

## **Bovinophilia**

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*You know, when this all started I wanted to blame it on a stupid thief who had broken into the Mage's college and gotten into some magic they shouldn't have. But since then I'd been keeping that thief under careful watch – it was easy since one of the artifacts they tried to steal turned them into a girl and I promised to change them back, and that's when I got the job to find the rest of them; but maybe I'm getting ahead of myself... Let's start from the beginning.*

*Hello, my name is Milkette Souris. I'm a certified magician from a grand continent called Kaelwyn, and represent the Mage's College in the Kingdom of Pectus. My particular branch of the College was nestled in a port-side city known as Brust. I grew up with my brother there, the two of us having lived on the streets for some time, stealing food and slumming in vacant market stalls just to get by, but after an incident where someone saw me cast a spell, I was enrolled in the College and taught the ways of magic.*

*I was given a task by the College not too long ago to find some artifacts that had gone missing. See, the College in Brust had an old storeroom where they kept a large collection of charms, scrolls, and enchanted items that were particularly... lewd in nature. They were faulty and meant to be kept from people. One night though, a thief broke in and tried to steal some of the stuff; probably to hock off to the nearest trader and make a quick buck. Long story short, they unleashed a group of little familiars that force-fed him cake and sweets until he was turned into a fat girl. I learned that the existence of such things was meant to be kept a secret, so we swore the thief to silence in return for turning him back.*

*I thought that was the end of it, but in the following week I was shocked to learn that the whole darn store of those wicked things had gone missing. It was lifted right from under the College's nose. So they sent me and some other magicians to find them and get them back. I've had Esmeralda, my partner, helping me ever since, but I ran into a problem when I arrived on a continent called Draewick...*

*"That ride was too long...!" A chubby squirrel dawned in traditional College robes stepped off the boardwalk to a docked passenger barge. She stretched her arms over her head, raising one fist to the sun that made the loose sleeve of her blue robe roll down and expose more of her gray arm. Turning, her traveling companion, Milkette, stepped off behind her, her green platform boots clacking against the stone ground that made the port of Dalvin.*

*The mouse that accompanied the squirrel studied the area around her, examining from behind big, round spectacles in an effort to determine her first step. Unlike the squirrel, she didn't seem like a College mage. Her body of cocoa brown with a tan underbelly and muzzle was decked out in a most unorthodox outfit beginning with a wide-brimmed, hanging black witch's hat. Her glasses seemed typical, large and round, but below her face was a body betraying the look of a scholar. She had curves that met curves, from head-sized, bouncing bosoms to wide,*

rolling hips. Her top was a measly pair of black leather cups, and her bottoms were nothing more than a stringy pair of undergarments kept modest only by a sort of dark sarong.

To accent the dark apparel she wore green, heeled boots with platform soles wrapped in several black leather straps; fingerless leather gloves reached her elbows as well, sharing a buckled look and black accents. Her best indications of her status were her ornate staff and the book casing on her belt complete with what was no doubt a spell tome.

“This is where that merchant lives,” The mouse said, “Somewhere around here.”

The squirrel ran her fingers through her fiery red hair with a sigh. “You’re sure, right?” She asked.

“I’m sure, Esmy,” The mouse nodded, “I have no reason to think my brother would give us a bogus lead.”

The mouse dug between her tan-furred tits for a moment and produced a slip of paper from her cleavage. She flicked her wrist to unravel it so she could study it while stepping away from the ship and get away from the other passengers disembarking. “Mm... Yes, it has his address right here,” She said, “This one’ll be easy.”

*That’s what I thought anyway. Poor Esmeralda.*

The two began their trek, keeping their eyes out for street signs and landmarks they could use to determine what area of the city they were in. There was no time to check into an inn or get comfortable. Their goal was simply to retrieve one object and then move on to the nearest mark. Based on the list they had been provided by Milkette’s brother, it was to be a short trip through Dalvin with no real reason to linger.

It was a fair city, bustling with activity. It made sense that the streets would be as busy as Dalvin was home to the King, Lord Contessa of Dalvin. The two foreign mages could see the grand palace in the distance, stretching tall above the rest of the city as if to reach for the horizon itself. Noble men and women were a common sight in the city; many of the people they passed dressed in fine silks and fancy garb. Security was tight, with guards posted at regular intervals along many of the major streets, and things were particularly tight around the palace. Fortunately for Milkette and Esmeralda, they had no reason to get too close. Their work was in the market.

The market was a large, open square lined with stores and stalls. The stall operators were offered shade from the mid-day sun by a sort of rotunda structure constructed of various pillars and a large ceiling. Between the pillars were several wooden stalls with a variety of wares. Along the outside were buildings such as a smithy and ale house, among others. It was naturally a busy place for bartering, but Milkette was entirely engrossed in finding the area in question written on her manifest.

As they passed by a fountain, water splashed up Esmeralda’s side. The chubby squirrel woman scowled, eying some ill-behaved children who were splashing about in the water.

“Ugh, and just what are we looking for anyway?” She asked, wiping off her side. Milkette hadn’t stopped, so Esmeralda had to pick up the pace just to keep time with her partner.

“One cow bell, enchanted,” Milkette responded, “That’s what it says here.”

Giving the mouse a look, Esmeralda asked, “A cow bell?”

Stopping amidst the crowd, Milkette turned to Esmeralda to explain. “Yeah, it’s not one of the more original things the College apparently ever did,” She said, “The bell was a cursed object pulled from a villainous swamp-hag. It’s said to house the malicious spirit of a cow-demon.”

As Esmeralda listened, more water showered down over her back. She squealed, tensing up before whipping around to see the grinning miscreants in the fountain with their dirty faces and rolled up pants. Esmeralda fumed, but found shouting to be useless. Taking a step aside, she eyed Milkette’s manifest. “Oh, well, yeah. Of course it’s malicious. You spell-flingers can’t ever just trap something nice, can you?” The squirrel jeered.

Milkette cocked a brow at Esmeralda, though as she looked up from her paper, she caught the rude children in the fountain aiming to splash more water her way. She watched as one boy, a tiger, squat down in the water and cupped his hands to pull water out and simply throw it towards them. With a mighty heave, the boy let the water fly through the air. Milkette’s reaction was swift; with a tap of her staff on the ground, the large violet orb resting on its golden perch began to glow a mighty blue. A similarly cerulean magic circle etched itself swiftly into the ground around her, and the force of magic kicked up a draft.

That draft lifted her sarong to expose her legs and the scant, stringy undergarments that covered her shame. But the sudden gust faded to something of a gentle updraft, keeping the cloth lifted slightly and swaying the mage’s hair. This unspoken incantation stopped the water in mid-flight. Each and every drop seemed suspended in the air as if gravity held no meaning, the liquid appearing much more solid in separate drops flowing and rotating in the air. With little more than a huff, Milkette commanded the elements, forcing the water to concentrate on one central spot, combining each floating drop into one large sphere.

