

## Lykos and the Cow-Girl

by Cerine Hero

“Sorry, can't do it tonight.”

“You want me to get a babysitter at this hour?”

“It's game night, you know that.”

Cerine scrolled through the responses on her phone, sighing in frustration. The glow from the screen reflected in her glasses like a pair of shining spotlights in the dark. She slapped the phone down on her nightstand and gripped her paws on the edges of her bed. Where was everybody when you needed them? She just wanted a little bit of teasing tonight... with a long exhale, she plucked her glasses off her muzzle and set them down beside her phone much more gently.

The vixen heaved herself up to standing with a little effort, bracing a paw on her headboard to keep her balance. It was hard nowadays, being a little awkwardly-proportioned. She wobbled her way into the bathroom, flicking on the light. A pair of breasts under a stretched tank top filled the mirror in front of her as well as the lower third of her vision. Cerine stood behind her bustline and wriggled her way out of the tank top and then her gray bra, letting her enormous chest rest naturally on top of a slightly curvy tummy. She ran her paws through the fur, smoothing out the creases where her skin had been pressing firmly against the edges of her bra. It was more than just a few places now; she needed to upgrade... again.

Part of her whined for her poor bank account, but another part sent a thrilling shiver down her spine at the thought of getting even bigger. She'd swelled so big already, and while she thought that her breasts had finally stopped (again), a few pounds here and there made the greedy piglets grow even more. The vixen's pink tail shivered in delight as her imagination started to run wild with the possibilities... Good, now she was all excited again, right when she was trying to get ready to sleep.

Grumbling at herself, Cerine kicked off her pants and changed into a pair of snowflake pattern pajama shorts. She pulled the drawstring tight and hefted the waistband up over her rump, making her bare breasts wobble. Everything made them wobble. Reaching to the side, she grabbed a blue flannel top, very warm and comfortable, and pulled it onto her shoulders. Cerine used her forearms to shove her breasts upwards before cinching the button under them, catching them snug inside the top. She left the rest unbuttoned for bed as she brushed her teeth and then leaned *very far forward* to spit into the sink. Forgetting to account for her new bust measurement was a mistake she'd made once since getting huge and wasn't going to do again.

Cerine flicked off the bathroom light and headed back into the bedroom, one paw and forearm tucked around her chest to keep her from shaking around too much. Stretching out on her back, she checked her phone again, swirling through social media for a bit until her eyes started to get heavy. She read things on the screen, but her thoughts were elsewhere, imagining the fun she *could* have been having tonight. Gently, she caressed her free paw around her barely-clad chest, feeling her skin tingle underneath her fur where she teased herself with her claws. It was almost enough to get her more aroused than grumpy. But only almost. After a few minutes, Cerine clicked off her phone and put it face-down on the bed beside her. Rolling onto her side and hugging her arms around her heavy tits like a pair of big pillows, she tucked her face down into her real pillow and her left breast.

The vixen swore her eyes popped open again barely a minute later. She was wide awake. Rolling onto her back, she groped around in the dark for her phone to check the time, but it wasn't there. Cerine pushed with both paws to sit her top-heavy body up on her side and looked around. The room was dark... but she could see, at least somewhat. It was like her bedroom was painted in grayscale from memory. Nothing was quite how it should be shaped or in exactly the right place, once she looked at it for a moment.

Cerine started to get up out of bed when something moved at the edge of her vision. She spun

about, rolling onto all fours on the mattress, and looked into the corner of the room. Genuine darkness, that she could not see through despite the surreal surroundings, swirled beside her closet door. A pair of smoldering embers peered at her from within the gloom, unblinking and fixed on her. Cerine felt a cold chill ripple down her spine and she swallowed, but she couldn't look away. The darkness swirled and took shape, forming into the outline of an inky black figure, modestly tall and well-built. Rough, shaggy fur sprouted from the shadows as the body emerged. The fur was mostly black, but accented in tufts of ocher and rust along the chest, arms, and on top of the thighs. As the figure continued to step forth, the gloom parted from the figure's face. A bleached skull with long fangs rest on top of the wolf's face, the eye sockets dark and empty save for the glowing orange embers.

