The following story takes place in a fantasy world like that of Dungeons and Dragons in medieval times.

Isabella was a cowtaur. She stood at 185 centimeters (~6’ 1”) from her hooves to the top of her head, while her withers stood at 127 centimeters (~4’ 2”). Her fur was white with black spots. She had breasts that were U cups, and if she never milked herself they would sometimes expand to V cups. But she did her best to make sure that her breasts were properly milked. She also had an udder that was the size of a basketball.

Isabella lived in a small home in the city all by her lonesome near the business district. And she was content with that. The married life never seemed to suit her, and she never wanted to settle down and have some kids. She was happy to live her days running her own business. But she never spent that much time at her home, unless she was going to be sleeping for the night.

Isabella would spend most of her time doing her delivery service or by spending time at the bars. In addition to her delivery service, she would sell her milk to the bars in the city. She made a pretty penny doing that.

Now, Isabella ran a special delivery service all on her own. Her build made it easy to where she could travel for multiple hours on end, and not feel tired from the distance. She specialized in taking priority packages and delivering them to customers at a quick pace, for a reasonable charge.

Isabella had her own cart that she would take with her if the package was too large, or if she was able to get a large quantity for orders. She also gets paid on the side by the local mail delivery service if she is willing to take some letters to other locations.

Since Isabella had a small business of just herself, she usually did local travels, so her trips were typically never more than a day's walk. But there is the rare week-long trip to a new massive city that she’ll get. And even though those trips are harder, she makes a good profit from it, and is happy when she gets one.

If there was ever a shipment that would take Isabella down a dangerous road, she would always make sure she was well packed with potions of a wide variety. She wasn’t very skilled in combat, so having potions to aid her in defense was always beneficial.

There was something in her delivery service that made Isabella attractive to certain businesses. She made sure that unless you specifically wanted to tell her, she didn’t care about what she was delivering. She never asked what was being shipped, she just gave a quote for the shipping cost and had the people sign a privacy and legal agreement. If she ever got stopped by the law, the shipper would be held accountable.

Everything was going well with her business and her livelihood. She couldn’t have been happier. But, her way of life would soon be changed by her next customer.

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Isabella had left the bar for the night, having some fun with the other patrons and a few drinks. She was walking back home happy as could be with just the hint of a buzz. She was wearing a tan tunic that was loose around her torso. She didn’t care for dresses as it typically got in the way of her work.

As Isabella approached her home she saw a small box outside her home door. Which was very odd, she never got packages delivered to her. She walked up to the box and peered at the labeling. It read, “To Isabella, open immediately.”

“Huh. Weird.” She said, and picked up the box and brought it into her home. It didn’t weigh much. She placed it down on the floor, and opened the crate. She was at first shocked to find what was inside. There was a weasel dressed in fine clothes that looked like they belonged to a bard, and had an adorable hat. The gittern instrument was laying next to the weasel, as well as a half eaten loaf of bread. A tiny snore could be heard coming from the weasel. It looked like it was about 38 centimeters (~1’ 3”) tall.

“Aaaaaawwwwww.” Said Isabella. Her pupils dilated out of pure love for the cuteness of the weasel. It looked so calm and peaceful. She quickly glanced at the inside of the box to see if there was any other letters or signs. She didn’t see any, so she put her hands in and picked up the weasel and held it in front of her face. “Oooohhh aren’t you the most adorable thing ever.” As she held the weasel, it started to yawn and stretch. “AAAAAAAWWWWWW.” Said Isabella. Her feet started to do little tippy taps as she watched the weasel be super adorable. “Oh my gosh. I can’t handle your cuteness! You’re just way too cute.”

The weasel stopped yawning and blinked slowly at Isabella. It smacked its lips and smiled at her. “Hiya toots.”

“FUCK!” Exclaimed Isabella in surprise and dropped the weasel from her hands.

The weasel fell to the ground and fell onto the gittern. “OW!” \*cough\* “damn it.”

Isabella backed up to her kitchen and grabbed a knife and aimed it at the weasel. She was about two meters away from it. “What the hell are you doing here?! And how the *fuck* are you talking?! Rodents aren’t supposed to talk!” She exclaimed. There was nervousness in her voice. She’d never held her knife in a threatening situation.

“Damn lady.” Said the weasel. The voice sounded masculine. “Why’d you drop me?” It slowly stood up and looked below it. “Aawww damn it. My gittern is broken.”

“Answer my questions! Why are you here!? How can you talk?!” Her hands were shaking.

The weasel lifted its instrument and turned to Isabella. “Well.” He said, tossing his instrument out of the crate and into the floor. “I was here to deliver a message to you in song.” He then grabbed his bread and tossed that onto the floor as well. “But you’ve kind of ruined that now haven't you.” He said with a smile and hopped out of the box next to his bread and gittern. “Also I can talk due to a Wizard enchanting me with the gift of speech.”

“Well…” said Isabella, with a quiver in her voice. “What’s the message?” She continued to hold the knife while shaking.

