

Winter Warmth

By Victor Waite

A cow and her naga boyfriend have devised a unique way to keep him out of the seasonal cold. Unfortunately, stowing him away in her womb means they don't get to see each other for weeks. Their only break from their isolation is an annual christmas dinner, though this year, the bovine has a solution to their woes.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Cow, a Male Naga, Endosoma, Unbirthing, Feeding, Force Feeding, Magical Weight Gain, and Implied Oral Vore

The mixed scents of an expansive feast filled the kitchen and wafted through the house, adding to the humble abode's cozy atmosphere. The harsh winter winds just beyond the warm walls whipped and howled, but the cold couldn't hope to pierce the hearths of the glowing ovens. Still, the air throughout the rest of the home inherited a lesser version of its chilly bite, though it was hardly an issue for the bovine chef. She sported more than enough padding to ward off the worst of the of the season, so much so that she eliminated the need for clothing. Her wide, bare hips gently swayed while she mixed a bowl of thick batter, moving in time to a tune gently hummed. Only a tied-off ribbon broke the black and white splotches of her pelt, leaving nothing to the imagination when she bent down and slipped her pan into the oven. The strap was the only indication she wore an apron, which she wore more from tradition than need. It fit her well when she first received it, but years of cooking and indulgence left it covering almost nothing her flab didn't already hide. Her wobbling breasts constantly threatened to escape from its edges, and her heavy belly sank well below its reach, nearly to her knees, but squeezing into it and cooking a massive meal each year had become something of a ritual.

Though this time, she had a twist in mind.

A grin spread across her broad muzzle as she reached for a box of strange powder, stashed beneath the counter and hidden behind boxes of snacks, then added a dash of it to every dish on her spread. She harbored doubts that the kitsune's miracle medicine would work as advertised, though for its price, it was worth the chance. The bovine chef checked the container once she finished, then added just a little more for good measure and finished it off. With her little surprise laid, she danced between ovens and stove tops and microwaves, putting pans of batter in their place and setting timers. Once finished, she waddled to the dinning room and took a seat. Her wide hips spilled over the edges of her chair as she settled in place, and the furniture's wooden legs creaked under her considerable weight. She considered pushing a second chair to tis side and taking up two spaces instead, though she decided it wasn't worth the effort of getting back up. The cow's heavy belly dominated her lap and pushed her thighs apart, opening up room for it to spill of the edge of her cushion. Her floral apron raised and exposed her navel, allowing a cool breeze to cross its bare surface. The cow herself cared little about the exposure, but her passenger was heat sensitive enough to detect the subtle temperature drop. A delighted sigh poured from her lips as thick coils shifted and drifted beneath her rolls, kindling her constantly smoldering arousal to a needy flame. She convinced her womb's occupant to keep moving by clenching her inner muscles, until they finally woke.

A pair a bulges pushed up from her swollen middle as the naga within stretched, sloshing her chest before he remembered where he was. Every inch of her belly rippled and shifted with his flowing coils, only stopping once he repositioned himself beneath her breasts, where she could most easily hear him. "Mmmhgggg, Spring already?"

"Not quite, my lovely lengthy noodle. Christmas dinner~ It's about time for you to come out and get some holiday cheer."

It took the groggy naga a moment to register her words, and he idly rubbed her inner walls while he did so. "Has it warmed up at all?"

"I'm afraid not," she sighed. "I've got the heater running and a fire going, so hopefully you won't freeze out too fast. Plus, you don't have to come out all the way."

"You said that last year, and you pulled me back in before I finished eating," he laughed. "Have you been practicing or something?"

The cow blinked. "Gods above you're a heavy sleeper," she teased. "I've been working on it every day for the last three weeks."

The mental image that conjured made the naga's coils shift again. "I hope this works," he sighed. "I love spending the season in you, but I hate not getting to see you."

The cow reciprocated his sentiments with a clench of her core. "I know exactly how you feel darling. But we can't afford to move yet, so this'll have to do for now." She rubbed her expansive middle until she found the outline of his hood, then gave him an affectionate pat. "But until then, I may have found a temporary solution."

"Oh~? What might that be?"

"You'll just have to come out and find out~"

The naga let out something between a hiss and a groan. "But you're so warmmmmm. Can I stay in until you've the table set at least?"

"Only if you help me clean up afterward."

"Deal."