She should have been terrified. A naked wolf in a skull mask was in her room, but she just felt a sharp twinge of anticipation. The wolf walked closer, standing at the corner of her bed. He was only a foot from her face, and a tang of spices and burned leaves filled her nose. He looked down at her and she shivered, making her hanging, bare cleavage shake. Slowly, she leaned her head upwards, looking the wolf-like creature in the eyes. He reached out slowly with a dark paw, fingers colored a rusty shade of reddish brown, and gently stroked the vixen's throat. A hearty and full purr rolled up her chest and out through her lips, betraying her excitement as much as her rising fur on her back and open pupils.

As the creature from the shadows touched her, she somehow knew who he was, even though he wasn't really a "he." He was Lykos, an incubus, and he was here to see her. The demon was summoned by her frustration and lust. How did she know this? Had this happened before?

Was that why she wasn't afraid?

Lykos lifted her up gently, pushing her backwards. Cerine rolled onto her back, resting her paws on her breasts as she fell onto the mattress to keep them stifled at least a little. The wolf climbed onto the bed after her, clawed paws sinking into the bed sheets on either side of her as the mask came closer to her face. The vixen's chest heaved in anticipation beneath her ill-fitting pajamas and she bit her lip. Her hair was a halo of white all around her head as Lykos leaned over her heavy chest, a rustling growl in his throat. He nipped her ear and tugged on it gently, and then a long, black tongue emerged from his lips behind the mask. He dragged the tongue along her cheek. She squeaked in pleasure.

"I know what you want," he whispered. His voice was leaves falling from the trees in autumn. He extended a paw down to her neck, placing his fingertip against the hollow of her throat. Black mist swirled down from his wrist and wrapped around her neck, forming into a choker adorned with a small, golden cowbell. Curling his finger, he flicked the bell and it chimed lightly. The sound rang in Cerine's ears and made her nipples stiffen. "A sweet little dairy cow, dressed in fox fur. Grown so big, but no one wants to play? They excite you, don't they?" Lykos dragged a paw across her snug flannel top, running his fingers across the fabric. "You just want someone to enjoy them, don't you? Let's treat you like the dairy cow you are..."

Lykos sat up, straddling her middle. His body was weightless on hers. She peered at him expectantly, looking at him over the bulge of her breasts in her top. Her heart was pounding in her ears. The wolf was right. Every single word. She wanted him to grab her and start teasing. Slowly, she lifted her paws up to the one straining button, but she was too slow. Lykos grasped the edges of her top and ripped, yanking the top open so that the vixen's massive breasts bounced free, sagging slightly over her chest. He fanned out his fingers and grasped her tits, squeezing gently as he lifted them up onto her chest once more and pressed them together. The soft flesh oozed around his fingers as he gently squeezed. Pink nipples, perky and aroused from the wolf's teasing, thrust up towards him. Cerine arched her back, biting her lip to the point of pain to keep from squealing out loud in pleasure. The bell on her neck rang as she writhed beneath the demon. Every time it rang, she felt a twinge of energy start between her legs and run up her spine. She licked her muzzle eagerly, resting her paws on top of Lykos's and seeing how her breasts so completely outsized his grasp. He'd need several paws just to hold one of them. To think they once fit neatly into her own paw...

The incubus pushed his hips against her bust. Cerine moaned as his bare fur brushed against her

breasts. Using his knees and thighs to hold up her chest, he slid his paws over the white fur, dragging his fingers deep through her winter coat until her nipples fit snugly in the gap between his thumb and forefinger. While the vixen watched, he slowly squeezed her nipples between his fingers and started to press.

Two thread-thin streams of milk shot into the air above her, arcing away from her body and splattering onto the sheets to either side of her. Cerine let go of her lip to pant in ecstasy. With every sharp breath, the cowbell choker jingled, further driving her into passion. Lykos's skull was inexpressive and his eyes were unchanging embers, but his head tilted slightly to the side at her reaction. Pink droplets of milk formed on the end of Cerine's nipples and he leaned down slightly, extending his long, serpentine tongue to flick them away. Each subtle touch across the tip of her nipples was met with a breathy moan.