The weasel brushed himself off. “Alright. Hold on. It will take me a second to remember. I had it all memorized with the accompaniment of my music, so it won’t be as good. Ahem!”

The weasel began to sing.

“In shadows deep, where secrets closely bind,

A boss named Ouncey seeks to find, unblind,

A delivery woman, skilled and bold,

To venture where a hidden treasure's gold.

With dangers lurking in the shrouded night,

He offers riches, shining in their light.

Upon delivery, more wealth awaits,

A fortune vast, sealing their fateful fates.

Now, Ouncey's messenger, young Bardtholomew,

Shall journey with her, as the night winds blew,

Through perilous paths, they'll stride hand in hand,

Their secrets safe, together they'll withstand.”

The weasel bowed.

“What?” Said Isabella confused.

“Uuuugh.” The weasel leaned his head back and rolled his eyes in disappointment. He then brought his head back and avoided eye contact with Isabella while crossing his arms. “No one ever understands my beauty in words. Hmph.” He looked back at Isabella and went back to standing normally. “My boss, Ouncey, wants to hire you for your delivery services. Pick up something and bring it to him. He wants me, Bardtholomew, to travel with you. He’s willing to pay a lot.”

“Oh. Why didn’t you say so?” She placed the knife down on the counter.

“I did! It’s not my fault you don’t understand art.” Bardtholomew crossed his arms and pouted.

“So where’s the location?”

“In due time, my delivery girl!” He said dramatically. “But first.” His nose started to twitch. “I smell a feast! Thank you delivery lady for providing a meal for your messenger.”

Isabella looked at her countertop and saw she had some cheese and apples out. She looked back at Bardtholomew. “What? I didn’t prepare anything for you. I didn’t even know you’d be here!”

“Either way. I am famished. May I please partake in your bountiful meal?”

“Knock yourself out.” Said Isabella unenthusiastically. She placed the knife back on the counter. “So, what is this ‘large amount’ of money that your boss is willing to pay?”

Bardtholomew looked around trying to find the food. “Here is but a taste of what my boss Ouncey has to offer.” He reached into the front pocket of his shirt and pulled out 10 platinum coins.

“Oh shit!” She said with excitement. The most she ever received for a shipment was 85 gold. “And this is just the down payment?”

“Yeah.” He said not looking at her, still looking for the food. “You’ll get the rest once the cargo has been delivered. I think he said it would be at least ten times that amount.”

Isabella got really excited about the money. She then noticed Bardtholomew was still sniffing looking for food. “Here, let me show you the ‘feast’.”

Bardtholomew looked at her and lifted up his arms to be picked up by her as he saw her reach her right hand down to grab him. She lifted him up and brought him to the counter. “Food!” He exclaimed excitedly and dashed to the cheese and apples. He squatted down in front of the food. “Hey, can you hand me my bread?”

Isabella looked down at the ground and picked up his half loaf of bread and handed it to him. “So. When do we head out and to where?”

Bardtholomew was too busy placing a slice of cheese on his bread and taking a bite. He talked with his mouth full. “Can we hold off on the business talk for a moment?” He swallowed. “I would like to enjoy my meal, thank you.”

“You’re a feisty little weasel aren’t you?”

“Well I haven’t had much to eat recently and you did break my gittern.”

“Pretty sure you’re the one that broke it.”

“You dropped me on it madam. I did not willingly fall onto my musical instrument.” He took another bite of bread and cheese.

Isabella grabbed an apple and took a bite. “Can’t you rodents like, angle your trajectory as you fall or something?” She chuckled.

“Can’t you rodent angle your trajectory.” He said mockingly. “That is squirrels my lady. Please don’t associate me with those nut forgetting fools.” He took another bite of the bread and cheese. “You owe me a new instrument and you know it.”

“Well if the money is the right quantity like you’re saying it says, I’ll get you a new instrument.”

“And rightfully so.”

Isabella chuckled and placed her elbows on the counter and supported her head with her left hand and pointed her right hand at Bardtholomew. “I’m trying to get mad at you for your attitude, but gosh dang you are so cute.”

“Hmph.” Said Bardtholomew as he took another bite of bread and cheese. “Great things come in small packages delivery girl.”

“The name is Isabella by the way. Not ‘girl’.”

Bardtholomew took his last bite of bread and cheese and placed it down. “Understood. Now Miss Bella.”

She smiled and shook her disappointedly. “Isabella. I don’t do nicknames.”

“Miss Bella.” Bardtholomew said, and Isabella glared at him. “You were wanting to know the details of the trip?”

*“Finally.”* She thought. “Isabella. And yes. What details do you have for me?”

“Before that, do you have any water?”

“Ugh.” She said, getting a little tired of him avoiding answering the questions. “No. I usually just get drinks from the bar.”

“Is the bar still open? I am parched.”

“Pretty sure it’s closed. I left near closing time.”

“Damn it.”

Isabella then thought of a way to maybe get some info from the weasel. “Look, if you really need to, you can drink from my udder.”