“You’ll find that, like thieves, the business a mage gets into isn’t what you’d call ‘nice,’” She said, the draft fading. The water orb remained in the air, but to the bewilderment of everyone around. The mouse gave it a gentle tap with the tip of her staff, sending it on its way slowly back towards the fountain.

The tiger boy who had been so keen on splashing them earlier stared with wide eyes and a gaping mouth as the orb floated slowly over his head. Then Milkette released it, making it drop on the boy with a mighty SPLASH. He was soaked to the bone, as if someone emptied a wash bucket over his head. People gasped, and the unwitting boy began to cry. Esmeralda stared in surprise – and felt more than just a little glee at the ironic turn-around.

“Come on,” Milkette nudged Esmeralda and continued a few steps, “The place we’re looking for should be right...”

“... Here?”

There was one empty spot amidst the pillars of the rotunda. Milkette checked and double-checked the

paper she held in her hand, but was certain she got the right stall... It was just empty.

“Well I don’t SEE anything,” Esmeralda said, thrusting her hand out towards the empty space, “Unless this cow bell makes people invisible.”

“That’d be the invisibility cloak,” Milkette said as she folded the paper and stuffed it back between her breasts, “Something must have happened to the guy.”

“Fantastic,” Esmeralda dryly sighed.

**“Make way for Princess Leirina Contessa of Dalvin! May way for the princess! Make way!”**

The sudden announcement came with about a half dozen royal guards clad in spectacular armor. They ushered people aside and formed a very defensive ring around what had to be the princess... But really, it looked more like a massive pair of boobs attached to a brown cat. Princess Leirina was a beautiful feline woman, brown fur from head to toe, black hair, and violet eyes... but her proportions were ridiculous! Milkette and Esmeralda stared at the princess’s heaving, bouncing, swaying breasts. They were so outrageously massive that they had to jut out at least one foot in front of her body, crowding her torso. Those things were three times bigger than her head! It was a wonder she found a violet dress that fit... though it fit barely.

She seemed to be enjoying her time shopping, but the smirk on her face made it clear that she relished more in the attention her body brought. Her wispy dress barely covered much, with a long slit up the side to reveal almost all of her leg, and as little fabric as possible was spared to cover her chest. Her tits looked as if they pour out at any second – her only modesty was her backside, though the fabric clung to the half-moon cheeks like a second skin and her tail drew the eye.

But when the princess turned just right, something caught Milkette’s eye and ear. She wore a cow bell around her neck.

“I think I found what we’re looking for,” Esmeralda muttered as she, and the rest of the crowd, stared.

*I had no idea why she had it, but isn’t that just the sorta luck you’d expect? Somehow the Kingdom’s very own princess wandered into the civilian market and just happened to pick up the one thing she shouldn’t. Could it get any worse?*

“You there!”

The Princess’s voice snapped Milkette out of her pondering over what to do. It seemed as if she caught Leirina’s eye, who marched over with all her guards in tow. “You’re from the colleges of Kaelwyn, are you not?” She asked.

Milkette felt some sort of nervousness come over her, but she cleared her throat to answer in the best voice she could muster. “Yes--”

“Quiet street-walker,” Leirina cut her off, much to Milkette’s surprise. The catty princess then turned her attention to Esmeralda, getting right in close to the rotund squirrel – so close that her gigantic breasts flattened up against Esmeralda’s own. “You!” The Leirina reaffirmed, “Answer me!”

Esmeralda blinked a few times. “Well... yes, I guess,” She said.

“You guess?” One of the guards stepped forward and took Esmeralda by the arm. There was a moment the squirrel-mage tried to fight back, but knowing better she simply settled for keeping her balance. “Your robes bear the owl,” He continued.

“That’s the symbol of your College,” The princess grinned, planting her hands on her hips, “He told me you’d come.”

Milkette furrowed her brow. “Who...”

“Be quiet, you tramp!” Leirina snapped to Milkette, who almost visibly reacted to the verbal lashing, “A girl dressed as you ought to know not to interrupt me.”

*In hindsight, I now know she assumed by the way I was dressed that I was a prostitute.*

“You, Mage of the College. You’re under arrest,” The guard who had a hold of Esmeralda’s arm gave her a rough pull, and the five others drew their weapons and moved to surround her.

“WHAT?” Esmeralda gasped, struggling immediately. A second guard grabbed her by her other arm and kept her still. The firm grips on her rendered any struggling to harmless thrashing. “I didn’t do anything!” She shouted.

“Choose your words carefully,” The princess said, “I know you’ve come simply to cause trouble. I already know what you’re here for. So before you can do anything, we’ll be taking care of you.”

She then nodded to her royal guard. “Take her away.”

“Wait! Wait! W- What’re you...! HEY! Watch the hands!” Esmeralda shouted and raved as she was hauled off by the guards, and with a confident smirk, the princess turned and followed them. Milkette just stayed quiet. Gripping her staff in both hands, she stared at the band around Leirina’s neck intensely. She had a few more ideas in her head now – such as the idea that someone, or something, tipped the princess off that she was coming. Though to be more accurate based on what she knew of that cow bell... whoever that was likely was not Princess Leirina Contessa of Dalvin.

*I couldn’t say anything, or raise a fuss. If I had, I likely would have been impaled by a pole arm. Maybe I would’ve gotten one or two good spells off, but I never would have been able to get away – especially not with Esmeralda being as out of shape as she was. What’s worse, I couldn’t shake the idea that the demon spirit contained within that bell had gotten into the princess and was now actively trying to stop us – to stop ME – from*

*wiping it off the face of the earth.*

*Why couldn't it have been as easy as the little kitten guy and the Fertile Bearing Curse?*

*My job became a lot more difficult. I had to somehow get close enough to Leirina so I could take that bell from her and destroy it. For Esmeralda's sake at the very least, I went as fast as I could. I asked around the city only to learn that the princess only came down once in a while with at least six guards so she could walk around town and flaunt herself to her people. Many of the men loved it, though any woman I asked seemed put off and confused. They raised a good question: why would the King allow such a thing?*

*I didn't learn anything really of use beyond that. What I had to do was somehow make it into the castle. Naturally I was turned away at the gates, and after the first night passed I began to feel like I'd need to take more drastic action. I needed to sneak in. To accomplish such a thing, I needed someone skilled in the art of stealth. That's where fortune seemed to come my way – it turned out that Dalvin had its own hero. They'd given him the name Bernard the Brave after he rescued the very same princess who took Esmeralda away, from a dark sorcerer some time before. He had snuck into the sorcerer's palace, and according to the princess herself escaped with her in a feat of heroism, defeating the sorcerer.*

*If he could sneak into the palace of a sorcerer, then he seemed like my best bet.*

*I sent an offer to him. I'd pay him every gold piece I had so long as he came to Dalvin and helped me. I left out the details, but did slip in that it had to do with Leirina. If he risked his life to save her, I was really banking on him caring for her. From there I travelled to Johnstown and waited at Bernard's supposed tavern of preference, The Drunken Satyr. I didn't have to wait long.*

Milkette spent one night and half a day waiting for Bernard, having gotten a room at The Drunken Satyr. Sitting in a tavern all day was not her idea of fun – especially not with Esmeralda in the custody of a demon cow. To make matters worse, she spent her day being approached by man after man, all of which she had to turn away. It was well past noon when Milkette began to think that Bernard simply wasn't going to show, and she was getting impatient. Her only distraction was to try and devise methods to get into the castle on her own in her mind, and that was far from a fun hobby.

