

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



“Westworld C level guest pass” A gift from your semi-rich parents for successfully drudging through college and acquiring an engineering major. They said it’s a revolutionary amusement park, you don’t see how something full of sweaty, sun-baked people can be a revolutionary experience, but feeling pretty tired of the grind you wouldn’t say no to a break.

Internet research having turned up no real information, you decide to just go for it. Booking a plane ticket online, the cost makes you wince but you push through it and confirm the purchase. Packing a couple basics in a small travel bag before getting on a bus headed for the airport. You get lucky with a fast processing time and board your flight in around 30 minutes. A couple hours spent in an uncomfortable budget airplane seat later it finally lands, landing gear screeching against the asphalt.

Supposedly there’ll be some form of transport that is provided to you from the airport, relieved that you don’t have to be in a rush to be first off the plane you sink back into your, now slightly more comfortable seat. Most of the passengers slowly flow out of the plane, delayed by people pulling their overstuffed bags out of the seats’ storage compartments.

Soon the people density reduces so you finally get to your feet, grab the small bag you packed and head for the exit, the flight attendants thank you for flying with them just like they did the 30+ people before you. Entering the loud midday bustle of the airport you begin to look for signs of the transportation arranged for you.

It doesn’t take long for you to notice something that sticks out amongst the crowd. A tall petite woman clad in a black tuxedo stands a couple meters away, facing the arrival port you just left. She doesn’t hold any sign or name of a person to indicate who she’s waiting for but she seemingly doesn’t have to, as you make eye contact she smiles and begins to walk through the crowd towards you.

“Hello, how was the flight, Miss Shell?” she asks, still smiling. Now standing next to you, the atmosphere of the airport is almost eclipsed by her presence and strong but neutral smell “A-ah it was fine, do I know you?” You reply looking up at her, startled. “No not yet, I’m to transport you and give the basic introduction, so if you would, please follow me.” She takes your small travel bag before turning to leave.

You don’t object, having assumed that the pass you got was one of the cheapest options but this private escort to a theme park certainly says otherwise. There’s no way they could keep this place operational if they spent this much on every attendee. She leads you out of the airport through a private section, completely bypassing any kind of security checks.

She stops in front of a fancy black car with tinted windows. Opening the trunk she places your, in contrast, shabby looking travel bag in its depths before swiftly shutting it with a low thunk. With a smile she opens the back passenger door “It’ll be a short thirty minute ride before we arrive.” Overwhelmed by the luxurious treatment you just nod and get into the car, the leather seats feel amazing after having spent hours in a budget airplane seat.

As the car rumbles to life you start to zone out, being largely the first time you’ve ever been treated like this you hope your parents didn’t burn their savings just so you could get a fancy ride to a theme park. They usually only went through with any kind of travel plans only if there was a sale of some sort, maybe that’s the case this time? Before you notice the car stops, bringing you back to reality. Looking through the window you see a large slick building, protruding out from a mountain. The

only identifiable aspect being a large white W placed above its entrance.

Just like before she opens the door for you with a smile. Already holding your travel bag she leads you into the building, black glass doors sliding open letting you into the odd structure. Its interior is almost entirely devoid of any kind of furniture, clear glass panes highlight various paths going further into the structure. Your guide continues on so you follow suit. Soon arriving at a white door, having gone through multiple well lit corridors.

“Please head in and get dressed, if there are any issues with the outfit tailored for you please let me know.” She says as she places a hand on the door, eliciting a satisfying click as it slides open. Inside is a nicely folded set of clothes on a low table in the center of a small-ish white room. A floor length mirror is built into the wall behind the table.

“Get dressed?” you ask, slightly worried “what kind of theme park is this?” she places your travel bag in the room before turning to address you. “An unique one, rest assured it’s only to improve your experience” Oddly reassured by her friendly but distant demeanor you step into the room as the door closes behind you. Examining the clothes they seem to be western themed, but noticeably made of high quality materials. Coming together as a full outfit: an old school black dress, pair of short heeled black boots, and lastly, finishing it all off, a pair of black lingerie panties.

