

Vendric prided himself on a few scholarly habits he'd developed during his studies, and there was no trait he honed as diligently as his objectivity. Certainly a man was expected to have opinions. Moreover, academic theories found their origins in conjecture as well as fact. Still, when the time came to record, it was important to strictly record the truth. There was no room for hypotheticals during an encyclopedia's first draft, and Vendric was careful to pursue accuracy over embellishment.

That's why he hadn't so much as *touched* on an entry for the Fae yet.

True, he had Valentina as an eager subject for his research. True, she answered even the most mundane question with what felt like *hours* of exposition. Vendric, however, hadn't put pen to paper even once in her presence. Call it misguided, but Vendric hoped with all his heart that Valentina was the exception, not the rule.

She was loud. She was *nosy*. She was gregarious to a fault and *far* too eager to thrust herself -- and him, by association -- into potentially dangerous situations. Add to that a tendency to take all but the most blatant innuendo at face value, and Vendric found himself relentlessly pursued by the world's friendliest headache.

"As one would perhaps expect, Master Vendric, my blade found little purchase 'pon the foul drake's scales, and I thought myself defenseless in its presence!" Valentina swooned back in her saddle, hands clasped together in a feigned lament. "'Oh, that I'd heeded Mother's warning and tarried elsewhere! This beast's sure to gobble me up and use my bones as garters!' Or whatever a monster such as she would gird herself with, that is." She straightened up and presented one hand with a flourish. "But lo! 'Twas not ire in the drake's blazing eyes...but *gratitude!*"

At the very least, Vendric had learned a valuable lesson in blotting out unwanted monologues. He'd likely have similar instruction in how to feign interest, but Valentina didn't seem to care if he replied or not. And if she didn't care? He wasn't going to bother.

"You see, Master Vendric," Valentina continued, trotting up beside his horse on her own. "The drake had lain itself -- or *herself*, as I'd come to find -- down within my bonny grove such that she could find some much-needed rest! As fair Fortune would have it, mine spirited blows were the perfect means to stir her from slumber! And that, Master Vendric..." Valentina puffed her chest out proudly. "...is how I chased away a drake from our fair forest and earned my place in the Seelie Hunt. True, I may have trimmed some of the more extraneous details from my retellings, but I'm certain even *you* would agree that it's a feat to be admired!"

Then the smile in her voice faded, and the one on her face went crooked. "Mother disagreed, but that's neither there nor here." She gave Vendric a hearty pat on the back, one that nearly sent him toppling from his horse. "In any event, Master Vendric, I daresay I've drawn a curtain on the *prologue* to my time spent adventuring, which means I can proceed with the real *meat* of the matter!"

Gods, no. Vendric felt queasy just at the notion. She'd been rambling for hours, and that was just the introduction? He had to think of something to turn her attention away from her own meandering stories and find himself some much-needed *quiet!* "Valentina!" He blurted out, hoping his interjection wouldn't be suspiciously sudden.

"Yes, Master Vendric!" She seemed to almost freeze up, her posture straightening and her gaze immediately fixing upon him.

Well, at least she was attentive. Attentive to the point of obliviousness, if such a thing were possible. "Not to interrupt your story, but, ah..." He sniffed and desperately tried to think of something, *anything* to distract her. Then his stomach gurgled, and he pounced upon the sound. "I'm feeling a mite *peckish*. I think it's about time that we find a place to sit down and eat."

If ever there were a flimsier excuse, Vendric couldn't think of it. Still, Valentina nearly lit up with excitement at the notion. "Ah, to have a mind such as yours, Master Vendric! Amidst lembas and wine, this humble Fae will provide yet further material for your studies! Ah, that is, the more *platonic* side of your examinations."

No, no, no! That was even worse! A picnic of lembas and watered-down wine with her chronicles yet unimpeded! He'd be miserable, assailed at every sense by mind-numbing monotony! Vendric gulped and feebly brought a hand to his belly. "Tempting though that may be, I...I fear my constitution's not as hardy as yours." He paused. "To paraphrase, 'man cannot live on lembas alone.' If I'm to..."

He felt his cheeks go hot. "If I'm to match my partners in. B-Bed. I'll need a diet more *balanced* than this!"

