

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



I knew from her mannerisms that my college student Bambi was somewhat of a country bumpkin but didn't expect how far I'd have to drive to get to her house and how much of a stereotypical hillbilly her father would end up being.

"I'm just a little concerned," I said to the man in overalls on the porch. "Because when I asked Bambi why she was always drinking from this jug of milk that doesn't smell like milk at all and looks more like yogurt, she said she was allergic to cow milk and could only drink bull milk? She's getting teased a lot because of it, and I wanted to see where she picked up this misunderstanding about male cows giving milk."

"Hee hee hee, oh boy, she's been drinking this stuff for years." The man slapped his knee before casually explaining. "Just a prank mah boys been playing on lil' Bambi. She milks that bull in the barn 'ery morn and night for that cum. Heck, he don't mind; she gives the old beast a tug and comes back with a big bucketful. Hee hee hee. And, oh boy, she can't get 'nough of the stuff. She's in there now giving him the business. Hee hee hee."

"You think it's funny to trick your daughter into gratifying a farm animal every day and drinking its semen?"

"Well, maybe not for fancy city folks like yo'self, I reckon. Hee hee hee."

"Is that the barn?" I said, pointing at the nearest structure.

"Well yeah, but... aww come on, now. Why you gotta ruin the boys' good time?"

I didn't care what that horrible man had to say as I speed-walked towards the barn with clenched fists. I've always done right by my students, and Bambi needed to know the truth as soon as possible.

The door was ajar. I could hear the girl from outside.

"Your milk is so thick today, Mr. Milkshake, and there's so much of it. You only have one teat, but you sure compensate for it. Don't worry. I'm not going anywhere until I get every drop out. I know how uncomfortable you get where you're all backed up."

I stuck my head inside. Bambi was standing beside a massive brown bull, her famous milk canister by her side. The world slowed down as she tied her light brown hair in a ponytail with arms spread wide under a bright barn light. Surrounded by nubile schoolgirls all day, I never let dirty thoughts enter my mind, but I always thought Bambi's attractiveness was underrated by the boys at school because of her innocence and pungent bull-milk breath. Perhaps it was those loose, jiggling breasts under her white peasant dress or the morbid curiosity to learn how a girl with such hypnotizing breasts milks a bull, but I forgot to announce myself and just kept watching instead.

Bambi started working down the line of buttons on her chest. I wanted to cough conspicuously before this got too far, but the moment her dress fell off her shoulders onto the hay-covered floor, this teacher lost his breath. How ill-fitted were the clothes she wore at school if this was the perfectly proportioned model's body she could hide underneath?

In my creepy silence, I watched Bambi crouch to her knees, her butt crack and the slit of pussy making a line my finger impulsively traced in the air. She turned to face the bull's cock, her big brown eyes glimmering as she took it in her hands. Such a repulsive thing, like a fat sausage with

the color and texture of a lizard's tongue, thicker than Bambi's arm, falling out of a fleshy grocery bag. But she handled it like a lover's hand, warming it in her palms, brushing it against her face. I had never seen her with a boyfriend, so I could only assume her impressive penis expertise came from learning the best way to extract a bull's milk.

"There, that should get your teat to swell again." She took the cock in her bosom's warm embrace, massaging her breasts overflowing between her fingers on the shaft while running her tongue all over on the slimy, grotesque cock head. The sour smell of bull genitals was heavy in the air even from my vantage point ten feet away. "We've been doing this for so long; I know all your tricks, Mr. Milkshake."

I could only think about how my human cock would feel between such plump and soft breasts. Figured I would probably cum as much as that stupid bull. I had never been jealous of an animal before. With Bambi sitting on her ankles, knees spread wide, it was easy to ignore the two bagged cantaloupes between Mr. Milkshake's legs and focus on the moist pink opening between hers.

Licks turned into kisses, kisses into slurp, and, after a few minutes, without stopping her breast massage, Bambi took the tip of the bright red snake in her mouth. Her eyes grew wide as she embraced the cock in a tight hug, bull milk running out of her nose. After swallowing what had flooded her mouth, she angled the cock down to fill her canister while continuing to handle the cock like a cow's udder. Endless spurts, each a strong jet of glue. I grossly overestimated my virility if I ever thought I could cum as much as this bull.

"You surprised me, Mr. Milkshake. You don't usually shoot your milk so quickly," Bambi said, her mouth still dripping of cum while squeezing the last few spurts out of the dick like stubborn toothpaste. It only took one ejaculation to fill the entire canister.

