

Dragonmilk (Cowgirl TF, Breast Expansion, Vore, Futanari, Dragon Maid)

Kobayashi frowned as she followed the rest of the tour group into the barn, more interested in her phone than the farm she'd paid to visit.

"And *this*," said the tour guide, "is where we make our famous dragonmilk! That's right, I'm sure you've all heard of it. Come closer and take a look!"

At the sound of the word 'dragonmilk', Kobayashi's ears perked up a little. Dragonmilk? Why did that sound so appealing? Putting her phone back in her pocket, she stood on her tiptoes, trying to look over the rest of the crowd. She could hear the sound of mooing from ahead, and it only perked her curiosity that much more.

Slipping around the sides of the crowd, she searched for a spot where she could get a better look. A row of stalls lined the side of the barn, each occupied by what was very obviously a dragon: they had the horns, the tails, and of course, the humongous, leaky tits that the famous dragonmilk came from.

The nearest to Kobayashi was a violet-haired with a single horn and a long, fishy tail. Her boobs weren't quite as big as some of the others, but you couldn't tell that from her output: eyes tight, she mewled as the suction cups worked her nipples, drawing an endless stream of thick, sparkling milk out of those enormous teats and down the pipes to be bottled elsewhere on the ranch.

Looking down at her, Kobayashi felt a sudden flash of... what? Lust? She bit her lip, her cock throbbing in her pants. *J-just try to keep it in till the end of the tour, Kobi.*

As the tour group shuffled on, she got a look at the dragon in the next pen: this was a blonde with mismatched eyes and boobs so big they put the last one to shame. Unless the previous dragon, she seemed to be enjoying the milking process, wiggling her hips in time with the suction and visibly drooling. Watching those enormous boobs swinging, Kobayashi felt another twitch in her cock and crossed her legs. Not quite enough: the blonde dragon saw it and released a hungry moo, throwing herself forward as if she wanted to touch it. Blushing, Kobayashi pulled away from the stall.

The next stall held a smaller, red-haired dragon, though she more than made up for her height with the size of her boobs. She was at least double the size of the previous, her eyes rolling back in their sockets as the suction cups drew out two streams of milk so thick it was a wonder the pipes didn't burst. A constant low whine emanated from her mouth, and with every second Kobayashi stood there staring at her, she felt a little more pent-up. She wanted nothing more than to take those enormous tits, wrap them around her cock and—

Biting her lip, she hurried to catch up to the tour group. The last thing she wanted was to get carried away with herself.

The tour guide stood at the end of the barn, next to a strange device resembling a giant, steampunk gumball machine. "Now this is the secret to our high-quality milk," she explained,

tapping the sides of the device. “Do you see these black balls?” An assortment of dark spheres filled the machine, each perfectly black, the size of a tennis ball, and speckled with stars. They looked a little like fancy gobstoppers. “Each of these balls is actually a condensed universe that we’ve sucked out of multiverse and compressed into a special treat for our dragons! Isn’t that kind of us?” Chucking, she turned the machine’s crank, and with a clunk, one of the universe-balls dropped into her hand. “Let’s see what happens when we feed a dragon one, shall we?”

She directed the group’s attention to the last dragon in the line: a pig-tailed blonde one with a long green tail. She wasn’t quite as busty as some of the others Kobayashi had seen, but there was something about her that made her instantly erect, so hard up she had to cover her crotch to avoid anyone noticing.

Approaching the blonde dragon’s stall, the tour guide held out the ball. Perking up, the dragon sniffed it, leaned closer, sniffed it again, and frowned. Then, just as Kobayashi thought she was going to reject it, the dragon took a deep breath, opened wide—

—and sucked the entire orb in in one. It slid down her throat as a bulge like an Adam’s apple, and disappeared behind her breasts with a pop. Kobayashi heard a *boing* as it landed in her belly.

Not an instant later, the dragon started to moan and shudder, her entire body shaking like an overpressured boiler. With another enormous *boing*, her boobs doubled in size, practically blowing away the suction cups with the force of the milk spewing from their teats. Throwing back, her head, she mewled in orgasmic ecstasy as thick, creamy milk spewed from her nipples, ceaseless as a waterfall.

Looking on, her own chest rising and falling with every second, Kobayashi realized she’d cum herself. Swallowing, she raised a hand. “Excuse me, but do you offer free samples?”

Back home, Kobayashi sat back on her couch, her chest rising and falling, her hands wrapped tight around the bottle of dragonmilk and its glistening, creamy contents.

Staring at its cap, her eyes wide with expectant ecstasy, she took a deep breath and shuddered in anticipation. Was she really going to do this? Who knew what kind of effect it would have on her?