Valentina clicked her tongue and shook her head. "Right you are, Master Vendric. I beg your forgiveness; in my folly, this humble Fae forgot the stringent requirements of your undertaking! To think I would deny your would-be lovers the chance to sample a man's rigorous passions to the fullest! Master Vendric, I should hope to one day be your equal in wit, insight, and now *pragmatism*, as well. Now, let's *see*." She ducked to the side and plucked a map from one of her saddlebags, unfurling it and narrowing her eyes.

"Hrm." Valentina clicked her tongue and gave the reins a sharp tug, stilling her horse as she regarded the map. "I'll freely admit, Master Vendric." She turned to face her charge and shrugged one shoulder. "We find ourselves *far* from any reasonably civilized settlement. Ah!" Her eyes sparkled, and her smile returned. "But if there's naught to be gained in *traditional* applications, a new perspective's required! *Excellent* thinking, Master Vendric."

Valentina turned her renewed attentions to the map once more and began tracing unseen lines with her fingertip. "If *lembas* is providing culinary *pain*, shall we say, then Nature's bounty is more than enough to fill our bellies with Her wholesome offerings! Why, if I recount the smattering of botany I glanced once over, these generous hills must *overflow* with skunk cabbage and briarberries!" She tucked the map into her saddlebag once more and thumped her heels against her horse's flanks. "And there's our answer, laid bare before our very eyes! Master Vendric, if it's variety you require, it's variety you'll receive!"

Against all odds, Vendric had managed to make things worse for himself without saying a word. Valentina defied expectations in the worst possible way: a woman who seemed to never quiet herself and seemed to be capable of filling in the blanks he made in the conversation, intentional or no. Her one virtue -- or perhaps it was more accurate to call it a "weakness" -- was that Valentina seemed slavishly devoted to his whims.

Not something Vendric wanted to take *advantage* of, per se. But if it was the difference between eating wild plants and...not? He was willing to press the issue. "Valentina!" He called out, hastening his own pony to catch up to hers. "Are you *quite* sure that there's nothing *else* we could do? Certainly I'm not averse to...the menu you've laid out, but..." He trailed off meaningfully.

Valentina gave pause once more. She glanced to the forest's canopy and hummed. "That there was, Master Vendric. I considered briefly the notion of splashing about in a nearby stream for some fish, but alas, alack." She sighed heavily. "No poles to speak of, nor bait to adorn our imaginary hooks. True, we could ask whoever lives in the farmhouse up ahead if they have any to lend, but-

By that point, Vendric had trotted up beside her, his irritation beginning to bubble over. "Farmhouse? There's a farm coming up? What compelled you to leave *that* out of your plans?!"

"Master Vendric!" His traveling companion spread her arms wide, a pontifex enthusiastically preaching the apparent rightness of her Seelie half-logic. "Your journey, your intrepid journey, is one of new sights, new sounds, new *sizzling flavors* and-

Vendric may have had all the time in the world to listen to her, but he certainly didn't have the *patience*. "Valentina, I don't give a *damn* about skunk cabbage or *briarberries!* With all due respect, direct us to the farm so that I can have a meal in *peace!*"

It was hardly a screaming fit, but that was the closest Vendric had come to shouting at her during their time together. For a moment, he worried he'd gone too far. Valentina was quiet for a moment, staring straight ahead. She gave two taps to her horse's flanks with her heels and proceeded forward.

Gods, and now he felt *guilty*, too. "Valentina-

She raised one finger into the air. "Not a word, Master Vendric."

He shrank in his saddle.

"Had I known your appetites gnawed so fiercely as to compel lapses in decorum such as that, I would've pursued something *far* heartier *far* quicker. For the sake of any prospective beaus we're to meet, we *must* get something in that belly of yours."

And instantly, the guilt faded away, replaced by exasperation. It may not have been his intention, but Vendric wondered if Father's choice in escorts wasn't on-the-mark. If anyone could send Vendric back home of his own accord, it'd be her...if only to get some peace of mind.

