgirls, and facing that busty, eager audience, Evan found his protests fading away.

"I... guess I could. For a little while," he admitted.

"Of course," Clara said, gently pushing him down onto a bench, the gorgeous holstaur taking a seat beside him. "We'd love to hear them. And here. To help keep your throat... moist..."

Evan found a stein of ale being pushed into his hands, and the moment he saw the foaming waters he felt the dryness of his throat. Eagerly, he took a long draw from the warm, creamy brew (creamier than last night, he seemed to notice).

Setting the mug aside, Evan smiled, the familiar lazy warmth filling him as he settled before the fire, surrounded by gorgeous, rapt women. "Well," he began huskily, "my last journey took me near Metrolin. A huge city near the coast. There..."

Never had he had a more eager audience. The cowgirls hung off his every word, and Evan actually began to enjoy himself. He'd never thought of himself as much of a storyteller, but the words seemed to flow out of him so easily. And the ale kept him going. Whenever his mug went empty, it would almost instantly be replaced with a full one.

He could feel the ale and warmth of the room work its magic on him, and soon he'd even shed his coats and boots. Much too hot, and the room was so very warm. As he finished another story involving a nearsighted wizard, he felt a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"Evan, dear. Are you starting to feel a bit tired?"

He blinked up at Clara. Or, more specifically, her chest. "Mmm? Tired? Oh, well, maybe a bit."

He heard a smile in her voice. "Oh yes. It is quite late."

"Late?"

He looked towards a window, staring blankly at the darkness beyond. Night? Already.

"Oh," he said groggily. "That's..."

"Sorry, ladies," Clara called, rising, her hand easing Evan to his feet as well. "Looks like we'll have to call it a night. You've all been splendid audience, but our dear guest needs to get some rest now."

"Awww," came the reply.

"But not to worry," Clara added, easing Evan against her curves. Something that seemed so natural to him he didn't question, nor try to pull away. "Evan will have plenty more stories tomorrow, won't you?"

"Mmm. Yeah," Evan sighed happily, beaming.

"Goodnight, Evan," chorused the lovely women all around the room.

"Myeah. Night," Evan said, waving his empty stein in farewell as Clara guided him away from the hearth and bench.

He walked heavily. Gods, he was feeling tired. Was he still recovering from the cold? Made sense. It had been a hell of a journey to even get this far. Imagine if he'd tried to make the trek through the snow in his condition, he'd surely have collapsed and died in the snow. He smiled, realizing how lucky he was to have found the holstaur town. How caring they were. How tender and loving.

And warm.

So very warm.

He sighed, leaning into Clara's body. Her softness like a full-bodied pillow. And the sound of the heavy sloshing of her breasts filling him with another warmth. One that stirred in his pants and thickened his cock. He licked his lips again. Maybe... maybe Clara and the others were right. He'd best not try the trek until he really felt himself. Felt fully recovered. Felt ready to undertake such a journey.

It only made sense...

"Here we are."

He shook his head, coming somewhat back to himself as he found himself in a large room with an extensive, heavily blanketed bed. What looked like totems rose in the corners. Pillars of carved wood designed like great, bovine figures rearing up. A hearth burned warm in the corner, its glow sending strange, incredible shadows moving among the carvings. Bringing to life scenes that he couldn't quite make out in his tired state, but that made his cheeks grow warm and cock even harder.

"Here we are," Clara repeated softly, tenderly, leading him inside. "Take off your clothes, Evan. You look just exhausted."

"Sure..." he said, tugging his shirt and pants off. It took him a bit to do so. His fingers felt so thick. His mind so sluggish.

"Here. Let me help."

"Thanks," Evan said as Clara's hands wound their way around his front and helped him undress. When he finally was he turned around and gave a start.

Clara loomed before him, already naked. Her pale curves seemed to glow in the light of the flames, illuminating the fullness of her figure like some primeval fertility goddess made flesh. Her huge breasts nearly dwarfed his head, and her hips swelled out in tantalizing curves. Her smile was warm, indulgent, but something in her eyes made a shiver race up Evan's back, and blood rush to his cock.

