

## Yukicow Amoogi

Yukiko had to stifle a yawn as she tried to remain attentive at the front desk of her family's business, the Amagi Inn. Her parents had drilled into her from a young age to carry herself with a sense of grace and elegance for the sake of the business. This extended to the well-kept, pink flower pattern kimono she wore she had to keep pristine for each of her shifts. Ensuring that her chest-length, straight black hair was in its proper position, she kept her brown eyes on the entrance on the off chance that someone would come by to speed up the slow evening.

As much as her parents tried to hide it, Yukiko was well aware of how much tourism had been suffering in Inaba. The calm that overtook the town several years after the mysterious murders were solved proved to be both a blessing and a curse. Everywhere she went, she could find another business shutting its doors from the lack of funds. By the way things were looking, she was certain that she would see the same fate befall her family's inn.

“Yukiko?”

The voice made Yukiko straighten her posture and double check to make sure her appearance was presentable. “Hello mom,” Yukiko said, finally feeling confident turn around to address her mother. “Did one of the guests need something?”

The lines on the middle-aged woman's face grew more prominent as she let out a sigh. “I'm afraid there aren't any guests at the moment,” she replied, clasping her hands and pressing them against her blue kimono. “You can take a break.”

“But what if someone shows up?”

“The front desk will survive without you for a few moments,” Mrs. Amagi replied. “Besides, there's something important that I need to show you.”

Unable to recall the last time her mother acted like this, Yukiko regardless stood up and followed her into one of the adjoining rooms. With a gesture of her hand, Mrs. Amagi got her daughter to sit down at the table in the middle. Upon taking her seat, Yukiko watched as her mother brought forth a black box with gold trimming and placed it in front of her.

“What is this?” Yukiko asked.

“It’s a very special heirloom passed through our family for generations,” she replied, carefully undoing the latches keeping the box closed. “I think the time has come to finally give to you.”

As her mother finished undoing the lock, Yukiko couldn’t stop herself from leaning forward to try and peek inside the box as it was slowly opened. The red velvet lining around the interior was a stark contrast to the object inside. Black leather made up the main material of the collar, with a silver clasp at the back. While the make was no doubt a result of fine craftsmanship, she found it hard to appreciate considering it was all in favor of showing off a piece of silver molded to look like a cowbell placed on the front of the accessory.

“Well, what do you think?” Mrs. Amagi asked, holding the collar up so Yukiko could get a better look at it.

“It’s really... something,” Yukiko said unable to summon the courage to say how she truly felt.

“Here, let me put this on for you,” her mother replied, not waiting for a response before lifting up Yukiko’s hair to place it around her neck. Reaching into her pocket, Mrs. Amagi pulled out a hand mirror and passed it along to her daughter. “See, you look absolutely breathtaking.”

“It’s... very nice,” Yukiko said, trying to hide her grimace as she slid her finger across the bell. “Thank you.”

“Ah, but that’s not the only gift I have for you,” Mrs. Amagi said, getting up from her seat to grab a box from a cabinet. Returning to the table, she unwrapped the package to lay out a collection of sweets. “Here you are. Eat as much as you like.”

The pleasant aroma that wafted up from the platter made Yukiko’s mouth start to water. As much she wanted to indulge her sweet tooth, she recalled that she was still on the clock. Trying to keep in mind that her mother was watching, she tried to get a small sample of one of the cakes. Taking the tiniest nibble possible treated her taste buds to a rich, chocolatey flavor. Feeling her collar shift as she swallowed, she dabbed her mouth with a napkin to get rid of any leftover crumbs.

“It’s really good, thank you,” Yukiko commented.

“Well don’t stop there,” Mrs. Amagi said, nudging the platter over. “There’s still so many more to try.”

A strange glint in her mother’s eye made Yukiko hesitate. Though she could feel that something was off, a lingering desire on her tongue had her pick up another sweet to continue her indulgence. Just like the first bite, the rest of the treats were as delectable as they were elegant. She tried to keep herself at a modest pace, but she ended up reaching the final sweet on the platter much faster than she expected. Keeping crumbs to a minimum, she gobbled down the last of the treats to leave the lingering taste of milk chocolate on her tongue.

“Did you enjoy your little treat?” Mrs. Amagi asked.

“Yes, thank you,” Yukiko replied, brushing herself off before standing back up. “I really needed the break. Now I should probably get back to the front desk in case anyone shows up.”

“Very well dear,” Mrs. Amagi replied, cleaning up the emptied out platter. “Let me know if you get hungry at all during your shift. I’d be more than happy to bring you a snack.”

