

Gloria the Goat (And Friends!)  
Part 12: Family Dinner

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# Disclaimer

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This story contains material suitable for adults and should not be read by anyone who is under 18 or for whom it is illegal to view adult and/or sexual material.

# Now, On To The Story

“Sorry, but one last time, I promise! You’re *sure* you want to come along?” Gloria pulled a second sweatshirt over her head, being careful as always to avoid it catching on her stubby horns.

“Honey, with how worried you are about this, what kind of a monster would I be if I let you go alone?”

“She’s not gonna like you either, you know.”

“I know. You’ve given me a pretty good idea what to expect, I think.”

“Hey, can you see my nipples through these, or should I add another shirt?”

“Uh, I’d really prefer you didn’t die of heat stroke while we’re there.” The bull wrapped his arms around the bundled-up goat. “Besides, it’s just what your body looks like.”

“I know, but it’s just...” Gloria checked the time, “I guess we should be going.”

The couple left Gloria’s apartment and walked down to Robert’s car parked outside. Today was the day of Gloria’s family dinner. Her sisters were nice, though both tended to be on the quiet side, and each was bringing a significant-other.

Gloria pulled up the address on her phone’s GPS, setting it in the holder for Robert.

As he pulled away, Gloria looked out the window. She told herself that it was just like ripping off a bandage. It was going to hurt, but then it would be over.

“Hey, we’re gonna get through this together. Okay honey?”

“Y-yeah...”

It was about a two hour drive to her mom’s house, and Gloria didn’t see her sisters’ cars as they pulled in. They must have been the first to arrive.

With a few final words of encouragement from Robert, the two got out of the car and walked up to the front door. Gloria rang the doorbell, and a moment later the door opened revealing her mother. Like the rest of her family, Gloria’s mom was a wolf, with a splotched pattern of white and dark gray.

“Ah, the herbivores are here. Come on in.”

“Hello, Mrs. Stevenson is it?”

“It is. Your sisters are both running late, and your father just left to pick up some things from the grocery store, so we’ve got about an hour.” Gloria and Robert sat down on the living room sofa, with her mother sitting down on a

chair in front of it. The house wasn't a big one, but to Robert it looked inviting and cozy.

Gloria could feel her mother's eyes on her. Sure enough, the next words she heard were, "Getting a little fat, aren't you? Maybe you should try getting some exercise between classes."

"Hey now," Robert chimed in, "That's a bit uncalled for, isn't it?"

"What? I mean, it's true isn't it? I'm sure you've got thinner girls."

"What do you mean?" the bull asked, confused.

"I mean that you two originated from herd animals, where there's generally one male and a bunch of females. You can't tell me you're not sleeping around."

Robert cleared his throat, "Ma'am, I'm in love with your daughter. We are a happy couple in a loving relationship. That is just a harmful stereotype."

She rolled her eyes, "Uh-huh, so you absolutely wouldn't nail another woman in front of her, to show your 'girlfriend' her place in the herd?"

"Are... are you hitting on me right now?"

The wolf turned to Gloria. "See? You can hear it in his voice that he wants it."

"Okay, hallucinations aside," Robert said, with as much civility as he could muster, "why don't we get to know each other like normal, rational people?"

"Alright, so what do you do for a living? Those abs certainly don't come out of nowhere."

"Oh, I work at the gym over in the area by the college."

"That explains all of the muscles. I suppose your size gives you a bit of a head-start on weights and things."

"It does, yeah."

Her mother's sudden attention on Robert's body was making Gloria a bit uncomfortable. What was she trying to do? The goat knew that she looked down on herbivores. Was this an attempt to break the two of them up?

Gesturing toward Gloria, she asked, "So I'm guessing you're just putting up with a fat goat because she puts those huge teats on display." Gloria looked down, seeing the clear outlines of them through her sweatshirt.

"S-sorry," she said, "I'm wearing three layers of shirts, but..."