A minute or two passed; her heart beat faster and faster. She kept imagining that black ball of space stuff vanishing down the dragons’ throats. How many planets had that little ball contained, and how many living creatures had lived on those little worlds? Millions? Billions? More? And had they perished in the dragon’s gut, or had they survived the transition through dragon mouth and teat to find themselves in her hands right now, processed into the same creamy white drink as the rests of their unfortunate universe? Was there any way to tell?

Peeling the bottle’s cap, she raised it to her nose and took a sniff, just a small one, curious. The scent that reached her brain was intolerably rich and sweet. Worse, it made her instantly

erect, her cock threatening to tear straight through her pants. She almost dropped the bottle in her struggle to press it down again. *Jeez, I haven't even started drinking it yet.*

Heart thudding, she raised her head and looked around. There was no one who could possibly interrupt her, so there was no reason to delay. If she was going to drink this strange substance, she should do it now. Now or never.

Peeling the cap, she tossed it away and raised the open bottle to her mouth. The instant the smell caught her nostrils, she flinched, her cock rising so erect it almost tore through her pants. Screwing up her eyes, she forced it down with a moan, shuddering as she struggled to regain control of herself. *J-just a sip to start. Just one sip.*

She raised the bottle to her lips and took one. Just one. The tiniest possible.

The instant it touched her tongue, her cock snapped upright and precum spurted from its tip. Gasping, she struggled to swallow it, fast, and a lightning storm waged a war all the way down her esophagus to her gut and from there to her cock, which spasmed and pulsed as if about to explode. Her jeans audibly strained to contain it, a visible wet patch appearing on her bulge.

For almost a full minute, Kobayashi simply sat there and breathed, breathed deeply. In, out, in, out. Half to control her erection, and half to ensure she didn't lose her mind entirely. Finally, her hands shaking, she raised the bottle to her mouth, opened wide, and—

As she threw back her head and tipped the bottle's contents down her throat, a nuclear bomb exploded in her belly and sent its shockwave rolling through her body, rippling her flesh and making her jerk about, eyes tight, hands clenched. She gasped, almost choking, but momentum carried her onward—squeezing the bottle onward, she chugged and chugged and chugged.

By the time she drained the last drop of the stuff, the pressure in her gut had become almost unbearable. Lightning roared through her nerves, searing her muscles and skin. She shone, red and slick with sweat as if she were melting. Heart pounding, she scrambled to remove her shirt and her bra and turned her attention to her pants.

It almost hurt to remove them, her cock had grown so hard and erect. Even as she watched, it grew larger and larger, visibly expanding into an arm-sized rod.

She got her pants down in time, but she wasn't quick enough to save her panties. With a terrifying *rrrip*, they came apart like paper, and her cock—a veiny leviathan vomiting precum—flopped out into the open and sprayed its issue all over her floor.

She couldn't wait any longer, couldn't wait even a second. Moaning, she wrapped her hand around her cock, and pumped as if trying to pull it off. Throwing back her head, eyes tight, her face red, her less-than-impressive chest rising and falling. Explosion after explosion of pleasure ripped through her, flying up her spine to rattle her brain and rebounding off it to re-strike her cock, which twitched and pulse and grew even harder, a monster. She struggled even to keep her hands around it.

Biting her lip, her face red with the exertions of her lust, she squeezed hard and pumped harder, fighting to bring herself relief from the pressure in her groin. It was like wrestling with a serpent. All her size had gone into her cock, and now she gripped it as hard as she could, pumping and pumping till it almost hurt. And the pleasure—it scorched her, hot as lava in her gut, and just as ready to—

Nnn~!

—erupt!

At last, the pressure became too great for her to bear anymore. With a wild scream, Kobayashi gripped hard and pumped even harder, forcing herself into one last desperate sprint over the edge and into orgasm. In the last instant before she came, she grabbed the empty bottle of dragonmilk and slammed her penis into its open mouth. Barely an instant later, she burst: with a tidal roar, semen poured from her tip in a deluge of white, thick and creamy, filling the bottle from bottom to top in half an instant and then some. So strong was her ejaculation that her cum squeezed its way through the infinitesimal gap between the bottle's mouth and her shaft, spraying her with a ring of her own sticky white ejaculate. She screamed in lust and came even harder, covering herself in a thick white blanket.

Several minutes passed before Kobayashi's engorged balls finally exhausted herself. As the stream pattered out, she fell back and hugged the bottle to her chest, breathing hard. It looked like it had never been emptied to start.

Lying there, her chest rising and falling, she found herself thinking a single inescapable thought:

As she soon as she recovered, she was going straight back to that farm and fucking one of those dragons.