

Horny Demon feasts on Innocent Milky Angel Cow

“Hey! Can you get the door?” I futilely yelled toward the apartment door. The sound of some fighting game was all that I could hear as a response. Fucking damn this stupid bitch. “Hey! Its fucking freezing!” The wind blew right through my undersized corporate mandated barista uniform and I shivered. Kicking the door I lamented forgetting my coat that morning. Sighing, I struggled to juggle both my keys and the bags of groceries filling my arms. Finally, after a good deal of hassle, I managed to open the door to our small apartment. I was bombarded by the unrestricted wave of Japanese techno and 16-bit explosions as I went in and dumped the bags in the little kitchenette.

The cold wind rushed through the apartment but didn't seem to dislodge my roommate from her spot on the beanbag chair directly in front of the massive TV adorning one wall. Angelica shouted, “Oi! Close the door!” over her own cacophony. The door was again closed against the winter chill. From the hallway, I could see she hadn't moved from when I had left her that morning. She was laying back, fully reclined in the beanbag chair, without a shred of clothing on. There were no lights on but the room was lit both by the flashing TV and the golden glow which came off the halo hovering slightly above her greasy hair. Two diminutive white feathered wings twitched and shifted as she thrashed the controller. Filling her lap and spilling onto the floor were two absolutely immense breasts, each probably the same size as the beanbag she lounged on. They provided the shelf on which she supported her game controller, her spindly little arms sinking into their plump flesh.

Unable to even hear myself think, I next went into our living room area. I grabbed the remote and turned the sound down from ear splitting to a humane level.

“Hey!”

“Hey yourself! You haven't moved all day!?”

“Sure I have Vi, I grabbed some chips earlier.”

“You SAID you were going to clean today.” The living room was an absolute mess of discarded clothing and takeout containers.

“I'll do it in a minute, right after this next raid.”

I was furious, “Why the fuck are you like this?!” As I lost my cool a wave of hellfire ran up my body and my true form was revealed. My skin color changed to dark red, my hair lengthened at least 2 feet, my spade tail emerged, and two obsidian horns sprouted from my head. I gained two and a half feet in height and loomed over her at 7 feet tall. My figure also erupted outwards revealing my EE cup tits and wide heart shaped ass. My uniform however, did not follow these changes. The cheaply made polo and black slacks tore along the seams. The now miniscule bra snapped as its contents erupted. I got the wedgie of a lifetime as my panites stretched into a

thong. I looked down and saw the torn fabric and raged again, "FUCK!" These were my last undamaged uniform, after some customer had pissed me off last week.

She glanced up, not being bothered by my demonic rage, "Have you gained weight?" Embarrassment and guilt burnt as fuel for my rage.

I deflected, "I'm going to fucking kill you, these were my last set! What the fuck am I supposed to do now?"

"Oh don't let your tail get your panties in a bunch." She lifted one hand off the controller and with a graceful swirl and glittering cloud blew through the room. Wherever it touched, clothes were tidied, trash thrown away, stains cleaned. The cloud washed over me and what felt like hundreds of tiny fingers ran up and down my skin. When it cleared my uniform was mended and neatly folded in my arms. I was left in the nude. I sneezed and glitter came out of my nose before dissolving into thin air. "Better?"

I threw the clothes down onto the floor and tried to cover myself. "A fucking miracle doesn't fix the fact that I have the worst fucking roommate in the world! Did you even look for a job today? We're going to get our asses kicked out if we don't make rent."

She casually brushed me off as more 16 bit deaths happened behind me on the screen. Her eyes still focus past me. "I got it handled. I paid the landlord this morning."

I crossed my arms, "With what money?"

She finally looked up at me and gave a smug smile. "I started an OnlyFans. You'd be amazed how many horny fucks would want to watch and innocent little angel finger herself."

"You're a disgusting cow!"

"Oh please, it really speaks more to their preferences. It pays soooo much more than that lame call center and I don't even have to get dressed!"