"See, that's why I always had you tape them. I'm rather disappointed you didn't when you knew we were having a nice, family dinner."

"That's enough," Robert said, slightly raising his voice, "Gloria is a wonderful, sweet lady, and she doesn't deserve to be talked to this way."

Changing the subject, her mother said, "Oh, that reminds me..." She walked over to a nearby table, "I found out about this place and wanted to let you know about it." Walking back, she handed Gloria a pamphlet. A pamphlet for a company the goat girl was quite familiar with.

Her mother continued, "They do all sorts of body modification type things. Now, I gave them a call and found out they can do full species changes. So maybe you won't be stuck being a goat anymore!"

"But... but I like being a goat. I've been 'Gloria the goat' most of my life, at this point."

“Hey, I remember all of those times you went to bed crying because you were a goat and weren’t like the rest of us.”

Gloria glanced over at Robert. Despite treating her nicely and being very sympathetic to her, Gloria’s sisters had never once backed her up. But with Robert here, this could be her chance. *Now or never.*

“Mom,” she was carefully speaking at a steady pace to not lose her composure, “I wasn’t crying because I was a goat. I wasn’t crying because I was different. I was crying because I grew up being told everything about my body was bad. My ears, my horns, my hooves, my diet, my eyes...” She felt a tear trickle down one cheek, willing herself not to break down fully, “I cried because you hated me. I’m trying not to cry now because even after all this time, you *still* hate me. And even now that I’ve found someone who loves me and supports me, the first thing you’re trying to do is drive us apart.”

She felt a large hand on her leg, giving it a tight squeeze. “Like what was that just now? Putting me down in front of him while talking about his abs and muscles. Why don’t you just ask how big his dick is, while you’re at it?”

“I only want what’s best for you! Herd animals can’t be happy in normal relationships. I’m just trying to help you see that because I care about you.”

“Mom, what would Dad think about what you just tried to do?”

A brief look of realization passed over the wolf’s face, but was quickly hidden, “I-I think he would know that I was just trying to teach my *beloved* daughter an important life lesson!”

“I need to go to the bathroom for a moment.” Gloria got up, clutching the bottom of her sweatshirt to keep her hands from shaking. Her entire body was trembling. *Don’t cry, don’t cry, don’t cry, don’t cry, don’t cry...*

When the bathroom door latched behind her and she turned on the exhaust fan, Gloria slowly sank to the floor. The tears and shaking that she had held back all burst out at once. She was proud of herself for standing up to it, but that hadn’t made it any easier. As she sniffled and let out a choked sob, she knew she had left Robert with her mom. He had come along so she wouldn’t have to be alone, and she’d be damned if she left him alone any longer than she had to.



“Sorry,” the wolf said to Robert with a disarming smile, “She’s always been rather emotional.”

“I can see why,” the bull replied coldly.

“So anyway, where was I? Ah yes, now that we’re alone, you can tell me about the other girls. I’m sure you just didn’t want to say it in front of her.”

“I don’t know how I can explain this any more clearly. There *are* no other girls. I don’t *have* a ‘herd’, as you keep putting it.” While Robert and Gloria did have an open relationship, he thought it best not to bring that up.

He saw her undo the top button of her shirt. The bull shook his head, “Will.

Not. Happen.”

With a look of disappointment, she pulled her hands away, still leaving the extra button undone.

“Look, I’ve got to ask. Where did this come from? Your beliefs on herbivores, I mean? Like nobody just wakes up one day and decides they want to hate a group of people.”

Now it was the wolf’s turn to look uncomfortable. “Well, I, uh, you see. . .” Robert’s eyes never left hers, and she shied away a bit from his gaze. She trailed off into an awkward silence, but Robert continued to stare.

“So, have you ever—”

“Ma’am, I asked you a question. I’m still waiting for an answer.”

She glanced down the hallway toward the restroom. “Look, I had an affair with a guy once. It was dumb, and that bastard was the reason *she* was born. He was a goat farmer, and Gloria always loved to go and visit. I just barely managed to avoid a divorce because of the whole thing.”