*“Are you waiting for someone?”*

A voice snapped the mouse out of her daydreaming, and she turned her head to... have to look down at someone. It was a fennec fox – the sort of Canidae that had rather big and long ears. His fur was varying shades of light brown, but the way his darker, sandy-brown fur cross-sectioned his muzzle from the rest of his face gave him a sort of cheeky look and brought out his green eyes. He was certainly dressed like an adventurer, that various pouches strapped to his legs and belt looking fit to hold all sorts of things – plus, Milkette wouldn't know anyone who wore leather, studded gauntlets that had built-in scabbards for small blades like he wore. His leather boots looked made for traveling, and his outfit looked the slightest bit dirt-worn.

*... I can't lie, I thought he was cute. He was just so little and looking up at me like that... Sometimes it's*

*just not fair being a single lady on a mission.*

“Are you Bernard Fanak?” Milkette asked.

The fox kind of looked around before sliding into the seat across from Milkette at the table. “Are you the magician from the letter?”

As he settled in, he looked at Milkette again, kind of staring at her as she stared at him. She was staring at his face, but he... was staring at her barely covered chest. There was a thud beneath the table as a blush spread across Bernard’s cheeks. Milkette chose to ignore it.

“Are you really the guy that broke into a fortress full of orcs, battled your way to Princess Leirina, and escaped after defeating the sorcerer that held her captive?” Milkette gestured as she listed off each item as if she were organizing them, “You’re not what I expected.”

“I get that a lot,” Bernard grunted, “And some of that may be stretching the truth a little.”

“Huh?” Milkette’s brow furrowed.

“She lied,” Bernard sighed, “Princess Leirina told her father that I had done way more than I actually did. I found her by accident after almost getting myself killed, and she was only there because she thought that sorcerer was a good lay. Turned out he wasn’t. The whole thing was bogus and far from heroic. That woman’s legs are open more often than a seedy tavern.”

For a moment, the mouse was speechless. Her lips parted, but no words came out.

“... Why do I have a feeling that I just killed a job?” The little rogue smiled sheepishly.

Shaking her head, Milkette stood and leaned over the table. “Just listen,” She said – and Bernard’s attentiveness was questionable what with Milkette’s plunging cleavage level with his face. “Princess Leirina got her hands on a very dangerous item, and I fear she’s been taken by it.”

There was no response; Bernard just kept staring at her chest.

“Listen!” Milkette squeaked, grabbing his cheeks and wrenching his head back so his eyes met hers, “She knew I was coming. It can only mean that the demon trapped within the artifact she got her hands on warned her ahead of time. She took my partner into custody because SHE had the mark of the College!”

Bernard squirmed uncomfortably. “Are you sure it’s not because you have bigger tits?” He asked, “She did come off as a shallow bitch.”

“Not a chance,” Milkette glared, “Her chest was at least twice the size of mine.”

Bernard would have spit out his drink, had he ordered one. “Bullshit! If there’s one thing I remember from

that girl it was the way she looked!” He spat, “I would’ve remembered if she had boulder boobs!”

With a sigh, Milkette released Bernard and sat back down in her seat. “Settle in then, and get a drink,” She said, “There’s some things you might need to know about the demon that’s taken the princess.”

*I told Bernard everything I knew about the demon in the bell: Lekanahusael. He was a High Demon Lord who rose from the depths of Ulia Gorge, far to the East. He and his ilk had been said to resemble a Minotaur, though in being from one of the many outer planes beyond our realm, his appearance was much more grotesque. What he became known for were the brood mothers he created by binding his corruption to human flesh. When his armies left the gorge, they would sack villages nearby and take the women to... change them, twisting them into perverted cow-creatures. They would feed his armies.*

*It was a good many years, with many deaths and destroyed livelihoods as Lekanahusael’s army pushed out of the gorge. After nearly a decade however, he was pushed back. His armies were defeated by an alliance between two eastern Kingdoms, and Lekanahusael was destroyed. However his spirit never left the realm. It was trapped within a simple collar, a cow bell. No one knows how or why, but once discovered it was taken by the College to hide away for safe keeping.*

*Not very safe, it seems, as it was just kept in some dusty old store room.*

“So, what, Leirina’s possessed by this, uh, Laker Sharia?” Bernard asked.

“Lekanahusael,” Milkette corrected, “And I’m afraid so. Her form now resembles the brood mothers he once took.”

“And...?” Bernard cocked a brow.

Milkette stared at him in moderate annoyance. “With a Princess at his disposal, his influence could easily reach the King of Dalvin,” She said, “And with the King under the demon’s thumb, he’ll no doubt try to mount an army and continue his conquering of the mortal realm.”

“And you expect me to stop that?!” Bernard quipped, “You’re all boobs.”

“I just need to get into that castle,” Milkette huffed, “And I need you to help me. One part of Leirina’s story about you never changed: you snuck into that fortress. I just need you to help me sneak into a differently-shaped castle. Are you saying you can’t? If you don’t help me, if Lekanahusael is allowed to do what I fear he will do, then that’ll be it. Leirina would be lost to him, Dalvin would be lost to him, and the first place he’d strike is this backwater town.”

“... What’s the pay?” Bernard’s expression sank into a thoughtful grimace.

“Everything I’ve got,” Milkette answered, “Name it. Nothing else matters but getting that bell and destroying it.”



“... Even a date?” Bernard’s blush returned, and his eyes fell back to the mouse’s chest.

“**What?**”

Milkette couldn’t believe her ears. “Are you kidding me?”

Bernard shook his head, “This is pretty serious, and normally I’d ask for a King’s ransom to pull off something like that... But you seem nice, and you’re **very** pretty... All I’m saying is that you’d owe me one really big favour or two.”

“I could incinerate you,” Milkette glared, “I could tear your body to ribbons using only the musty air of this dump, or freeze you solid and leave you in a lake! And compared to a horde of rampaging demons that might be considered an easy ticket! Are you really doing this right now?!”

Bernard put on a sorry expression, his large ears wilting. “You’re not saying no...” He murmured.

*That little jerk really was a rogue.*

*A little, cute-faced rogue.*

*I was blushing.*

“How about we talk about that AFTER we make sure there’d still be a place to go for dinner at?” Milkette answered.