Having gone this far already you don’t hesitate as you quickly strip, dumping your clothes on the warm white floor. Leaving your long black hair tied in a ponytail. Now in your birthday suit you first pick up the dress, it’s like something straight out of pioneer movies. For a second you pause, unsure how to actually put it on before just pulling it over your head.

Pushing your head through the top and arms into the sleeves, it fits well. As if tailored for your plump body, only struggling to fit your large E cup tits. Not sporting a cleavage window is the only thing somewhat helping to not highlight your massive bust. The dress’s long skirt reaches down past your knees, dangerously close to touching the floor. Feeling your nipples push against the dress as you examine yourself in the mirror, their outline clearly visible. “Maybe should have left the bra on...” you mumble, but decide against it as you pinch your nipples through the fabric, a gasp escaping your lips.

Deciding on the panties next you grumble at the annoyingly long skirt before grabbing it, exposing your thick thighs and bushy crotch before squatting down and pulling up the lingerie panties. Pubic hair not fully contained as it sticks out slightly from the sides.

Lastly after struggling with the shoes for a couple minutes you fasten them on. Now walking with a distinct combination of the clack of high heels and thud of boots you move to the door, as you reach for it before your hand even connects it clicks and slides open once again.

“Seems like there was no problem with the clothes.” she says with her iconic smile. “Y-yes though, there was no bra” you reply “Well yes, women wore corsets.” She continues, taking a more serious tone “But our guests were displeased with them so they have been removed from the catalog. The current selection is meant to be a compromise between comfort and realism.” as she smiles at you once again. “Ah, I-i see” you say knowing full well that your nipples are almost as if fully visible, outline highlighted by them pushing into the dress fabric.

“I won’t delay your enjoyment for much longer, follow me.” She closes the dressing room door and begins walking. “As you have gathered by now, our theme park is quite unique.” you follow along, the sleek, white corridor puts you on edge. “Yes, no clue how you pay for it all, I haven’t seen a single other person so far.”, feet slowly getting used to walking with the old west style boots. “We

have our ways" she says with a slight mischievous tone "But that doesn't matter now, what you need to know is this." as she begins reciting a distinctly practiced speech "The park is full of hosts, intelligent robots of sorts. Almost indistinguishable from humans and normal animals. Each playing the role they were allotted, participating or running various scenarios."

"You, as our guest, can interact with them as you see fit, participate in their scenarios or not. You are free to enjoy yourself however you want." She finishes her speech right as you arrive in front of a door, black this time. "Guests are distinguishable by their hats, barely any are in the park as of now so you are unlikely to run into anyone else but if you do, be respectful." She says as the door opens, your mind races going over what she's said, trying to ground it in any semblance of reality. Immediately you see in the middle of the room is a white table, on it, sitting equidistant from each other are two cowboy hats. Below them a belt along with a holster, holding an old school revolver. "Now choose, white or black?" she looks toward you, as if searching your face and analyzing your body language for a response.

"This is insane...intelligent robots...hosts?" you say, moving to examine the white hat. It feels weighty but not uncomfortably so. The leather like material feels nice as you run your hand over it. "I assure you it will all come to you naturally, that's what it was designed for." She picks up the belt and clips it around your hip. It immediately adds a couple kilograms as you feel the heavy steel revolver on your hip. Afterwards doing the same with the white hat and placing it on your head. "Fits perfectly, now go on. The train will depart soon." As she says this, the wall opens up at the other end of the room.

"Wait, there's a train? How big is this place?" in awe of the scope of this operation, curiosity pulls you towards the new door-shaped hole. "Ah and another new attraction I forgot to mention, the subdermal implant we gave you will, when appropriate, administer various substances to further immerse yourself in the park." completely ignoring your questions, slightly raising her voice to account for the distance.

"What?!" You yell before turning to look back into the room right as the surrounding bricks shift and the door disappears.