I was fed up with this bitch. I stomped over to my room, "Great so now you are just a fucking lazy whore. Oh how the mighty have fallen!"

Angel laughed at that, "You should join me sometime. You're hot as Hell and a big dominating demon mommy bitch would work great with the meta. Promise I'll split the profits. 60-40!"

"Why do I fucking put up with you!" I slammed the door and left her cackling alone.

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Of course the real reason I put up with her is my dirty secret. I hate it, you know. I didn't choose to have a demonic mother. I try to live a good life, do the right things. Lay low and be good. Or well, not bad. Life is just fucking shit though. It was nearly 3 am before Angel shut off her stupid video game and I heard her go to bed. Shortly after, I could hear her snores. It's not fair, I thought living with Angelica would help me be a good person. But she's worse than any demon I've ever met.

Moving quietly, I got up and crept into her bedroom. As usual, she was sprawled out on her bed and had not bothered to shower. I could smell the divine magic she had used to remove the funk. It irritated my nose and I had to fight the urge to sneeze. I found her on her side, drooling and snoring. She had kicked off her blanket in her sleep. Her arms wrapped around her favorite snuggie, her own left breast.

I leaned down and gently held my breath as I approached the massive breast. I carefully knelt and slowly crept closer, coming eye to eye with the thumb sized nipple. Even in the quiet cold room I made one last check that she was totally asleep and I gently leaned in. Carefully I wrapped my lips around her nipple, and almost like it was eager to disgorge its load, the sweet sweet milk flooded my mouth.

This all had started innocently, I swear. She apparently pumped herself in the morning and stored the milk in the fridge. She didn't label it, of course. I should have known something was up with it. It's not like she contributes anything to the groceries. I began drinking her milk, without knowing that I was drinking it. Unknowingly, I started to drink a lot of her milk. It tasted so good, silky and warm. I'd have it on my cereal, in my coffee, then I'd drink it by the glass. Then I'd take some with me to work and have it with lunch. It wasn't until I was drinking maybe a gallon of it a day I finally began to question where all this milk was coming from.

By that point it was too late. I was totally hooked. As more of the milk flowed down my eager throat I began to feel the effects of all of this concentrated latte. I felt the heat begin to spread from my stomach and my skin began to flush. Goosebumps ran up and began to texture my crimson flesh. One hand removed itself from the massive breast and I began to rub myself through my pajamas. I was lost in reverie.

As I drank, more and more of her divine milk syphoned from her massive breasts into my stomach. As I began to play with myself, my stomach began to distend. It started with a little bloating, then like I had eaten a large meal. Then like I had eaten the whole family thanksgiving. Soon, my swelling stomach began to separate my shirt and expose my red hot midriff to the icy air. I was beginning to enter into pregnancy territory.

I should feel guilty for doing this. I know I should. But I know the slut enjoys it too. The silence is broken by some of her high pitched moans. Her hips began to gyrate and grind against her own massive breast. Even in her sleep, this horny bitch cannot restrain herself. She did this practically every time I fed off of her. It scared the shit out of me the first time. I can only imagine what it must sound like to the neighbors. Every night this bitch cries out in orgasmic bliss as her

bed squeaks in time with her grinding humps. Honestly, it doesn't sound much different than it does during the day.

My hand had moved from the outside of my pajamas to full on fingering as my swollen stomach began to get in the way of my arm. It looks like I've swallowed a watermelon whole and still I continue guzzling down my sloshing flood of pilfered cream. It's been months since I ate anything solid. I drink only her milk now. I've gained a lot of weight, but all of it has poured into me like puberty on steroids with a baseball bat. None of my clothes from the summer fits me anymore, in either my human or demon form. I gained at least 6 inches in height, and my tits are swelling out of control. My thighs could suffocate a mortal man. I'm worried I'll have to stay human just to fit my hips and ass through doorways. A wash of pleasure as I imagine myself being nothing but curves and milk, flowing orgasmically from her tit. Squeezing through buildings till finally I burst forth as a tsunami of destruction and sex.