The trip to the farm continued in merciful silence -- a silence admittedly interrupted once or twice by Valentina's inquiries as to how Vendric was holding up. For better or worse, then, Vendric had the time to think. To think about how his studies were to proceed now that he had a companion on his journey. About what he was even going to *study*, really. The cultures of beast-men were sure to number in the dozens, if not hundreds. After all, he'd heard of how many different types thus far? It wasn't as if they'd all just group up in villages. Humans had a hard enough time getting along with each other; somehow Vendric doubted that beast-men were any more accepting of different types.

But such idle musings didn't matter much when he had a task immediately before him. Or questions along with it. "Valentina," Vendric said, eyes narrowed in thought. "Could I actually *see* that map?"

It was in his hands not a moment later, the map's appearance heralded by the sound of rushing air and a squeak from Vendric once he realized he was holding it. Blasted Fae! Grumbling, Vendric unfolded the map and sighed as he tried to find their place. There was

the tavern where they'd met. Then the road they'd been following since. Ostensibly, at least. The major settlements, the landmarks, the minutiae...

Where was the *farm* they were going to, though? His eyes narrowed further, and he leaned closer. "Valentina?" He murmured into the paper. "Correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't actually think there *is* a farm coming up. Or if it is, it's remarkably well-hidden."

"You have my consummate assurance, Master Vendric, that there's a farm to be seen up ahead!" She called from in front. "Worry nary a hair on your scholar's head! We'll sup upon fresh fruits and vegetables not a moment past our arrival! Or. Hm." She went silent for a moment. "Not a moment past the negotiation for our meal, more aptly! That we'd have Fortune's smile and find our victuals to be freely given."

"Yes, fine, but *where* is it? I'm tracing the path we're on, and we're nowhere *near* any of the townships in the area. I don't see-" Vendric squinted further, trailing off. There seemed to be a little speck of dirt on the map. Or...no, could it have been an ink blot? Further examination revealed that it was *neither* of these things. It was a farm, and it was in the metaphorical middle of *nowhere*.

"*Valentina!*" Vendric snapped, looking from the map itself to his contented guide. "What kind of nonsense is this?! I thought we were going somewhere-" He looked down to the map, then back up. "Somewhere...Somewhere!"

"Ah, but Master Vendric! We *are* going Somewhere! Rather, we're going Somewhere!" Valentina turned back to fix him with a smile and a wink. "For it's not so much 'where' if we know 'where' 'there' is, is it? Ah, and now it's Somewhere! Master Vendric, we've arrived!"

Just as she said, a farmhouse sat off to the side in a sizable clearing. Given the setting, however, it wouldn't be difficult to miss it, especially considering how far it was from civilization. "Valentina!" Vendric cantered up beside her, then up in front of her as she merrily made to enter the farmstead itself. "You can't tell me that we're *honestly* going to try and get a meal from a place like *this!*"

Valentina was silent for a moment, then she leaned in with a sympathetic nod. "Master Vendric, to speak with candor, I, too, found myself dumbstruck when I discovered my beloved meals were borne of the *ground*. But there's naught to fear!" She deftly dismounted and took her horse's reins in her hand, leading it around Vendric's steed. "Though it's perhaps a detour from your own studies, it's a lesson well-learned to see it relayed firsthand! And if your temerity proves yet harder to slay?"

Valentina looked over her shoulder and winked with a toothy grin, her pointed nose practically jutting in his direction. "*I'll* play the scapegoat and take the first bite!"

"I know what a *farm* is, and I know that plants grow out of the *ground!*" Vendric clumsily dismounted, hurriedly tugging at his own horse's reins as he pursued his oblivious "guide."

"Ah?" She hitched her horse to a post, having stepped up before the farmhouse proper. "If that's the case, elucidation's required. What, if not the source, could cause you such distress? Perhaps this humble Fae could fill the holes in your experience!"

"It's not the *source*, it's the *setting!*" Vendric protested. He hitched his pony beside Valentina's, more occupied with his mounting frustrations than anything else. "What kind of a *farm* is in the middle of a *forest*? There isn't a *single* town within a day's ride from here according to the map, much less a day's *walk!* Who in the *world* would set up a farm *here?*"

"Someone who likes their *privacy*, maybe."

Vendric flinched. And turned to look behind him.

Standing on the farmhouse's front porch was a rather amused young lady. She looked Vendric and Valentina over with a crooked grin...and a twitch of her ears. And a sway of her tail. She smiled wider, her canines glinting in the light, and quirked her eyebrows. Her facial features were more or less human, but the glint of her eyes and the pointed tips of her dog-like ears made it clear she wasn't *entirely* human.