“... Deal.”

*If I hadn’t needed Bernard’s help as badly as I did, I probably would have clocked him one for being so presumptuous – unfortunately I didn’t have the liberty. I had to leave with him immediately if I wanted to get back to Dalvin by daybreak. In the meantime, he and I attempted to devise a plan based on what Bernard remembered of the palace.*

*He said his recollection was a little foggy. Princess Leirina, sounding sluttier by the moment, apparently didn’t give Bernard the grand tour she promised him and instead simply stole him away to her chambers to ride a couple more orgasms out of him – despite having done so all the way home. But what that did mean was that Bernard had a very intimate familiarity with Leirina’s insides – err, I mean the inside of her room. All we had to do was make it there.*

*First, we’d travel over the wall, avoid the patrolling guards in the courtyard, sneak into the servant’s entryway, pass through the kitchen, and enter the main hall. Passing the throne area we were to ascend to the second level of the palace and head straight to the princess’s chambers – a tower off the east wing housed the would-be she-beast. Certain that her bedtime was far before that, Bernard would yank the collar off the slumbering princess and then I would destroy it. It sounded so simple, but without any sort of insight into what we were dealing with inside the walls, it did only sound easy.*

*The only way was forward, so we started with the wall. That didn't go too badly.*

Milkette pressed her back against the wall and took a cursory glance at the surroundings. The patrolling guards had just passed the corners of a wall that spread further than any peasant's entire property length, so the window was small. Setting her staff against the wall, the mouse gave her new partner a nod before squatting down and cupping her hands into a stoop. "I'll give you a boost," She said, "But be quick."

Bernard nodded. "Quick is something I can do," He said, before stepping forward to plant his foot into the mouse's hands. With a heave, she lifted him. He kind of swayed as the upward inertia took him a little more suddenly than he was prepared for, and he gripped Milkette's shoulders to be stable, "Whoa~ Okay don't drop me!" Bernard chastised in a hushed whisper.

Milkette didn't have the mind to respond – she was staring wide-eyed at Bernard's crotch that had basically been thrust into her face. She didn't notice before until she was that close, but it looked like he was smuggling a couple potions in his slacks or something with how large the covered bulge was. Her mind reeled at the implications of his size, and at the fact such a thing was happening there of all places. It got no better as Bernard tried to move and ended up pressing forwards and mashing his crotch against the woman's face.

"Ugh, BERNARD!" Milkette squeaked far too loudly as she turned her head. His warmth squished in against her cheek and pushed her glasses askew.

"Sorry, sorry!" Bernard yipped back, "Just let me... alright here we go... No maybe this foot..."

His fumbling to raise a foot onto her shoulder just kept rubbing him against her face. It went on for just long enough to make one question whether he was doing it on purpose or not.

"Oh, wow, your breath is warm..." Bernard smiled like a dope as his head peeked up over the wall, unable to help but enjoy himself in the impromptu situation he'd found himself in. His pants were tenting and bulging against Milkette's face, much to the mouse's fluster and frustration.

"Oh nuts to...!" Milkette muffled as Bernard's nuts mashed against her muzzle. She pulled away with a gasp and grabbed her staff, "Nuts to this!"

She stepped out from under the cheeky rogue, who gripped the top of the wall and kicked his feet as his support was taken away from him. Before he could really whine though, Milkette turned to him, held her staff out towards his presented rear end, and released a quick, concussive blast of air that shot him right over the wall. Hearing the rustle and thud of him landing in the bushes was a satisfying sound. Milkette followed him by getting a running jump and using the same method to propel herself over the wall, where she landed and tumbled into the bushes where Bernard lay sprawled out.

"Heh... I'm sorry?" Bernard grinned wide.

Pinching one of his ears, Milkette pulled him along.

Now they were in the thick of it, prowling the courtyard and hiding from a handful of patrolling guardsmen. Tall, pristinely trimmed topiary, waist-high stone barricades around the gardens and brilliantly carved gazebos offered enough places to hide from sight as they made their way through, using the darkness as their cloak. Bernard was a natural, his feet made nary a sound when he moved and his height made it easy for him to slip in and out of hiding places. Milkette had more trouble – with her curvaceous body being cumbersome and things such as her large hat and lengthy staff making certain hiding places impossible.

Despite the sense of urgency, the night was quiet. The palace seemed at ease. Everything seemed normal. Such a thing was a reassurance – perhaps they had gotten there quickly enough that Lekanahusael hadn't had a chance to cause too much damage.

"Alright, here we are," Bernard announced in a whisper, "This should lead straight into the kitchens."

A lone wooden door tucked far off to the side of the castle, nestled somewhere within an alcove between the main wing and what seemed to be the guards' barracks, was their entryway. Milkette had used a rather unique method of water magic to darken their approach by putting out lamps and torches on their way, so the two were cloaked in night. They had slipped past a guard further back, marking the last of the outdoor patrol. Their barely thrown-together plan was working; they could chalk that up to skill.

"We may have to take out some of the guards inside," Milkette looked to the small fennec, "Are you alright with that?"

Bernard shrugged. "One of them made fun of my height the last time I was here," He answered, "I'm sure they deserve what's coming to them."

Milkette grinned, "Alright then. After you."

Entering the servant's entrance, they descended into the palaces more dank corridors. As expected, the peasant-level servants were given minimal quarters, minimal space, and minimal guard. The narrow hallways leading towards the kitchen were unmanned, granting the two would-be burglars a safe passage. It wasn't long until they would reach the kitchen, but a sound from within tormented their ears. People were groaning, it sounded as if they were suffering. Curious, they approached the door to look inside, the mouse mage peeking over the rogue fennec to witness a most shocking scene within.

None of the cooking wares were being used – the range wasn't stocked, the fires had burnt out some time ago, and the knives hadn't seen any use. Much of the room had been disorganized, pushed towards the walls to clear space for a rather crude station. A woman imprisoned in stock and shackle stood on trembling legs. Her tattered outfit made it clear she was part of the palace's staff, a chambermaid most like, though her dress had been ripped and torn, the chest blown out entirely by fleshy, human tits the size of her head. They hung down low, and two guardsmen tended to them, squeezing her teats as if they were udders, draining their dairy bounty into a bucket.

The woman moaned and even mooed in protest; her once normal, human body had given way to a cow tail,

ears, and little bumps that were her horns. She had been pierced one visible time with a hoop between her nostrils. Every moment seemed to be humiliating agony for her as she was milked like common livestock, her teats sore and throbbing, and her face red as a tomato. But the guardsmen snidely continued their work, one for each tit, using both hands to milk her while another stood behind her and gave her exposed rear a thrashing that left her cheeks red and burning. The men enjoyed their work far too much, and the woman was miserable. It was the work of Lekanahusael, of that there was no doubt.