Milkshake turned around to nuzzle her like post-sex cuddles. He trapped her between his horns, flicking her nipples with his rough tongue as she giggled gleefully.

"Oh, Mr. Milkshake. You want your special treat, don't you? Well, your milk does taste better fresh."

Bambi had to slurp at the rim of her milk can or it would have been impossible to move out of the way without spilling. "Hmm, so warm and foamy. It's so filling; I don't need to eat anything else. Sometimes I think I'm lucky to be allergic to cow milk."

Mr. Milkshake bellowed his agreement.

"You think you're lucky too, Mr. Milkshake? That's so sweet. OK, let's get you warmed up again." Bambi was sporting a cum mustache now so I decided the moment wasn't quite right to tell her the truth.

Bambi got to her knees again and took the deflated cock in her nimble fingers. It was like a magician pretending to swallow a long, red balloon, but from the distention of her throat, this was no trick. Tears in her eyes, Bambi forced the bull cock inside her abdomen even as it rapidly inflated. Never had rough gagging and wet gurgling sound so erotic to my ears.

After deepthroating the whole length, Bambi reached to grope the beast's balls, her breasts squished between her extended arms. She wasn't satisfied with letting the cock soak in her esophagus, instead opting to bob her head. She fucked the animal with her throat as he snorted and casually swatted flies away with his tail.

Like a second erection, the bull's tail rose. I remembered then that he had the same tell before his

previous ejaculation. I had half a mind to warn Bambi of the impending flood since her face was buried against the bull's weird cock pouch. If this ejaculation was anything like the previous one, this thin girl was about to drown in a gallon of bestial discharge. But then I would not have been able to explain why I knew so much about Mr. Milkshake without sounding like a peeping tom... so I respectfully recused myself.

Bambi started squirming but did not attempt to pull away. I would have thought her stuck if her hands didn't continue to massage the bull's balls sensually. Her neck was rippling like she was swallowing a throat-full every passing second for what felt like an eternity. I watched her tummy swell. I watched her hands wring the balls dry. I watched her bury her bright-red face into the cock sack to get as much bull meat as possible down her cum-drenched throat. I listened to the desperate swallows and the sounds of rushing warm liquid.

"Will that do for today, Mr. Milkshake?" Bambi wiped the cum her tongue couldn't reach off her chin with the back of her hand before slurping it clean.

The bull's cock was dripping wet but still twitching.

"Mr. Milkshake, you're more productive every day! I don't think I have room in my tummy for more of your milk. I'll be back tomorrow morning, don't worry."

The bull snorted and bellowed. He was having none of it.

Bambi sighed, but her cheeky smile let the beast know she wasn't mad. "OK, one more time, Mr. Milkshake. Then we're both going to bed."

Going to bed... I didn't notice how late it was. But with Bambi taking the fat cock down her throat again, I decided to resume my wait-and-observe strategy so I could paint a whole picture before telling her the truth about her bull's milk.

"Mr. Hart, what are you doing here?" There was no outrage in Bambi's innocent voice as she caught me outside the barn. She was genuinely happy to see me, oblivious or uncaring of the sticky milk on her chin or how her white dress was now sticky shrink-wrap on the bare breasts and cum-belly underneath. I would never be able to look at her the same way, having drunk her curves for hours with my eyes.

"Oh, erm, I was just in the neighborhood and thought I'd say hi. But your dad told me you were busy in the barn, so I was going back to my car." I thought it was a decent pretext as long as she didn't see the human cum stain I plastered on the side of the barn while masturbating to her bestiality throating.

"Oh, that's so nice of you, Mr. Hart. I was just milking the family bull like I told you today. It takes a long time but, you know, living on a farm is hard work."

"You milk the bull all by yourself? That must be something to see," I said. A child would have been able I was hiding something.

"Oh, would you like to see it? If you come by early tomorrow, I can show you how it's done."

"I..." This was my last chance to tell her. But who am I to cause family tension by exposing a harmless prank? Who am I to ruin a wholesome relationship between a young girl and her pet male cow? These folks are the salt of the Earth and I come to their home with my disrupting big-city values. Shame on me.

"I'd love to watch you milk that bull from up close," I finally said, cringing at the words.

"Hee hee hee." Bambi's father was still on his porch making fun of my weak will and crumbling morals.

"Keep laughing, you old fart," I told him... once in the privacy of my car. "In a few weeks, your naive daughter will be calling me Mr. Milkshake."