

“Oh, yer awake! Fantastic – we were getting worried ya know. Plus, that means~”

You shudder from head to toe as your eyes open, then immediately cover them again as the brightness around you causes a flare of pain. Instinctively you try to back away from the light source and the voice both. The effort doesn't go well. You're *expecting* to feel resistance from wherever you're sitting and to move quickly away, neither of those things happen. There's *some* give but mostly you just scuttle a bit on what turns out to be an extremely comfy bed.

“Oop! Careful there sugar. You've been out for a bit! You remember anythin'?”

Gradually you manage to work your eyes open and ask yourself the exact same question. What precisely had happened? How did you get here? There'd been a snowstorm, you remember losing control of your car and hitting a frozen lake.

“..I uh, I ended up lost in the storm.. I think? A-and.. I think my car is *gone* at this point. But how did I get here..?”

As you manage to blink through the glare you finally get a look at your hostess. The face greeting you is bovine, with light tan fur and bright red curls hanging down over her back. It's also *towering* over top of you. Even sitting up in bed you have to crane your neck a good deal to make eye contact with what *has* to be seven feet and change of amazonian cow woman. She looks like someone took a bodybuilder and fed them nothing but corndogs and heavy cream for a month, terrifying muscle underneath a bit of plump padding, and with curves that made it functionally impossible to look at all of her at once.

Not that you don't try. Getting a look at her face requires that you first manage to look past her tits and that isn't easy. The things were the size of prize winning watermelons and kept bobbing and sloshing about, barely restrained by her overalls and top.

“Mmn, yeah that tracks. Helluva blizzard we had – and I *think* ya might have a nip of frostbite. I'm gonna go snag ya some soup real quick. You take it easy, got it?”

You can't really argue with that, and don't much want to. Your body *does* feel wiped out and your extremities are worse than the rest. Soup sounds *amazing* under the circumstances. Anything to warm up the inside of you. The cow's statement about frostbite seems accurate too, your fingers feel a bit 'burnt' and your legs are still half numb. But your attempts to get that all sorted out get distracted as the gigantic woman turns and you get a look at her ass. Yes, the tits on the cow are *phenomenal*, but her denim-wrapped derriere has cheeks *both* wider than your entire body. Big

plush things that quiver and bounce with each floor-shaking step she takes. You find yourself stammering like an idiot when she returns bearing a large bowl of hearty chicken soup, starting in on eating it almost as much as an excuse to not have to try and talk as for the sustenance.

“There ya go! Good, like ta see an appetite on a man. I mean, heck. Like ta see a man round these parts *period*. S'just me an my sister most of the time.”

The statement leaves you freezing up briefly. Slurping up some of the last of the soup you stare up at the redhead cow while she looks back down at you, a coy smile on her lips, and a hand on her overalls. Once more you use the food to buy yourself time, lifting the bowl to your lips and drinking while she smirks and unbuttons one side. The sight of one of her tits *bursting* free as soon as it gets the chance leaves you almost choking anyway. Then she goes and sits on the edge of the bed, unfastening the overalls entirely, and laying a powerful hand on your thigh.

“So uh, hope ya don't mind.. thinkin' that seein' as yer done with this or just about?”

With the gigantic cow leaning over onto you there's no focus left to stop her from taking the bowl, setting it aside, and then yanking the covers off. You'd scarcely realized you weren't wearing anything under there with your legs still sluggish and tingly, and the instant you're uncovered the throbbing and twitching hard-on you're sporting is right there to see.

“I.. I uh, I mean, w-we could.. My legs are still kind of-”

A big grin crept onto the cow's face as she stands up just enough to let the overalls drop off her entirely and then heaves her *gigantic* ass onto your hips. The sheer size of the cow woman pins you down, crushing you into the mattress and leaving you breathless as she dangles those enormous breasts right over you. It's equal parts needing to reach for *something* to stay stable and just wanting to get your hands on those things. Almost *in them* in fact, there's so much soft flesh there your fingers nearly vanish under it all.

“Heh, don't you worry none. Let me do the work~”

You can just about imagine your entire lower body vanishing under that ass, and with how wide the cow is there you aren't sure that isn't exactly what's happening. None of which matters to you after she starts grinding, making that bed under you creak, pinning you down under her chest with her hands on your shoulders. The cow has you properly helpless. Shuddering, gasping, eyes rolling back – you manage a few weak and breathy mutterings and nothing more while your rescuer does her level best to pulverize your hips.

“G-gonna.. get.. get me a calf or two in th-there.. *real nice*~ Get em comin' just in time fer late spring and get these babies going overdrive! *Hoo~*”

Bit by bit those tits kept creeping toward your head, resting a bit higher on your shoulders and chest each time. You can't even grab onto them with your arms pinned down and are just left jerking and gasping as they gradually come down to caress your cheeks.