In a panic you check yourself for any signs of the implant, then hastily examine the wall where the door was. The opening has been entirely replaced by white bricks, looking around you are now in an underground train terminal. An old-timey train sits on the train tracks to your left. Moving closer to examine it further, bright light coming from the tunnel exit makes it hard to make out what's outside the tunnel. As you begin to explore further a loud whistle originates from the locomotive.

It slowly picks up speed, its large steel wheels begin spinning, grinding against the tracks.

Before it can get too far you surrender yourself to your fate and step into the train, the wooden floor of the passenger car creaking as you make your way over to one of the countless empty benches before sitting down. The passenger car is completely empty and you didn't see anyone in the locomotive car in front either.

Seconds later the train starts to leave the tunnel. The intensity of the light dies down, eyes adjusting as you finally are able to see the park's landscape.

It can't even be called a theme park, the train chugs along a track laid through an expansive shrubbed plain. You see a bunch of horses grazing in the distance, but not any signs of humanity. On the horizon are rock formation covered hills, probably only one of them could be considered a mountain. Temperature wise it immediately climbed a couple degrees as the train entered the sun

blanketed plain. Too hot for comfort when you're used to a mostly indoors lifestyle. The strong wind occasionally rustles the entire passenger car.

With a rattle the train continues down the track, the wooden bench getting less comfortable over time. Soon in the distance you are able to make out buildings.

Over time the buildings grow into a town along with a train platform which you are quickly approaching.

The train screeches and the circular wheels spark as it comes to a stop, stepping out of the train you see an old west town. A large sign hammered onto the train platform wall indicates the town to be called "Sweetwater". A wide dusty road down the middle splits the town in two. What look like cosplayers are milling about the town but none of them are wearing a hat so you guess them to be the hosts or intelligent robots that the tuxedo lady mentioned.

Slowly walking down the street it all is very surreal, the hustle and bustle, the people look like actual people, acting like they've got ordinary lives. You see a woman in a blue dress leave a store of some kind with a very simplistic cloth bag. A group of well dressed men in suits and top hats are sitting out in front of a wooden restaurant & hotel named "Coronado" talking to each other with a distinct old-timey dialect. Walking further another woman stands leaning against a wooden pillar in front of a bar or saloon of some sort, her very short corset dress highlights her cleavage while leaving her thighs exposed.

As you pass her by she looks at you, pushing her cleavage together with one hand while blowing a kiss in your direction with the other. Your heart skips a beat, as she looks completely indistinguishable from yourself, her pale-ish skin tanned only by minute sun exposure and slightly tired eyes completely grounding you in the park. Any doubts that this isn't an actual person quickly escaping your mind.

But with a blush you turn away, not wanting to fall into depravity just yet so you quickly move on.

Further down the street a distinct aroma of baked goods reaches your nose, quickly tracking down the most likely culprit, a bakery. The bakery & restaurant sign above the entrance to the building confirming your findings. A couple of horses are tied up next to the building to what you think was called a hitching post, in the select few western's you've seen.

The guide mentioned that animals along with humans were hosts so, intrigued you move closer to examine them further. Getting closer immediately adds a hint of musk to the aroma of baked goods. Their earthy smell only gets stronger as you get closer to one of them, it's got a brown hair coat with it changing to white above its hooves. Moving to its front, it snorts before turning its head slightly and staring at you with one of its dumb eyes, quickly losing interest and going back to eating the hay bales that are stacked nearby.

They certainly seem to fit everything you've heard about horses, running a hand over its leathery brown haired torso as you move to its side to get a better look at the saddle. It's made out of hard leather and seems sturdy but not very comfortable, two metal handles dangle down as places where you'd place your legs. Not really able to speculate further having absolutely no experience with horse riding or really horses in general.

Though it is hard to deny how realistic these are compared to the real thing, as you leaned down it was impossible to miss the large sheath and pair of large apple sized balls dangling at the base of it. You swiftly shot back up at the time, flustered at the lengths you were driven to by your curiosity.

