

Zeek and the Cattledog
By Angelus

Zeek was currently visiting a friend of a friend that he had only met at some parties before. That friend was Marigold. She was a rare animal, a self-titled "cattledog." She mostly looked like a dog, with a fur coat like that of an Australian Shepherd, but with the horns and hooved feet that you'd find on cattle. On top of that, she had a sizeable pink udder hanging down between her legs that always seemed to slosh when she walked. She was a sweetheart who lived out on an old ranch house that she had converted to support a hydroponics operation, which is how she made her money.

Zeek was interested enough in all of her tech, but he was often distracted by the bounce and slosh of her full udder. There was something strangely enticing about it... And he couldn't help but stare at it. Marigold just giggled behind her hand after the umpteenth time she caught him staring.

"What's up, you see something something you like?" she asked with a little flick of her fluffy tail.

Zeek blushed and froze up, finally being called out on his staring habit. "Er, n-no, er, I mean, I'm just curious what it's like, to carry that around all day!"

"Oh? I dunno, I'm used to it I guess, I've always had it!" she said with a shrug. "It's like asking you what it's like to have wings! You've always had them, haven't you? You probably don't think about them much."

Zeek shook his wings as they were mentioned. "Oh, I... Huh. I guess you're right."

"Yeah! Though, oohf, I bet your wings don't feel full ever huh? Haha!" She took a seat with a relieved sigh and let her udder fill the space between her thighs as she gave it a bit of a rub. "I gotta get milked soon."

"Oh, how do you do that?" Zeek asked.

"Hhm, I usually use a milking machine." Marigold paused and looked over at Zeek, who was still looking at her udder. "Although... There's another way, of course! If you wanna help?" She smirked.

"I'd be happy to help since you're letting me stay here for the weekend, what do you need?"

"Can you go out to the hydroponics tower and get as many strawberries as you can carry? And bring them back here for me," she said as she leaned back in her seat.

"Sure, absolutely!" Zeek did as she asked, heading out to where she grew her various fruits. It was a fancy building connected to the house, quite out of place amid the more rustic look of the rest of the ranch, but Zeek saw nothing wrong with a little modernizing. He grabbed a couple of big metal buckets, and scooped up ripe strawberries until the buckets were full before returning to the house, grunting under the weight of what he was carrying. "I, erf, got them! As many as, phew, I could..! What next?"

"Well, I remember you mentioning you like strawberry milk, right?" Marigold gestured him over.

"Y-yeah?" Zeek was blushing in spite of himself as he dropped the buckets of strawberries next to Marigold.

She grabbed a handful of them and stuffed them into her mouth, grinning and wagging her tail as she gulped them down. "Oohh yeah~ Help me out big guy, feed me these," she said, opening her mouth and pointing in. Zeek nodded and did as he was asked, reaching a hand into a bucket of berries and dropping them into her mouth. Her tail wiggled and her hooves stomped the ground with delight as she swallowed down the sweet, ripe berries. "Ah, more! More!" she demanded.

"Sure thing, yeah!" Zeek's blush glowed, he was happy to help! His wings fluttered and he grabbed handfuls of berries from each bucket and dropped them into her waiting mouth every time she opened for more. Her stomach bulged out slightly, and then more and more as she ate without taking a break! The pattern across her fur stretched with her rounding belly, and her muzzle became stained with red juice as she gobbled up the sweet and juicy berries.

Zeek watched as her stomach grew with every greedy mouthful, her stomach starting to bubble with digestion. Below that, he heard another sound, the churn of cream as Marigold's udder began to fill even more, the pink flesh stretching like a balloon and growing swollen and taut, making her moan softly.

Her udder soon started to swell faster than her stomach, and it groaned with the increasing speed of milk production. Zeek couldn't help but stare, and Marigold caught his wandering eyes again. "Oh, still looking huh? That gives me an idea~ Your friends tell me you've got quite the appetite!" She pointed down at her udder with one hand as the other grabbed a handful of strawberries and tossed them into her mouth, taking over Zeek's job. "Help me out, before I get too full~ And don't wait too long, eating all this sugary fruit is gonna make me fill up even faster than I am now."