Bernard stared at the scene with feelings torn between disgust and morbid arousal. There were other women shackled together by the hands, five in number, seated and waiting their turn to be milked next. Some wept; others remained silent in their woes. One stood out from the others, however: a squirrel with curly red hair and traditional magician's robes embroidered with a golden owl. Giving Milkette a nudge, he quietly gestured, and the mouse recognized her fellow College member immediately. Her form had likewise been twisted – it was clear she had not two, but four large breasts stretching the chest of her robes.

"Esmey," Milkette whispered, "Bernard, can you free them?"

"Yes. Maybe," Bernard nodded, "Probably, anyways."

"Great, I'll run a distraction," Milkette muttered.

Reaching into his pack, Bernard tugged free a bundled up cloth. Upon unraveling it, it became apparent that it was a cloak and that the outside of the garment was enchanted to be absolutely clear, as if invisible. Bernard threw it around himself, and upon covering himself completely he seemed to disappear from sight. Milkette strained her large ears to hear Bernard's footsteps as he entered the room. She gave him perhaps a five second head start, and found her own in during the meantime. A lone bucket of dirty water at the back of the room would be all she needed to get things rolling.

Holding her staff against the wall, the orb atop it began to glow, but not so brightly that she'd be noticed. Reaching into the kitchen, she outstretched her arm and focused on the lone water bucket – or more accurately, the water within. With her magic, she raised the water into the air, repeating the same trick she had earlier that day. But when she flicked her wrist, waving her hand in a circular motion, the water would quickly form an orb around one central point: one of the guardsmen's heads. The man giving that poor maid a thrashing found himself quickly surrounded by water, his oxygen cut off and replaced by foul water. Naturally this didn't go unnoticed by the other two, and they whipped around to see the rodent mage standing in the doorway.

"Well lookie here, someone brought us a present!" One said as they both tentatively stepped towards the mouse, "Release our man and we might take it easy on ya, girlie."

The drowning guard flailed, his liquid imprisonment not failing. While the others were distracted, a lone hand seemed to reach from nowhere and pluck a key ring off the suffering guard's belt before retreating into the thin air from when it came.

“Eat me,” Milkette spat, raising her staff.

Drawing their weapons, the guards advanced. “Oh we plan on it!” One shouted.

Thrusting out her hand, Milkette released a concussive blast of air that pushed one of the charging guardsmen back and scattered several kitchen utensils around the room. She then had to clutch her staff tightly with both hands and raise it to block an incoming sword slash. Her metal staff caught the attack, but couldn’t stay locked with the guard before she had to back-pedal towards the kitchen’s entryway – the second guard was coming at her once again. While she fussed with the guards, Bernard kept to his work.

One by one the shackles trying down those cattle – the women that had been changed and forced into servitude – were unlocked, opened, and clattered on the floor. Bernard worked with his invisibility cloak draped over his head, swearing the women to silence one by one. They didn’t make a sound, which was fortunate for a change. Normally his luck was worse. When he made it down the line to Esmeralda, he fumbled with the keys to find the right one and push it into the key hole, but before he could a blade came down and nearly cut his fingers off to knock the ring out of his hands. Bernard went pale as a ghost, looking up quickly to see...

... The drowning guard?! Despite the fact he couldn’t breathe, he could still see, albeit awkwardly through the brown swirls of dirty water that threatened his mortality should he stop holding his breath.

“Are you fucking serious right now?” Bernard whined, before a second sword slash nearly took his ears off and trimmed a little hair off Esmeralda’s head. The guard was clumsy in his attacks, fortunately, but that meant he was dangerous.

“Oh god, what the hell?!” Esmeralda shrieked.

A few more attacks came, a thrust, a lunge, a stab, and both Esmeralda and Bernard were twisting and rocking their bodies to avoid being cut, decapitated, or impaled. Esmeralda gasped as the attacks just barely missed her, splitting open her robes to reveal two sets of underboob, one above the other. “Quit hiding behind me and do something!” Esmeralda shouted to Bernard.

Bernard pushed Esmeralda to the floor, the squirrel girl landing with an uncomfortable thud to avoid another attack by accident. Bernard then rushed forwards, stepping on Esmeralda’s spine to deliver an attack of his own: a bell-ringer right between the guard’s legs. The impact of his fist against the man’s crotch sent bubbles of air through his watery trappings, and with the air driven out of him, he collapsed onto the floor.

“Take that!” Bernard pumped a fist.

“Get off of me you idiot!” Esmeralda shouted up at him.

Milkette’s staff clattered onto the floor as her scuffle with the two guards continued. In close quarters they easily overcame her, and with her being unarmed they beset upon her quickly. She was grabbed by one, held with one of her arms wrenched behind her back while the man held his blade to her throat. She froze, becoming as still

as a statue. Fortunately he didn't just end her right there. While her other arm had free movement, and gripped the man's forearm to try and keep him from giving her another hole to breathe out of, she dared not move.

The other man pushed his blade out and tickled her chin with the tip. "Hickory dickory dock," He mused, running his blade slowly down from her chin towards her chest, snagging the clasp of her leather top, "Mouse's gonna get some cock."

He slid his blade up between her breasts gently and gave a few tentative tugs on her top with it to pull it outwards. Milkette grit her teeth, glaring at the man... but over his shoulder she saw something that made her grin a little.

Before anything terrible could happen, the man holding her captive was struck from behind. He let out a grunt as his knee buckled, and Milkette took his moment of weakness to push his blade-hand away from her before sinking her teeth into it as hard as she could. He dropped the sword, and it clattered onto the ground. The guard behind her was then taken to the floor as Bernard, small as he was, threw his invisibility cloak up around the man's neck and pulled him down with all the strength the little fennec fox could muster.

During that time, Esmeralda had come upside the other man's head with a cast-iron skillet, knocking him unconscious in a single blow. Unfortunately his fall cut Milkette's top, her breasts bouncing free in that instant, making her squeak in alarm. But as the man fell to the floor, she quickly crossed her arms to bundle up her heaving bosoms for modesty's sake.

"Hickety tickety tock, you dick," Milkette grumbled as she rubbed her throat apprehensively.

"Well you sure took your time!" Esmeralda barked, "Look what they did to me!"

"I'm looking," Bernard nodded as he stepped out from behind Milkette to eye the two scantily clad women – his pants steadily tenting out in a bulge that would put stallions to shame.

"And who the heck is THAT?" Esmeralda gestured to the little rogue.

"I'm happy to see you too," Milkette smirked to her fellow mage – though Esmeralda was a mage only by association, "It's a long story. What's going on here? Did the demon..."

"Ohhhh yeah," Esmeralda nodded, "This place is fucked up two ways from Tuesday. Every maid? Hell, every female in the castle? Like this." She gestured to the women who had let the last maid out of captivity and were then simply huddled up in fear – then she naturally gestured to her four heavy, milky tits. They dripped through her robes, soaking the fabric.

"The guards are bloody lunatics too!" She added, "It's obvious that princess bitch is behind everything and they still seem to follow her every word."

