

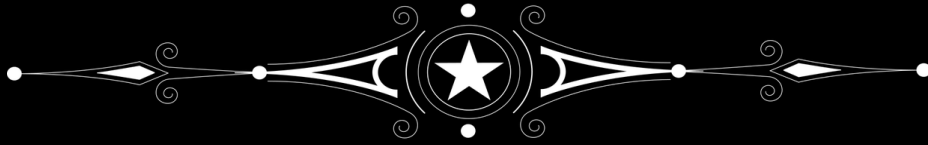
*On the Scene with  
Christmas Busting*

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: anthro rabbit to cow, hyper breast growth,  
extreme lactation, milk inflation, boy boobs

Read at your own discretion.



If Wendel had a nickel every time some random monster broke through a dimension in his condo, he still wouldn't have enough to buy a bottled water in this stupid economy. But the fact it's happened enough times to fill his pocket with change was still something. Maybe the brown-speckled bunny needed to move to a new city. Perhaps somewhere in the deep south of America.

Although, something told him it wasn't location that drew so many people to forget his home had a door. It'd just be nice that if someone was going to slam a hole in his wall that it wasn't below twenty-degrees outside.

"Whoever you are, Desmond has much better stuff upstairs!" Wendel slapped around the side dresser a few times before finding the lamp switch.

The small amount of light it brought to his bedroom was enough for him to see the section of his room demolished had been where he kept his PC station. Standing atop the remains of what was both his work and main gaming space was a fairly muscular grey fox woman. Her nine fluffy tails flew around her thick hips at the mercy of winds. Having Seattle blanketed in fresh white ice didn't seem to bother her, even when wearing a glittering red thong and Santa's jacket tightly squeezing breasts twice the size of Wendel's head.

As a desktop screensaver, the mage would have been beautifully majestic. For the bunny, his recognition of this particularly busty and buff intruder made him vanish under the double blanket covers in hopes this was all a nightmare. Visits like these were never appreciated, especially when they let in freshly fallen snow. Wendel only ever went to be in boxers and an undershirt. "Merry Christmas to you too, Meepes! What the hell do you want at Two A.M.?"

"Cookie!"

Despite expecting it, the vixens simple, bubbly response still sent Wendel reeling. Through the thickness of his covers, her dainty footsteps could be heard crushing broken computer parts and making their way over to the kitchen. Wood bangs from cupboards being thrown open and the clattering of moving containers destroyed a once peacefully quiet evening.

"I hate cookies. In fact, I don't even believe in Santa." When the banging didn't stop, Wendel rocked himself to sit upright, throwing the covers aside. "Get the hell out of my-HMMPH!!"

Ignoring the whole breaking down a wall and robbing parts, one of the more amazing things about Meepes is how silently she can move when possessing rock hard

thighs and a dump truck ass. Wendel hadn't realized she'd ran from the kitchen to his bedside before getting a white chocolate brownie cookie shoved into his open mouth. An onrush of spongy sweet bread promptly blocked the wind pipe he'd been using to complain. He rolled off the bed grasping at his throat in a coughing fit at the vixen's pawed feet.

"I found the cookies!" Meepes declared sounding happier than before. Black crumbs already speckled the entire shelf of her Santa jacket and some of her exposed cleavage. "Thanks, Wendel! I've been starving in my quest to destroy Santa."

"When the hell did I buy those?" was the first thought entering Wendel's befuddled mind and exiting out between gags. With a bit of effort, he managed to forcibly swallow a mouthful of cookie to clear his throat. Eyes were still muddy with tears while he staggered to his feet. A free hand from Meepes under one arm helped balance him out with minimal effort. His second thought while looking at the bigger muscle head woman was, "You need cookies to wipe out a jolly representation of the holidays?!"

"Uh huh! Otherwise, Santa steals them. The jerk!" Meepes chomped into three cookies at once after finishing her thought. The ornate box covered in arcane symbols was tossed over her shoulder, its last contents consumed.

Wendel watched the box bounce off his wrecked computer out the gapping wall hole and into a plummet three floors down into the street. Strange he didn't notice that before. "The hell was that!?"

"Cookie box!"

"Where the hell did you find a suspicious box full of cookies?!"

"I dunno. It was in your friend's kitchen."

Wendel blinked up at the delighted vixen with crumbs littering her red coat. Maybe he shouldn't have been surprised this nut case could rummage through his and Rayna's living areas in under two minutes for the sake of sugar snacks. He rubbed the headache in his temple, unaware it was from the rising of two bone protrusions in his hair rather than irritation. And the expecting look Meepes gave him was very irritating at this hour.

"So? You found Rayna's cookies. Great! What are you still mooing here?"

It took a few mental replays of that last sentence for him to process the animalistic tick that'd slipped out. The bunny's unexpected sound hadn't changed Meepes' already giddy attitude, though her many tails did start wagging faster.