The rest of her body only offered yet more evidence. Her lithe frame was covered in more fur than it was bare skin, and though she had hands -- not paws -- claws capped her fingertips, and her legs more closely resembled that of a hound's hind legs than a human's. Then, of course, there was the tail: bushy and wagging energetically.

"Y'know. Like *beastkin*? Just to pluck an example from thin air."

Vendric gulped, glancing back to Valentina...and groaning when he saw the excitement sparkling in her eyes.

In a flash, his Seelie escort was hopping up the front steps to join their would-be hostess on the porch. "And yet still Fortune's smile alights our journey, Master Vendric! Young miss!" She bowed deeply -- if not ostentatiously -- and turned her radiant smile to the beastkin instead. "Presenting, for your careful consideration, *Master Vendric Wilstead of Verid Nix, Grand City of Man!*"

She spread her hands wide and pointed to a now-mortified Vendric. Despite his best efforts, his hands weren't nearly enough to cover his face *entirely*, but they did an admirable job of hiding the vivid flush on his cheeks. Gods, Vendric hoped with every bone in his body that she wouldn't go where he feared she might...

Valentina straightened up and tapped the side of her nose with a coy grin. "It hardly bears such *crass* repetition -- being of course that it is so *plainly* apparent at so much as even  *cursory* perusal of his strapping frame -- but Master Vendric is...shall it be said..." She stepped up beside the beastkin and wrapped an arm around her. "...*insatiable*. And though his appetites are *far* from merely culinary, we f--"

"Dee!" A voice called out from inside, cutting Valentina off. "*Who's that out front?*"

The beastkin cupped a hand to her mouth and shouted. "*Ah, just some ponce and his Fae!*"

Valentina nodded eagerly, looking to Vendric to share her glee!

He glowered at her, already more than exhausted by her enthusiastic representation.

"*Tell 'em to piss off! Bossman doesn't want any Fae around when she's away!*"

Dee turned to face the house, glaring at no-one. "*Y'think I don't know that?! Cor's sake! Anyway, y'gotta scam.*" She shrugged Valentina's arm off and stretched. "Boss doesn't like Fae around when she's out."

"Ah, my heritage is of such *scant* import as to be as mundane as any other's! No, my dear, it is not *I* whose gaze you need seek; it is *his*." Valentina gestured once more to Vendric, who had since attempted to hide himself behind his horse. Valentina, undeterred by such aversion to the limelight, continued. "What if I told you that my Master was possessed of a *great* and *noble* quest? One that required more than merely a meal in your wonderful home-

"

"Hold on, y'want *food*-"

"But a night spent in your *arms*, as well?" Valentina finished gravely, her hands on Dee's shoulders, her brow sternly furrowed.

Dee blinked up at her. She raised a single finger and pointed at Valentina, then at Vendric. "Wait." She shook her head, shut her eyes, and raised a hand. "Wait, wait, wait. You're saying-"

"*That I am, oh, gracious hostess.*" Valentina nodded with a gravity the likes of which Vendric had only seen in the throne rooms of kings. "Master Vendric has set upon a quest. One of such peerless nobility that I doubt whether I am worthy to attend to him as he pursues it! Master Vendric-"

"*Valentina, please!*"

"-is going to *fuck* every kind of woman there is!" She punctuated the declaration with a shake of Dee's shoulders.

Dee, as perhaps expected, was stunned silent.

As was another beastkin -- this one more sheeplike than canine -- that poked her head out of one of the front windows. Dee turned to look at her, and she, at Dee.

They both smiled wide.