“That’s really not necessary,” Yukiko said, stopping at the door. “Those treats should keep me full for a while. If I eat anymore, I probably won’t be able to fall asleep until MOOOOrning.”

Yukiko paused, unsure if what she heard was real. Her mother didn’t seem to react to the strange noise, making it seem like it was nothing more than a trick of the mind. Shrugging it off as just a strange creak from the old inn’s walls, she made a polite bow towards her mother before making her way back to the reception desk.

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Taking a deep breath, Yukiko stepped out of the inn to make the trek through town to gather supplies. She had completed the errand multiple times beforehand, with the route being engraved into the back of her mind. It wasn’t a matter of distance or difficult terrain that made her hesitate. What was causing the issue was a result of her own nerves getting the better of her due to recent developments with her figure.

Not wanting to delay the inevitable any longer, Yukiko stepped outside of the inn and made her way down the sidewalk. Every few steps her eyes gazed down at the way her pink blouse bulged slightly around her mid-section. When she wasn’t staring at the extra bit of chub she had gained while snacking at the inn, her vision drifted towards the black jacket that she had struggled to get around the added heft that had gradually layered itself around her bosom. However, both of those paled in comparison to the way her skirt ruffled against her backside with each step, bringing attention to her buttock’s extra padding.

Rather than bemoan her recent weight gain, Yukiko tried to put her mind to task figuring out how to get back in shape. The most obvious was to deny the surplus of sweets her mother

had been providing her. That was easier said than done considering how much she needed the extra nutrition for the bump in activity the inn had received over the past month.

Yukiko also ran into the problem of her body being overcome with strange lethargy over the course of the day. Due to this sluggish feeling, all she ever wanted to do upon finishing a shift was to either eat, laze around in her room watching movies, or take a nap. Her mother tried to console her fears by saying that it was just a side effect of all of her hard work, but she couldn't help feeling like she was hiding something. Too busy pressing her finger against the collar to try and stifle a yawn, she ended up stumbling into one of the shopkeepers.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Yukiko said, incidentally bringing her attention back to her chub as she bowed forward to apologize. "I got a little distracted."

"Ah, it's nothing to be sorry about," the old woman replied with a wave of her hand. "It'll take a lot more than that to take me down. What brings you here today?"

"Oh, I was running out to get some supplies for the inn," Yukiko replied, scrambling to retrieve a shopping list from her pocket. "Sorry it's on such short notice. We suddenly had a large group of guests book a stay."

"I'm glad to hear that your family's business is doing well," the woman said, glancing back and forth between the list and belly jingling around Yukiko's neck. "Might be that some good luck rubbed off from that necklace you're wearing. That or it just really makes you look especially cute to the customers."

"Oh, thank you," Yukiko replied, very much appreciating the compliment considering her earlier worries. "It's just a little something my mother gave me."

"Make sure you cherish it then," the woman said, gesturing for Yukiko to follow her to her booth. "I'll go ahead and get your order ready. In the meantime, how about a snack?"

“That’s really not necessary. I ate lunch just a little while ago. I’m actually hoping to cut back and lose-“

Yukiko was silenced as the woman produced a plate smoked meat strips. Placing the platter on the counter, the shop keep gestured for Yukiko to eat her fill. As much as she wanted to politely decline, she was persuaded by the warm smile on the old woman’s face and the even warmer smell coming off of the freshly cooked meat.

Yukiko daintily grabbed at the meal with the utmost intention to savor each bite, but that fell apart upon sinking her teeth into it. From there, the same sense of sudden hunger that had no doubt had a hand in her weight gain popped up to push her to gobble up every last bit in record time. Pushed to further indulge in the exceptional flavor, she snatched up a second helping, shortly followed by a third moments after. Licking the remains of her meal from her lips, she was shocked to see the platter before her was completely emptied out. While she was embarrassed by her sudden display of gluttony, the shopkeeper merely smiled and took away the plate.

“Here you are dear,” the old woman said, handing over the package. “I’ve included some extra meat in-case you get hungry on the way home.”

“Thank you, but that really won’t be necessary BWOOOORRRPP-I mean, miss,” Yukiko replied, trying to cover up the lingering sound of her rude belch. “Thank you for your generosity. I’ll be sure to try and send customers your way.”

“I would greatly appreciate that,” the shopkeeper said, waving Yukiko away as she grabbed the package and headed off to her next errand. “Oh and make sure you visit Mr. Taito a few booths down. He has a freshly baked batch of bread that I’m sure will be great for the inn and your growing body.”

“Er, right, thank UUUURP you,” Yukiko said, unable to shake an ominous feeling hanging over her shoulders as she marched towards the shop with her stuffed belly.