It soon gets the better of you once again as you look around, not noticing anyone paying attention to you. Deep down unsure why you'd even care if these aren't real people, before leaning back down and marginally scooting under the horse. Embarrassed at your depravity, you are now able to actually feel the heat radiating off of the stallion or maybe it's your own spiking body temperature, heart racing. Now committed, you slowly raise your left hand to touch the stallion's sheath, he twitches slightly and snorts but does not protest.

His musk now fully assaulting your senses, you begin slowly running your hand up and down his sheath. He snorts again, just as you swear you notice his balls faintly twitch, before the stallion's horse cock begins gradually extending out of the sheath. Your attention is completely locked to it, the surrounding world fading into your subconscious.

You don't dare touch it, completely transfixed as you continue rubbing his sheath, soon the first droplets of precum begin leaking out of its tip. It doesn't take long for the horse cock to grow fully erect, the tip stopping mere inches from your face as you similarly stop massaging the stallion's sheath eliciting a snort from the stallion. Almost as if to enunciate its disappointment the 18 inch horse cock flexes and twitches, shooting a spurt of pre right onto your face.

Marking you as its mare, only to be bred and filled with foals exclusively by him.

With a gasp, you break your right hand away from fondling your hard nipples through your dress when you feel some of the pre flow down and onto your top lip. Already completely committed to the beast you lap up the seed, it tastes gross but at the same time utterly intoxicating.

"Miss?" a noise rings out but doesn't reach you in your dazed state.

Eyes closed, you take a deep breath, the horse-cock's salty musk permeates your existence. Struggling to stay on your feet, panting as you attempt to steady yourself.

"Miss, do you need assistance with your horse?" you hear the male voice again, this time it actually reaches whatever part of you is still conscious. Eyes shifting from the fully erect horse-cock you glimpse a large wooden wheel behind the swishing horse tail and pair of taut balls demanding release. Being caught in the act causing you to startle as you fall backwards and out from under the horse, landing ass first in the dusty main street.

"Ah!" the man jumps down from the large chariot and bounds to you "Are you alright miss?" He reaches a hand out to help you. Heart racing, face flushed you can see he is pretty well dressed, wearing a top hat and a basic tuxedo, white undershirt, black suit pants. You accept the hand "Y-yes, thank you" as he helps you to your feet.

Instinctively attempting to cover up your aroused state as you brush the sand off your dress with one hand and mask the hard nipples trying to break the fabric seal to the outside world with the other. "Sorry to startle you miss. I was just about to leave, heading for the next town over." The husky man readjusts his tophat as he looks back at the carriage, seemingly not paying any attention to your pre-covered face.

You notice him linger on his hand as he lowers it, sniffing it then wincing. About to collapse in a panic you begin muttering out anything to distract him from the stallion you were just under that is sporting a full erection. "U-um yes, it's a wonderful carriage!" doing your best to hide the stallion's erect bitch breeder by moving next to him and pretending to adjust the saddle "Y-you must be very proud of it."

"Yes, it was expensive but very much so worth it." He spins back around and walks up to the stallion

"gets me the best clients." He says as he runs a hand through the coarse horse hair. "I've got an empty carriage until the next town so I'd gladly offer you a seat until then." he looks at you with a smile, you turn away trying to hide your slightly glistening face. "T-thank you."

"Nothing we can do when nature takes over," the man pats the stallion. "A needy mare and a pent up stallion can only solve the problem for each other." the carriage driver glances at you with a hearty smile "Though it's the first time I've seen a lady as beautiful as yourself try and assume the role of a mare"

"No I-i was just trying to fix-x..." you sputter out an obvious lie "...the saddle, n-nothing more." unable to look at the man next to you out of shame. "Of course miss, I commend the effort either way." he turns to climb back up to the carriage driver seat. "Make yourself comfortable, it'll be a short while before we get to pariah." he says as he sits down on the cushioned seat and picks up the reins to control the two horses drawing the carriage.