"Why didn'tcha say so sooner?!" Dee chirped, tail wagging faster than ever. The front door flew open, and the beastkin inside rushed out to take Valentina by the hands. Dee hopped over the porch's railing and strode up to Vendric's side, grinning wolfishly. "Bet you have a ton of stories to tell, huh? And we're bored as *sin* with the boss away! *Zee!*" She looked over her shoulder at the sheep beastkin. "You get Miss Fae all situated in the sitting room. I'll the *stud* here to the, ah. *Den.*"

Zee blinked at her companion...and winked slyly in response. "Of course, Delilah! You and the boss *never* give me a chance to *entertain!* What did you say your name was, hun? Oh, I'm so sorry!" She clasped her hands tight around Valentina's, nearly pulling her inside after her. "I can already tell I'm going to *talk your ear off!* See, we don't get *guests* out here all that often, and-"

Her voice trailed off as the pair of sheep and Fae entered the farmhouse, and soon Vendric had absolutely no recourse but to actually address his canine hostess. He bashfully met her knowing gaze and managed a smile. Gods, but now he had another misunderstanding to clear up. He was quite content to let Valentina's view of his studies lay where they may, but a young lady like the one before him...well, he didn't want her getting the wrong idea!

"So now comes time for me to dispel any...misconceptions," Vendric said, finally finding his voice. "My companion's a bit..."

"Fae?"

Vendric's shoulders sagged with something that was half-sigh and half-chuckle. "Aptly put. Yes, she's...perhaps a bit ill-informed?" Vendric shrugged apologetically. "I don't *dare* assume that your enthusiasm just now was, ah. Due to an actual *belief* in her claim, so I wholly understand if-"

Delilah just laughed. She gave Vendric a slap on the shoulder as she walked him up to the farmhouse. "Oh, please! You heard how she was talking, yeah? She's a few apples short of

an orchard, sounds like. Really, the boss is just strict about *nasty* sorts a Fae, y'know? She seems harmless. A bit out-of-it, but..."

"But harmless, yes!" Vendric agreed, visibly relaxing. Oh, thank *gods* there was finally someone that he could speak to *normally*! "Honestly, the only reason we even stopped in here was because I was -- aha -- I was so *desperate* to get some peace and quiet." He rolled his eyes as the pair passed the threshold. "She's capable of holding a conversation all on her own, if not a *salon*."

Delilah laughed airily at that, just a hint of a rasp to her amusement. "Ah, then she's a perfect fit with Zoe! You and me are gonna have one hell of a time weathering the storm once they get going, I can tell already. Alright, here." She raised one hand and pointed down the hallway. "We can have a tour later; you're probably just looking for a place to kick up your feet, right?"

Vendric clasped his hands together and smiled ruefully. "Oh, please, I don't mean to impose. Really, five or so minutes, and we'll be out the door, I swear. I feel guilty enough that you had to play audience to her performance just now."

Delilah, though, shook her head and grinned. "Listen, you have any idea how boring it gets out here? Zoe and I were just about to sit down for a meal anyway, and I always make too much as it is." She winked and shrugged one arm. "Used to cooking for more, I guess. The less leftovers, the better. *Anyway!*" She planted one hand on his shoulder, her claws making Vendric jolt just a hair. "Second door from the right. Got it?"

He nodded. "Second door from the right! Please, let me know if there's anything I can do to help--"

"No, no, no, you're doing *plenty* as it is!" Delilah had her hands on his back, steadily guiding him forward. "You just enjoy yourself! Dinner will be ready before you know it!"

"Ah--" Vendric blinked, practically mashed up against the door. "Supper? Already? It didn't seem *too* late when--"

"I'm all thumbs in the kitchen! Takes me *forever!* Here, let me get that for you!" Delilah reached around him and twisted the knob hurriedly. With a rush of hot, humid air, the door opened to reveal a dark room, too dark to really see into.

...And with a shove from behind, Vendric went stumbling inside.

The door shut behind him.

And then there was the click of a lock.

Vendric blinked. "...Eh?" He looked over his shoulder. "Wh-What?"

"Don't worry!" Delilah shouted from the other side of the door. "She's *harmless!* Just don't expect her to go for much romance!"

She? Vendric looked forward once more, narrowing his eyes as if it would help him see any better. He couldn't really see at all, but gods, there was no avoiding the *scent* in the air. He wasn't entirely sure how he'd expected a farm to smell, but the scent of hay and earth and...animals lingered in the air. Mainly animals. Only...this was inside. The house didn't connect to the barn, did it? Vendric sniffed and wrinkled his nose. What was *in* here, anyway?

