

# Krystal the Dairy Fox

An original story by [MtG-Ti] Hoss featuring art from cervina [\[1\]](#), [\[2\]](#), [\[3\]](#), [\[4\]](#).

***You must have been dreaming!*** There, in your hands, *at long last, in plain black and white*, was the letter you'd been waiting for for—! *Well, for a lot longer than you could even remember at this point!*

Anthro Bovid Milking Licence: **Granted**

Your dream job of working on a dairy farm wasn't just a dream anymore! *Or at least, you were one step closer to making it a reality...*

*Memories of being a little kid and watching your grandfather expertly milk the family cow floated through your mind again. You could still remember his old, gentle hands milking away happily in the kind of dance that imprinted on you just how important it was to know your cow and take care of her.*

***She*** had to enjoy the milking too — or at least not ***hate it*** if you valued your jewels and ever wanted to have kids — and the way he smiled as he tipped the pail just far enough for you to see the fruits of his labours made you understand just how proud he was of the respectful, consensual, and symbiotic relationship he had with the old heifer.

*They had to care for each other at least a **little** for him to be **allowed** to draw that liquid gold from her teats, and you'd never, **ever** forget the look of satisfaction on his face whenever he was done.*

*You missed him terribly...*

Anytime you got thirsty for some milk — *like right now, after thinking about it so much* — you remembered what a treasure and a half he was, but you swore to yourself you'd never forget what he taught you! *After all, no matter **how** much money you spent at the grocery store, you couldn't get anything even **close** to the taste of the milk made with love that came straight from the source~!*

...Dairy farming had come a long way since ol' Bessie's days, though — *may she rest in peace and graze in paradise forever and ever, that beautiful old girl* — and thanks to **anthro bovines** and **human male on bovid female farms**, you could cut out the middlebull and impregnate the cows yourself!

*Or the goats, or the sheep, or the whatever **other** animal you wanted to get milk from!* Point being, so long as you treated your partner properly — *cause that's what she'd be, your **partner*** — you could get and **keep** the milk flowing all by yourself!

*And the milk **must** flow...*

Man, what would grandpa think if he were still alive!? *If Bessie were an anthro cow that could shake her tail and ask him to—? Better not to think about that, actually...*

**Anyways**, you had a plan, and you'd passed the first hurdle, so all that was left was *sticking to it* and making your dreams a reality! *Eventually... You couldn't just start a farm and get to milking, after all.* No, no, **no**, someone like you — *despite your experience around feral animals on your family farm — needed much, much more... hands on* experience.

If you were going to assume the responsibilities of... **breeding** the animals on your employer's farm at the start, you'd have to take that duty seriously! *Which is why you needed to keep up your strength training and shape your body into the kind that cows would want on top of them! Or behind them... Pr-Pressing them into the hay, and spreading their legs, and sinking your—!*

**A cold glass of milk sounded pretty good all of a sudden...**

.....

"Welcome to the team, Anon! **Hoowee**, I'm expectin' a bumper crop of milk with a body like yours! *I can tell you ain't no city boy who only goes to the gym!* With muscles like *those*, your parents must've owned a farm too, eh~!?" Old McDonald said with a twinkle in his eye and only the *slightest* twinge of jealousy in his voice.

*You'd finally managed to find a farm that would take you on — at least on a trial basis — aced the interview, and were ready to get to work!* The old goat — *metaphorically speaking, of course, since he was human too* — was getting on in years and couldn't handle the 'lovely ladies' he had in his stables anymore.

*...That, or his wife had managed to force him into retirement after putting up with his 'philandering ways' long enough.*

In either case, you were the new sheriff— rooster— *bull...? You were in charge of making sure the gals were making milk!* Which meant you'd have to get, *uh, familiar with them... In, the, uh, biblical sense...*

"Don't go gettin' cold feet **now**, boy!" the crazy old farmer hooted and hollered at you, seeing your shoulders slump ever so slightly. "*There's poon in them there hills! Er, barns... Warm, wet, tighter'n a well stuck jar a pickles! Believe you me, the things those girls can do to you...! The things they will do to you~! Yeehaw~! Why, if I were even half as spry as you seem to be, I'd run in there m'self!*"