“Oh my,” Clara said, glancing down at his blatantly hard manhood. “Evan, you’ll never be able to get a proper rest like that. Here. Let me... take care of it.”

“Uh... o-okay”

Evan blinked, his mind struggling to come to grips with what was happening. A hesitation that Clara didn’t share as she sank to her knees before him and gently pushed him down until he was sitting on the edge of the bed. He watched, jaw hanging open as the gorgeous cow woman shuffled between his legs, her eyes meeting his from beneath her long lashes as she licked her lips and leaned forward, her fingers grasping his cock, angling it towards her mouth.

“O-oh!” Evan gasped as her soft lips kissed his tip. “Ohhhhhh,” he groaned, head falling back as her lips sank around his length, the gorgeously busty woman beginning to gently bob, sucking him off with a tender passion.

“Oh f-fuuuuck,” Evan gasped as he fell back, laid out on the bed, his hands gripping the sheets as Clara sucked him off. The pleasure of it throbbed down into his balls, aching through him with unimaginable ecstasy.

“Mmmm,” Clara hummed, the vibrations thrumming up his shaft as she began to bob faster. She leaned in, and Evan grunted as he felt her delicate fingers cup his balls and begin to gently massage them.

“Ho... holy f-fuck,” he gasped.

He could actually feel Clara’s smile around his cock as she suddenly began to bob faster. He cried out, grabbing her horns, gripping them tight as she took him deep into her warm mouth and throat, the sensations wonderful. Glorious!

“F-fuck!” he gasped, panting hard and fast. “Oh. Oh f-fuck. Clara. Clara I... I don’t think I... I can... oh. Oh! Ohhhhh!”

He cried out, pushed past the brink, his mind going white as he came. Clara moaned, slowing as his warm seed pumped into her mouth, her throat working as she expertly swallowed, her eyes lidding with sensuous enjoyment as she milked him of every spurt.

The sensation seemed to suck every ounce of energy he had left. Evan’s fingers slipped off Clara’s horns and he fell back among the blankets, breathing hard and fast, as if he’d just run a marathon.

He heard a gentle laugh, and then Clara was climbing into bed beside him, snuggling up against him as she lifted the blankets over the both of them. “There we are. Now, don’t you feel ready for a nice, long, relaxing nap?”

“Mmm,” Evan sighed contentedly, his eyelids feeling so terribly heavy. “Yeah. Does feel... feel good...”

“Wonderful,” Clara cooed, stroking his hair. “But I have something that will make it feel even better, Evan.”

“O-oh?”

He looked up at her as she lazily smiled and arched over him. His eyes widened as her breasts came level with his head, her nipples plump and needy. His jaw dropped, and... and dear gods, there was a bead of cream on that nipple.

"It'll make you feel so very warm," Clara murmured, stroking his hair, easing him towards her nipple. "So happy and relaxed. Would you like a taste, Evan?"

He licked his lips. Gods. Gods above, he did. He really, really did. But... but a part of him shivered. Some sort of uneasiness about it. What was it? Rumours he'd heard. What were they again...

"Only if you want to, sweet Evan," she breathed. "Only if you really... really... want to..."

Evan swallowed. Because he did. He wanted it so bad. And it wasn't like she was forcing him. It was utterly up to him. Up to him whether he wanted to suckle those big, soft breasts. Drink that sweet... sweet, heavenly cream. His mouth was so dry. His body hot. His cock hard again.

Why... why not?

Yes.

Why not?

Evan leaned up, his head cradled by Clara and to her breast. His lips latched on to a plump nipple.

And gave a gentle suck.

He moaned as rich, thick cream burst into his mouth and onto his tongue. He moaned as he suckled, drinking it down, his toes curling with pleasure. Oh gods. It was like the ale. Even better than the ale. So good. So... so good...

"Mmm," Clara hummed above him, pulling him closer to her body, fairly enveloping him in her curves as she snuggled with him under the blanket, pressing him against her spurting breast as he greedily suckled and massaged her full, plump teats. "There... ah... there we go. Good boy. Oh Evan, that's it. That's so... so goooooood. Mmm. And I was thinking, Evan, it's wrong for just... just me and Bellia to monopolize you. Would you like to stay with the other girls too each night? I just know they'd appreciate it."