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From the cacophonous sounds outside of her room, Yukiko could tell that the crowd of guests had yet to leave. The sudden boom in tourism had been great for their business but had made it clear how much more help they needed. Mrs. Amagi was more than willing to hire more staff to take care of the issue since they had extra income to go around. However, she was strangely averse to letting her daughter do anything other than supervise. This left Yukiko to spend her time in the office, giving in to her growing addiction.

Seated at her desk, Yukiko swapped between fixing her kimono to better adjust it around her chubby form and indulging in the snacks in front of her. As always, the main point of her attention was on the pudgy belly that rested against her inner thighs no matter which position she took. As she shifted the fabric around, she felt a little remorse that compared to the rest of her, the small bump her chest had received from the weight gain was modest at best. Shifting around in her seat to try and make her pudgy butt cheeks comfortable, she stopped as something bumping against the back of her chair reminded her of one of the more worrying additions to her body.

A knock at the door got Yukiko to sit back down and make one last attempt to make herself presentable before replying. “You may BWOORRRPPP enter.”

The embarrassment Yukiko felt about her little outburst felt even worse as she spotted her friend, Chie walking in wearing her typical green jacket and her bowl cut brown hair. Though the

two of them had been through a lot together, that still made it difficult for Yukiko to resist the urge to hide behind the desk. The only reason she stopped was because she noticed who was standing behind her.

“Yu?” Yukiko asked the silver haired, young man walking in behind Chie. “What are you doing here? Chie, I thought I told you to come alone.”

“Sorry, but he wouldn’t take no for an answer,” Chie replied with a shrug. “Besides, he was really insistent on seeing you with his own eyes.”

Yu nodded his head in agreement before sitting alongside Chie in the chairs on the opposite side of Yukiko’s desk. Noticing the way his sharp eyes looked over her body, Yukiko felt the awkwardness inside of her start to fade away. It was almost like she felt a certain fondness for showing off this side of herself to him. Shaking it off as just a side effect of her nerves, she instead refocused on the task at hand.

“Well, the reason I asked you to come here was because of my... weight issues,” Yukiko explained, unable to stop her fingers from tapping along her belly. “I thought I could do it on my own, but it seems impossible. I don’t know what I can do stop myself from getting bigger and bigger each day.”

“Er, don’t take this the wrong way,” Chie began, eyeing up the numerous, empty candy wrappers on Yukiko’s desk, “but shouldn’t the obvious answer be to stop snacking?”

“It’s not that easy,” Yukiko replied. “I’ve never been much of a big eater, but even meals twice my original portions aren’t enough to fill me up these days. I’ve tried to push it off, but my mother just keeps dropping by with snacks from either herself or one of the business owners from town. Even when I try to go out to do errands, people are approaching me left and right to give me free food. It’s like they’re purposefully trying to stuff me like a pig.”

“That’s crazy,” Chie commented. “Why would they want to do that?”

“I’m not sure,” Yukiko said, fidgeting with her fingers to try and work up her courage.

“But... I have a feeling that it might have something to do with my other issue.”

Pushing back her chair, Yukiko turned herself around to show off the extra layer of fat on her backside. Trying to work through her anxiety, she slowly pulled up part of her skirt in a way that only showed off a portion of her lower back. While she failed in hiding part of her butt crack in the process, she did succeed in showing Yu and Chie the small, fleshy nub positioned right above it. She knew she made the severity the situation clear when she managed to wiggle the protrusion back and forth.

“Woah! What is that?” Chie asked.

“I think it’s some sort of tail,” Yukiko explained, shuddering as waving the appendage around a little too hard sent a ripple through her rear. “It started growing out a few days ago. I don’t know how or why this is even possible. Sometimes it seems to move whenever I eat a lot of-MOOO!”

Recovering from the sudden, bovine outburst, Yukiko looked over her shoulder. She found the source of the sudden stimulation as she spotted Yu’s fingers clamped around the tail. On reaction she slapped his hand away and stumbled away. In response, Yu found it wise to merely hang his head down and retreat to the entrance.

“I can’t say I blame him,” Chie said as Yukiko fixed up her robes. “That thing is super weird. Looks like something that we’d see on the Midnight Channel.”

“Well I don’t like it!” Yukiko said, her puffy cheeks a bright streak of red as her tail refused to stop shaking. “Please, you’ve got to help me out with this. I don’t know who else to turn to.”

Chie puffed up her chest and smiled at Yukiko. “Well, you can count on us. The others will be more than happy to help, I’m sure.”

“Thank you,” Yukiko replied, taking her seat again. “We can start tomorrow. Until then...”

Reaching into her desk drawer, Yukiko produced a box of chocolate. “Do either of you want some of these? Mr. Yamaski dropped over several MOO, I mean, more just this morning.”