The cow rolled her eyes and patted her stomach while her mate made himself comfortable, then hauled herself back into the kitchen. Her chair let out a groan of thanks when she got up, and her gait swayed with the heavy weight of her filled middle. The bovine purposefully popped her hips and sloshed her belly from side to side, stirring her reptilian mate and keeping him from hibernation. He played along and stroked his blunted claws along her favorite spots, coaxing copious sheets of lust from her rippling walls. The pleasant distraction made setting the table more difficult than she expected, however, and her squirming reactions only emboldened her mischievous lover. The bovine's womb shifted and churned as the naga repositioned, dragging all of his sinfully smooth scales across her insides in the process, until he found her flexing cervix amidst her folds. The mere idea of what their dinner entailed already loosened her fluttering ring, and he took advantage of that by twirling his finger around its rim. The burst of concentrated pleasure caught the cow's breath in her throat, and every muscle in her belly tensed at once. The naga snickered to himself while she recovered, but didn't let her rest for long.

He dipped a second and third finger into her sensitive ring, and once she grew accustomed to that, slipped his entire hand through. The tunnel beyond covered his scales with her honeyed arousal, making it that much easier for the rest of his arm to follow. The cow's thighs trembled with barely contained lust as he filled her from within, setting off ripples of pleasure that sought to slurp him back up. The naga easily resisted her carnal appetite, however, and the faint, lewd sounds of their subtle teasing filled the room. He paid close attention to her breathing and moans, stepping up his ministrations as she grew accustomed, keeping her on her toes while she laid out their feast. Webbing of thick nectar covered her thighs and dripped to the floor after a few short moments, and the scent of her need intermingled with the delicious aromas of her culinary labor. Still, she persisted and laid out the final touches of her feast, which culminated with a massive roast turkey. The cow hardly got the bird on the table before her mate brought her orgasm crashing down upon her, forcing her to grab the back of a chair for balance and ride it out.

A final shudder of bliss danced down her spine before she slipped into afterglow, and she gave her middle a playful slap once she recovered. "You ass," she laughed. "You almost made me drop the turkey!"

The naga plunged his arm deeper into her passage and sent another shudder through her. "That would have been a shame~ I'd just have to eat you then."

"And then where would you hide from the cold?"

That gave the naga pause. "I guess I didn't think that through well."

"That's alright~Hibernating can do that to you." The cow wrapped her arms around her nearly immobilizing middle and squeezed. "Dinner is ready when you are hun."

The naga didn't verbally reply, but his shifting coils could only mean he was preparing to exit. Subtle swells and lumps flowed under her spotted pelt as her mate moved into position, lining himself up with her cervix and bracing his tail against her back wall. The cow threw her head back with a shameless moan of pleasure as his scales slid across her fluttering walls, imprinting their texture upon her most sensitive regions. Her breath shortened when he plunged his first arm down her slick tunnel, and her thighs slapped together when the second followed. He scrabbled to get a grip on her slick lips, a task that only grew more difficult when he grazed her clit. Every muscle in her body tensed with delight, and a heavy ripple moved through her passage threatened to undo his progress. Practice had granted him the skill to retain his ground however, and he pushed against her carnal current toward freedom. The cow leaned back in her seat as he wedged the smooth point of his head through her inner gate, where he lapped up her honey and mercilessly teased her. The bovine's hooves clicked against the ground as his attention shorted her nerves, catapulting her into the throes of a compounding climax.

The naga continued against her powerful waves, squeezing his shoulders through her

winking cervix until the tip of his nose met the open air. Her copious lust did much to keep him warm, but even that short, little burst of cold from outside was enough to give him pause. The cow's arousal took advantage of his lapse and slurped a few of his inches back inside, spurring him to gather his nerve and take the plunge. Her middle bulged and wobbled while he coiled his tail and pushed against her greedy tunnel, deforming her swollen belly as he gradually emerged. The naga grabbed her inner thighs and spread them apart on his way to the outside world, a motion he immediately regretted when the harsh light hit him full force. A pained hiss leapt from his snout and he covered his eyes, sacrificing his leverage and closing her legs. Her soft flab muffled his surprised grunt, sparing him a small degree of embarrassment. The cow gathered enough of her wits to spread her legs and help pull him free, though her body was not nearly as cooperative as her mind. Her hips reflexively rolled as his waist squeezed into her inner passage, and her ravenous womb sustained its efforts to slurp him back in. It was nothing they hadn't dealt with before, however.