"Your breath doesn't lie," the incubus whispered, looking up into her face. He sniffed as the vixen panted, her eyes wide while his skull mask was inches from her face. "Oh... *udders*. You call them udders when no one is looking, and it makes you excited, because you want them to be squeezed and milked. What a thirsty cow girl you are. It makes me wonder, did you love this before or *after* they grew...?" He slid his paw up and held her face, sniffing her neck first and then at the side of her muzzle. The blue-eyed vixen watched him in enraptured excitement. "Oh, certainly before... but not so strongly. Not until you began to grow, bigger and bigger. Yes, you're so big now, and that's the part that excites you." He squeezed again with his other paw, still clutching her breast, and encouraged more milk to squirt from her nipple before droplets stained his fingers and her white fur. "The question is... has getting bigger made you greedy? Does the vixen think she's big *enough*?"

Cerine swallowed hard, feeling herself quiver from her jaw down to her toes. She tucked in her legs against the incubus's back and let a tiny whine escape her lips. Why lie? Why pretend that wasn't exactly what she wanted, to feel herself continue to grow and swell, watching her breasts expand ever bigger in front of her. She exhaled, a slow, ragged breath flowing up and out. Lykos pinched her muzzle firmly and sniffed. The embers in his eye sockets grew in intensity, shining flickering light around the bleached angles of the skull.

"I see," he mused, and shadowy mist trailed from his fingers into the vixen's mouth, filling up her lungs. Her vision swam and she blinked. The world disappeared and didn't come back.

"Enjoy..."

Cerine jolted awake, gasping heavily for breath as if her throat was still full of shadow stuff. Her chest heaved up and down, making her full breasts wobble slightly. The sheets were a disturbed mess all around her, as if she'd been tossing and writhing in her sleep. Rolling to her knees and grabbing her pillow, she tucked the protective plush armor around herself and looked around the room. Everything was... fine. It was dark save for the greenish glow of her alarm clock. She couldn't see a lot, but her eyes adjusted slowly, and she was able to make out vague shapes where her furniture was around her.

No weird monochrome light.

No shadows in the closet corner.

No incubus. Good grief, that felt silly to even think about.

She slumped forward slowly, burying her face into the pillow underneath her. That was an odd nightmare. It was definitely her sexual frustrations getting to her. Sitting up again, the pink vixen released the pillow and rubbed her face with her paws. Well, she was awake now! Might as well try to get some work done.

Cerine swung her legs over the bed and leaned forward slightly, feeling her bare breasts press onto her thighs. Her top must have popped open while she was thrashing around. It happened a lot, especially since she only buttoned it once. It was either that or they'd both be popped out of it by morning, anyways. Sitting up straight, she grabbed the middle button and the hole between her fingers

and lifted her tits up on her forearms again. The button didn't quite reach, so she exhaled and tucked her chest in, straining to get the top to meet. Finally, she managed to loop the button, but the top was extra-tight around her. Looking down at her risen cleavage, Cerine inhaled slightly and the button went *pop* right out of the hole, letting her melons slap back down onto her lap. Furrowing her brow, Cerine readjusted her top and tried again, finding the exact same issue. It just didn't fit now. She stood up and tried once more, buttoning the shirt from her rib cage all the way up to her collar. This was like trying to stuff herself into a toddler's clothes. She barely started to move when half the buttons right over her bust gave away, letting her heavy breasts spill halfway out and bounce.

No, this top *fit*, dammit! She only had a couple that did and she knew which ones they were. Grumbling, Cerine left the top buttoned at the throat and over her belly, making it a makeshift garment, and pulled open the bedroom door, heading down the short staircase to the kitchen. She held one arm across the top of her chest as she walked, keeping herself at least somewhat under control. The fridge light was glaring when she pulled the door open, and she squinted as she looked for something to snack on. Orange juice, grape jelly, a half-finished sandwich from earlier, milk...

She couldn't take her eyes off the milk. Some kind of primal urge bubbled up in the back of her mind and a plaintive whimper squeaked out of her throat. She didn't just want the milk; she needed it. Reaching into the fridge, she grabbed the quart with her dark paw and wrenched the cap off with her teeth. She plugged the nozzle into her mouth and tipped it upwards, feeling the cold, creamy milk fill her mouth and roll down her throat. It chilled her tummy, and she shivered involuntarily. She drank the whole carton in a single go, panting for breath once it was empty and she tossed it to the floor.