"Dee?" Perhaps *who* would be a better question. Soft and breathy, a voice called out...followed by low, needy panting. "Zee, is that. You?" Something squeaked in the darkness in front of him, and Vendric suddenly felt as if he was much safer with his back pressed up against the door. And his hand groping furiously for the handle. Locked or no, he had to at least *try* to escape!

What he certainly wasn't going to do, however, was *respond*. There was the sound of something large and heavy rising, along with a wet squelching every now and then. What he'd been thrown to, Vendric had no idea, but he knew for *certain* that he wanted to get *out!*

Whoever was in the room with him was fumbling for something. A knife? A club? Oh, gods, he was going to be eaten alive! He would've called out for Valentina if only it didn't mean alerting the beast he was trapped with. Vendric silently cursed his air-headed "guard," clumsily jiggling the handle.

Then there was the click of a flint, and a lantern illuminated the room. And -- Vendric gulped -- his...companion.

If his blood had run cold before, now his heart was thumping in his chest so fast that he could hear it in his ears. His cheeks glowed with heat, and Vendric found it more effort than it was worth to get the door open.

She was a beastkin, too, and as Vendric stared up at the woman, he had no problem telling *exactly* what her animal counterpart was. The horns jutting out from her head were one sign. Her height -- nearly two heads taller than Vendric -- was another. That being said, the biggest clue -- or perhaps *clues* -- were her massive, milk-drooling *tits*.

She was a cow. And she was in heat.

"Huh?" She panted, lowering the lantern to get a better look at Vendric. "Who're you? Mmh." She licked her lips. Eyes half-lidded, the cowgirl stared dazedly at Vendric. She took a step closer, her bust bouncing with the movement. He hated himself for it, but Vendric's eyes *instantly* focused on her wobbling rack. When she took a second step forward, his jaw dropped in awestruck appreciation.

Normally he wasn't one to stare. Not so openly, at least.

Normally women didn't have tits the size of his head pushed right up in front of his face, nipples dripping with milk, begging to be suckled, practically glowing with soft, inviting warmth. Vendric could feel his thoughts going fuzzy as her chest heaved, and soon his breathing matched hers. With a metronome as mesmerizing as her cream-laden breasts to follow, it would be difficult for *anyone* to stray too far from her rhythm.

"Difficult" wasn't the right word. "Hard" *was*. Because it wasn't just her tits that had Vendric's pants tightening, it was her *scent*. Something had seemed off about it as soon as he caught a whiff, but it wasn't a *barn* that he had smelled, it was...*her*. One hand pressed between her pillowy thighs, the cowgirl had clearly been fucking herself for what must have been hours before he was unceremoniously shoved in with her. The room *stank* of sex and female arousal, musk and pheromones and-

And Vendric had been sucking in lungfuls of it for...for...for long enough to have it start to affect him!



The cowgirl had one hand keeping the lantern's glow on Vendric. The other was still between her thighs. Idly pushing in and out of her dripping cunt. Dreamily, she smiled. Her glistening lips parted -- both sets -- and she spoke. "A *man*."

It wasn't so much giddy excitement as much as it was relief. Or the anticipation of relief. Vendric gulped and tried to look up at her face. She gave her tits a bounce, and he failed.

"You're a *man*." She murmured, stepping closer. Vendric nodded helplessly. "You're the man who's going to finally help me *focus*. Oh, my big, strong *bull*." She stepped closer still, setting the lantern down on a side table with a clatter and using her now-free hand to pinch one of her nipples. The stray droplets of milk gushed into a steady stream, and with a moan of unadulterated pleasure, she pushed her drooling nipple into Vendric's mouth.

He squeaked with embarrassment -- or perhaps delight -- and swallowed on instinct. Whether or not it was a mistake was hard to say, because the instant he gulped down his first mouthful of her milk, Vendric's core glowed with heat. The best kind: a low, lazy pleasure, the kind of wholesome, nurturing goodness that he hadn't had in *years*. He swallowed another mouthful. And another. He didn't even mind that she'd mashed her tits up against his face, pinning his head to the door.

The cowgirl groaned with lust, though she was smiling wider than ever. "I'm in heat. And that means I need you. To *fuck* me." She all but snarled the last word, desperately horny. She reached down with both hands to undo Vendric's belt as he gulped down more and more of her sweet, delicious cream, and soon his stiff, twitching cock was bobbing in the air.

