

Dragon Milk

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A Patreon Vignette for Aurum

Thalia belongs to Aurum

Thalia gets an unexpected offer from a dairy company through the mail, and can't help but humor it. Unfortunately, a clerical error delivered the wrong formula for her species. What will this mean for her and her figure?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Alolan Vulpix, Mild Milk Inflation, Weight Gain, Hyper Breast Growth, Lactation, and Immobilization

Thalia hefted the heavy box from her porch, shouldered through her door, then dropped it on her table her table. A heavy thud sounded through her living room with its landing, drawing creaks of protest from the coffee table and sending a tremor through her floor. An icy puff of mist wafted from her muzzle as she reclaimed her breath, and she scrutinized the box. With the exception of its weight, it was ordinary in every possible way. Dark brown cardboard, adorned with light labels and bundled up in several layers of tape. The alolan vulpix spun the beaten cube around until she found its address, and once she confirmed it was intended for her, slipped a claw through a gap and sliced it open. The soft sounds of her swiping filed the room as she tore through her mystery package layer by layer, until the sides fell away and revealed her unexpected prize. A puzzled expression crossed her face while she scrutinized the revealed jug. A bright label reading "dragon milk" covered most of its front, while an impenetrable wall of tiny text decorated the back. Thalia squinted at microscopic riddle with curiosity, though she only succeeded in straining her eyes.

A letter fluttered from its underside when Thalia lifted it from its carved box, piquing her curiosity and inviting her to pick it up. A puzzled look crossed her face when she read its origin address, and her intrigue deepened as she sliced the envelope's top and unfolded its contents. Her icy tails idly swayed behind her while she browsed the missive, slowing with annoyance, then speeding with interest.

Congratulations Thalia, you've been selected to review and represent our latest product. We've included a sample of our cutting-edge mix, and we'd love to hear your thoughts on it. Regardless of your answer, you will not be charged for this shipment. If you like our product enough to agree to a sponsorship deal, please let us know at your earliest convenience.

*We look forward to hearing from you,
Might Milk Dairy Supplements*

The vulpix's interest turned to confusion, which filled her eyes as she dug through memories. Despite her efforts, she couldn't recall ordering the product or applying to represent it, though it didn't seem to be a mistake. She eyed the jug and rubbed her chin, then shrugged and embraced chance. Thalia wrapped her hands around the jug and squished it to her plush middle, then enveloped herself in a tiny blizzard. The drink's temperature plummeted, and by the time she pulled it away, thin sheets of frost accumulated on its surface. Once satisfyingly cold, she gripped its cap and twisted it free, then brought the opening to her lips. The sweet scent of fresh dairy wafted by her nose as she tipped it upward, and a sinfully decadent flood washed over her tongue. Thalia let out a muffled groan of delight and gulped her first mouthful down, then another and another. She raised the emptying container above her head as the flow threatened to sputter, until she claimed every single drop. An indulgent gasp leapt from her muzzle as she let the bottle fall away, and her free paw found its way to her full middle. A faint blush spread across her muzzle while she patted her no longer modest paunch, which slipped into uncertainty as her palm lingered.

Curiosity convinced her to look down, and when she did, the vixen didn't believe the sight.

Between her deepening cleavage, she spied the growing swell of her belly. Thalia poked a finger into her pudge to ensure she simply wasn't imagining it, which seemed to only speed its very real growth. Her toes disappeared behind a soft shelf of snowy flab, which tugged at her balance as its growth accelerated. She stumbled forward in a vain attempt to stay upright as her breasts swelled heavy with milk, giving her just the nudge to drop to her knees. Her growing flab wobbled and jiggled with her graceless landing, audibly sloshing the contents of her belly before her fat muffed it to silence. A mixture of shock and arousal played across her face as her arms trembled under her mounting weight, quickly giving out before she could recover. Thalia's swelling chest and softening belly reduced her second fall to nearly nothing, a detail that pierced her flustered state and drew her attention. A thick roll of fat swaddling her neck reduced her range of motion, though she saw more than enough to figure out what was happening. Before she could voice her pleasure or dismay, however, a second wave of growth surged forth and derailed her discontent.

Thalia's arms and legs left the ground as her belly spilled forth in a plush avalanche, rushing beyond her reach and lifting her from the ground. The surge of sensation sparked a carnal need in her core, which bloomed into a powerful arousal that clouded her thoughts. The conflict between her curiosity and lust ended as thin rivers of milk leaked from her increasingly bountiful chest, and she battled her own bulk to reach down and stoke their flow. A lightning bolt of bliss raced down her spine with the slightest contact, and her ivory dribblings swelled into arcing fountains with her teasing attention. Her flabby thighs quivered and her tails fluttered as she squeezed and massaged her peaks, deriving any and all pleasure she could until her growth inched them beyond reach. A flash of frustration flicked across her face as she lurched and lunged to recover her bliss, sending ripping wave after wave through her rolling figure to little avail. She hardly noticed the thick tires of fat settling around her legs and arms, until they reduced what little mobility she retained to nearly nothing. Still, the sustained growth of her chest and the sensation of spreading across the floor were an equal exchange, and she chased what bliss she could while she settled into her doughy bed of a belly.

Beyond the collapsing scope of her attention, her phone rang and went to voice mail.

Thalia, due to a clerical error, you have received the wrong sample. You received the dragon formula instead of the vulpine formula, and we urge you not to drink your sample until we can correct this. Please get in touch with us as soon as possible, and we'll make this right.