Bardtholomew grinned. “Heck yeah!” He rushed to the side of the counter and held his arms up for Isabella to pick him up. “Uppies please.”

“Before I let you drink my milk, I need details.”

Bardtholomew huffed. “Okay fine. What would you like to know?”

“First off, where are we going? I thought your little poem said something about a dangerous paths or something.”

“Perilous is the wording I used Bel-“ he cut himself off as he saw Isabella glare at him. “Ahem. Isabella.” She stopped glaring so hard but still had some attitude in her eyes. “The wording was more for exaggeration and making the story sound better. As far as I know, it’s not treacherous.”

“So where’s it at?”

“The boss said that we will need to meet with his contact in a village called Lanercoast, and the contact will have more instructions for us there. That’s all he told me.”

“That’s all? Just meet someone at a village?”

“Yeah. Can I drink some milk now?”

Isabella looked dumbfounded. “That’s not really good instructions.”

“Well that’s all I got. I’m sorry.” His tone didn’t sound genuinely sorry. Sounded more like he was fed up with the conversation.

“You promise?”

“Swear on my honor.”

“That’s not very reassuring.”

“I’m not sure what I can say to you to make you believe me. I already gave you the deposit. That should be enough.”

Isabella pondered this for a moment, then finally made a decision. “Fine, I’ll do it.”

“Wooh!” Said Bardtholomew. He lifted his arms with his ‘Wooh’ and kept them there, hoping that Isabella would pick him up again.

Isabella was thinking. Trying to prepare all the provisions she would need for the trip. She then noticed that Bardtholomew was holding his hands out. His eyes were large and adorable. “Oh fine. Just stop giving me those cute eyes.”

She picked him up from the counter and placed him on the ground. She then leaned onto the counter trying to plan for the trip. She muttered to herself about all the things they might need. Bardtholomew dashed to Isabella’s udder.

“Okay. So the village is close to Octburgh city I think, and that city is a seven day trip one way. So at least the village would be a six day TRIP!” Isabella said in surprise and arched her back. She then glanced back at her hindquarters. She couldn’t see him, but she could tell Bardtholomew had quickly and roughly latched his mouth around her teat. Sucking away udder for that sweet, sweet milk. “If you’re going to be drinking from me, at least be more gentle about it.”

Bardtholomew pulled his mouth away from her teat. “My bad.” And he went back to the udder but was more gentle this time.

“Okay, so it could be a six day trip just to get there. We’ll need to get enough rations for at least twelve days.” She continued to ponder. “Hey Bardtholomew.”

He pulled his mouth away from the teat. “You can call me Bard for short if you wish my lady.” Then quickly latched back on.

“So Bard, will I need my cart? The less I need to carry the better.”

Bardtholomew pulled away from her teat for the last time. He had his fill of delicious milk. “The boss said you would really just need yourself. The contact will provide you with everything else.” He walked out from underneath her and stood beside her. “So, I’m guessing we leave tomorrow morning?”

“Yeah. I’m still thinking about all the things we’ll need. You don’t eat a lot do you?”

“No, not really. But if I can just drink from your tits I’m sure that will fill me up enough.”

“You mean from my udder?” She said glaring at Bardtholomew.

“Right. Yeah. You’re udder.”

“We’ll still get you some food just in case. Do you have a sleeping pack?”

“I thought we’d be staying at inns the entire time.”

“What?! No! That will be way too expensive and unnecessary. Plus there’s not always going to be villages or inns along the way.”

“Oh. Well can’t I just share with you?”

“No!”

“I don’t take up a lot of space! You won’t notice me.”

“We can buy you a sleeping bag, and you can use that.”

“Can we get a tent?”

“Why?! That’s such a waste of money. Plus it’s way prettier to be sleeping out under the stars.”

“Gross. All the bugs and stuff crawling all over you? Noooooo thank you.”

“Fine then, buy a tent for yourself.”

“I don’t want to sleep by myself though!”

“Oh my gosh! Why are you so needy?!”

“I have a certain lifestyle I’m accustomed to.”

Isabella muttered to herself. “Oh dear Skerrit, help me and give me strength.”

“Also can you carry me? I’m a slow walker.”

Isabella let out a big sigh. “Anything else you need?”

“No, I’m a pretty chill guy.”

Isabella rubbed her temple with her thumb and pointer finger. “Okay. So all you’ll need is a tent, a nap sack, a new instrument, and new legs?”

“And a sleeping buddy.” He tried looking all innocent and cute to Isabella but she wasn’t having it. So he changed to a sad face and tried to make his eyes look adorable. She broke down and finally accepted it, but still tried to not act like it affected her.

“Ugh. Fine. And a sleeping buddy.”

Bardtholomew got excited. “Yeah! Well, let’s get some sleep, travel buddy. We have a lot of walking to do tomorrow?”

“We?” Isabella smiled. “So you’re walking on your own now?”

“Uhhhh.” Bardtholomew realized what he said. “Psh. No. I said, *you* have a lot of walking to do tomorrow. Use your ears please Isabella.”