"They're probably..."

Milkette paused, eying Bernard out of the corner of her eye. Her eyes widened momentarily at the sheer size of the outward jutting man-sausage he seemed to hardly cover up. The damn thing, in his pants even, seemed to reach well past his abdomen. "... Jesus..." She muttered.

Bernard seemed surprised, looking first at his obvious boner, then to Milkette's face. He was worried until he determined her look of shock seemed to be tinged with... interest. He couldn't help but smile at that.

Then Esmeralda butt in. She grabbed Milkette by the ears and yanked the mouse to meet her nose-to-nose. "Would you quick drooling over that guy's dick?! Let's get out of here!" She shouted.

Milkette cleared her throat and pushed away from Esmeralda, blushing furiously. "We can't yet," She said, "We gotta find Princess Leirina and destroy that bell. If we don't, this is only going to get worse!"

"No way," Esmeralda shook her head, "The princess has been sitting her fat ass on the throne this whole time. She's got her Dad wrapped around her finger. She'll have ALL the guards!"

"Then we go there," Milkette stated simply.

"And then we die," Esmeralda countered.

The mouse mage turned away and snatched up her staff from the ground. Every step made her bare breasts jostle around. "It's either we die here or we die when Lekanahusael's racing across the countryside. I don't like it either, but it's not like we have a choice," She said.

"... So we storm the throne room, combat a demonic warlord, and save the Kingdom?" Bernard recapped, trying uncomfortably to stifle his boner.

Esmeralda huffed, "It's completely insane."

Then there was a silence. Milkette wasn't going to budge. Bernard looked between the two women, and then got an oddly comfortable smile. "I like this plan!" He said, giving Esmeralda a swat on her wide bottom, "I'm excited to be a part of it! Let's go!"

Esmeralda jumped, "What the... Who the heck IS this guy, seriously?"

Leaving the kitchen, the topless mouse, uncomfortably aroused rogue, and the quad-breasted Esmeralda made their way towards the throne room. It became an all-out charge with stealth out of the question, and the blazed a trail through the palace's corridors to hit the throne room. It was an impressive display of magical ability, dual-bladed fighting techniques, and the angriest skillet-wielding the likes of which legends had never seen. Guards fell quickly in their wake, their unconscious bodies strewn about like dirty laundry, hanging from sconces, slumped at the feet of statues, and occasionally sent out a window.

They wouldn't be stopped, and upon reaching the throne room, they barged through the grand doors to a something far more surprising than what they had witnessed in the kitchen.

What was normally a regal throne room, a place of dignity, of honor, was a debauched scene from the likes of a raunchy novelist's mind. The princess was upon the throne, though she sat not with any hint of grace – her legs were lifted, spread wide, with her father, the King of Dalvin, plunging his throbbing manhood into her pussy with a wild abandon, grunting like an animal. To either side two men of the royal guard were serviced by their slut-princess, with Leirina tending to their swollen, aroused cocks with both her mouth and eagerly stroking hands. The proper image of a princess was long gone.

Leirina's brown-furred bosom was utterly gigantic, her legs mashed into their rounded softness that spilled over her torso. Milk leaked profusely from her teats, gushing onto the velvet carpet of the throne room, staining it with sin. All the while she moaned as if she were going mad from pleasure, and so loud it was difficult to hear the clanging and clattering of the bell she wore. If that much weren't enough she had sprouted wicked-looking horns from her forehead, bearing the gnarled, demonic curl one might have expected.

"What the fuck..." Bernard said breathlessly.

Leirina's ear twitched at the sound of Bernard's voice, though she didn't acknowledge him immediately. Her mouth was busied as one of her royal guards let out a horse sound of guttural pleasure. His stiff tool throbbed between Leirina's lips, and she greedily chugged down every drop of his essence. She then slowly withdrew with sticky spunk and saliva bridging her lips to the man's swollen dick. With a lick of her lips, she peered over her father's shoulder then, her eyes locked on the fennec.

"Bernard!" She practically growled, "You've come back!"

Her eyes locked on his obvious erection, "Mmmmn! And you've brought me an offering. Hmmn, good... these men don't have half the dick you do!"

"Lekanahusael!" Milkette shouted, "Release the princess!"

Leirina's eyes narrowed at the mouse even while she panted and purred. Releasing the guards at her sides, the over-taxed men collapsed, and she instead draped her hands around the King's shoulders and stroked his head. "You know I can't do that," Leirina growled, "This body is so wonderful! Her form, her soul, her mind, every waking moment of her life is spent thinking of, or performing such despicable acts, such perverted fancy...! She even prays to the divine ones for just one amazing lay! There's no better home for me than this. I'm very comfortable."

She paused, her eyes closing as her body trembled in orgasm. Her juices gushed out around her father's tool, and she swallowed a moan. "Mmnggh... Oooh, so comfortable..." She purred.

"Why does asking never work?" Esmeralda spat.

Milkette met her with a shrug, "It was worth a shot."

Leirina continued, "Ooooh Bernard... I've been wanting so badly for you to come back and stay here with



me... We could have much such beautiful bed-squeaking together!”

Bernard blushed, but did his best to clench his teeth as hard as he could. Something about the whole scene was getting to him. “Dream on, I saved you from a lifetime of suffering for your own dumb shit decisions!” He shouted back at her, “I should’ve left you at Darkrock with Valuke!”

“That limp-dicked bastard will be the first to fall,” She said sinisterly, then put on a purr for Bernard once more, “Come here Bernard... leave that troupe of wenches and come to me. You know how good I am at making you cum your brains out. I’ve only gotten better. I could show you pleasures your mortal mind could never conceive.”

“Wenches?” Milkette squeaked, “Alright, I’ve had enough of you. You get out of her this instant or I’ll smack you until you FALL out.”

The mage readied her staff, and Esmeralda lifted her pan.

Leirina rolled her eyes, lifting her father’s face from her bosom and looking into his eyes. “Daddy...!” She whined, “These women want to hurt meeee...! Save me Daddy!”

The King sluggishly removed himself from his daughter, and as he did Leirina pulled the grown off his head and placed it upon her own. The feline king turned to face the party, trousers open, dick stiff, his brown fur and graying hair matted with sweat and who knew what else. He then drew his sword – a very impressive blade – and clutched it firmly in his hands. He had the poise of a skilled warrior, albeit fatigued from who knew how much rutting with his daughter.

“You won’t take my daughter,” He hoarsely declared, “Not again.”

“And Bernard...” Leirina purred, curling a finger to beckon him, “Come to me.”

For some reason, the words that left the Princess’s chocolate lips seemed to resonate right in Bernard’s loins. Working with Milkette, he’d gotten so hard, so horny, and he needed the release that Leirina was promising him. But more than that, he felt as if he couldn’t think of anything else. He didn’t just need it to satisfy him, he needed it on some sort of deeper level his logical mind failed to comprehend. He was being drawn to her, so powerfully that his body seemed to move all on its own. His erection acting almost as a divining rod for that slutty cat, he stepped forwards one small step at a time, dropping his weapons to the floor.