The naga coiled around his lover as more and more of him slipped into the house's cool air, for the sake of both warmth and leverage. Her arousal clung to his scales and retained some of her heat, though it became a source of irritation as it chilled. Once his hips were free, the cold-blooded lover reached across the table for towels and wiped himself down. The cow helped where she could, but she struggled to maintain her coordination as more of his tail slipped free. He looped his excess length around her broad waist as her middle slowly flattened, until he hung from her like an expensive garment, leaving about a third of his total length still in her middle. Without his constant movement, she gradually came down from her orgasmic high and the pair embraced as higher thought returned to her. They squeezed around each other and shared a lengthy, passionate kiss, only parting once they'd made of for their weeks of "separation". Eventually, the naga's appetite woke with the rest of him, and his stomach let out a long, needy gurgle. The sound brought a blush to his snout, but the bovine enjoyed his eagerness.

"Sorry hun, it's been a little while since I've eaten anything."

"Don't worry about that at all, my delicious noodle. That's exactly what tonight is for."

The naga surveyed the banquet and licked his lips. "You've outdone yourself again. I don't even know where to start~"

"Let me help you pick then~"

The naga loosened his coils as she reached for the nearest dish, a platter of fried and seasoned shrimp. She plucked the first of the delectable school and held it to her mate's lips, who sampled its scent only once before wrapping his tongue around it. He slurped it from cow's grip and made a show of swallowing it whole, and she had the next morsel ready before the first disappeared behind his chest. They powered through the rest of the dish in much the same way, the cow serving treat after treat until only crumbs remained on the plate. The bovine woman kept a sharp eye and ear out for the effects of her secret

ingredient, though it showed no obvious signs at working. She hid her disappointment and instead focused on feeding her love. The next dish required both hands to lift, and the naga watched with interest as she brought the pot of stew to his lips. Steam danced across its savory surface as his tongue darted out for a sample, and he let out a soft rattle of delight when it met his approval. The cow grinned to herself and tipped its rim up, carefully pouring its contents into his waiting jaw. The broth flowed freely between his fangs and warmed his core as it sloshed and settled in his middle, and he skillfully swallowed chunks of meat and vegetables as they presented themselves. The two worked so perfectly together that not a single drop spilled free, and a creeping fullness suffused his form as he ate.

Between his gulps and swallows, the cow noticed her solution taking effect.

The naga's middle bloated mostly with food, but a thin layer of flab formed as well. The tight, stew-stuffed dome slowly and subtly softened, spreading the scales of his middle with growing rolls of pudge. The fat accumulated across the rest of his figure at a much slower rate, though it still caught the cow's eyes and fingers. She suppressed her delight and kept steadying the pot of stew as it drained, tipping it more and more until only drops remained. It took her a moment to realize it had emptied, but once she had, she swapped it out before her boyfriend noticed the extra weight wobbling from his figure. She wanted the reveal to be as big as possible, after all. To further that goal, she stepped ehr game up and served two platters at once. The bovine combined plates of sauce-covered chicken tenders and grease-laden french fries, then brought the hastily crafted combo to the naga's lips. He shied away from her overzealous feeding at first, until she backed off long enough for him to unhinge his jaw. Though it was a display she'd witnessed on countless occasions, his yawning maw never failed to captivate her. He tilted and shook his head as his mouth fell free and open, offering more than enough space to accommodate her stuffing. The bovine wasted no time taking advantage of his natural flexibility, and she dumped the joined plates into his waiting mouth.

His experienced gullet widened and accepted his meals with ease, and most of the morsels tumbled back into his throat whole. The sounds of his greedy gulping amplified through the cone of his maw and filled the room, spurring the bovine to step up and test his limits. He hardly cleared his mouth before she reached for the next dish, a substantial pot roast garnished with a grand slathering of gravy. The bovine tipped the plate above his maw and let its juices flow across his tongue, increasing its angle until the main course slipped free. The lump of meat launched over the dish's edge and tumbled into the naga's waiting maw, earning a jump of surprise when it landed against the back of his throat. His tongue coiled around his catch and held it in place, until his eager muscles grabbed hold and sent it to his belly. The cow took a small break from her feeding to rub his neck and follow the roast's outline uto his chest, though she avoided rubbing his middle just yet. He let out a soft hiss of disappointment with the avoided touch, but she placated him with their main course.