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Yukiko had only been out for a few minutes and already her body was crying out for her to return to the comfort of her air conditioned office. The same lethargy as before was stronger than ever; tempting her to trudge her way back after picking up some snacks along the way. Not helping matters was the embarrassment she felt about people seeing the unique “quirks” of her body she had developed over the course of her weight gain. Even still, she managed to push herself forwards thanks to the promise that her friends were waiting for her just around the corner.

Taking a deep breath, Yukiko started to jog as much as the tight, blue green sweatpants wrapped around her bulky legs would allow. Her speed dropped dramatically as she had to constantly tug at the hem of her jacket in a futile attempt to cover up her fat ass. This was in direct opposition to the two foot long tail hanging above her bubble butt; the appendage constantly brushing the cheeks with the tuft of black fur on the end no matter how many times she tried to stuff it back into her pants.

Yukiko had to stop trying to fix the top around her doughy gut as she felt a shiver go across her chest. Despite her breasts still having gotten the least amount of growth, they seemed

to grab her attention the most out of any other part of her body. Even now, her hands occasionally reached out to grasp at her sensitive nipples to try and find some relief. In exchange, she was forced to contend with muffling more MOOs from leaving her lips as she rounded the corner to find the rest of her friends waiting for her.

“Yukiko, are you feeling alright?” Rise asked, the pop idol with twin-tailed, brown hair looking pristine in comparison to the sweaty mess of fat that was Yukiko.

“It’s been a UUURRRP bit since I pushed myself this hard,” Yukiko replied, graciously accepting a bottle of water from Kanji.

“Is it because you’re afraid that someone will see your tail?” Yosuke asked, the young man’s comment earning him a well-deserved bump to the head from Chie.

“That’s the weirdest thing,” Yukiko answered. “Either they don’t see it, or they just don’t MOOO care.”

Kanji scratched his head of spiky blonde hair as he stepped up to her. “Well whatever the case, standing around doing nothing isn’t going to help you. Come on, let’s get that blood pumping. You ready?”

Looking between the hopeful expressions on her friends’ faces, Yukiko still struggled to give an answer. Her mind was only settled once she spotted Yu again and saw the determination in his eyes to help her out. Clenching her fingers, she gave an affirmative nod of her chins.

“Alright, let’s MOOOO- I mean, do this.”

“Ooooh I can hardly BEAR it,” Teddie announced, volunteering to take the lead with his long blonde hair waving about. “3...2...1...”

Before he could say go, Teddie set off running. Realizing that the friendly exercise had turned into a competition, the rest of the group made a mad dash after him. Catching on to her

friends' eagerness helped Yukiko to work through the exhaustion of traversing to the stop to start running after them. Unfortunately, it was only a matter of time before reality kicked in.

After only a block, Yukiko was forced to stop and lean her back against a building. The haggard breaths that left her mouth sent shudders through her body to jiggle around her fat. Too tired to care, she let her hand rub her exposed underbelly in an attempt to ease her sores. Slowly slinking down to the ground with the intention of sitting for a quick rest, she once more began to drift her fingers towards her chest. She was only stopped by the sight of a familiar face peeking out from behind the corner.

"Oh, good MOO-I mean, morning Mr. Aiya," Yukiko said, quickly standing up and fixing up her appearance for the restaurant owner. "Sorry if I'm in your way. Once I catch my breath, I'll be catching up with my friends."

"Nonsense," he said, gesturing for her to follow. "Come with me and have a seat in my diner. You've come at the perfect time."

As much as Yukiko wanted to return to her friends and get back to her training regimen, her lethargy was quick to pipe up to push her to take break. Picking herself up off the wall, she followed after Mr. Aiya into the cool air of the eatery. Graciously taking a seat at one of the tables, she leaned back to try and regain her strength. She was granted only a few moments of peace before the sound of something big hitting the table made her look back to see one of Inaba's more infamous sights.

"What are MOO-I mean, you doing?" Yukiko said, looking back and forth between the restaurant owner and the massive bowl of beef in front of her.

"Getting some critique for my new marketing idea," he replied. "I used to only do the Beef Bowl Challenge on rainy days, but I've been meaning to make it more frequent offer to

keep up with the tourism boom we've been having." With a light nudge, he pushed the bowl closer to Yukiko. "I need a taste tester for this new recipe I've come up with. Would you mind helping me out? The food's on the house of course."

"That's very kind of MOO-I mean you, but I really shouldn't be--"

Yukiko's refusal was drowned out by a rumble emanating from her belly. Having recovered from her exhaustion, she was able to feel the intense hunger pangs affecting her body in spite of the large breakfast she had eaten a few hours prior. Try as she might to resist, she was eventually forced to give in as Mr. Aiya reached out to hand her a pair of chopsticks.