As she struggled to tell the story, she didn’t notice the restroom fan turn off. She also didn’t notice the door slowly opening a crack.

“She never knew, of course. What was I going to say? That her dad isn’t really her dad, and that her mom made a dumb mistake? You know what telling her that would do to her, too.”

Robert sat, listening in shocked silence. Now that the floodgates were open, everything was spilling out. All of it could be a lie, of course, but it was at least a crack in the armor.

“Well, then World Change happened. He turned into a goat, and so did she. It was like an extra, cruel twist of the knife that the only daughter that wasn’t my husband’s also didn’t look like us. It’s all that bastard farmer’s fault. If we hadn’t met at that party. . .”

“It sounds to *me* like you resented her from the beginning. But as soon as she became a goat, it was easier for you to externalize that resentment. She was no longer ‘your daughter’, she was ‘just some goat’, which made you feel less guilty.”

“But he turned into one, too!”

“Were you wearing your ring?”

“And then—wait, what?”

“At the party. Were you wearing your ring?” Robert repeated.

“I. . . No,” she replied flatly, shoulders slumped and apparently too deflated to lie about it. Robert got the impression this was the same conversation she’d had with her husband.

“No. So if you had never met before, and you weren’t wearing your ring, explain to me exactly how he could have known you were married.” While he knew his words weren’t going to make a lasting impression on her, he did have a faint glimmer of hope that she could at least admit fault. Besides, after seeing firsthand how she treated Gloria, he wanted her to squirm a bit.

Looking up at him with a sheepish smile, she explained, “I just wanted to have a bit of fun for a night. My husband had been working a lot, you see, and didn’t have time for me. So I wanted a fun night, you know?”

“So, he was working? Like perhaps working to afford to raise a family? Gloria has mentioned she is the youngest of three, and I know raising two kids is expensive. Do you think he was working so much because he wanted to?” Robert shook his head, “Look, we’re getting distracted. But basically, you met a guy at a party, ended up getting pregnant, and your husband figured out what happened.”

“Shh, not so loud!” the wolf hissed, “She’ll hear you!”

With that, Gloria opened the restroom door fully and stepped out. “A bit late for that.”

“O-oh! Uh, how much did you hear? We were just talking ab—”

“About how I was an accident and how Mr. Thompson is my real father?”

“I always meant to tell y—”

“Really? Because it seems like you were trying to convince even Robert here not to tell me.” Gloria pulled her phone out of her pocket.

“W-what are you doing?”

“Making a phone call.” She dialed the number, hoping that his phone number hadn’t changed. The two hadn’t kept up since she went off to college. She set it on an arm of the couch and sat back down, slumping in the seat. Suddenly, her whole body was feeling very heavy. Still, her trembling and shakiness had been replaced with a resolve fueled by a childhood of bottled-up anger.

She heard Mr. Thompson’s familiar voice as he picked up. “Hey there Gloria, haven’t heard from you in a while! Busy with school?”

“Yeah I have been,” she said, the edges of her lips twisting upward despite herself. He’d always cheered her on when she was applying for different colleges. *Well, time to rip off the bandage. . .* “So, uh, can I call you ‘Dad’?”

There was a long pause on the other end, and the creaking sound of an old easychair as he sat down. “. . . I don’t know what to say, kiddo. I was told not to say anything, to keep from hurting your feelings.”

“It’s okay, Mist—Dad,” Gloria said, tears streaming down her cheeks. It was a mix of sadness, shock, and joy all rolled into one. She felt Robert’s arm slowly wrap around her, holding the goat girl close.

“I know it’s a long drive, but. . . I have some of those windmill cookies you always used to love. If you’re not busy, I mean. This just isn’t the kind of talk you have over a phone. But if you can’t, then—”

“We’ll be there,” Robert said over her shoulder. He gave a meaningful look in her mom’s direction, “We were just leaving here anyway.”