The bovine grunted with effort and reached for the centerpiece of her feast, a massive turkey that towered over its peers. The naga's jaws watered as its scents overpowered

senses, driving him to strike before she set the platter back down. A short moo of surprise sprang from her chest when he snatched the dish from her hands with lightning speed, wedging just under half of it between his jaws. Delicious juices leaked from where his fangs sank into the tender meat, unleashing its delicious essence across his tongue. His sloshing and bloated middle grumbled with anticipation while he chewed and savored his mouthful, until his insatiable appetite soon spurred him to continue. The cow placed her palms on his middle and squished his expanding rolls while he walked his jaws over the hefty bird, spreading his gullet close to his limits. The scales on his throat drifted apart as the hide beneath stretched to transparency, perfectly showcasing every curve of his massive treat. The cow's massaging slowed as her gaze locked on that transfixing sight, and her thighs clamped together around her mate's tail as her lusts rekindled. The naga tightened his coils to keep his ground while he ate, until he slipped his lips around the morsel's widest point. His cheeks swelled out as he brought his jaws back together, and this throat's restoring action shoved it deeper into his ravenous depths.

The cow shed her restraint and lavished her increasingly doughy mate with affection, rubbing his softening paunch and tracing his meal's path down his gullet. His hood flared in delight under her ministrations, and his greedy gulps filled the room as the bird sank to his shoulders. The pleasant burn of a massive meal well eaten followed in its wake, and bringing out a pleased hiss as he rearranged his jaw. The bovine took a peek down his gullet when he yawned wide, noting with delight his last course was well beyond the point of no return, and she softly groaned with disappointment when his jaw popped back into place and shut. One of her hands reluctantly left his middle to fetch a napkin and wipe the excess drool from his lips, a gesture he leaned into and relished. Her cleaning touch only lingered as long as it needed to, however, and her attention soon returned to his chest. A soft layer of padding had already claimed his pecs by the time she found the turkey's swell again, muting its silhouette until it completely vanished behind his softened anatomy. She grabbed and squeezed his stomach in anticipation of its return, and a heavy, gurgling slosh rewarded her foresight. An unabashed belch tore passed the naga's lips when she jiggled his swollen paunch, marking both the end of his feast and his satisfaction.

For the cow, however, the main event was just beginning.

The naga thought nothing of her groping attention and leaned back into her soft middle, more than accustomed to her belly-based lusts. What eventually caught his attention was just how much of him she was able to massage and knead. His plush paunch slowly swelled into a respectable belly under her touch, complete with soft rolls and generous love handles. She slipped her hands beneath its generous overhang and bounced it in her fingers, gradually growing heavier and heavier as it wobbled. The rest of his figure thickened as his stomach stirred and churned its contents, spreading hundreds of thousands of calories across his figure. His upper arms thickened and wobbled with wings of flab, which inched down his elbows and swaddled his forearms. A soft chin filled out and obscured his jawline, removing a degree of intimidation from his profile. His hips took the brunt of the additional weight however, swelling out well beyond his narrow shoulders and acting as an anchor for his growing rear. His tail thickened in proportion, all the way to and through the bovine's

rippling passage, considerably adding to his mass with deceptively little impact on his profile. His twin cocks poked through their slit while the cow explored every inch of his new curves, melting away his reluctance and replacing it with unexpected satisfaction.

The naga's enhanced bulk squished around his mate as he coiled around to give her a kiss. "Well, I feel warmer at least. That might just be the food though."

The cow wiggled her hands deep into his rolls and squeezed what she could. "Well~ I have another box of my secret ingredient if you think it's not enough. I don't know if I'd be able to get you back into your room after that though. I've never tried to unbirth a Jörmungandr before."

He grinned and tickled her inner walls with the tip of his tail. "You'd best be careful about how big you make me," he teased. "If I'm too big to fit in you, then you'll just have to spend all winter in my coils. Or perhaps deeper than that."

The bovine squirmed in his grip. "Now you're just tempting me darling~ You've already eaten all the food in the house though, so I'm afraid that'll have to wait."

The reptile slid more of his tail free from her passage, sending a shudder up her spine as he looped more coils around her. "Oh, but I have my dessert right here. And if I baste you in this, 'secret ingredient,' I might be able to last until you reform."

The cow went lax in his grip as he pumped his tail between her legs and filled her head with fantasies. "Mmmhfff, I think I'm going to like this new tradition~ It's up in the cabinet behind the crackers whenever you're ready."