A moment later, and her hands were clumsily stroking at it. Gods, she was still slick from her own juices. "Let's make a *baby*." She whispered, and it sounded like the best idea in the world to Vendric. "Let's just fuck and fuck and *fuck* until you *fuck* a baby into me and make me a *mommy*. Don't you wanna make your big, busty *moo-cow* a *mommy*, Mister Bull?"

The idea sounded heavenly to him, and it only sounded better once her sex-slippery hands guided his cockhead to her cunt-lips. He was virtually nothing to her. At least, he didn't seem to weigh much to her, considering the ease with which she lifted him up. His lips wrapped around her teat and his cock plunging into her sex, Vendric was all but drunk off her presence. Every breath he took filled his lungs with more of the scent of sweat and her juices and *her*, there was no way to put it but *her*. He could stay here with her *forever* if that's what she wanted, and as she carried him away from the door, he wondered if she was going to make him do just that.

He came, suddenly and seemingly out of nowhere. Normally Vendric would have been embarrassed at his sudden lack of stamina, but given that his lover clenched down around his prick as soon as he did, he found it hard to care. *Very* hard to care.

Then he was suddenly pulled away from her body, and *that* wouldn't do at *all*. She tossed Vendric down onto a bed, and he was about to open his mouth to protest when she climbed on top of him and straddled his hips.

She adjusted her position, each wiggle sending her breasts quaking and bouncing right in front of Vendric's eyes. With her cunt grinding up against the underside of his shaft, Vendric was virtually about to cum again. The only thing stopping him was-

Wait, why would he want to stop?

"My big. Strong. *Bullllll*." The cowgirl husked, rocking on top of him, breasts wobbling from side to side. Every now and then the milk dripping from her nipples would splatter on his skin, and Vendric would answer in kind with a pearl of precum from his cock. "Ah!" She seemed to notice even *that* amount of his seed being spent and greedily brought her cuntlips around his cock in response. "No, no, *no*. That's *mine*." She lined up her sex and his manhood...and let her hips *drop* down, taking Vendric's cock to the root in one mind-blowing slam.

Vendric's hips bucked upwards in response, and his mind went white once more. Barely any time at all, and already he'd pumped two loads of seed into her sex.

And in the wake of the afterglow, his thoughts were...blurry. So hard to think when he could just *fuck* instead. His hands flopped up onto her hips, holding on weakly, but he didn't need to lift a *finger* with her on top. No, she rolled her body forward, her pussy clenching down around his shaft, pressure rolling up in waves from the root to the very tip of his prick. She was milking him dry, and his body eagerly provided the seed she seemed to *crave*.

"Yeah, you *like* fucking me, *don't* you?" She giggled, panting and bouncing on his cock. Her tits jiggled right in front of Vendric's face, and he nodded mimicking their hypnotic movements. If it meant more of this, he'd agree to whatever she said. "You *love* fucking me. You wanna fuck all *day*. All *night*. You're my big, virile *bull*."

He pumped another wad of cum into her sex in eager agreement.

"You wanna make *babies* with me, and you wanna *fuck* me, and-" She pushed her tits forward, shoved one of her nipples right in his mouth. Vendric latched on without a single thought and started gulping down mouthfuls of her milk as he emptied his balls in her cunt. "You're my *bull*! You wanna make! *Babies*! You wanna drink! *M-Milk*! You wanna...muh... *Moo~!*"

Vendric's eyes crossed and rolled back as he bucked his hips up again, splurting up into her sex, her *womb*.

"*Make me a mommy! Bull husband! Fuck me!*" She moaned, jaw dropping, tongue lolling out, back arching. The bed rocked beneath them, and the only thing that Vendric could smell in the air besides rut and estrus was the cream splattering on the sheets and the floor, gushing from her teats as she fucked herself on his rod. He was a bull, he was *such* a good *bull*, and he wanted to *fuck* his cow *stupid* and he wanted to *cum* so he *came* and he *fucked* his dairy cow *pregnant* and...and...

And his eyelids flagged as he pumped another shot up into the cowgirl's velvet-soft sex, wrung dry by the clench-release-clench of her body. She moaned her eager approval. He swallowed another mouthful of milk.

His eyes sank shut.

And the world went dark.