“We’re actually already in town,” Gloria added.

“Hey, and before you go,” the voice from the phone said, a little shakey, “I’m sorry kiddo. I really, really am. Let’s figure out how to make this right, okay?”

“We will,” Gloria let out a loud snuffle, but she was smiling, “See you in a little bit. . . Dad.” With that, she pressed the button to hang up.

“I suppose that means you two aren’t staying for dinner,” the wolf said, having regained her own composure.

“That would be correct,” Robert said, helping Gloria to her hooves. He could feel her trembling from the mix of emotions that was overwhelming her,

and he held her steady as they walked slowly toward the door. As they walked out onto the front step, neither said goodbye. They didn't even turn around for one final look back. The only sound were their hooves on the step and the closing of the door.

As the door closed behind them, Robert felt Gloria's legs give out beside him. Without hesitation, he dropped down to catch her, scooping up the goat who had started crying in his arms. "It's gonna be okay, honey," the bull said softly into her ear, "Let's get you to the warm car. You're nice and safe, and nobody can hurt you there. She can't do anything to you anymore."

Standing next to his car, he shifted one hand down under her butt—not for anything sexual, but merely to free up a hand. "Here, wrap your arms around my shoulders. I need to get the door open for you."

The sound of an approaching car made his heart sink, as the bull desperately hoped it wasn't another member of Gloria's family arriving. From what he had heard, the others were apparently pretty nice, but he was sure his girlfriend wouldn't want them seeing her like this. Thankfully, the car passed and continued down the road.

Fumbling one-handed with his keys, he unlocked and opened the passenger-side door of his car, gently setting Gloria down. Closing it again, he walked quickly around and got into the driver's seat.

"Let's get out of here quick, then we can take some time to let you recover." Robert pulled out of the driveway, remembering a small park they had passed a few blocks away. That seemed like the perfect place, he thought, driving back toward it. As they rounded the first corner, they met an oncoming car with a wolf and a fox in it, leading him to wonder if they had just barely left in time. He knew Gloria would want to talk this over with the rest of her family, but only after she had some time to process it all herself.



Gloria's mind was racing, trying to make sense of everything that had just happened. In fifteen short minutes, the family structure she had grown up with had vanished, replaced by a scary new one. She didn't know what would change, what she should do. She even frantically thought about whether this meant she needed to get her last name changed to "Thompson", or whether it could stay the same. Her arms were wrapped tightly around herself, and she had pulled the hoods of both of her sweatshirts up over her head. She felt an icy chill that the still-warm heat of the engine couldn't thaw.

She wasn't sure if she was talking, crying, or a bit of both, but the car pulled into a little park and stopped. "Hey, honey, I figured this park would be a great place to stop and give you a few minutes to make sense of everything."

She raised herself up, looking out at the park covered in fresh snow. She had played here as a child, and later as, well, a kid. The park had changed since then, with new playground equipment, newly planted trees, and other changes



here and there.

“It’s . . . it’s so peaceful.” she eventually was able to get out.

“It is,” Robert said, “Gloria . . . I’m very sorry for what you went through back there. And I can’t imagine how long you’ve dealt with that. I . . . I don’t know what to say or do to help you right now. But whatever it is, I’ll . . .” Gloria heard his voice, but her mind just refused to focus on it. She felt a strange, almost floaty sensation. Slowly, shakily, she pulled one hand away from herself and grabbed one of Robert’s.

That hand felt so solid and steady. She felt a warmth and comfort from it that she couldn’t put into words. Still shaking, she slowly pulled that hand inside her double-layered hood and pressed it against her cheek. Like a distant whisper, she could hear his voice, but she couldn’t seem to make sense of the words.

Thinking back to the last words she had really heard, she said, “Just . . . never, ever stop being you. I-I could never have . . .” She took a deep, shuddering breath, “I could never have handled this without you just *being* there.”

Very slowly, her mind began to clear. The realization had started to slowly sink in. No matter what happened, she didn’t have to face it alone.