Picking up her first serving of beef, Yukiko tried to take a small bite and savor the meal. The delicious flavor that greeted her taste buds threw her plan to the wind as she began to devour through the mountain of meat like a starving animal. Halfway through the meal, the remaining hunger forced her to toss away her chopsticks and push her to dive her head into the bowl. Greedily eating up every bite of savory meat, she only pulled her head up again once she had gobbled up each delicious morsel.

Finished up the last few chunks of beef, Yukiko leaned back to rub her overstuffed belly. Faced with a mix of shame and satisfaction, she carelessly let her fingers reach up towards her chest. She managed to break through the post-meal euphoria as she felt the same shiver from before around her chest. This time, she found the source of the sensation in the form of two wet spots appearing right where her nipples were nestled within her jacket.

Before Yukiko could fully deal with the fact that she was lactating, she was sent tumbling to the floor as the chair beneath her cracked in half. Thankfully she had more than enough padding to break the fall, but the impact still left part of her flesh to peek out through various tears in her clothing. In the wake of her feast and drop, the savage shaking of her flab culminated

in a loud BWOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRPPP escaping her lips and echoing through the diner. Wincing at her shameful display, she was left in a state of utter confusion that was only broken by the sight of Mr. Aiya holding out a hand to help her up.

“Are you okay?” he asked as Yukiko got to her feet.

“I don’t MOOO know,” Yukiko said, far too shocked to care about her speech impediment. “I’m UUUUUUURRRRP sorry about your chair.”

“That’s a small price to pay to learn how good my new beef bowl is,” he said, grinning at the sight of the empty container on the table. “Let me grab you two more chairs to keep you comfortable while I whip up another batch. What do you say?”

Unable to hide the way her tail eagerly swayed against her backside; Yukiko begrudgingly nodded her head.

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Outside of her room, Yukiko could hear the large crowds of guests roaming about the halls of the inn. Just like the rest of Inaba, the business had gotten a sizable boost over the course of the past few months that was anything but natural. This suspicion was shared amongst Yukiko’s friends, making them want to further investigate the town in the hopes of finding the source. While she would have liked to have joined in with their efforts, she was unwilling to go out in public at the moment.

Yukiko let out a disappointed sigh as she sat in the middle of her room, wishing she could at least go out to help the other workers with handling the tourists. However, she had remained insistent on staying in her room so that no one could witness her ill-fitting kimono wrapped

around her body. Even after exchanging the original garment for a version that was several sizes larger, she still had to struggle to cover up her flabby belly.

Struggling with the sash around her wide waist, Yukiko allowed herself the relief of pulling it out a bit to give her tail a bit more freedom. Though she appreciated the extra space, that meant she had to deal with the strange sensation of her extra appendage waving its tip across her meaty ass cheeks every few seconds. She was able to control her tail to some extent after dealing with it for so long, but she still couldn't seem to stop it from occasionally getting stuck within the deep crevasse of her butt crack.

Giving up on trying to make her larger, lower half presentable, Yukiko moved on to massaging her chest. For once, her breasts looked to be on par with the rest of her body. This illusion was created by enhancing the amount of fat that had sculpted around her boobs with a pair of pads that were typically used by pregnant women. As degrading as it had been to ask Chie to buy the absorbers for her, she took solace in the knowledge that it was a way to soak up the droplets that occasionally dripped out from her teats.

Giving her bosom a light squeeze, Yukiko chewed on her lip to hold back a MOO. The resulting shudder that went through her body reached all the way up her three chins to send a quake through her excess flab. The tremors shifted the head cover she had placed over her hair to hide the latest addition to her body. This was in part to avoid having any wandering eyes seeing the extent of her changes, but truthfully it was so she didn't have to come to grips with what she was becoming.

"Yukiko," Mrs. Amagi called out from outside the door. "Are you in there? I brought you some snacks."

A hungry growl shut down Yukiko's desire to remain isolated. Giving one last attempt to shift her kimono around her obese figure, she waddled her way over to the entrance. Opening up the door, she tried to greet her mother with a smile on her pudgy face. However, the true worries lingering in her mind were betrayed by the shudder of her lips as Mrs. Amagi walked in with her arms laden with a basket of meat buns.

"Is everything alright?" Mrs. Amagi asked as she placed the food on the table. "You haven't been out of your room for a few days now."

Yukiko stopped munching through her meat bun halfway to address her mother. "That's because I haven't been feeling UUURRRP well. I've had um... stomach MOO troubles," she added, hoping that the bovine cry would be waved off as a strange belch.