Zeek got the point. He was nervous, but also willing to help. There was a certain excitement to it, as he kneeled down on the floor in front of her to be eye level with her udder. It was more obvious that it was swollen now that he was up close, and he could faintly smell sweet cream as he leaned in closer. Marigold tapped her hoof to the ground impatiently, and Zeek hurriedly, if awkwardly, took one of her teats into his mouth and tried to suck on it. After a couple of tries, milk started flowing, and his ears perked up in surprise as he realized how sweet and thick it was. There was just a hint of strawberry flavor mixed in.

He placed his hands on her thighs and grabbed them to keep himself steady as he found a decent rhythm and drank down her milk. It flowed freely, as there was quite a lot in there that was ready to get out, and she sighed with relief between mouthfuls of strawberries as Zeek drank. He noticed that hint of strawberry flavor was starting to grow and overwhelm the flavor of the cream he was drinking, so he shifted his posture and leaned in, now eager for more.

Marigold's stomach was stretching and bulging out with how much she had stuffed herself with so far; she was a fast and eager eater. Her stuffed stomach gurgled above Zeek as it churned up the strawberries with surprising speed. Zeek's ears flicked forward to listen to it, and he could feel a quiver through her udder as it picked up milk production, her body now flooding it with sweet strawberry milk. The flavor grew stronger as Zeek drank it, only making him more eager to chug it down, even as his stomach stretched with a heavy pool of fattening cream.

"Don't fall behind! Wouldn't want to leave a lady unsatisfied right~?" Marigold teased as she felt Zeek pick up the pace and start drinking faster, trying to keep up with the increasing

flow of strawberry milk. The flavor was heavy now as he had drank all the milk she already had, and was now just trying to keep up with all the fresh and flavored milk she was making. Every mouthful she ate made her body produce more, seemingly without limit, and Zeek wondered how she got through the day without immobilizing herself if it was so easy to kick her milk production into overdrive.

Zeek's stomach was sloshing heavily in front of him, sagging to the floor and pressing against the front of Marigold's legs. She poked her hooves against his belly, sloshing him around and amusing herself. She'd heard that Zeek could eat a lot, but he was positively ballooned. She was impressed! He seemed eager for more still, and she was happy to give it. Zeek expanded into a gurgling creamery as his stomach churned up all of that strawberry cream.

He finally passed out into an exhausted food coma, his jaw sore from drinking so much for so long. His gut sloshed up against his face before settling back down, wobbling a couple of feet above him at least. Marigold was laid out in her chair, her udder still bloated, though dwarfed by the fruit-stuffed ball of her stomach that now reached out to her knees. She patted her side and licked some stray strawberry juice from her muzzle as she watched Zeek's stomach wobble a little with every heavy breath he took. She smirked and got to her feet, her stomach and udder wobbling with her unsteady steps.

She stepped over Zeek's head and sat on the edge of his belly, and her weight squashed the front of it down so that her heavy udder smothered his face. "Hey, I'm still full, so you better keep helping for all the staring you've been doing."

Zeek groaned, and burped as Marigold sat on his stuffed stomach. She shifted so that her teats were in easy reach of his mouth, and despite his fullness, she wasn't giving him a choice. Zeek gurgled, groaned, but began to drink down more of the heavy strawberry cream that had filled her udder. He drank slowly, breathing slow and heavy through his nose to try and keep his composure. His stomach creaked, overfull, and the pressure Marigold added from sitting on it wasn't helping.

"Come on, just a bit more! I'm almost empty, then you can have a break." She patted his side, wobbling him. "Not full yet are you? Good! Keep it up~" She didn't let him answer, making her intent clear. Zeek drank, panting, adding steady inches to his already full stomach, bloating himself with strawberry cream until he was almost certain he could smell it through his taut skin. Just a few gulps more...

Glug.

Glurk...

Guullpp...

And at last, he was finished. Marigold gave his stomach another pat and sat back, using his belly as a huge, sloshing bean bag chair. "Awww, thanks Zeek! That's suuuch a relief! Do it again tomorrow?"

Zeek just groaned, unable to reply, as he was on the verge of passing into a full blown food coma for a few hours. He was still here for another day, and after this display, Marigold planned to have a lot of fun with him.