The forlorn look in the man's eyes — *like he was getting one last glimpse of paradise as it disappeared over the horizon* — made you feel a little sorry for him, *but also got you oddly excited to see what kinda ladies you'd be taking care of at the same time...*

“Just try not to fall in love **too** fast, *y’hear!?* If’n you and one of the gals **really** hit it off, I won’t stand in the way of you marryin’ and makin’ an’ honest woman of ‘er, *but I still need at least a **couple** more harvests before I sell off the plot, understand!?*”

*You understood alright.* This was a business, first and foremost, and one that the farmer relied on to pay his bills and ensure he could retire to something other than a cardboard box. As... **rewarding** as the work could be, it was **work**, *first and foremost!* And *f-filthy, unprotected, m-m-milk-making sex **second**...*

“**Attaboy~!** *With a pecker like **that**, you remind me of **me** when I was your age~!* Go on an’ **get ‘er~!**” the old loon cheered, his eyes fixed on your surprisingly hard cock straining your previously loose jeans...

*It must have been the smell in the air. The knowledge that there were cunts that needed **fucking**. And **flooding**. **Repeatedly**... It was just business, though! At least for now. Or so you told yourself...*

In your dreams, you imagined a great big tomboyish heifer that looked like she could break you in half with a single flex of just *one* of her arms! *The type of woman that would **force** one of her massive breasts to your mouth for you to suck on as she jerked your cock like she was churning **butter!** She’d call you her ‘little bull’ and lick your cream off her fingers before licking, kissing, and sucking you back to full hardness, positioning you between her legs, and then **dropping her hips** like she didn’t care whether or not you were ready without so much as a **stitch** of protection between your cock and her cunt so you’d flood her good and proper-like and fill her belly with calf after calf after—!*

## **Wait a second, was that a FOX!?**

You found yourself walking through the barn on autopilot, *occupied with your wet-daydreams and a throbbing cock*, somehow managing to miss a **ludicrously** busty blue fox wearing— *wearing—*

“Are you here for my **milking~?**” the strange woman asked in a husky, flirty voice that had you 100% rock-solid and beading pre through your undies.

Her smile was **killer**, and you hadn’t even looked down at her puffy, erect nipples yet...! *Which were poking out through what had to be the **skimpiest** cow-print bikini in the world, if it even **could** be called a bikini...!*

*Maybe some kinda modern type that was worn in Europe or something...? The ladies over there **seemed** the type to let their m-massive m-m-mammaries hang out... The poor fabric looked like it was at its snapping point, the strings that could easily be dental floss biting into her tittlesh and—*

“I’m **Krystal~♥** You must be my big, strong **bull**, Anon~♥ I’ve heard a lot about you... **Dreamt** a lot about you, too...! Ready to take your first **bitch** for a ride~♥?”

**Damn!** She was a **feisty** one!

As the fox-woman wagged her undoubtedly soft tail in the air as if it had a mind of its own, and **jiggled her breasts at you like an earthquake had just ripped through the area**, you found your hands reaching for the buttons on your jeans all on their own.

**Phew**, that was a close one! you thought, or maybe whispered aloud, putting your hands in your pockets to at least have a little *chat* with the woman you'd be ploughing in just a few minutes before things got... **physical...**

Why **was** a fox like her — especially one as breathtakingly **beautiful** as she was — on a human milking farm in the first place...?

“Probably the same reason *you're* here, **handsome~♥** ...Don't worry, though, your boss already gave me the OK once I showed him just how **productive** these fat **TITS** of mine can be~♥” the fox replied with a smirk, lifting up her **hefty** honkers only to drop them with the kind of bounce that made you weak in the knees and threatened to make you lose your balance. “**You** want to get paid to **fuck** and **knock up** some anthro **bitch**, and **I** want to **be** that bitch~♥!”