"Stomach troubles?" her mother replied, gesturing towards the pile of empty snack containers neatly stacked in the corner of Yukiko's room. "If that's the case, why have you been eating so much of the food people have been giving you?"

"Like I said, it's MOOO stomach problems," Yukiko admitted, feeling like part of her excess weight was removed with the admission. "The problem is that I can't stop BWOOOOORRRPP eating. I'm only ever full for a few hours before I need to UUUURRP eat something again."

"That does sound quite bothersome," Mrs. Amagi commented, looking like she wasn't quite satisfied with the answer. "Has there been any other side effects? Perhaps some types of growth?"

The question sunk into Yukiko's very soul. For weeks now, she just assumed that no one could see her tail and other features. Everyone treated her the same, albeit with extra helpings of

food whenever she passed by. Upon hearing someone other than her friends acknowledge her changes, she sheepishly pulled back part of her robe to grab at her tail and pull it out.

“There’s more,” Yukiko said as her mother gazed at her tuft of black fur. “This one is more MOOOO recent.”

Grasping at the head cover, Yukiko pulled it off to let her hair fall out. As the strands settled into place, a pair of nubby, white horns could be seen atop her scalp. Nervously squeezing the head cover with her pudgy fingers, Yukiko tried and failed to stop her flattened, black furred ears from shaking as her mother shuffled towards her.

“So they’ve finally appeared,” Mrs. Amagi said, unflinching as she reached out to touch her daughter’s ears. “You’ve been lactating, haven’t you?”

“H-how did you MOOOO know?” Yukiko asked.

“In a moment,” Mrs. Amagi replied. “Take off your kimono. I need to see them.”

Chewing on her lip for a few moments, Yukiko began to remove her robe. Though a wave of relief washed over her body as her flab was free to jiggle around unhindered, any relaxation was undone by the sigh of the breast pads falling to floor. Mere seconds later, a trickle of milk began to leak from her teats to sprinkle onto the ground. While Yukiko was horrified by such a sight, her mother merely nodded her head.

“You’re still wearing the jewelry I gave you, correct?” Mrs. Amagi asked.

“Yes,” Yukiko replied, lifting up her chins to show off the collar still clinging to her thick neck. “I haven’t taken it off since you gave it to me.”

Letting out a sigh, Mrs. Amagi put her hand on Yukiko’s shoulder and looked her in the eyes. “I do apologize for this, but it was the only way to save, not only the inn, but the entire town.”

“What are you UUUURRRPP talking about?”

“As I told you before, that collar has been passed through our family for generations. What I didn’t tell you was that it has the power to significantly increase the town’s wealth. However, it comes at a cost.”

Undoing part of Yukiko’s robe herself, Mrs. Amagi reached out to grab at the bountiful layer of blubber across her daughter’s mid-section. “Many years ago, a priestess in our family was able to bring great bounty to our town in exchange for embodying the spirit of a local deity. Just like you, as her weight increased and the more cow features she acquired, the more Inaba was able to flourish.” Giving one last pinch to the flabby belly, she tilted her head up to look at Yukiko. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner, but we were desperate. It will take some time for you to fully recover, but we can take off the collar and start the reversal process. The town should be able to get back on its feet by now.”

“That sounds MOOOOOO good,” Yukiko replied, “but, what will prevent Inaba from dying out again?”

“There is... one other thing that we are missing from your ritual,” Mrs. Amagi explained. “It has to do with those,” she added, pointing towards the trickles of milk leaking from Yukiko’s tits. “However, I don’t want to force this on you. I know I’ve been hard on you in the past, but this is your body and your decision to make.”

Chewing on her lip, Yukiko tried to deal with the wealth of information that had been given to her. Mentally struggling between preventing herself from turning into an obese cow woman and ensuring a bright future for Inaba, she wasn’t sure which to pick. At a loss for words, she grabbed another meat bun and began to eat, hoping that she would be able to come to an answer after she’d taken care of her appetite.

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The town of Inaba was a flurry of activity thanks to the festival being put on. What used to be a fairly small affair had been greatly increased in scope to deal with Inaba's thriving tourism industry. Events that were supposed to take place over the course of a single evening were instead stretched out into a full weekend that had all the business owners preparing to rake in profits. The Amagi Inn was no different, although they did have the perk of getting to use the town's simultaneous idol and mascot.

Standing in front of the mirror in her room, Yukiko tried to recall how her mother had talked her into this. No more than a week after agreeing to continue being the priestess for the collar, she was being paraded around town to make the most of her condition. With nothing to stop them from being honest with their intentions, the business owners were free to hand out large servings of food to Yukiko in the hopes of garnering her blessings. This led to her weight problem skyrocketing all in favor of boosting her ability to take that last step needed to ensure Inaba would thrive for many years to come.