“That’s what I thought.” She chuckled. “Alright. I guess I’ll head to bed. See you in the morning.”

“Um. Where will I sleep?”

“The floor?”

“Aww.”

Isabella saw the disappointment in his cute little face. She couldn’t let this little bugger sleep on the floor. “Oooohhh, fine. Come on. You can sleep with me tonight.”

Bardtholomew’s eyes glistened with joy as he smiled. “You mean it!?”

“Yeah come on cutie.” Isabella picked up Bardtholomew and placed him on her back. She then started walking back to her bedroom.

She got to her bed and placed Bardtholomew on the left end of the bed, and then walked to the other side and laid down. She rolled over to her side away from Bardtholomew. He rolled over towards her and wrapped his hands as much around her back as possible. He smiled, being comforted by the nice Cowtaur, and they fell asleep.

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Isabella woke up early the next morning and stretched for the new day. As she started to stretch she found herself feeling a weird sensation at her udder. She sat up and looked down, and there was Bardtholomew with his mouth latched to one of teats. “You better have a good reason for waking me up by drinking from my udder weasel.”

Bardtholomew stopped drinking, and pulled his face from her teat. He looked at her and smiled. “Hi Isabella. Um. Will the answer of me being thirsty be enough for you?”

Isabella looked closer at Bardtholomew. He had a bulge in the front of his pants. “Seeing as how your little prick of a dick is pitching its own tent in your pants, I have a feeling it’s more than just you being thirsty.”

Bardtholomew looked down, and out of embarrassment covered his pants. “Psh. No. This is just morning wood! Happens to all the dudes.”

“Uh huh.” She said, and then yawned and stretched again, and looked back to Bardtholomew. “Well I hope you like the milk. Because while we’re on our trips, you’re probably going to have to help milk the udder.”

Bardtholomew grinned and wrapped his hands around one of the teats. “Oh joyous day! What a blessing to be a traveling companion with you Isabella!” He started to kiss the udder.

It tickled her and she started to shift her legs and laughed. “Stop that Bard. Hahaha. I’m ticklish.”

“Oh really?” He said as he stopped tickling with a sly grin.

Isabella saw the look in his eyes. “Bard. Don’t do it. I can’t promise my legs won’t instinctively kick you. And hooves against a tiny face such as yours, I doubt it will work out well.”

Bardtholomew already had his paws ready to go at tickling Isabella’s udder, but with the threat of being kicked in the face, he didn’t want to risk it. “My bad. So. Are you ready for the first day of travel?!”

“Yeah. We’ll go to the general store and get some gear for our travels. Then after that I’ll need to stop by the bar to sell some milk.”

“Wait. What?” He sounded confused and excited. “You sell your titty milk?”

“I do.” She said, not totally happy about how he phrased that. “It brings in some extra copper, plus it’s less weight to carry around.”

“Fascinating. When I help milk you, will we be saving that milk as well to sell in other towns?”

“Nah. The local bars here know me, but other places probably wouldn’t buy.”

“Can’t hurt to try.” He said, raising his eyebrows persuasively.

“Look, if you can make a hard sell to towns we pass by, go for it, but I’m not going to be doing the talking.”

“Score.” He said while he did a fist pump. “I can be very persuasive.”

“Alright now weasel. Let’s head out, we have a long road ahead of us.”

Isabella lifted Bardtholomew onto her back, and left the house with just her satchel, and the shirt she was wearing. Bardtholomew still had on his fancy clothes.

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They got to a nearby general store and purchased their traveling gear from there. She ended up buying a two person tent, a backpack, twelve daily rations, a bedroll, and a detailed map so she could plan a proper route.

Bardtholomew went crazy around the store, wanting to buy a plethora of items that were unnecessary.

“Can we get me a hand crossbow Isabella?”

Isabella was finishing buying up the items with the store clerk. She glanced down at him. “No Bard. That thing is as big as you.”

“But what if I need to protect you from the foul beasts that roam these lands.” He said imitating something with claws and pretending to swipe at Isabella.

“I’ve traveled these roads plenty of times, Bard. We’ll be fine.”

“Psh. You’re no fun. What’s the point of traveling if there’s no danger?”

“Those are the worst missions to take Bard.” She finished up the order with the clerk. The total was 11 gold and 5 silver. She handed the clerk 12 gold and got 5 silver back. “Come on Bard. Let’s go get you your musical instrument.” Bardtholomew dropped the hand crossbow and lifted his arms to be picked up. “We’re going to need to learn a different method for you getting onto my back.”

“Can we still do uppies for now?” He said with a smile.

Isabella tried to be strong, but his face was too much for her. “Damn your cuteness! Fine. We can do uppies for now.”

Bardtholomew grinned as Isabella picked him up and put him on her back yet again.

They walked to another store and made it to a place that specialized in making instruments for bards. Isabella had never been in here, so she wasn’t sure what to expect. “Alright, now hurry up and find something. We gotta get moving.”