Cerine rubbed her stomach and burped, but she didn't feel satisfied at all for having drunk all the milk. It was like... she *thought* that's what she wanted, but she missed the point somehow. Idly, her paws slid up her body, cupping underneath her breasts. She looked down, not sure why she was doing what she was doing, but she was oddly compelled to – like it wasn't her own thought making her do it. Her fingers fanned out and slowly brushed upwards along her chest, feeling bare breast fur and her half-buttoned flannel top alike. The buttons were straining again, and her chest was pushing out against the garment.

The vixen pushed her paw into her top, sliding her fingers along her fur until she found her nipple. Feeling her breath hitch in excitement and arousal, she felt her middle finger slowly massage slow circles around the nipple, stimulating it. Cerine panted in ecstasy as her fingers pressed firmly into her breast, just beneath her nip. She felt, rather than saw, the milk squirt out, dribbling down the inside of her flannel top and soaking into her breast fur. Slowly, her paw slipped back out of her top and came close to her face, moving on its own. A pink droplet rest right on top of her wet finger, and she licked it away. Strawberry flavor exploded along her tongue like she'd bitten down on a fruit pop, except warm and creamy.

*This* was what she wanted. As she slipped her finger into her mouth and sucked on it, getting all the milk from her black fur, she felt fingers tickle around her neck. Someone was touching her. She reached down with her paw to her throat just to grasp a black choker that wasn't there before. The decorative golden cowbell chimed sweetly as her knuckles bumped into it. When the bell chimed, Cerine's breasts tingled warmly and her nipples grew firm, pressing into the fabric of her flannel top.

“Sweet cow,” a voice whispered in her ear. She recognized it from her dream. The fur on her spine lifted straight up as invisible paws slid around her breasts, ignoring the clothing and groping her directly. The fingers squeezed her breasts firmly even as they massaged her nipples, causing the erect nubs to spray streams of milk directly into her top. “Ring the bell more.”

Without thinking, Cerine raised a paw up to her throat and flicked the bell with her finger, ringing it once, twice, thrice. Each time, she felt a surge of sensation in her chest, and her breasts bloated bigger. They grew even as they filled with milk, making her areolas puff around her protruding nipples. The buttons on her top couldn't contain any more, and popped one by one, until her breasts were hanging free once more – or they would, but they rest atop the pair of invisible paws that sank

into her warm skin and held up her massive chest. The fingertips teased and tugged on her nipples, shooting streams of milk across the room. The splatter of the milk against the refrigerator door and on the tiled floor excited her. Cerine's fluffy tail swept back and forth behind her in long arcs.

A ghostly apparition of a skull appeared in front of her face and she stumbled backwards, pushing her back against the kitchen wall. The skull didn't budge from its position in front of her nose, and the shining embers in the dark eye sockets bored directly into her. Her eyebrows rose slowly in recognition even as the faint outline of a wolf with black and rusty ocher fur appeared in front of her, his paws firmly kneading and squeezing her breasts. The streams and dribbles of milk went right through his body like he wasn't there, but he felt very, very real as he groped her.

"I know what you want," Lykos purred, his body pressing against hers. Cerine whined in agreement, her wide, blue eyes staring into those deep sockets in the skull mask. "But I want you to moo."

Cerine was happy to. As Lykos's fingers squeezed into her breasts, the vixen closed her eyes and let out a long, low moo. Pink-tinged milk ran in streams down her breasts and her belly and the scent of strawberry filled the air. She tried to grip the wall behind her with one paw. Her claws dug furrows into the paint on the wall as her paws clenched tightly. As her breathing swelled even more rapidly, she raised her other paw up, tucking her arm against her ballooning chest. Her dark paw shivered just inches away from the bell at her neck. She wanted to ring it more, to see if it would continue to affect her, but she was hesitating. She was already so, so big... she was big before she fell asleep, and now...

Lykos extended his long, serpentine tongue, wrapping it around the vixen's wrist and palm. Cerine felt her paw inching closer to the bell, and extended her finger until her claw touched the corner of it. The glowing eyes watched her intently and the tongue tightened around her wrist, squeezing firmly. Just to entice her further, Lykos groped her pillowy breasts, pressing around her nipples and forcing them to gush with even more milk. Cerine shivered and swallowed hard, flicking her fingertip against the bell to make it ring.