“Bernard!” Milkette squeaked. She shot a glare to Leirina, whose eyes seemed to glow with bewitching malice. Bernard suffered the same glow in his dead-looking gaze.

“Corruption...” Milkette muttered, eying the all-too-powerfully strained tent in Bernard’s pants.

*I don’t know whether I could blame him or not. On one hand I could’ve bemoaned how typical a man Bernard was, letting his dick lead him. On the other hand, I was at least vaguely aware of how powerful a demon’s influence could be. There was no doubt in my mind that she could have done all the things she promised him – they*

*could've fucked for days on end, and due to her shallow taste for him, he'd probably be safe from Lekanahusael's wrath. But with how the Princess praised him, it was far more likely that Lekanahusael would simply take Bernard for himself.*

"Bernard, stop!" Milkette stepped in front of the little rogue and grabbed his shoulder. He just shook it off and pushed her aside.

*There's a lot of things I've done that I'm not proud of.*

"Distract the King!" The mouse called to Esmeralda, who would have argued if the old feline man wasn't marching towards them that very moment. Hurrying in, Esmeralda tackled the old man to the floor. Because he was weakened from his coupling, he fell easily.

*But there's only one way to sway a man who has eyes for a fine piece of ass.*

Milkette stepped between Bernard and his prize again, and the little fennec attempted to strike her. Dropping her staff, she grabbed his swinging arm and pulled him in against her body. His face mashed in against her bared tits, and he stared up at her blankly, though clearly surprised.

*Provide him with one of greater quality.*

"Bernard..." Milkette cooed, laying a seductive honey on her voice, "You don't need to go anywhere..."

*Besides, there was a big advantage to having Lekanahusael linked with Bernard...*

Planting herself onto her knees, Milkette quickly undid Bernard's belt and pulled on the drawstring to his pants to finally reveal the monster that was hidden beneath. He truly was impressive, more-so than she imagined. Given that he was barely over four feet tall IF you included the length of his ears, Bernard's enormous dick still had to jut out at **least** a foot and a half from his body, and quite possibly a good deal more, while being thicker around than any rolling pin. Milkette's anticipation of taking such a monster attached to such an adorably man was clear as she unclasped the broach that held on her belt and attached sarong. It all fell to the ground, and she lifted her gaze to Bernard.

He was still staring at Leirina, so Milkette seized his attention. Taking her hat off, she placed it up on his head and tugged it down far enough to cover his eyes. "You don't need a demon," She said, "Let me give you a taste of what you'll expect on that date of ours..."

She took him down, an easy task with how short he was, knocking him to the floor. She couldn't afford to hold back, not even a little bit, so she pulled out all the stops and use all of her best tricks. She started by squeezing her enormous bosom around the base of Bernard's cock, with so much fennec cock jutting out from her cleavage that she could easily treat it with her mouth... and she did. Without a lick of hesitation, she eagerly began to tease the crown of his manhood with her tongue, while providing him a warm, soft imprisonment between her tits. Her tongue, while small, was nimble and skilled, but better yet was her magical affinity. While she pleased him, a

purple magic circle formed beneath them, and the air became electric – literally.

Energy was crackling and buzzing around them, and that buzzing was infused into their bodies. Deep within Bernard's loins, he could feel the surging magical power vibrating his core, and every swipe of Milkette's tongue sent a jolt through his fleshy fuck-staff that seized up his thigh and rear muscles, forcing him to buck up between her breasts against his will. The femme-mouse could feel it too, her flesh tingling in a blissful fashion as she purposely allowed that electric magic to flow through her body, the sensations tickling her arousal just right that she got to wiggling and rocking her hips, and her nipples stood on end.

*If I'm being at all honest with myself... I needed that worse than he did. I needed to feel his body writhing to my touch, and the way his veiny dick pulsated with throbbing heat between my breasts. It'd been way too long since the last time I'd been with a man. I just had to taste him – and there was **a lot** to taste.*

Milkette admired the way Bernard's dick readily launched volleys of pre-cum into the air, erupting like a volcano as the pressure within him built up. She enjoyed the warm, sticky, naughty feeling it gave her as it landed in her hair and matted it down over her head bit by bit. But with her work far from complete, she pushed forwards and began to stroke him with her hefty boobs, squeezing them tightly around his shaft with her hands, all while her tongue lapped time and again along his cock's underside as if it were the sweetest of sugar cane. His flesh was soon drenched in horny mouse spittle and his own pre-cum, but Milkette used the extra lubrication to be all the more relentless.

"Come on, cutie..." Milkette purred like a predator, "Let it out in droves."

One of her hands found his huge, bloated nuts and fondled them in earnest. Bernard was drooling in pleasure, gripping the wide rim of Milkette's hat and bucking his hips into the air as he bellowed out in moaning chorus. Every so often a jolt of electric pleasure would race through his body, striking him at his deepest, so powerfully it made his ass clench. It wasn't long before his drooling maw opened in a howl, and he struck a climax that sent cum rocketing into the air like a geyser.

Milkette delighted in the sight of the thick white shower erupting into the air, only to come back down on Bernard's own body. Steadily she angled his turgid prick so she could close her mouth over the tip of his cock and drink her fill of his amazing output. One of her hands pumped him, attempting to milk him like the stud he would've been doomed to be under Lekanahusael's influence, while attempting to work a little magic of her own...

Leirina watched from her throne, panting and desperately stuffing her fingers into her cunt. It seemed being linked with Bernard made the act affect her no less than Bernard himself. In this lust-haze, she wouldn't have noticed her grip on him waning. Rather than simply fade away, the corruption within the fennec fox simply transferred to a new host – the horny mouse mage was literally sucking it right out of him.

Milkette's body trembled, her grip on Bernard's cock getting painfully tight as her entire body seized up. Taking in a demon was never easy... and it began to wreak havoc on her. Every impulse in her body was trying to reject what she was doing, but her sheer force of will trumped it all. Painfully, her body warmed up and began to

change, morphing into yet another calf in Lekanahusael's herd. Her groans of discomfort were muffled by the mouthful of cock she was desperately trying to swallow down, with cum escaping the edges of her lips and even her nose as she tried to take everything she possibly could.

Coming down from an orgasm like that was far from the norm for Bernard. Milkette's magic circle was still working, and the electricity in the air kept him on edge. He could hear it crackling around him at times, but everything was dark. His mind was coming back to him, and once he was himself again, he pushed up on the hat that covered his eyes to see Milkette straddling his body. But her bosom had swollen to overflowing proportions, twice the size of her own head perhaps, with a second set just beneath, all four thick, pink teats drooling steady streams of milk.