Bardtholomew’s eyes glistened as he looked around the shop. Beautiful instruments were everywhere he looked. “Oooohhh. Isabella, can I get that one!” He pointed to a wall of lyres.

Isabella walked over to them. “I don’t see any in your size, Bard.” She looked at the clerk of this store, he was a high elf, and walked to him to get his attention. “Excuse me, do you have any sizable instruments that would be playable for my traveling companion here?”

The elf looked at the weasel on her back. Bardtholomew waved happily at him. “I’m sorry, I’m afraid we don’t have any instruments for pets.”

“Pet?” Bardtholomew stood up on Isabella’s withers. “Now you see here you knife eared punk.”

Isabella’s ears immediately drooped back and she spun around to shut up Bard. She placed her hand over his face and held it there. Bardtholomew tried to use his hands to pry her fingers from his face, but it was no use. “I am so sorry for my rude weasel sir. I’m sure he didn’t mean it. Um. Do you maybe have any tiny drums or something?”

The high elf did not seem pleased. “Hmm. I’m afraid we don’t. However, you might be able to buy an instrument and use a shrinking spell on it. That might work.”

“Oh that’s a wonderful idea.” Said Isabella, agreeing with whatever the elf was saying and still holding her hand over Bardtholomew’s face. She then turned to Bardtholomew. “Bard. We are going to purchase a nice instrument that you like from this very kind elf, and we will find someone to shrink it to your size for you. Okay?”

Bardtholomew continued to glare at the high elf, who glared right back at him.

“Baaaard. I’m going to let go of your face. Now when I let go, you are going to find an instrument okay? And you’re going to be nice about it right?” Bardtholomew didn’t nod or motion to Isabella. He just continued to stare at the high elf. “I said riiiiiight Bard?” Now Isabella glared at Bardtholomew. He slowly nodded and lessened his glare at the high elf but still seemed irked. Isabella cautiously removed her hand Bardtholomew’s mouth. “Okay. Now Bard, let’s pick the instrument you want to play.”

Bardtholomew huffed and turned away from the high elf. “Can we go look at the lutes?”

“Yeah, come on Bard.” Said Isabella, and she walked to the wall of lutes. There were four on the wall. “Do any of these appeal to you?”

Bardtholomew had his eyes set on a beautiful spruce lute. “Ooooohhhh. That one please.”

Isabella picked up the lute she was pretty sure he was looking at. “This one?”

“Yeah!” Said Bardtholomew excitedly.

Isabella took the lute and brought it to the high elf. “We’d like to get this one sir.” She handed the lute to the clerk.

He grabbed it and inspected the lute. “This lute costs 35 gold.”

“Shit!” Said Isabella. “That’s the cost of musical instruments?”

“Yeah. This is pretty standard...” Said the high elf unenthusiastically.

“Bard, I’m going to invoice your boss for the cost of this lute.” Said Isabella.

“That’s fine.” Said Bardtholomew. His eyes were fixated on the lute.

Isabella brought out 3 platinum and 5 gold and gave it to the high elf. He took the gold, and handed the lute to Isabella. “I think there’s a spell shop nearby east of here that can help with shrinking it for your…” The high elf looked at Bardtholomew, and Bardtholomew glared back at him, “for your traveling companion.”

“Thank you for letting me know.” Said Isabella. She took the lute and left the facility. Once she got out of sight of the shop she turned around and grabbed Bardtholomew and held him in front of her. His legs dangling in the air. “Bard. Don’t you dare do that kind of shit again.”

“Do what again?” He seemed genuinely confused.

“Saying racist shit! This is my city Bard.” She said angrily. “People know me here! And if I’m seen associating myself with a racist weasel, that could look bad on me and my business!”

Bardtholomew frowned and his ears drooped. “I’m sorry Isabella. I… I didn’t mean to. That guy just got on my nerves.”

“He just called you a pet.”

“Yeah but I’m not a pet!” Yelled Bardtholomew. “I’m an eloquent musician, and to call me a pet was an insult!”

“Well, to be fair, seeing a talking weasel isn’t normal. And if someone did have a weasel, it would most likely be a pet.”

“I’m sure it’s not normal to see a walking talking Cowtaur either. If there are heifers with a torso like yourself, aren’t they normally standard looking anthros?”

Isabella sighed. “It actually was pretty weird at the beginning.” Bardtholomew looked at Isabella with caring eyes. “Even though I’m a centaur, people freaked out with my ‘human half’, being a cow. So, even though I’ve made friends with people, I still get treated differently.” There was an awkward pause. “So you said a wizard made you able to talk. Is that why people treat you differently now?”

“I think so. He gave me the gift of intelligence and speech. But also kind of made me his test subject. I eventually escaped but I’ve been seen as a freak ever since.” Another long pause. Then Bardtholomew smiled. “But then Ouncey found me, and took me in! He’s been great to me.”

“Ouncey sounds like a good friend.” Said Isabella with a smile.