She looked up at Robert, her eyes finally focusing. Just as she opened her mouth to speak, though, her phone began to ring. With trembling hands, she pulled it out of her pocket and saw that it was one of her sisters. She handed the phone to Robert. “I can’t,” was all she could say.

With a nod, Robert took the hand that wasn’t on her cheek and picked up. “Hi there. This is Gloria’s phone, but she, uh, can’t come to the phone right now. Yeah. Yeah we did. Yup. Yeah she is. No. Probably not. I, uh, let me put you on speaker. I think it’s gonna mean more coming straight from you. But she probably won’t say much back, okay?”

Robert set it on his lap, pressing the speaker button. “Okay, she’ll be able to hear you now.”

“Hey Sis. Uh, Mom just told me we probably won’t be seeing you anymore. I know she always treated you really, really badly, but I never knew how to help. I mean, a mom is supposed to be supportive and loving, right? I guess I had blinders on, because I just . . . Uh, anyway, I wanted to tell you I’m very sorry. I guess I just wasn’t brave enough to help, you know?”

“D-did she tell you I’m only your half-sister?”

There was a long silence. “She didn’t, but I guess it kinda makes se—what am I saying?! *None* of this makes any sense! But like, I’ve only ever seen baby pictures of you with her and Dad. So how . . .”

“Mister Thompson. At a party.”

“I . . . Okay, look, it doesn’t matter. Are *you* okay right now? I mean, I know you’re not, but you’re not gonna hurt yourself or do anything, uh, drastic, are you?”

“N-no.”

“I don’t care if your dad is someone else. You’re still my sister. And you’re always gonna be.”

“So, uh, what about you? Now that you, um, know . . . about stuff?”

“Well, first we went out to the car to call you. After that? Uh, we don’t really know yet. Like I mean, we don’t know if we’re staying for food or leaving.” There was a pause. “Hey, Gloria?”

“Y-Yeah?”

“From the bits and pieces I’ve been hearing about what happened in there, it sounds like that boyfriend of yours is a keeper. I’m guessing you’re going to be seeing Mister Thompson, but if you are looking for something to do... I’d love to get some icecream with my little sister.”

“I... I don’t know right now. I just...”

“You need some time—I understand. You can have all the time and space you need. But whenever you’re ready, I want you in my life. I... really wasn’t the sister you needed, and maybe we could, you know, turn the page?”

Gloria subconsciously nodded at her phone, “Y-yeah, I’d like that.”

“Well, I guess I should let you go for now. But if you want to talk, I don’t care if it’s three in the morning—my phone had better be ringing, okay Sis?”

“Thanks,” Gloria said, “More than you’ll ever know, thanks.”

As the call ended, she pulled down the hoods of her sweatshirts. Taking a deep breath, she said, “Okay, I think I’m ready. If you take a left out of the parking lot, go about a mile until you reach the end of town. Look for the red barn.” The sun was setting over the park, but it would still be light enough to see by the time they arrived.

As the car pulled away, she turned to Robert. “Thanks, for everything.”

“Okay,” the bull replied, “All this ‘thanks for this’ and ‘thanks for everything’ is starting to worry me. You *aren’t* feeling like doing anything drastic, right?”

“N-no I’m not,” she said, “It’s just that I’ve been really learning who’s here for me when I need them the most. And I wanna thank them, you know?”

“I get it,” he answered, satisfied with her explanation. The two let out a collective sigh of relief as they drove to the edge of town. This next meeting promised to be much more pleasant, and Gloria even gave a tiny smile as she saw the driveway.



Robert pulled into the large, looped driveway, then shut off the engine and the pair stepped out. The walkway to the old farmhouse had been thoroughly salted, which was often the case for people with hooves. When they were a few steps from the door, it flew open and a goat burst out. “Gloria!” he said, in a tenor voice, “It’s so great to have you here again!” The two met with a tight embrace, and Robert took a closer look at him. The goat’s eyes were slightly red, and it looked like he had been shedding some tears of his own.