"Mmm. Stay? Sure," Evan murmured, snuggling deeper into the pillows of her breasts, barely able to spare a moment from that gushing nipple. "Probably won't... won't be long. Leaving soon..."

"Of course, sweet thing," Clara cooed as she stroked his hair. "I know. But until then, the other girls would just love to have you by."

"Sure," Evan yawned, his eyes sliding shut. "Sure. No... no problem..."

"Good boy," Clara crooned, her voice whispering in his ear as he drifted off, still drinking that sweet ambrosia from her teat. "Such a good boy..."

#

It was morning again.

Which morning? That was a good question.

Evan blinked groggily as he stared at the ceiling. How many days had it been now? He wasn't sure. They all started to run together. The only way he could even begin to make sense of the passage of time was when he found himself in the bed of a new holstaur.

He yawned, stretching and lazily rolling out of bed. He heard a soft murmur and glanced back to see Clara roll over into the warm spot he'd vacated, the busty holstaur stretching out and nuzzling his pillow. Just a glimpse of her plump, heavy breasts made Evan shudder in desire to crawl back into bed with her, snuggle up against her, and bury his head between those plump, pale pillows. So, it had been Clara's turn again last night? Good to know.

He smiled, then turned his head towards the window.

And stared.

He slammed his hands against the glass and pressed his nose to it.

Outside.

Things were... were green.

True, there were still a few banks of snow, but he could see grass sprouting on the field outside and even the beginning buds of flowers. Several trees were no longer skeletons, but growing the beginnings of leaves.

Spring?

It was spring?

But... but how? Surely he hadn't been in the village that long. He hadn't spent all winter among the busty holstaurs.

Had he?

He felt a shiver of horror. Of amazement. He stumbled back a step.

And his head landed between a pair of plump, perfect breasts.

"What's wrong?" Clara asked, her arms winding around him, tugging him back against the warm softness of her body. "You're up so early, Evan."

"I-it's spring!" he gasped.

He saw Clara look up and through the window without interest. "Hmm. So it is. And?"

"And? And! I... I was supposed to be on the road. In... in Gibran by now!"

"I think you mentioned that, yes," she mused, her hands beginning to move over his naked chest, stroking him and making him shudder in dazed pleasure. His body warm and thoughts growing sluggish. "But does that really matter? Isn't this good? I mean, walking all the way to another town in the depth of winter? Much too hard for such a lovely boy to do. Such a good, snuggly boy..."

Evan shuddered, then gasped as he felt Clara ease back down to sit on the side of the bed, taking him with her so her breasts bounced around his head, the sloshing of her cream making his legs feel wobbly.

“N-no. I need to... need to go, though...”

“Right?” Clara hummed, still stroking his chest, her hands wandering lower. “But you just got up. You still need to get yourself organized. Spend a few days getting supplies. Properly rested. Prepared...”

Evan groaned as her hand found his lap, her fingers wrapping around his cock and giving a slow pump. He was already hard. Already sensitive. The feel of her gentle touch running up and down his manhood ached through his balls and made his mind swim and swirl.

“I... I need to...”

“No one’s stopping you,” Clara murmured, her voice sliding into his thoughts, diluting them like cream in water as she continued to stroke him, easing him down onto the bed. “You can go whenever you want. Whenever you need to. I just want to make sure... you feel ready...”

“I... I am ready,” Evan said, finding himself lying down on the bed, looking up at Clara as she loomed above him, straddling him, her smile warm, one hand supporting herself, the other continuing to stroke him.

“Of course you are, Evan,” she said, her voice soft. Gentle. Sensuous as her hand pumping his cock. His heavy, heavy balls throbbing. “Of course you are. But you didn’t get much sleep last night. You must still be so tired. So horny. Surely you aren’t thinking of heading off before breakfast? Before you have a nice... long... suck...”

Evan’s mouth fell open, but no words came out as she arched above him, her breasts dangling above his face. Her nipples plump and needy. Beading with cream.

An ache like a physical need throbbed through him. “I... I really do need to...”