His eyes got really wide, and his steadily softening cock seemed to shoot right back to incredible stiffness.

"B-Bernard..." Milkette whined as she lifted her hips, dragging her drooling puss along the fennec's tool. She tugged her skimpy panties aside, exposing the waiting pink depths. "I n-need you..."

She plunged down upon him, taking him deep into her body in one fell swoop. The act would have destroyed any other woman, and it may have even hurt her, though she seemed too far from herself to take notice. Her tongue hung from her sweet lips as she leaned in close to him, the most lewd look plastered on her face. "N-Need you to steal the bell..." She whispered.

Realization dawned on him. He understood what had happened and what the mouse was trying to do. But before he could act in any way, the mouse mashed her lips to his own and began to churn her hips, rising and smacking them down again in booty-quaking bounces. Bernard surrendered to the pleasure, grabbing hold of just one of Milkette's bouncing breasts and relishing in the kiss while her hungry body gobbled up his prick like a sex-starved nymphomaniac.

"She wants you..." The sex-crazed mouse mage mumbled against his lips while seemingly attempting to suck them off his face at the same time and choke him with her probing, drooling tongue, "Use it...!"

Her actions betrayed her words as the magic circle around them faded, only to be replaced by another glyph. It was green, glowing valiantly beneath the two of them as they kissed and fucked, and Milkette began to slam her hips down on him faster. Moaning and whimpering against his lips, she clenched her eyes shut and continued to ride him with every plunge meeting his hips with a lewd, wet splatter. Her actions came in increasing frequency, faster, and faster, and faster, until she was bouncing on his dick with almost super-human haste. Surely an effect of the magic, Bernard found his cock rooting deep inside the mouse's clenching depths so deep he had to be passing into her womb, only to penetrate the same depth at least twice a second – at least.

Milkette's haste spell allowed her to reach two orgasms in just as many minutes, and when a third one rocked her body, she jolted upright and trembled with a girlish squeal. Bernard had been holding on the entire time, trying to prevent his own climax, but when he looked up at the beauty looming above him in orgasmic rapture, her beauty and the sheer erotic energy she put forth was too much to resist. Bernard pushed forwards to throw the

mouse down onto the floor where he gripped and lifted one of her legs, rolled her onto her side, and started to piston his cock with abandon.

Milkette was gasping for breath, every moan seeming to cut short with a strained, hoarse squeak, numbering several every second. Bernard was panting and grunting himself, pushing his body to give the mouse mage a rutting she might never forget, despite her mind not entirely being her own. It all built to a point where in less than a minute, the two of them were reaching climax together. Burying himself balls-deep into that lovely rodent's greedy snatch, he let loose a second orgasm that made their toes curl. It surged Milkette's belly out, pumping it up round and fat, until her body couldn't hold anymore and it began to violently erupt from her pussy and onto the floor.

It seemed like it ended far too quickly for Bernard. Milkette's body went lax, collapsing onto the ground, sexual exhaustion and a lack of mana essence taking her. This left Bernard with his task, and with newfound clarity he pulled free of Milkette to do just that. He left the poor mouse gaping and leaking onto the floor as he rose and made his way towards Leirina.

"Oh are you finally done?!" Esmeralda barked, straddling the old king in their tussle and giving him a firm strike over the head with her pan – the rounding \*BONG\* echoed throughout the throne room. "Hurry it up then!"

Leirina was writhing in pleasure, in desperate need for Bernard as he stepped up to the throne. Reaching out, the demon-possessed princess embraced him, pulling him in to smother him against her enormous chest. For a moment, he sunk into their soft, sloshing warmth, blushing furiously. Then he returned her embrace, wrapping his arms around her neck... and while his hands were there, he simply unclasped the bell.

Suddenly the princess's eyes shot open, and with a swift pull, Bernard stumbled back with the bell in hand. Leirina shot up from her seat, but her juice-soaked, shaking legs, quivering arousal, and enormous, milk-pumping breasts made moving a chore. She collapsed, and with a wail unlike any most mortal men had ever heard, she gripped herself and cringed upon the floor. Slowly, she began to revert back to her normal, not-giga-busty self. Her breasts shrunk, the horns withered upon her head and crumbled away, and within a few moments, she was back to normal.

The King had thrown Esmeralda off him, and rose to bear down on her with his blade, but with Lekanahusael removed from his host, the King too fell to his knees as the influence of the demonic warlord left him. Though not unconscious like his daughter, he grit his teeth and gripped his sword firmly as he used it to keep himself propped up. He, and the rest of his men, slowly waned off of the corruption. Esmeralda and Milkette too saw themselves return to normal, their second pairs of heavy, milk-laden breasts seeming to shrink back into their bodies.

Esmeralda and the King slowly rose from where they were. Leirina remained unconscious at the throne, as did Milkette in her blissful sex-coma. Bernard however was nowhere to be found. The King looked around in confusion, huffing as he rose to his feet, taking in the strangely morbid scene with no recollection as to what happened. When he noticed he was hanging out of his trousers however, he scrambled to stuff himself back in and

hide his shame.

“What’s going on here?!” He bellowed.

“Ugh...” Esmeralda grunted, “It’s a long story...”

*I woke up some time later, and learned that Bernard had made off sometime after the battle was over. I wasn’t sure how to feel about that when I heard, honestly... On one hand, he really was cute, and his role in helping me was paramount. On the other hand though, facing him after what we did was an embarrassing thought... I tried to put it at the back of my mind though, as he’d run off with the bell. As soon as I learned that, I thought for sure he’d double-crossed me!*

*But after I got my rest and the King thanked us both for our service to the Kingdom of Dalvin... AND after we enjoyed the banquet he held for us, Esmeralda and I were ready to go after him.*

“I knew that guy was a weasel!” Esmeralda said as she left the palace grounds and stepped out onto the street, her and Milkette’s clothed all patched up, the two of them fed, and ready to go. “What were you thinking hiring some random rogue to help you?”

With a shrug, Milkette sighed. “Bernard isn’t the hardest to track down. When we find him, we’ll just...”

That’s when a little paper airplane swooped from out of nowhere and nose-dived right between Milkette’s breasts. The mouse furrowed a brow and plucked the parchment from her cleavage and unraveled it to read it. It read:

“I took care of your bell problem. Took an old priest, a young priest, a witch-doctor, and the town blacksmith, but we smashed it up good. What’s-his-name won’t be a problem anymore. Sorry I didn’t stay. Tossed on the invisibility cloak and took off before the King or the Princess could catch me – I can’t STAND those two. Figured you guys deserve the hero rap more than me.”

“Well that’s a surprise,” Esmeralda crossed her arms, “So he’s not just a sleeze-ball after all.”

“... I guess not!” Milkette smiled.

“Hey, what’s on the back?” Esmeralda asked, gesturing to the other side of the paper.

*So I turned it over. You know what it said?*

*“You owe me. <3”*

*... What a charming little jerk.*