“He’s been awesome. He likes to stand up for the little guy you know?” Bardtholomew looked down at the ground. “I guess I still have a sensitive spot for being considered something that’s not part of society. I’ll try to watch out for it in the future Isabella.”

Isabella smiled. “It’s okay Bardtholomew. I get it. I appreciate you trying to be more aware of it. But, the hatred of us is just a part of life. Being hated for things that were out of our control. What are ya going to do ya know? Haha.”

“Isabella. I have a feeling we will become great friends along this journey. Come on. Let’s go find that magic shop.”

“Sounds like a plan, Bard.” She placed Bardtholomew on her back, and they started to walk towards the magic shop in the general direction that the high elf pointed in.

They eventually made it to the shop and walked in. There was a female tiefling behind the counter. Her skin was light blue and she had a smile on her face. “Hello travelers. What can I do for you today?” She sounded very sweet and kind.

“Hello miss shop keep.” Said Isabella. “I have this instrument for my friend here.” Bardtholomew perked up at the word ‘friend’. “And I was wondering if you’d be able shrink it down for him to his size.”

The tiefling looked at Isabella’s back. “Awwww it’s so cuuuuute! Can it actually play?”

“I can madam. I can sing as well.”

“O. M. G. That's amazing!” The tiefling said. “I’ve only ever talked to rodents through spells!”

“Yep. He’s one of a kind.” Isabella smiled at him. “So what do you think? Is it possible?”

“Oh yeah, definitely. Let me find a scroll.” Said the tiefling.

“Awesome. How much will it cost?” Asked Isabella.

“For that cute little guy? I can give the cutie patootie special, and only charge you all 3 gold.”

Both Isabella and Bardtholomew smiled at each other. Then both looked at the tiefling and said “thank you.” In unison.

“Don’t worry about it.” She said, scrounging around for some scrolls on the shelf behind her. “Ah. Found it.” She pulled out one scroll from the shelves and then one more. “So this first enchantment will make it smaller. But I’m also going to enchant it with some extra magic.”

“Extra magic?!” Said Bardtholomew excitedly.

“Yeah. Some extra magic. It’s nothing huge, but when you play the instrument you can cast simple cantrips like Minor Illusion or Prestidigitation. Some fun stuff that can come in handy when performing for an audience.” She winked at Bardtholomew.

“Thanks lady!”

“No problem. Now before I cast it, it's the store policy for payment first.” Said the Tiefling.

“Sure thing.” Said Isabella, and she pulled out 3 gold and handed it to the Tiefling.

“Alrighty, let’s do this.” She expanded the scroll for the shrinking first and started to read the incantation. As she finished her last word, the lute shrunk to the perfect size for Bardtholomew to play. “Here, hold it for me real quick and play it to see how it feels.”

Bardtholomew grabbed the now miniature lute, and began to strum and play a pretty tune. He played it very well, and the instrument sounded great. “This is amazing! Thank you!”

“Don’t worry about it. Now, for the cantrip enchantment.” She grabbed the tiny lute back from Bardtholomew, and prepared the next spell. She started to speak her incantations, and the lute glowed a light blue, and then went back to normal. “There you go. Now, when you play the instrument, just think about what you want it to do. As long as it’s within the range of what it can do, it’ll do it. Go on. Give it a try.”

“Thank you tiefling lady!” Said Bardtholomew. He grabbed the lute and thought for a second on what he’d like to have happen, and then strung a chord. All of a sudden, there was a still image of Bardtholomew strumming the lute next to Bardtholomew. “Woah!”

“Aww.” Said both Isabella and the tiefling.

“You thought of yourself playing Bard? That’s super cute.” Said Isabella.

“Here. Let me try another.” He strummed another chord and the first image of him playing disappeared, and now there was a still image of a buff Bardtholomew on the counter flexing with ripped clothes on his torso.

“Aww.” Said the tiefling. “Oh come on Bard, you can do better than a live image of yourself.” She winked.

Bardtholomew blushed. “Aww shucks.”

Isabella chuckled. “Well we need to be heading out. Thank you for everything miss…”

“Shanarei.” Said the tiefling with a smile.

“Miss Shanarei.” Said Isabella. “We will definitely be coming back later. You’ve been very helpful.”

“Glad I could be of service.” Said Shanarei. “And goodbye to you cutie.” She looked at Bardtholomew. “Are you okay if I give you head scritches? You’re just so adorable.”

Isabella freaked out for a second, thinking he would interpret that as him being a pet.

Bardtholomew removed his hat and bowed and then looked back at Shanarei. “Anything for a woman with such beauty as yourself.”

The tiefling squeeled with excitement and ran from behind the counter to be next to Isabella with Bardtholomew. She brought her left hand to scratch his head. Bardtholomew started to lean into to have her hand scratch a little bit harder. He then adjusted his head to where her hand would go to his neck. “Aww. You are just so damn cute. You two are welcome back here anytime.” And she stopped scratching.