If it wasn't for how exhausted you still were it's liable you'd have cum already, but with the state your body is in you just keep coming within a hair of it instead – or maybe the cow is just *that* good at edging.

“Y'all don't mind, right? H-heh. Oh *heck* this is *nice*.. Missed feelin *full* like this~”

Your eyes roll back while the climax gets close, only for the whole ordeal to grind to a halt when a hollering voice fills the entire guest room.

“Oy! Tha fuck ya think yer doin ya gigantic titbag of an ungrateful little sister! That there ain't just yers! Wait fer me to fuckin' get busy with dinner an- this ain't gonna stand!”

The voice batters at your ears as you look to the doorway. Standing in it, or more like wedged in it with her hips being as wide as the whole door frame, was another cow. Her body had a darker fur color to it but they both had the same unruly curly red mop of hair. Beyond that the second cow was nowhere near as tall as her sister, looking to be closer to maybe five foot six or so – and was damn near as wide as she was tall. She was a hurricane of ass and boobs when she moved, especially when she *ran*. Which she was doing – right at you.

What on earth that was going to accomplish you didn't know, it wasn't like she could get up onto the bed at her height and with her body that wide, but then the giantess cow held her arm out. In what looked like a well-practiced bit of cooperation the taller cow grabbed her sister's arm mid-sprint and helped her swing-heave her mammoth ass and hyper hourglass frame up onto the bed.

Right above you.

“Fine. Y'all got to his dick first, but it's *my turn* next! Ya hear? Now if you ain't dead you get busy down here 'til we're ready ta swap places, ya hear?”

That ass looms above your face. Dark mocha fur and a *throbbing* pink cleft in the middle of it that was drooling onto your chest at the moment. Your arms are free now at least, and your first instinct to reach up to protect your face *does* also come paired with getting a big handful of those catastrophic pillows.

“We need us a *cock* on hand on account of dairy workin' the way it does, ya hear? Farm's gonna need every bit 'a help it can get 'n that means both my sis an' me bein good 'n preppers come springtime. An if we're takin care a' you in the meantime?”

You don't manage to get a word out before a world of cow rump swallows your face, leaving you nestled in a humid, salty-sweet cavern of pussy and thighs. There's just enough space to breathe and to get your tongue to work. With that grinding against your hips kicking in again you start work, clinging tight to the sides of the shorter cow's ass and nuzzling at the thigh bean of a clit.

Given the state of yourself you can tell this is going to leave you sore in the near future, and you doubt you're going to be spending much time out of the bed any time soon. The short cow wraps her hands around the back of your head and pushes you in tighter.

“Ah fuck.. that.. that's pretty good too. Ya almost done, sis~?”

All it took was a tight clench and a clever twist from the larger cow and your cock erupts, tightening up your hips and leaving you feebly bucking underneath her weight. The huge cow bursts into a long moaning moo while kneading her own tits and panting. It made the shorter one roll her eyes, but she just looked envious – and hungry.

“Oh.. oh yes! Y-yes.. *oh gawd*. Oh I th-think.. I think we need-”

With a bit of tongue work for the smaller cow's needy cunt you left the older sister shivering too, grasping the back of your head tighter and letting out a little moo of her own.

“Ah f-fuck.. Sis..? What'cha think 'bout keeping him? I wouldn't mind havin' a dick on hand. If he's stuck in bed we can just.. ya know, keep at it like this?”

With your face buried in cow pussy you can't manage to get a word in, even if you could've mustered any kind of focus to speak while your dick surges and clenches and floods every nerve in your body that's still working and hasn't been numbed underneath cow butt with thundering bliss.

“Ah hell.. fuck it, let's do it! Hey! Ya don't mind, right? I mean.. if ya do we're just gonna tie ya to the bed and slip some dick pills inta' the next batch of soup an' all, but ya know-”

It takes some doing to get your face freed up from the smaller cow's thighs, though once she feels you trying she spreads them a bit and helps coax your dripping lips free so you can get in a desperate breath or two and manage to find some spare focus. Just enough-

“N-no need for that.. but I *could* go for more soup.. before round two?”

You shakily smile up at the smaller cow squatting on your chest, and you catch a ravenous

grin aimed back down at you. The sisters then share a look with each other and you feel the larger of the two swing herself off the bed, letting blood get back into your legs and leaving them tingling like they were on fire. The feeling is reassuring – even if you definitely can't move them yet. Meanwhile the smaller cow made no move whatsoever to get off your chest, she just turned that grin back at you.

“Sounds like a goddamn plan ta me! Sis, get our new housemate 'n pet puss-plugger some more soup. Maybe a drink too. Then..? *My turn~*”