Every time she rang the bell, her breasts swelled around the incubus's transparent paws. White-furred flesh expanded more, squishing his fingertips deeper into their mass as he gripped firmly. The constant streams of milk pumping from her hard nipples looked like dribbling faucets left open. A ridiculous amount of milk soaked her from chest to toe, and a spreading pool of light pink milk was forming about her feet. The vixen's wet pajama shorts clung tightly to her thighs and hips.

*Ting, ting, ting...*

Cerine had her eyes closed, just feeling herself grow and bloat, the weight of her breasts threatening to pull her forward as she stood straight against the wall behind her. She could feel them touching her waistband as Lykos teased them, pushing them up with the firmness of his grip. How far would they reach if he wasn't holding them up? She rang the bell more, and her knees began to shake from both the weight of her immense, milk-bloated bust as well as her own loss of control. Slowly, the vixen sank down to her knees, kneeling in the puddle of milk around her. The incubus's shadowy figure shifted around her until he was above her, arms reaching down to grasp her hanging nipples. He squeezed and tugged on them, squirting milk directly onto the floor.

"Such bountiful udders," Lykos whispered, his long tongue stroking the inside of her ear and making her shiver. "Shame to waste it all, it looks so tasty..."

Cerine's eyes snapped open and she looked around, spotting the milk carton she left on the floor. She lunged for it, almost knocked off her paws and knees by her heavy, swinging udders. The extra weight was surprising. Scooping up the empty carton, she held it with shivering, excited paws in front of her left nipple. Lykos happily gripped her thick nipple in his paw and began to pump, spraying pencil-thick streams of pink milk into the carton. Cerine's tongue hung out of the side of her muzzle as she was milked directly into the carton, feeling like a literal cow-girl. Her tail curled around Lykos's waist and chest as the transparent demon fondled her right breast, dragging his fingers and claws firmly through her fur and giving the flank of her tit a rough slap.

Milk overflowed the carton and Lykos released her nipple. He grasped her wrist firmly and encouraged her to raise the milk carton up and place it to her lips. Eagerly, Cerine drank her own milk, gulping down thick mouthfuls. Her throat bulged with each swallow, making her cowbell wiggle and emit sweet notes. With every gulp, her breasts wiggled bigger and heavier, soon overflowing her thighs with large, continuous streams of milk pumping from her nipples. Cerine raised the carton high above her head with Lykos's encouragement, and slowly she tipped backwards, the weight of her breasts hanging beside her.

“Just a little more... what a good cow...”

Struggling to get the last sweet, sweet drop of her own milk from the carton, Cerine tumbled backwards and hit the floor beneath her. There was a momentous *slosh* and a tidal wave of white fur and flesh smothered her face.

Bird songs tickled the insides of the vixen's ears and she purred softly to herself as she woke up. Stretching her arms and legs, she yawned, feeling her flannel top and pajama shorts shift around her body. Her head fumbled in a thick haze. She tried blinking it away, massaging the heels of her paws against her face.

Holy crap, what a night. It felt like she hadn't slept one bit. Cerine blinked and tried to push the white pillows on top of her away. They didn't budge; at least, they wobbled and her paw sank into the warm, furred flesh. Immediately, Cerine tried to sit up, only to find the weight pressing down on her was more than she expected and she flopped back onto her back. A familiar ring sounded from her neck as her head hit the pillow.

Her breasts were *massive*. And they tingled in response to the ringing of the bell on her choker. Memories from last night lit up like a lighthouse in her mind and she reached to unhook the choker before she ended up trapped in another horny feedback loop. Gripping it in her paw, the excessively busty fox rolled herself onto her side and dropped it into the drawer in her nightstand so she could deal with it... later. Her heart was pounding again, and she slowly brushed her paws over the immense curves of her breasts.

Beads of milk formed on the ends of her nipples all over again – even one ring of the bell was enough to make her lactate. Shivering in pleasure, Cerine reached to the stand and grasped her phone. She held it high up above herself, angled to get her immense cleavage as well as her face into the frame.

*Momma fox needs milking*, she wrote on the caption for the photo. Her fingers were trembling and she bit her lip, embarrassing herself with how forward she was feeling. Her thumb hovered over the button to take the photo. The phone *clicked* and the selfie was online.

What she didn't notice in the picture was the barely-visible outline of a long, black tongue licking her cheek.

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