“Thank you Shanarei!” Said Isabella with a chuckle, and she left the store with Bardtholomew on her back. Once they got outside, she turned to Bardtholomew. “She was very nice.”

“Extremely!” Bardtholomew said while wrapping his instrument around his shoulder and neck.

“Ya know.” She said. “I didn’t expect you to be so accepting of someone giving you scritches. That seems more like a pet thing.”

“Pets do that?!” He said genuinely surprised. “I thought she was coming onto me!”

Isabella laughed. “No silly. She thought you were adorable and wanted to *pet* you.”

“Is that what being a pet is?!” Bardtholomew pondered for a moment. “I guess I can accept that lifestyle for pretty women.” He looked at Isabella and waggled his eyebrows and removed his hat.

“Aww. You think I’m pretty Bard?”

“You are absolutely stunning Isabella.”

“Damn you’re cute.” And Isabella moved her hand to scratch his head. “Your fur is nice and soft.” And she stopped scratching.

“Thank you!”

“Alright Bard. One last stop and then we’ll be on our way.”

“Where too?”

“The Bullpen. It’s a bar I sell my milk at. Once I unload the milk in my breasts and udder we can head out.”

Isabella started making her way to the bar. She was really excited to see a good friend of hers.

They got to the Bullpen, and Isabella started looking for her friend Chet, but couldn’t find him. Normally he would be at the front of the bar, serving customers, but he wasn’t seen anywhere. She walked up to the counter to talk to Otto, a human male who worked the bar with her friend. He seemed distracted while working the tap. It looked like he was trying to fix something. “Hey Otto.” She said, trying to get his attention. “Have you seen Chet anywhere?”

Otto didn’t look at Isabella. He just kept working on the tap. “Uh, yeah I think he’s at the back.” He said unconvincingly.

“Okaaaaaaay, mind if I step back there for a second?”

“Sure, whatever.” He sounded agitated.

Isabella started to walk towards the back. Then Bardtholomew spoke. “Who’s Chet?”

“He’s a good friend of mine. He normally milks me.” She started to drift in her tone and talk quieter. “As well as help me relieve some stress in certain ways.”

“What was that?” Said Bardtholomew.

“Nothing.” Isabella said with a smile. She got to the back room door, which was closed, and knocked. “Helloooo? Chet? Are you back there?” She said with a smile. She didn’t hear anything, so she leaned her ear to the door. She could hear two voices, one of them sounded like a girl, and she could have sworn she heard Chet say, “shutup”. Isabella felt a twinge in her heart.

The door creaked open, and Chet poked his head out. His body was blocking the rest of the crack so Isabella couldn’t see inside. He was a bull with black fur, and small horns. He looked pudgy and had a large beer gut. “Oh hey Isabella. What are you doing here? Is your milking scheduled for today?”

Isabella smiled. “Nooooo silly. It’s for tomorrow, but I’m going on a trip for a few days, and was hoping you could help relieve me, in more than one way.” She winked. “It’s uh, it’s been a bit, and I’m feeling particularly frisky.” She winked again.

“Oh. Well, now's not a good time. Have fun on your trip.” And he pulled his head back behind the door, and tried to close it.

Isabella was taken aback. Chet never denied her. He was usually the thirsty one. Something was off. She pushed her hand to the door to stop Chet from closing it. “Cheeeeeeet. Come on. Can’t you help your special lady out?” She smiled.

“No. Now leave.” He tried to close the door again.

Isabella was irritated now. “Chet. What the fuck? Why are you being like this? Normally you’re all over me.” She said angrily. Then she heard another voice from behind the door. It was feminine and quiet, but clear.

“Chet. Is she not leaving?” Said the voice.

Chet looked at the voice from behind the door. “Shutup.” He said angrily.

“Chet!” Said Isabella. Anger coursing through her voice. “Are you fucking another woman?!??” She pressed hard against the door, and caught Chet off guard, and the door swung open.

There was another anthro cow leaned over on a barrel, her dress lifted up and her ass and pussy exposed. She quickly tried to pull it down to hide her nether region.

“WHAT THE FUCK CHET?!?!” And she slapped him across the face. “You’re cheating on me with another bitch?”

“We were never dating you dumb broad. You were a side piece, plus, you were like never here. You only visited like four times a week.” Said Chet, he sounded uninterested and didn’t seem to care.

“I always came by here Chet!” Isabella exclaimed. “I came here to fucking meet you! And this is how you treat me?! FUCK YOU CHET. I am never coming back here again!” And she turned around and stormed off.

“Good riddance bitch.” Said Chet.

Bardtholomew had been quiet this whole time, just taking everything in. He couldn’t believe this douche of a bull. He had to try and defend her. “Hey small dick Chet!” Exclaimed Bardtholomew.

Chet looked at Bardtholomew sitting on Isabella’s back. “What the hell?”

“Hey thanks for confirming you have a small dick, dumbass.” He then strummed his lute and a giant image of a hand giving the middle finger appeared in front of Chet’s face, and Bardtholomew took both of his hands and gave the middle finger to Chet with them.