I cum, hard and shuddering. I try not to make a sound and I muffle my cries into her breast. Yet, as I climax, apparently the whore finishes with me. "Oh Vi!" I freeze up, my orgasming body fighting against my tensioned mind. Did she just cry out my name? Did she wake up? Does she know? Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck. Full blown panic.

As I try to shuffle back, I notice just how massive my stomach has become. It overflows between my legs and drags on the carpet as I try to move back. It weighs more than the whole rest of me. From my kneeling position my breasts ride up on its shelf. The balloon of my belly sloshes and wobbles like an overfilled waterbed. I struggle to stand up and run away as she continues to fuck herself on her own massive tit. Her eyes are closed and she mumbles, "Harder Vi. Fuck! More! Harder!"

Is she fucking me in her sleep? "What the fuck?" I murmur before I clamp my hand over my mouth to stifle my accidental comment. Not that it particularly matters as I watch her finish off in her wet dream and slowly return to her snoring placid sleep. We both sit in the relative quiet, drenched in sweat even in the frozen air. I begin to shiver a bit as I try to get into a standing position. My pajamas strain and tear a little at the seams as I try to get my legs under my new bulk. I've overdone it this time. I have got to get out of here.

As I started to finally get my balance I noticed something that threw me back into panic. Her fucking tits are two different sizes now! The one I had been drinking from was only half the size of its brother. Even this stupid slut would notice that. She would ask questions. She'd figure out what I've been doing. I had to do something to cover my tracks.

I carefully knelt back down trying my best not to roll onto my stomach, and ever so gently took her other nipple into my hungry mouth.

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“Good Morning Violence!” I froze up in the kitchen, and carefully didn’t turn to face Angel. My stomach growled forcefully. “Ha sounds like someones hungry!”

“Uh no, my stomach is just a bit upset.” I was barely able to find any clothes that fit my human form that morning. A t-shirt stretched over breasts larger than the EEs in my demon form. Unnaturally perky, my nipples were clearly visible. I didn’t have any underwear on, and I had managed to squeeze my ass into a pair of sweatpants. My stomach however would not be contained, I looked like I was overdue with triplets. I pinned it up against the countertop and willed it to please be quiet.

By the time I had finished last night, I struggled to squeeze into my room, dragging my stomach through the doorway. I had passed out on the floor there from both a food coma and exhaustion. The fact that my body was able to digest 95% of that meal overnight was nothing short of a miracle. The fact that I still had 5% left was damning. I had only just been able to stuff it into my mortal form, albeit much more maternal shape than I would prefer. My winter coat broke up my silhouette though and Angel didn’t seem to notice the difference as long as I kept my back to her. I hoped.

“Oh I’m sorry to hear that.” Thank Satan for stupidity. She lugged 4 gallon jugs brimming with milk in and loaded them into the fridge. “I feel so much lighter today! I can almost hug my arms around my chest.” How could she not notice?

“Oh, uh that’s good,” As Angel left the kitchen, I took the opportunity and rushed toward the door. Another growl from my stomach made me pause as I passed the fridge. Clutching a gallon jug I rushed out the front door, “Goodbye!”

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Angelica smiled as Vi left the apartment. She went over to her computer and checked on the recording software. Still running. Perfect. A few moments of editing and the hidden camera footage was uploaded. “Horny Demon feasts on Innocent Milky Angel Cow” would surely net her next month’s rent payment. Maybe even two.

As she relaxed, a wash of hellfire turned her white wings black, and her halo lit ablaze in black fire. Maybe when she was done toying with her, the two of them could do a proper livestream together. Angelica began to finger herself as the view count began to rise into the triple digits. So many lusty humans playing with themselves watching them fuck. Her breasts began to swell and increase in size, small drips of milk leaking past her nipples as she rode her first orgasm of the morning.

Afterwards she stood, and began to set up the camera and lights again. It was almost time for her morning live stream and she didn’t want to keep her adoring audience waiting.