Before getting in you attempt to quickly untie the stallion, feeling bad about leaving him like this so hopefully he can find some relief. Fidgeting and snorting in frustration during the entire short exchange with the coachman. After the initial struggle to climb into the carriage raised higher off the ground than any car you've been in before you finally shut the door and splay yourself out in the relatively spacious interior, on one of the two velvet benches. Letting out a deep breath of relief as the coachman yells out and the two horses begin moving the old-school vehicle.

Wiping what you can off your face with the long skirt of your dress followed by adjusting the dress itself and unclipping the heavy belt from your hip, dumping it on the bench opposite. Your slightly wet panties begin to annoy you so you pull them off as well, placing them in a somewhat organized fashion next to the belt. Mind slowly coming down from the extreme state it was in earlier, you begin to relax and doze off from the gentle rocking of the carriage. The bustle of sweetwater steadily disappears, being replaced by horse clops and wind.

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"Out of the way!" a loud yell, hardly muffled by the thin wood of the carriage, wakes you from your nap.

Then two loud bangs ring out, followed by a grunt. Panicking, you reach for the revolver in the holster and burst out of the carriage, nearly falling face first into the dirt.

"Motherfucker almost blew my hand off!" you see what could only be described as a bandit standing a couple meters in front of the carriage, clutching his left hand. He hasn't yet noticed you. You raise the heavy revolver and do your best to keep it trained on him as you shimmy forward to check on the carriage driver. Seeing him slumped forwards in the seat, his revolver is in the dirt behind the two frightened horses.

"Alright now, let's not be hasty here." the bandit says looking toward you, gaze focused on the revolver you're clutching. "C-coachman are you alive?" you call out, trying to keep a straight face as you look around for the bandits gun. "Now do you even know how to use that thing miss?"

"O-of course, don't move!" you scream, perceiving what looks to be the front half of the revolver laying in the dirt behind the bandit. "Uh huh" he grins and takes one step forward. "Stop!" you yell, cocking the revolver hammer like you've seen people do in the movies. "Alright, alright..." he doesn't take another step, you in turn take a deep breath, heart racing.

"So what's the plan?" the man stares at your gun, eyes occasionally glancing at you. "I don't think

either of us wants for this to get messier than it already has.”

Now feeling somewhat in control you are able to examine the scenario more clearly, the horses have mostly calmed down and the carriage driver still hasn't moved. You are in the middle of nowhere, shrubbed plains stretching out in all directions, not seeing any signs of civilization other than the dirt road you're standing on leading into the horizon. Warm sun blankets the plain.

Examining the bandit he looks to be in his early twenties, lanky build. Almost towering over your short 5'2 feet height, estimating him to be about 6'3. Wearing leathery pants with no holster on his hip. A patchy linen button up shirt exposes some of his hairless chest. No hat covers his unkempt, brown, neck length hair.

“S-strip!” you yell, unable to stop yourself from indulging your curiosity.

“Seriously...” the man protests “could you at least leave me with my dignity before pulling the trigger?”

“Do as you're told!” you attempt to sound intimidating as you take a couple steps forward, now only a meter away from the man. “Fine” he says swiftly stripping, assuming this is the end of his short bandit lifestyle.

You watch with growing interest, his chest is almost entirely hairless including the armpits. A flat ass and a small cock with an average ball sack dangling below it entirely fitting his thin build. He leaves his clothes in a small pile next to him. “At least make it quick...” he mutters as he closes his eyes, completely missing your lustful motives.

You take another step closer before letting your left hand off the revolver and grabbing your dress's skirt, hiking it up. Completely exposing your thick thighs and bare crotch. “P-put your hands above your head!” you continue trying to be intimidating after presenting yourself to the bandit. His jaw goes slack in surprise as he opens his eyes, completely disregarding the gun pointed at him. His gaze having shot down to stare at your hairy pussy, before steadily following your command. Similarly you leer at his cock as it twitches, slowly beginning to grow in response to the visual stimulation.