Keeping her flattened ears low, Yukiko passed her pudgy fingers across her form to try and make the most of the risqué outfit adorning her chunky, 500 pound body. Much to her disappointment, the attire left the entirety of her mid-section bare to leave her flabby belly exposed. Her lower body was the largest part of her figure, but also received the least amount of cloth. Nestled between the pair of ass cheeks that owed to her being twice as wide as the average person was a skimpy thong tightly wrapped around her waist. The only part of the garment that was even remotely visible was a small cloth in the front, whose black and white splotchy pattern could only be seen if she lifted up her gut.

A bikini top with the same pattern as her thong had been carefully squeezed around her chest. The tight fabric was built with a pair of replaceable pads on the interior that were made to absorb any stray drops of milk. Despite this safeguard, Yukiko was still hesitant to touch her breasts. Her mother had told her countless times that there was no need to worry about running out milk, but a lingering reluctance in Yukiko's mind kept her from taking care of desire that she had had to suppress for so long.

Yukiko's session of uncertainty went on hold as she noticed something out of the corner of her eye. Swiveling her obese form around, she took notice of a figure standing outside of her room. Recognizing the person just by the shape alone, she waddled her way forward to open up the door and reveal Yu.

"You've come to MOOOOO check up on me, huh?" Yukiko asked, receiving a nod in reply. "I appreciate it really," she said, gesturing for him to come inside, "but I'm not sure what good it's going to MOOOOO do."

Taking a few heavy stomps towards the couch, Yukiko sat down to let her rear take up the entirety of the cushions. For lack of a better option, Yu knelt down on the floor. Looming over her friend and seeing how small he was compared to her now only made it more obvious to her just how far she had changed.

"I... don't know if I can do this," Yukiko admitted. "Don't get me MOOOO wrong, I want to help the town and my mother. But... I don't think I'm brave enough to go MOOOOO forward with the plan." Looking away from Yu, she pinched at the bundle of blubber that was her mid-section. "I'm so nervous, I think it's MOOOOOO suppressing my appetite. I know I need to eat something before the big event tomorrow, but I'm not sure if I-"

A loud popping noise got Yukiko to look away from her gut. What she saw was Yu standing in front of her with a recently opened plastic package of snack cakes in his hands. Without saying a word, he held up the treat to her mouth. Seeing the way the cream oozed out of the end of the pastry with each slight squeeze of Yu's finger, she heard a growl emanating from her stomach. Noticing the dedication in his eyes that proved he was devoted to helping her out, she opened up her mouth.

Right on cue, Yu leaned forward to stuff the cake in Yukiko's mouth. No sooner did she greedily chow down on the pastry did he hold up another one to sate her taste buds. This process repeated itself until the pair had managed to work through the entire box. Wiping off the lingering cream from her lips Yukiko spoke: "Can I BWOOOOORRRP have some more?"

Nodding in agreement, Yu followed the gesture of Yukiko's plump finger to uncover the rest of her stash. The two of them lost track of time as he proceeded to stuff her face. Each bite of delectable food strengthened her resolve to continue upkeeping the body that would be the savior of Inaba. However, the act took on a different purpose as she took notice of how Yu was reacting to the stuffing session.

On more than one occasion, Yu would lean in a little closer to press himself up against Yukiko's belly. Without saying a word, he would sink his hands between her fat folds to free up any misplaced crumbs of food. The more he worked to keep her fed and comfortable, the more his fingers wandered around to get a feel for her fat. While he wouldn't say anything out loud, Yukiko could tell what his true intentions were based on how often his eyes darted towards a certain part of her body. Eager to both pay him back for his kindness and take care of one of her own needs, Yukiko summoned the courage she had been seeking all evening and grasped Yu's shoulder.

“Yu,” she said, looking him straight on. “I... want to you to MOOOOO. I want you to... UUUUUURRRRRPPPP. I want...”

For fear of getting interrupted by her own bovine, gluttonous nature once more, Yukiko gave up on all subtlety by undoing her top. Tossing the garment aside, she clasped her breasts between her fingers and began to gently massage them. As the first few drops of milk began to leak out, she caught one with her finger and held it up to Yu’s face. Without hesitation he accepted the taste, voicing his approval with a pleased hum. Getting just as much, if not more, enjoyment out of the simple act of watching him, she let her urges take control as she leaned back to fully present her lactating tits to him.