As the two pulled away from each other, he quickly said, “Don’t let me keep you waiting out here, though. Both of you, come in!” The trio entered the house, walking into what looked like the dining room. Robert had never been

on a farm before, and found the rustic decor charming. Sitting on the table was a freshly-opened package of large, windmill-shaped cookies, sitting next to two glasses of milk. Mr. Thompson walked over to the refrigerator, pulling out a large pitcher and grabbing another glass from the cupboard next to it.

“So, I don’t think I’ve met your friend yet, kiddo.”

“Oh!” Gloria said, “Um, this is my boyfriend Robert. We met at college, at the ice cream shop in town.”

Pouring a glass of milk for the bull with one hand, the goat reached out with the other for a handshake. Robert found his grip quite firm. “Pleased to meet you! You takin’ good care of my daughter?”

Robert nodded, “She deserves it.”

“Yeah, she certainly does.” Mr. Thompson sat down across from the couple. “My daughter... I still get choked up just saying it.” Looking up at her, he continued, “I promised myself that if today ever came, I’d tell you the whole story. If you’d like to hear it, I mean.”

Gloria took a bite out of one of the cookies, hesitating a bit before giving a nod. After swallowing, she added, “I, uh, want to rip the bandage off all at once, you know?”

“I know, and I’m so, so sorry. Okay, so where do I begin? I guess I’ll start with the party. So it was getting close to Halloween, and they were putting on a party down at one of the local bars. Costume contest, Halloween-themed drinks, decorating the place, etc. Well, I got done taking care of the goats early, and I figured, ‘Why not?’ So I went there. I didn’t know anyone there, since I spend most of my time here at the farm. And I met this woman there. She was very, uh...” he awkwardly looked at the two of them, “Well, she was very attractive.”

He continued, “Now, it’d been a long time for me. A, uh, really long time. We hit it off really well, and she wasn’t wearing a ring. I figured I’d take a chance. I was sure I’d get shot down, but I was really surprised when she invited me back to her place. Well, I sure wasn’t gonna say no to that! Then we...” He looked back and forth between Robert and Gloria, “Okay, when two people love each other very much. Or, uh, are at a fun party, they someti—”

“Mist—Dad, I, uh, know how all that works.” She looked over at Robert, and all three gave a collective chuckle.

“Okay, so we did that. And I mean, it was a small house, and I didn’t see anything that made me think she was married. I was surprised when she didn’t want me to stay overnight, but I figured we still only barely know each other, so I can see not wanting someone to spend the night.”

“Well, I waited a couple days, and when I didn’t hear anything I gave her a call. It was a man’s voice on the other end. Well, I won’t go into the details, but it turns out she *was* married. I felt awful. I mean, I know open relationships are a thing, and if that’s what people want to do, more power to them. Well, this wasn’t one of those. I think I apologized a hundred times. I don’t know if he believed me when I said I had no idea, but I promise you kiddo, it’s the truth.”

“I believe you,” Robert heard her reply, “I’ve known you my whole life, and I can’t imagine you *ever* doing something like that.”

“Thanks—it means a lot, coming from my d...daughter. Sorry, I’m not used to saying it yet.”

“It’s okay, Dad,” she said, reaching across the table to rest her hand on his.

“Well, I get a call later. I’m, uh, not gonna repeat the words that were said, but it turned out she was pregnant. She didn’t want a big scandal or anything, and it turned into something along the lines of, ‘If you know what’s good for you, you’ll never say a word of this to anyone. *especially* to it.’” He looked up, realizing what he had just said, “S-sorry, that was her phrasing. I don’t—”

“It’s okay, Dad. I was always an ‘it’ to her. ‘The goat’, ‘the herbivore’, ‘the salad-eater’, ‘the herd animal’, you get the idea.”