Isabella heard the situation and turned around to see the spectacle. She wanted to join Bardtholomew in the providing of middle fingers, but couldn’t muster the energy. She turned back around and left the bar with a tear in her eye.

Isabella left the bar in a huff. Once she got into the streets she slowed her walk. It was quiet for a minute, then Isabella spoke up. “By the way Bard, thank you for standing up for me back there. I appreciate it.”

“No worries Isabella. That guy was a total tool. A good thing to lose him I’d say. You deserve a much better guy who will treat you right. Someone liiiiike.” And then he strummed his lute. In front of Isabella appeared an image of a 1.5 meter (~5’) tall bull, who was fit, muscular, and had an enormous bulge running down the side of his leg. Below him were the words “mister perfect.”

Isabella chuckled. “Thank you Bard. But I’d rather not think about bulls right now.”

Bardtholomew strummed the lute again. This time instead of a bull, it was a 1.5 meter anthro weasel with bulging muscles and a large bulge running down his pant leg. Words appeared below again with the words “mister perfect.”

Isabella laughed. “Yeah. You think you’re the right one for me?”

Bardtholomew smiled. “If I was actually an anthro, then maybe. I know you’ve had a hard time resisting my charms. Haha.”

“I have a hard time resisting because you’re so damn adorable and shmol.” She said and picked him up. “Thanks for cheering me up Bard.” And she gave him a peck on his forehead. “Do you want to ride on my shoulder?”

“Heck yeah!” He said with excitement.

Isabella placed him on her shoulders, and they continued to walk on to the beginning of their journey. Then Bardtholomew’s stomach growled, and even Isabella heard it, with him now being on his shoulder and all, it was easy to hear. “Do we need to grab food first?”

“Yes please.”

Isabella chuckled. “That’s fine. I could go for some grub as well. Come on, I know an actually good bar in town with great food.”

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They had left the city around noon after eating lunch, which only left for a few more hours in the day before the sun set. As they traveled Bardtholomew practiced his lute, and told stories to Isabella to help pass the time. The stories came from the wizard who created him, and from Ouncey. The stories all sounded far fetched to Isabella, but they were still fun to listen to.

Soon the sun began to set, and the day turned to dusk. Isabella went off the beaten path to start creating camp for the night. She found a nice spot near a creek to stop at. She got the camp set up while Bardtholomew played soothing music.

They sat around the campfire, and both told stories about themselves and bonded together. She was really starting to enjoy this weasel’s company. He made her happy.

Isabella ate some food from her rations and shared it with Bardtholomew around the campfire, and once the fire dimmed, and the fuel ran out, it was time to turn in for the night.

Isabella was the first into the tent and got into the extra large and long bedroll, laying on her left side. The bedroll felt surprisingly pretty comfy against her body. Even better than what she had at home. So underneath the bedroll, she started to take off her shirt, and placed it next to her.

Bardtholomew followed soon after her and witnessed her placing her shirt on the ground. His mind started to race, thinking of what her voluptuous breasts looked like. She had already let him drink from her delicious udder, but he was curious as to what her boobs were like.

He stood there awkwardly on the outside of the bedroll. Isabella didn’t seem to notice him. And he was thankful for that, because his pants started to grow tighter. He went to the right side of the bedroll and kept his clothes on, and crawled into the bedroll with Isabella. It was very warm in there from her body heat.

Isabella could feel Bardtholomew moving the bedroll behind her. She felt a little bad. She knew he liked her and they had been bonding together all of today. She felt like she could treat him a little more special. “Oh come on Bard. Get over here.” She turned her torso a bit to find Bardtholomew on the other side. Her body was still hidden under the bedroll.

“You mean it!” He said excitedly.

“Yeah come on. I feel like we’re close enough that you can lay on this side of me.” And she turned back over.

Bardtholomew got out from under the bedroll and walked around to the left side with Isabella. Her head was poking out of the bedroll. Isabella now saw the bulge in Bardtholomew’s pants. She laughed. “Oh Bard. You naughty little bugger you. Come here.” She brought her right hand to Bardtholomew and grabbed him, and brought him underneath the bedroll to where her breasts were and stuffed him between them, with his head poking out. “You feel comfortable in there?”

“This is the best sleeping spot I’ve ever had.” He said with a giant grin. “Um. Are you okay if I join the party of no clothing?”

“If you want too.” She said with a smile.

Bardtholomew instantly started to take off his clothes as quickly as possible. Which was a little hard due to him being surrounded by titty fat, but he eventually made it. He snuggled his fur between her soft furry breasts. He could feel that his shaft was fully out of its sheath and he was very erect. He just wasn’t sure if she could feel it.

Even with his clothes on, Isabella could feel his cock. But now with his clothes off, it truly was very noticeable. But she didn’t care. She was happy to help make Bardtholomew happy. And if letting him sleep naked between her breasts was a way to do it, then she was happy to help.

The two of them closed their eyes and went to sleep, preparing themselves for tomorrow.