"I guess I shoulda expected some bull crap if those were Rayna's cookies. Huuugh!?" A rush of tension gripped his brain, very unlike a normal headache. Both hands shot up to clamp at his skull and narrowly missed jabbing themselves on the three inch pointed horns growing out of the area. Wendel gave out a dejected moan moving to grab at his ears. They were already sliding down to the sides of his head.

Their length only decreased a little, but the lobes got a bit thicker. "Mmmph! Grrk! Mmm-mooooo!"

Before he could get another sarcastic grumble out, Wendel's entire face contorted. Rapid bone growth stretched the jaws his short bunny muzzle into a bigger bovine caste. The widening of his bridge stretched the pink nose at the end around expanding nostrils. Gums itched, salivating excessively around growing flat teeth to fill out all the extra room.

Cringing muscles in his hands turned the changing bunny's attention there. He held them up to watch with Meepes as the fingers were forced to press together before the very flesh began to melt. Four digits fused into two; thick and strong to match the growing thumbs. Fingernails flowed just as fluidly until they capped the monstrous digits with hard, bony covers.

Wendel didn't need a diagram to know what came next. He braced against his nightstand just as cramps pushed over his feet. Toes flexed once and then vanished in a casing of the same bone covering as his fingers. Their base spreading into wide massive platforms to make up hooves.

"Wonderful," he mumbled, wiping drool off much more chin than he'd had seconds ago. An itching tickled at his tail, but he ignored the stubby bush crawling away from his butt. It stopped soon enough, albeit dangling at the end of a spinal extension down behind his knees. "I wonder if I should bother asking Rayna why she has cookies that turn people into cows."

"Can't have cookies without milk?"

The new cow man couldn't argue with Meepes' simple explanation. Everything else, however, he was more than eager to chew both the fox's ears off over. The landlord was sure to blow a gasket over his wall, for starters.

It wasn't until a shiver from something other than the cold ran across his chest that Wendel realized the full intention behind her words. Panic couldn't set in before the flesh around his chest pulsed, gently pushing out the front of his undershirt.

"You got to be kidding me!" he squealed. Both hooped hands slammed on his pecs, but even their enlarged size couldn't push down the generous fat deposits developing under his fine cow fur. With every breath, they only pushed out further, taking his palms with them. In less than a minute he was cupping a decent pair of boobs. Their soft mass pulled the cheap white fabric taut, the growing nips and areola making a visible tent between his fingers.

"Oh, here! Let me get this for you."

At Meepes' sudden words, Wendel's gaze shot up from his brown patchy cleavage in hope. Instead, he could only watch dumbstruck as the grey vixen waved her hands about in some form of dance. Wisps of magic shot out with every flick of her body and around the messy hole in the wall. Piece by piece the bits of brick, plaster, wood,

and broken computer floated into the air. Invisible hands guiding them into various places in a rapid reassembly.

In a way it was kind of a relief when she'd finished. The bedroom no longer looked like a thick muscled bimbo had broken in like the Kool-Aid man during their manhunt for Santa.

On the flip side, Wendel's breasts had never stopped in their growth either. If anything, every inch added to his bust line encouraged the swelling mounds to fill faster. His cow hands struggled to find a grip on the watermelons straining his shirt more with every passing second. Excess cleavage bulged out through the neckline, smashing against each other in desperation to find more room. Worse still was the internal tightness in each mammary. It made them feel much heavier than they looked, adding to gravity's pull on his front.

"T-thanks. I guess. M-Moo!" A loud tear caused Wendel to gasp at the sudden ease of pressure on his breasts. The front of his shirts collar had finally given out, opening a large V-shape rip down the front. Large sloshing weight of globes bigger than his bovine head sent him stumbling forward on several heavy hoof steps. Whatever relief this granted only lasted a few precious seconds. The exposed cleavage deepened further with tender flesh spilling out in their rapid expansions. He could practically hear the insides sloshing with each loose fluid movement. Roaming fingers discovered that warm, damp spots were beginning to form at the tip of his engorged nipples. "If it's not moo much trouble. C-could moo help me with this?"

"Of course, dear!" Meepes skipped on over and grabbed at either side of the large tear in Wendel's shirt. The ample mounds sloshed harder in her effort to dig around them for a firm grasp. "This is what I've been waiting for!"

"Wait. I d-don't think moo is thinking the same thing I-MOOOOO!?"

SHRRRRRRP!

FWUB!

The beefed-up fox had found her grip. With almost no effort she pulled in opposite directions, rending Wendel's shirt completely from his body as two pieces. With nothing to support them, his mammaries nearly rocked him to the floor with the drop of their weights. Thankfully, Meepes was quick to help catch the inflating cow. Her hands sunk in deep, becoming wrapped in Wendel's warm, full udders. The damn things were already hanging down to his waist, obscuring more and more of his body from a frontal view in their new freedom.

"What are moo....m-moooo....oh goddess!"

Meepes wasted no time using both hands to heft a breast even bigger than her own medicine balls up to her mouth. Her tongue dragged across the dinner plate wide surface of his areola in circles, acting like a shark that closed in with every lap until her lips came to a rest around a nipple the size of a mushroom.