“S-stroke it!” You throatily declare after having stood there looking at each other's genitals for a minute straight, his cock now half erect, twitching upwards occasionally.

Without any fanfare he does as he's told, swiftly bringing his left hand down to his cock. Entirely focused on his own pleasure as he stares at your exposed crotch. Being used as masturbation material doesn't leave you unbothered either, feeling your chest grow warm.

You continue watching him pump away, your own arousal climbing as you catch glimpses of the glistening tip of his cock. But before you can get into it yourself the man grunts, thrusting his crotch forward as he climaxes.

His warm seed eliciting a gasp at the moment that you feel ropes of it land on your thighs and groin. Blushing deeply when you notice that most of it landed on you, barely any in the dirt between you two.

You release the hiked up dress, simultaneously lowering the revolver. Taking deep breaths to calm yourself as you see the man let go of his now softening cock. He wipes his pre-covered hand against his bare chest before looking at you with a relaxed expression.



“W-we sell the chariot and split the profit 50/50” you tell the man between deep pants, struggling to come down from your lustful state while still able to feel his warm seed on your thighs. “Fine” he turns his flat ass to you as he stretches. While he’s preoccupied you quickly snatch the dead carriage driver’s revolver and step up and into the carriage.

You listen to the muffled sounds of the bandit pulling the coachman off the carriage, physically able to feel the weight leave the front of the carriage when his body lands in the dirt with a low thud. Afterwards through the side window you see him drag the now naked carriage driver into the bushes while wearing clothes multiple sizes too big for him.

Just like the man previously, the pretend carriage driver sits down in the box seat, grabbing the reins. But clearly lacking knowledge on how to actually control the two horses. Eventually a sharp crack of the reins combined with a yell gets the horses moving as the wooden carriage rattles onwards along the dirt road.

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Unlike before you couldn’t dream of relaxing during the remaining trip time, heart beating in overdrive as you first notice the town in the distance. “Wait for me at Bella’s, I’ll sell off the carriage and give you your cut there.” the bandit yells from the box seat. You don’t negotiate, mostly just wanting to be free from the robber.

A large wooden sign to the side of the road marks the town as “Pariah”.

Compared to sweetwater this is more of a wild west city, the buildings are a lot more structurally sound, made out of brick or similar materials instead of wood. A lot denser and with a wider variety of structural shapes. Soon the rattily carriage crosses through a sizable brick gate, outside the gate were a large amount of pitched cloth tents filled by men in uniform. Old weapons of war scattered around, small cannons, hand spun gatling guns.

Looking around in the town itself, just like in sweetwater you’ve yet to see a single person with a guest hat, though there are a lot more scantily clad men and women instead of large dresses or full body suits, the rare pair of nipple pasties making you tingle. Soon the driver cracks the reins causing the carriage to come to a stop. “This is Bella’s, best in town.” he says followed by knocks on the top of the carriage. “Order something or don’t, will be back later in the day.”

You leave the spare revolver in the carriage as you step out. “Bella’s” looks to be a café of sorts, most of the circular dining tables are placed outside. Large glass windows give full view of the small indoor seating area and bar counter. You see multiple well dressed patrons eating lunch at the tables outside. Hunger beginning to set in, you decide to indulge and sit down at one of the free tables.

In under a minute a young, petite waitress comes up to you. Wearing a short pink dress, a pink hat laying on top of her short, messy brown hair. “What would you like, miss?” she looks at you expectantly but with a welcoming smile. “Um what do you have?” you reply, having no idea what a typical wild west restaurant has on the menu.

“Steaks and fish are our main recommendations, for drinks we have soft drinks, coffee and finally rum and cider in terms of spirits.” she finishes her usual recital “I’ll take a steak and a bottle of your finest soft drink.”

“Okay I’ll take a steak and a coffee.” you say smelling the peppery aroma from some of the other customers.

"Be right there with your order miss!" she says before heading back inside with a pep in her step.