“*I can't imagine anything **hotter** than being **used** like a dairy cow... Having a big, strong man like **you** huffing and puffing as he sawed his hips and his **fat-fucking-COCK** into my tight little fox-hole, stretching me out and **gaping** my convulsing pussy before he drained his balls into me like I was some kind of **dumb animal~♥!** All of that just so he could wring out my breasts and gulp down my milk~!*”

“**Aaaaahn~♥!** It gets me wet just **thinking** about it~!” she announced with her tongue hanging out of her mouth, a fat drop of drool threatening to roll onto her breasts the same way your pre was threatening to soak the front of your pants.

“...So *what're* you waiting for, a written invitation~? Do you want me to swish my tail under your nose so you can smell just how **pent up** and **in heat** I am~? Do you maybe wanna start by snapping this dumb bell off my neck so the only sounds I'll be able to make are **moooooos** after you're done with me~? ...Or were you maybe hoping for the **real thing**? Maybe you're not **into** foxes and that big, burly cock of yours only shoots hot rope for **bovines...?**”

Krystal sounded oddly *disappointed* by the time she confessed what had to have been a fear in the back of her head, the way she ran her hands over her twitching nipples and looked away from you, *clearly taking your restraint as **rejection***, betraying just how nervous about the whole thing she was...

While your daydreams *had* been filled with black and white so far, *you didn't have any problem adding a little **blue** into the mix...* So as you reached for your zipper and fished your now-jumping cock out without a word, Krystal started to smile much more honestly — *but no less **lasciviously*** — than before.

*“I think we’re **really** gonna like each other’s taste~”*

. . . .

The hot and horny fox had run her cold, wet nose up and down your cock as she huffed your scent to make sure she was as... *horny as possible*, judging by how glazed over her eyes were and how—!

**GLUK, GLUK, GLUK, GLUK, GLUK!**

*—h-how **hard** she was making you stretch out her throat!*

You’d only wanted to try and slow her down when you grabbed her ears — *one in each hand* — but you made a **pretty fucking big mistake** as the fox took that as an endorsement to try and make you spill your seed straight into her stomach!

**GLUK, GLUK, GLUK, GLUK, GLUK!**

**Christ almighty!** You’d never felt **anything** like what Krystal was doing to you just then — *her tongue wrapping around your rod and lapping at your nuts as her nose sucked in as much of your manly **scent** as it could whenever she **had to stop and take a breath lest she pass out** — and it took every ounce of your willpower not to let her **drain you dry** using just her mouth!*

By the time you pulled the cock-drunk fox off your soaked-with-spit member, *a couple hot puffs of air could’ve made you paint her face whiter than it already was...*

*“S-Sorry, it’s been... **haaa...** I haven’t seen a cock like yours in— Pr-Probably **ever~♥!**”* Kyrstal huffed and puffed like she’d just finished running a marathon, or *maybe like rubbing the last of her unfried brain cells together to speak coherently took the wind right out of her...*

*“D-Do you mind if I...?”* she asked pensively, taking your offered hand as she struggled to stand on her own.

*Mind...? Why would you possibly—?*

***She tasted exactly like blueberries...***

Or at least, that’s the first thing that came to mind as she stuck her tongue down your throat and wrapped her arms around you, *squishing every soft, marshmallowy inch of **boob** against your chest.*

You could just about die and go to heaven as you (somehow) **heard** the vixen start leaking onto the ground, and as she leaned more and more of her weight against you and made you see stars with a kiss you fully expected to never end, you weren’t all *that* surprised when you wound up on the ground with Krystal on top of you.

*“Thanks~♥”* she *whimpered* in your ear as she pulled her cow-print bikini bottoms to one side and **leaked** her red-hot excitement all over your cock.

...*At least she had the lube covered*, you thought, as she ever-so-slowly lowered her hips onto yours.

You'd have said she was showing restraint if the fucked-silly look on her face wasn't screaming that she just wanted to savour every cunt-stretching inch of big human cock you had on offer.

*Wow, that was a weird thought...*

*"Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck~!"* the fox hissed through clenched teeth as she kept *going and going*, eventually having no more love-tunnel to fill despite the inch or two of cock you still had left.

*"YEEEEEEES~!"* she outright **screamed** as you nudged against her cervix, the fleshy ring twitching and dilating so you could—

***PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP!***

...Seemed she was in a hurry with the way she bounced her hips on yours, each movement made for **your** pleasure and **her** eventual bloating.