“Later,” she breathed, leaning in closer, her breast hovering above his head. Her scent wafting to him. Heavy. Wonderful. Thick cream and sex and sweat.

Evan licked his lips. “I... w-well... maybe a... a little later...”

“Just a little,” Clara crooned, easing down.

Burying his face beneath the heaviness of her breast.

His lips automatically latching on to a nipple.

And he gave a great, hungry suck.

“Ohhh,” Clara moaned, shuddering above him as sweet, heavy cream burst into his mouth. Flooding him as he moaned, eyes sliding shut as glorious pleasure consumed him in a rush.

“Good boy,” Clara murmured above him, her voice smooth as warm molasses. “That’s it. So thirsty. So tired. Just relax, Evan. I’ll take care of it. Take care of you. You’re so tired. Can’t get up now. So heavy. So relaxed...”

He was.

He really was.

Evan groaned in happiness as he felt her hand slide off his cock. Her thighs straddle his hips and the velvety smoothness of her pink pussy rub against his length. He shuddered as sweet, languid heat oozed through him, concentrating in his balls as the tip of his manhood rubbed against her folds. As her hips slid up, burying him beneath the soft warmth of her breast as his cock found the tender sweetness of her womanhood.

Then she slid back, burying him deep within that warm, wonderful tightness.

And Evan knew he wouldn't be getting out of bed today.

Not when he could moan and squeeze the full, wonderful, sloshing breasts above him, flooding his mouth with gloriously good cream.

Not when he could listen to Clara moo and moan, telling him he was such a good boy as she rode his cock, burying him under her warm curves with every twitch of her hips.

Not when he could moan around her breast about how much he loved her.

Adored her.

Enjoyed every minute under her as she rode his cock and let him milk her breast. The two of them panting and gasping, their warm bodies moving together under the cozy blankets and he grew closer to climax.

Closer.

Closer.

Closer to that wonderful peak.

Closer until Clara cried out atop him, mooing with pleasure as she came. "Yes! Yes! More! Mooooooooore!" the beautiful cowgirl cried, her silken depths tightening deliciously around his cock.

And he came.

Moaning.

Shuddering as his cock surrendered, his balls tightening, pumping what felt like gallons of his seed into the gorgeous holstaur. Every pulse of his manhood sinking him deeper, deeper, deeper into the misty ecstasy of that pleased moment. The strength fleeing his limbs. The will evaporating from his body.

"Mmm," Clara hummed, easing herself back down atop him, snuggling against him lovingly. "There we are. Isn't that much better, Evan?"

"Mmyesss," Evan moaned blissfully, all but buried beneath her teats.

Clara cooed, snuggling him against her soft breasts. "See? A nice, warm drink. But now, I wonder if you're feeling too heavy to start off? Maybe you should go... tomorrow..."

"T-tomorrow? Tomorrow sounds... sounds good," Evan breathed groggily as he stroked her pillowy breasts.

Clara laughed softly. "I knew you'd come around. I mean, spring is such a terrible season to travel in. All muddy and much too warm. It'd be much easier to travel later. Maybe even later in the year. And don't worry, you can stay here until you're ready. Until you feel up for it. I just hope you don't mind helping keep all the girls in the village nice and snuggly."

Evan blinked. "A-all?" he breathed.

He heard soft laughter and looked towards the door, where a number of gorgeous holstaurs were squeezed, eying him and Clara with obvious amusement and undisguised desire.

"Of course," Clara breathed in his ear, pulling him deeper into the soft globes of her breasts. "You don't mind, do you?"

Evan shuddered in delight, his eyes glued to the soft curves of breasts, all straining the fabric of warm, woolly fabric.

"N-no. Don't... don't mind at all."

"Good boy," Clara cooed, kissing his hair as she squeezed him lovingly, guiding his head back to her nipple. "You'll know when it's time to leave. But until then..."

Evan nodded, sinking back into her breast, moaning as he resumed sucking her nipple, his cock throbbing back to full length and beginning to thrust into the warm heat of her pussy.

Yes.

Yes, he could leave... leave any time he wanted now. He just... just needed to wait for the right time.

The perfect time.

And that could take a very... very... long time...