

Milk With Friends
By Angelus

The smell of fresh cookies baking in the oven was making Ian hungry. The long, blue weasel was sat up on the living room couch in Jumon's living room, looking over into the adjoining kitchen to watch Jumon as they baked. It was too difficult to focus on the TV when they were eagerly anticipating fresh desserts. They had offered to help with the baking, but Jumon assured them it was fine. The kitchen wasn't too big, and Jumon, well, *was* big.

Jumon sighed and pressed their hands against their lower back and leaned backwards. Their back was a bit sore from standing in the kitchen so long, mostly due to said bigness. Their breasts were bigger than their head, and made them very top heavy, as it were. Their bra helped a bit, but being at home, they were wearing a bit of a looser, more comfortable one under their shirt and baking apron, which was dusted with flour. A bit of stray flour was sprinkled over their lilac fur, and they tried to dust it off now that they were just waiting for the cookies to finish baking.

"Those smell amazing!" Ian called out with a wiggle of his body.

"Oh thanks! They'll be delicious, I think, I used my secret ingredient!" Jumon said as they turned to face Ian and gave their friend a smile. Jumon's bust swung slightly with the momentum of them turning around so quickly. Ian just chuckled. Jumon had had a huge rack for as long as they'd known each other, and he was used to seeing it bounce and sway whenever Jumon moved too quickly.

"Secret ingredient huh?" Ian asked, curious.

"Yeah, it's love!" Jumon said, voice heavy with sarcasm. They gave a giggling snort, and then the oven timer beeped. "Oh! They're ready!" They flicked on the oven light and turned off the oven and timer before sliding their hands into oven mitts. They bent down to the over instead of leaning, to keep their tits mostly out of the way, and retrieved the hot cookie tray from inside. They set it on top of the stove to let it cool, fanning it a bit with a mitt to speed up the process.

Ian couldn't help himself. He got up from the couch and meandered into the kitchen, breathing in the strong smell of baked dough and melted chocolate chips. Something about these cookies was especially alluring. "Are they ready?" he asked, bouncing in place.

"Well yeah, but they're still hot- hey! Careful!" Before Jumon could react, Ian had reached past them and grabbed a cookie. It WAS hot, but he stuffed it into his mouth all the same. It was just cool enough to not burn his mouth as he chewed it and let the flavor burst over his tongue. It was sweet and soft, with a lightly crispy outside. The chocolate was rich and smooth, and the dough was just... saintly.

"Holy CRAP, these are amazing." Ian nudged Jumon aside and grabbed another cookie, eating it without hesitation. It was just as good as the first, so good it just made him want another. "What's that secret ingredient again?" Another cookie was stuffed into his face.

"Hah! How about I get you something to wash those down with? You sure have a sweet tooth today!" Jumon said as they hip-checked Ian and maneuvered to the fridge. The middle shelf was stocked with several glass bottles of fresh milk. Jumon picked one out and handed it to Ian. "Milk goes great with cookies after all!"

Ian nodded. Couldn't argue with that! He popped the stopper out of the bottle and took a hefty swig of the stuff to wash down the half-dozen chocolate chip treats he had already eaten. The milk was as good as the cookies, maybe better. Ian's eyes sparkled after the first drink, and he licked his muzzle clean of milk. He started to speak... But tossed out that idea, and took another gulp of milk first. "Phew, wow, this is the best milk I've ever had, I think?" he marveled. "I could drink this whole bottle easy... Where'd you get it?"

"Oh? I thought you knew?" Jumon blinked and gave Ian a curious look. "I've gotta do SOMETHING with all of this, after all!" They cupped their hands under their bust and gave it a heft up before dropping it, letting it bounce and slosh. "These things fill up fast, I'm like, really milky," she said. "Did you forget?"

"O-OH." Ian stood, somewhat stunned by this information, but also, Jumon was right. They'd had a conversation about this before, but it hadn't struck Ian's mind when Jumon offered to bake. "That means, the milk you used for the cookies?"

"Yup!" Jumon beamed, proud.

"Well if the milk is this good..." Ian put the bottle to his mouth and chugged it dry, letting milk drip from the corners of his muzzle. "No wonder the cookies are so good. Can I have more?"

"As many as you like!" Jumon nudged the now much cooler tray over to Ian. "I'm gonna take a seat though, phew. My back is sore." They pressed on their lower back again with a groan, and squeezed past Ian to move into the living room and take a seat on the couch. They pulled off their apron and tossed it over the back of the couch.