*"Cum in me, cum in me, cum in me~!"* she repeated over and over again as she built up steam like a locomotive: *slow at first, but more and more powerful with every single piston-like roll of her hips.*

*You weren't going to last very long **at all** if she kept that pace up*, but the blue blur didn't seem to care. One thing was for sure: she wanted you cum and she wanted it **NOW**. *Not after tens of minutes of sweaty lovemaking, she wanted a **full blast** of cum straight to her womb **yesterday**...*

Given how hot, wet, and especially *tight* she was, *you weren't in any position to refuse... **So you didn't.***

Flexing your hips to drive those last couple of inches into the blue dairy-fox, you made Krystal's eyes shoot open and then roll into the back of her head as you unloaded both balls **point blank** against the back of her womb, *her fluttering cervix having made way for you to push right past it ages ago...*

*"Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeesh~!"* the poor girl slurred drunkenly, her tongue hanging **completely** out of her mouth as you watched your cockhead twitch just underneath her fur, her g-spot apparently rubbed **raw** based on how much she was squirting in your lap.

*"Th-That wash... That wash amashing~♥"* she said with a smile on her face as she limply leaned against your chest, only having the muscle control to lick a few errant drops of sweat off your chest as they rolled past.

You had to agree... *Not that you had very much— **Alright, you had no prior experience***, but the vixen felt better than anything you'd ever felt before. You didn't

think it was possible — *you were still holding out hope that the next girl you visited would be the legendary tomboy heifer you dreamed of* — but you almost didn't even *want* to take care of anyone else that day...

*Obviously, it felt so good getting **fucked** by Krystal that **fucking her** would have to feel that much better — and you **were** under contract to convince her you'd knocked her up so her milk would start flowing again — but you were maybe, just **maybe**, starting to fall for her...*

It was way too early to say with any authority — *you weren't quite convinced yourself* — but the way her fur felt against her skin, *the way her lips looked so damn **kissable** while she was zonked out*, and how **relieved** she seemed to be to finally have—

*...To finally have a womb full of human cum.*

*“Eeeek~!”* the previously-unconscious girl shrieked as your previously softening cock hardened again, signalling its readiness for a second round. *“R-Really...? I almost thought that was just a rumour~!”* she yipped happily, clearly surprised, *but not unpleasantly so.*

*Yeah, you, uh... Wanted to go again. As soon as possible. And then maybe again after that, if she felt like it...?*

*“You don't have to be so **polite, cutey~♥**”* she breathed sultrily while looking lovingly into your eyes, *her arms crossed behind your neck as she approached you for another kiss.*

Only, this time, the kiss wasn't quite the five-alarm fire the previous one was. *Oh, it was hot, alright, it just seemed more... On purpose...?* As if Krystal had regained her senses after you freed her from... *her... **heat**...*

*Wow, guess she wasn't joking after all... She was like an entirely different woman once you'd packed her cunt full of cum. Just as sexy and boner inducing, just a little... calmer, maybe?*

*“How bout we do this the way it was **meant** to be done this time~? Like I'm your naughty little **cow** and my great, big, **strong** farmer has decided to get a little **relief** with my hot and sloppy pussy~?”*

With that, Krystal managed to stand all by herself and perch her arms up on one of the stall dividers *and stick her fat ass out for you to appreciate...*

Just the sight of your cum threatening to drip from between her fuzzy lips every time her pussy spasmed and *winked* sent electric currents through your drooling, rock-hard cock, and before you knew it, your hands were **firmly** glued to her hips.

*“Ooooh~! Yeah, just like that~”* Krystal whispered, looking back and over her shoulder at you as she arched her back even more to entice you to take all your pent-up **frustration** out on her sexy body.