Ready to relax, you lean back into the hard, not very comfortable, wooden chair. Looking up at the blue, midday sky before closing your eyes as you wait for your food to arrive.

You hear a couple horses clop by through the street, other patrons chatting about something at the nearby tables, what you guess to be a gunshot off in the distance.

After the distant gunshot the same waitress soon arrives, holding a large plate in one hand and somehow two smaller plates in the other. "Here you go, miss!" She places the large steak on the table along with a plate of roasted vegetables, lastly a saucer plate with a cup of coffee. The steak is massive and well done, well peppered and salted with a hint of thyme. The vegetables are pan roasted slices of carrot, squash, potato, onions.

"Thank you..." you say as you examine the food, stomach rumbling with hunger. Perceiving the pitch black cup of coffee "Um do you have any milk for the coffee?" you ask the waitress "Sadly we are all out today miss." she answers with an apologetic bow. Quickly placing down a metal fork and knife on a handkerchief before leaving your table with a smile. Not wasting any more time you immediately dig in. The steak is great even though it's well done, the meat is fresh and well seasoned. Same goes for the vegetables, the carrots especially have a great crunch to them. You'd call it a perfect meal if not for the beverage, being more so black tar than coffee, barely able to get any of the bitter liquid down your throat.

Stacking up the plates so they are easier to pick up for the waitress before leaning back once again, letting out a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"I see you enjoyed the meal miss!" says the pink dress wearing waitress, startling you. "A-ah yes it was wonderful, thank you." you glance at her picking up the plates before leaving your table. Though before you can close your eyes again she's returned "That'll be ten dollars miss." she says absentmindedly, meanwhile your heart rate spikes as you realize you have absolutely no money. "U-uh i-i'm waiting for someone, they'll be here soon to pay." you stutter out a response, eyes scanning the surroundings for the bandit man.

"W-ah okay miss." she says slightly taken aback by your response before heading back inside the restaurant. Afterwards you notice her talking to a large older woman that has stepped out of what you guess to be the kitchen, both of them looking in your direction. They converse for about a minute or two until the older woman points to something behind the counter as the waitress is taken aback, eyes wide with surprise. The large woman calms her down by grabbing her arms and saying something to her followed by heading back into the kitchen.

Nothing happens for the next minute, 5 minutes, 10 minutes, the waitress continues working while occasionally glancing in your direction then swiftly looking away. Head on a swivel as you look around in growing panic, the highwayman that came on your thighs and was supposed to bring you your share of the carriage sale money nowhere to be seen.

For a second you consider just running away, you could quickly make it out of line of sight of the establishment but what about the sheriff and whatever else security the town has? you'd stand absolutely no chance and who knows what they'd do to you.

Heart beating out of your chest when you see the pink dress waitress coming your way, holding a large metallic object.

Her face red as she walks up to your table "S-so it seems whoever you are waiting for isn't coming."

she says, placing the metallic object on the ground. "N-no he'll be here any minute, please just wait..." you almost whisper, embarrassed and scared. "T-the proprietress told me since we are out of milk..." she lowers her voice "That you could provide the rest of the day's supply."

"A-a, b-bu..." mind imploding at the thought, unable to respond "S-she assured me that with a body like that you'd be experienced with child rearing..." she glances around, avoiding eye contact "...and that after a hearty meal there'd be plenty of milk in breasts as big as yours..." she places the large rimmed metal bowl on the table "I-I've only ever milked a cow, b-but I'll do my best I promise..."

"...so please get on the table." she finishes stuttering, afterwards taking a deep breath, followed by placing two small cushions on the table. "I-i-haven't-ttn-ne.." completely incoherent as you look at the beet red waitress "Please miss, s-she said this would be much better than calling the sheriff here." as she touches your shoulder, attempting to reassure you.

Shivering you slowly stand up, she holds your hand in support, you can feel it shaking as you stare at the bowl on the circular wood table. Lifting your left leg onto the table, large dress still more than entirely obscuring your bare pussy and legs, mind in overdrive as you slowly start to clamber onto the table, why? Out of fear or embarrassment? Maybe due to it being your best option? Deep down you know all of this is fake, or is that why?