Ian was left in the kitchen, with the rest of the cookies, and a fridge full of milk, and he helped himself. He tossed the empty glass bottle he was holding into the sink and grabbed another from the fridge, taking a swig before scooping a handful of the cookies into his mouth, scattering crumbs over his face in his haste. He filled his mouth with milk before he even finished chewing, and gulped down the whole mouthful, sending a visible bulge down his throat. The taste was so good; the more he ate the more he wanted. His eyes began to swim in his head, and a dazed smile grew over his muzzle.

"You're really enjoying yourself over there huh?" Jumon called from the couch as they watched Ian stuff their face.

The weasel nodded in reply, mouth full. He swallowed the last of the batch of cookies that had been made and gulped down the rest of his second bottle of milk. His slim stomach had rounded out from eating so much, and a food coma was starting to settle in over the top of the addictive haze that had fogged his thoughts. "Hic! That was good, hah." A dopey smile spread over his face, and he giggled as he moved to join Jumon on the couch. He took a seat next to the wurfb and leaned on their shoulder, nuzzling in with another hiccup. "Mrmph, hey... You've got more milk right? I forgot to bring a bottle with me..." He muttered, sounding sleepy.

"Mmh? Yeah, I do! You can go get another one, haha." Jumon rubbed Ian's head, messing up his fur.

"Mmhnnn, I don't wanna get up..." Ian bumped his forehead against Jumon's shoulder.

"Well I'm not getting up, that's for sure..." They paused. "Well. I WAS meaning to do something about these anyways." Jumon said, mostly to themselves as they looked down at their bust. With a shrug, they pulled off their shirt and tossed it aside, then undid the clasps of their

bra and let it fall away. Their huge breasts hung down a little now that they weren't being held up, and Jumon let out a sigh of relief. "That's better. Hey, still thirsty? I've got milk," they offered as they gave the sides of their lilac-furred breasts a gentle pat.

Ian nodded and didn't give it any further thought. He just really wanted more milk. He shifted around on the couch so that he was facing Jumon more. A dreamy expression floated over his face, and he nodded as he lifted one of Jumon's boobs to his muzzle. He nosed around until he found their nipple amid the soft fur, and he latched on and began to suck on it.

Jumon's milk-heavy tits didn't require much coaxing. Almost as soon as Ian started sucking, milk began to pour out and fill his mouth. It was sweet and warm, almost more of a cream than milk. Ian's whole body relaxed, and his eyes dulled. Jumon slid an arm under his shoulder to keep him from slumping over.

"Whoa, you good? How is it?" they asked.

Ian gave a weak thumbs up and pressed their muzzle into that milky titty. His head was swimming with dreamy thoughts of creamy desserts as he drank, filling out his belly more with every gulp. His middle was sloshing and grumbling with all that he'd eaten and drank. He had never packed away this much before, and his belly was taut to the touch, but he didn't stop drinking.

Jumon just chuckled, and let out a satisfied groan. "You sure do like it huh? Well there's plenty, so enjoy!" They were happy to encourage Ian. After all, the more the weasel drank, the lighter their boobs were. "That said, switch over, the other one is still suuuuper full." They nudged Ian and made him switch to their other breast to resume drinking.

Ian grumbled at having to stop drinking, even for a moment, but was silenced as he was pulled against Jumon's breasts and the milk began to flow again. He guzzled, greedy and eager, and his stomach creaked softly, like a balloon growing overfilled. Jumon couldn't help but poke at that growing belly, feeling the tightness of it, and knowing that it was filled with so much of their own milk.

Ian drank for a little longer before he could hold no more. He pulled back from Jumon with a gasp like a man coming up for air, and was forced to take shallow breaths due to how full he was. Jumon gently shifted the weasel so he was leaned against the back of the couch again while he groaned and caught his breath.

"Good, yeah?" Jumon teased as they danced a couple fingers over Ian's swollen, noisy tummy.

Ian nodded, and he weakly lifted his hand to wipe some crumbs and milk from the sides of his muzzle.

"Good~ Take a nap if you need to. You're helping me clean the kitchen when we can both get up again!" they said, giving Ian a nudge that almost pushed over the nearly passed out weasel. Ian gave a nodding groan of agreement, and faded into a sleepy haze. Once he was soundly asleep, Jumon flicked on the TV, with the volume low, to enjoy a show until Ian was awake again. They were glad that they wouldn't have to bother bottling milk today, thanks to the weasel's help.