*“Think you could do me a favour first, though~?”*

**Anything.** Short of murder or tax evasion, you'd do **anything** the fox wanted you to if it meant getting to be inside her again. *You had a new and **mighty need to rearrange her guts and make her moo for you...***

*“See that toy over there~? I want you to stick it in me. So there's only **one hole free for you to use~ The one that counts~♥**”*

Tearing your eyes away from the back of your new mate's head, you turned your own head to find what looked like a solid-gold **buttplug** sitting on a small table, *already lubed and adorned with what looked like a bull's head.*

*How appropriate, that the bull would get the hole that couldn't get **pregnant** while **you** got to flood the fertile bitch's depths with virile human cum!*

*...Wow, where did **that** come from!?*

Somehow, *some way*, Krystal was having an effect on you. The way she talked, the way she moved, *the way her tail beckoned to you like a lighthouse, guiding your shivering rod to the dock that fit it like a **glove.***

Krystal barely batted an eye as you *gently* slid the oversized thing into her winking pucker — *a sight that gave you fantasies that would have to be satisfied some other time* — and once her backdoor was good and properly **off limits**, her pretty pink depths looked all the more enticing.

*“Go ahead and shove that bitch brea—!”* the poor girl started to say before you interrupted her by going from just the tip to balls deep in a single thrust.

*She was more than ready for you judging by the way her meaty body clung to your cock and fought its hardest to stop you from pulling out, but if you were going to give her a **realistic** performance and make her think she really **was** being bred by a savage bull in rut, the time for subtlety had long passed.*

Thrust after thrust after full-length **thrust** flattened her ass over and over again and made the bell hanging from her neck ring like mad, almost as if she were calling you into your house for dinnertime, *but the sound washed right over you as you focused on the task at hand.*

*Krystal really **would** be pregnant by the time you were done with her. You **swore it...***

*“H-Harder~!”* the vixen whispered out, multiple orgasms already rippling through her body and turning her pussy into the best damn onahole you'd ever used in your **life.**

If she wanted it *harder*, then you'd give it to her **harder**, and you dug your fingers into her fleshy body and bent over the soon-to-be-bred fox until your chest touched her back and you were grunting like an animal *directly* into one of her twitching ears.

*That twitching was **distracting**, though, so instead of letting it flop around freely, you bit down on it as soon as it got in range of your mouth and pounded her like she didn't have any choice in the matter.*

***Because she didn't.***

A small part of you reminded yourself that this was **exactly** what the nympho signed up for in the first place, but that part was drowned out by the pounding of drums that was really just your heart beating in your chest as you raced towards the orgasm that would soak her supple eggs in frothy jizz and ensure you were up to your eyeballs in **foxmilk** while **she** was up to her ears in **cockmilk...**

***"C-Cumming~!"*** she managed to squeal so loud and so high that you swore you heard glass breaking somewhere, but with her pussy clamping down with a strength it hadn't shown so far, you had other things to worry about.

*Like plugging up her womb with your quickly-swelling cockhead so she at least **looked** pregnant while your swimmers did their job and hunted down a few especially fertile and **vulnerable** looking eggs.*

As Krystal's head went limp and you ended up being the only thing holding her up and keeping her from going face-down on the floor, you **came**. With a mighty roar you never knew you had in you, you could've snapped the fox clean in half as you drained another fertile load of human **cream** into her deepest, hottest depths.

*That load would take for **sure**, you remember thinking, right before you lost consciousness and fell over backwards...*

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It was dark outside by the time you woke back up, *but you didn't feel cold thanks to Krystal's soft and fluffy tail covering you like a blanket.*

The well-fucked woman had apparently regained enough of her senses that she put your clothes to dry on the same stall wall you'd fucked her against last you could remember, and changed out of her cow bikini and into—

*That just wasn't fair, you thought to yourself as you spied the skimpy tribal outfit she was wearing and your cock hardened one again, your tip actually poking out from beneath the soft and ticklish tail that was now swishing around excitedly...*

***"You know, Anon, **these days**, you can get paid to start and raise a family as long as you make enough **milk~♥** So how many kids do you want, **hubby~?"*****

Old McDonald was going to have an aneurysm, you just knew it, but as far as you were concerned, he could **E-I-E-I-GO FUCK HIMSELF...** Krystal's milk belonged to **you** from now on, and every drop of cream *you* could make belonged to **her**.

*You'd need to save up if you were going to make that huge family living on a personal milk farm in the countryside dream into a reality.*