The waitress helps you up as well as keeping your skirt well adjusted so as to not let any of the other patrons see under it. You place your knees on the cushions before going on all fours. Shaking as you quickly glance around, all the patrons visibly looking at your table. "A-alright" mutters the waitress before softly fondling your chest eliciting a gasp from your lips. She continues fidgeting around until realizing that it can't be buttoned open.

Before you can say anything coherent in protest she already has pulled out a small knife and with a few swift slices completely cut off the front part of your dress, large, pale e cup tits hanging free, entirely exposed to everyone watching this unfold. Physically feeling everyone's stares combined with the loud gasp emanating from around you makes your arms buckle, unable to keep yourself propped up.

You moan as your hard nipples connect with the ice cold metal bowl under you, adrenaline spiking and letting you speak coherently at least for a second "P-please, my hair..." you whisper to the waitress before using all your willpower to extend your arms so as to not be in contact with the bowl anymore. "Of course" she mutters with a slightly confident tone in her voice.

She unties your hair letting it fall around your head, somewhat obscuring your face from the surrounding patrons. You feel her warm breath on your skin, followed by two warm hands grabbing onto your tits. Taking a deep breath to try and keep yourself stable. She slowly massages them while lowering her hands to your nipples.

She begins kneading your tits, each forceful touch makes you shiver but still ,no milk comes out. "Relax bessy..." she redoubles her efforts, massaging from the base all the way until pinching the rock hard tip, your arms shaking as you let low moans escape your lips "You're safe here...just let it out..."

Suddenly your chest grows hot and heavy as there's a loud swish "There you go...good girl..." she reassures you followed by another, a loud gasp comes from all around, you see white milk in the dish below as the waitress starts kneading your tits and squeezing your nipples with a consistent and fast rhythm. Each full motion resulting in a squirt of milk leaving your milky tits, pussy already drenched from the stimulation.

Her masterful fingers don't slow down as she rubs your tits, beginning to lean into each motion as best you can to maximize pleasure. Already letting out throaty moans, quickly approaching peak pleasure.

Right as you're about to come she stops and lets go of your still milk filled breasts. With a pleading look you try to get her to bring you over the edge but her eyes are entirely focused on the full milk bowl below you, "Good girl...just a second I'll go get a larger bowl." treating you like a local cow only there to be milked. She pulls the bowl out from under you before walking off, embarrassment quickly returning as your mind remembers where you are.

You see droplets of milk leak out from your hard nipples, falling upon the wood table. Embarrassment getting worse and worse you let your arms buckle, pushing your tits up against the table in an attempt to hide your exposed chest.

"Bad girl!" you don't notice the waitress return, eyes entirely covered by your hair. With a flat hand she slaps your raised ass "Don't waste the milk!" jerking your body forwards in response "Up!" she slaps it again, harder. With a deep moan you slowly pick yourself up, simultaneously she pushes the larger bowl under you. The metal rim brushing against your nipples as it slides in.

Unceremoniously she starts milking you once again.

Pleasure growing with each squeeze, it doesn't take long for you to reach your peak, the larger bowl giving you more than enough volume and time, the waitress almost intentionally lingering on your nipples to push you over the edge. You squeeze your thighs together, pussy instinctively trying to milk something that isn't there as you squirt, juices flowing down along your thighs to your knees as well as hitting your skirt.

"Good girl..." a whisper is the only acknowledgment of your orgasm from her before she continues her motions.

In a complete daze you end up filling two more large milk bowls, while doing so you climax twice more. Afterwards you're barely able to stand as the waitress helps you stumble to the back of the restaurant, apologizing profusely for what had come over her. The proprietress patches up your dress as best she can while you deteriorate from exhaustion, falling asleep laying in a large sack of potatoes located in the corner of the restaurant's kitchen.