"Mah mah MoooOOOOOooooo..."

Given how filled up he already was, it only took two nursing suckles for Meepes to knock open the cow's flood gates. Hot white lactose blasted into her waiting mouth in such excess that most of it sputtered out from around her lips in a drizzle down her Santa coat and Wendel's breast fur. It didn't so much as make her flinch, and she squeezed at the generous surface trying to coax another helping across her face.

The whole world spun for Wendel under the relief such an act of fondling brought him. His knees finally buckled from the combined growth and pleasure, but the saving strength of the vixen grasping his tit helped lower him gently onto the floor. Sprawled out on his back with breasts so large they blanketed everything down to his knees, Meepes really started going to town. Milk trickled from the mound she nursed in a steady fountain stream, with more of it going across the anthro cow and carpet floor than down her throat.

Not that she wasn't enjoying her share. The bottom portion of her jacket puffed up with her every gulp. Abs that could've grated cheese vanished under the taut, rounding skin of her filling belly.

"Mooo! Moo! Mooooooo!!" Wendel could do little else but squirm under the combined weight of breasts bigger than his body, and a muscle vixen straddling them. Legs bucked their hooves helplessly between her thunder thighs. His ears burned with a needful lust as her every touch sent sparks racing over very tender, stretched nerves. Despite their girth, his hands couldn't help trying to grope at the flowing surface of his chest.

When a lucky blind reach happened to find the open nipple, Wendel was pretty sure his throbbing member climaxed under the sea of soft flesh. The pressure welled up inside had become so much that his single squeeze triggered a geyser of milk high enough to hit his fourteen-foot ceiling. It quickly died off after a few seconds to just a leaking spout from there, adding to its brother in making a pool of milk around the trapped bovine.

"I got you covered," Meepes purred, licking milk off her chin fuzz. She was quick to latch onto this new offer, guzzling it down like a funnel. Soft snaps could have been heard if Wendel had been paying attention. The bottom most buttons of her jacket broke off from the rolling mass of her belly. Her mid-section was sagging out further than her tits, giving an amusing appearance of someone that might be pregnant with several kids.

The aggressive feeding was enough to rid Wendel of the painful pressure of full breasts, though there was still apparently enough left inside to keep leaking at a broken faucets pace. As he came down from the rush of pleasures, the soaking wet cow felt a lot lighter too. Not that it made too big a difference when the majority of his physical form were two fleshy sacks with the consistency of bean bags.

After another minute or two, Meepes had enjoyed her feeding as well. She rolled off Wendel, standing up in a stretch that pushed out her engorged belly, which looked very beanbag like in shape and softness. Loud splashes of fresh milk could be heard when she caressed the stretched furry belly.

"Thanks so much, hun! HURP!" She said, ending with a cheerful burp. "That really hit the spot."

"I hate moo." Wendel couldn't find enough anger to put in his response, no matter how much he wanted too. The sheer volume of his couch boobs weighed him to the floor, with his body quivering in one of the best afterglows he'd had in years. "Now could moo please get the heck out of here?"

"Aw. You sure about that?" Meepes waddled around the cow's boob flesh for a better position to help Wendel get back on his feet. "I can at least help you clean up all this wasted milk."

"Mooo!" He snorted, slapping the fox's dainty hands off him after he'd found some semblance of balance. His hooves had to be spaced vary far about to give his chest enough space. The globes sagged well past his knees with only inches keeping them from being dragged across the floor. What really annoyed Wendel was that their leakage hadn't slowed no matter how much came out. Odds were good they weren't meant to ever stop producing, given the nature of his roommate's fetish movies she worked on. "I'm...I'm fine! Could moo please just...leave?"

"Okay, Mr. Grumpy Boobies!" When Wendel looked to glare daggers, Meepes booped his plump cow nose with one finger and a raspberry. "I need to get back to hunting Santa anyway. Thanks for the snack and enjoy Christmas!"

"Wait, where are you..."

CRRRRRSSSSH!

Wendel blinked, too heavy logged by his frontal weight to react when the intruding fox turned and charged at the wall. With a loud explosion, brick and plaster rained down on the unsuspecting street below, along with the cow's computer desk. A fresh wave of cold air blasted over his wet sensitive fur, offering no real pleasuring comfort from the sight of such a wreck.

"Did...did moo seriously fix my wall just so you could crash through it again!?" he screamed into the dark void of late-night Seattle.

Copyright © Desmond Fallout

All rights reserved.

# Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

<https://www.patreon.com/Vault72>

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/desmondfallout/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/desmondfallout>

<https://ko-fi.com/A54251GK>

<https://twitter.com/DesmondFallout>





# SPECIAL THANKS!

All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

A special shout out to my top supporters on Patreon and DeviantArt:

Hubert Gorski

Skunkzel

RottenDingo

Axel Stephan

Aneru

Nathaniel Windcaster

Meepes

GBG

Redbow

Starlight Twist

Forvet

Xilimyth Senuva

Paul Revere

Scott Collier

Wes Franklin

Max O-Zuma