Catching on to her intentions in an instant, Yu embraced what he could of Yukiko’s torso as he leaned into to lock his lips around one of her nipples. Suckling down the torrent of milk emboldened Yu to press himself ever closer to her body in order to drink up every last drop. The sense of euphoria that flooded out from the drinking session left the cow girl a mess of unfiltered MOOs and belches from her excessive snacking. Unable to do much but sit there as her partner swapped back and forth between her two breasts, she only came back to her senses once he pulled away to wipe his mouth clean.

“T-thank you,” Yukiko said, still shuddering from the results of the impromptu feeding session. “I think I’m UUUURRRRRP ready for tomorrow’s event now.”

Puzzled, Yu brought up the fact that Yukiko had failed to mention what exactly she would be doing.

“It’s a little embarrassing,” Yukiko said, biding her time fidgeting with her fingers, “but you just got a taste of it.”

Heaving herself up off the couch, Yukiko paid little mind to the milk that seeped down her body as she stomped towards a box in the corner of the room. When she turned around, Yu was taken away by the sight of the milky trails leaking from her breasts in favor of staring at empty bottles. With a grin on her chubby face, Yukiko held up one of the bottles to her face.

“I hope you enjoyed your MOOOO early preview of the Amagi Inn’s newest product: Maiden Milk.”

Yukiko’s nervous smile was rewarded with a light chuckle from Yu. In turn, she joined in with a husky laugh that made her entire body jiggle like gelatin. Uncaring about the milk she sprinkled on the floor in the process, she was grateful to have someone that could keep her grounded in these strange times. Especially one that she wouldn’t mind spending such intimate moments with.

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Over the past six years, Inaba’s surge of popularity had eventually settled down to a new norm. The once quiet town had become a hustling and bustling epicenter of activities that drew tourists from all over the world. The constant influx of wealth had led to better infrastructure and business than the small settlement could have ever dreamed of. This was all thanks to the star attraction of the Amagi Inn, none other than the owner herself.

Having gained ownership of the Inn when her parents took on an early retirement, Yukiko was content to take it easy as her managers took up the task of keeping the guests entertained and happy. At merely the age of 24, she had already figured out the perfect career path for her. While she had previously tried to break free from her family business, she had to admit that it was a cozy life quite suited for her unique body.

Spread out along her favorite couch with her chunky buttocks taking up the majority of the cushions, Yukiko's ears flickered at the sound of a familiar set of footsteps outside of the hall. Brushing the leftover crumbs clinging to her fat rolls and parting her hair from her nubby horns, she did the bare minimum to make herself look presentable. Even with the fact that she was completely naked saved for a pair of pads along her engorged and well-used breasts, she still found the need to look her best as Yu entered the room.

An excited MOO left Yukiko's chubby cheeks as she spotted the boxes of snacks held in Yu's hands. The gifts were no doubt offerings from the townsfolk to keep the cow girl fed and happy. Each step of Yu's feet showed off the heft of the food with how they sent tremors through Yukiko's body. Excitedly biding her time as he got everything into place, she went through her usual ritual of gazing over at the pair of silver rings on Yu's fingers. Though she would have very much liked to wear one of the wedding bands, her pudgy hands had outgrown them long ago.

Given directions via a bovine cry from his wife, Yu set to work stuffing Yukiko's face. As she ate, she used her free hands to massage her belly to help along her digestion and free up room via a constant barrage of belches from her lips. Once she had easily scarfed down the entirety of the first box, she slapped her tail against the back of the couch to give the signal for her husband to move onto the next step of their routine.

Removing the padding from around Yukiko's chest, Yu proceeded to hold up a bottle to one of her nipples. Using the experience gained from countless milking sessions, he gently massaged her breasts to turn a trickle into an outpour of the precious liquid that quickly emptied into the container. Filling up one bottle after another, he was sure to constantly leave one hand free to continuously feed her. Though it was tiring work, he was sure to get his own reward in the form of suckling away at the breasts every so often to sample the flavor. Yukiko herself showed

how much pleasure she got from the act through a mix of MOOs and moans. This made it all the stranger when she grasped Yu's head and pulled him back.

“Make sure not to go overboard, dear,” Yukiko commented. “After all, you have to make sure that you save enough for the guests.” Tilting his head down, she made a show of rubbing her palm along the peak of her belly. “Of course, we'll also have to save MOOOOO plenty for our coming child. Now come on. The guests and BWOOOOORRRRP I are getting hungry.”

Eagerly nodding his head, Yu continued the routine of feeding and milking. Settling into her role as the town's bovine mascot, Yukiko thought ahead to when she would be able to hold her child in her thick arms. Letting a finger linger around the collar stretched around her thick neck, she gave the bell a little jingle to let the sound accompany the thought of when the day would come to pass along her family's heirloom to her offspring.