“She and I rarely spoke, but she always told me you blame me for being a goat, since you were at the farm when it happened. I—”

“That’s a lie,” she said, her eyes meeting his, “Well, half a lie. I assume I’m a goat because of how much time I spent here interacting with them, but I don’t ‘blame’ you for that. I love being a goat. Once I moved away, I started to learn to love myself and my body. The only reason I was ever upset wasn’t because I was a goat, but because I grew up being told every single goat-like trait I had was bad. She even made me, uh, okay maybe it’s too much information.”

“You don’t have to tell me what she did if you don’t want to, Gloria. It’s never gonna happen again. I promise you.”

“N-no, I don’t want to tell you everything because there’s a lot of it and I don’t wanna hurt your feelings, but I feel like I should tell you at least a couple things, since it sounds like you had no idea how I was treated.”

“Okay, but you can stop at any time. By the way, do you need money for a coat? It’s awfully cold out there to just be using two sweatshirts.”

“That’s actually what I wanted to talk about. So you know how we goats have big, uh...” She pointed at the bumps of her nipples, visible through her clothes.

“Of course.”

“She always made me tape mine flat anytime we were going out. Like with packing tape or whatever was handy.”

“She what?”

“Yeah, she always said they were disgusting, and that she didn’t want to see them when the family was trying to eat, or she didn’t want strangers seeing them.”

“But that’s how your body is built. Oh god, if only I’d known...” He rested his forehead on his hands, “If only I hadn’t been so stupid...”

Robert chimed in, “Hey, you thought things were okay. I mean, you can only go off of what you knew at the time.”

“Besides,” Gloria said, a tiny smile forming on her lips, “Your first ‘stupid’ thing is the reason I’m even here in the first place. I wouldn’t exist without you, Dad.”

“But—”

“No buts,” Robert interrupted, “It’s easy to look back and see warning signs in hindsight. It’s much, *much* harder to see them at the time. All any of us can do, is the best we can do. And it sounds like you did.”

“Yeah,” Gloria added, “The whole time I was growing up, I always loved visiting you and the goats!” Suddenly, Robert saw Gloria’s expression change and her hands covered her mouth. “O-oh wow, I just realized something.”

The two looked at Gloria, questioningly.

“W-when I turned eighteen and I asked if you’d, uh, ‘help me celebrate’ because you were the nicest person I’d ever met, the reason you turned me down was...”

Mr. Thompson nodded.

“Oh geez,” Gloria said, “Now it’s *my* turn to feel stupid for not knowing.”

“I mean, how could you have known? But it sounds like you’ve found a great friend here. And I know what colleges are like.” He gave her a wink.

“Y-yeah, we’ve been, uh, doing stuff. Together and with, uh, other friends.”

Robert looked at her, a bit shocked that she would bring up that last detail. Looking up at him, she explained, “Oh! Uh, Dad’s very...um... Well, he’s really bad about clearing his browser history, and...”

Robert shook his head with a mix of amusement and disbelief. “Like father, like daughter?”

“You might say that,” Gloria laughed, turning back to Mr. Thompson. “Oh, but I never answered your question. I just wore layers to try to hide my, uh, goat bits, since I’d have to take off a coat. And I didn’t wear a coat because it’s really, really hot with three layers of shirt.”

“I mean, if you’re feeling hot now, you can take off a layer. I’m sure your boyfriend wouldn’t mind one bit.”

“Dad!” Gloria said, with an exaggeratedly shocked expression. Still, within seconds she was pulling off the outermost sweatshirt. Setting it on the table in front of her, she gave a giggle. “Much better! But wait. Like I know you’re into...”

“Why did I turn you down when you’ve seen some of my, ah, ‘stuff’ on the computer?”

“Yeah. Like I was eighteen, and I *definitely* saw some father-daughter stuff on there.”

Mr. Thompson lowered his head, “You, uh, kinda said that right in front of him.”

The bull gave him a smile, “With what I’ve seen in the last month alone? That’s unusual, sure, but it’s definitely not what I’d call weird anymore.”

“O-okay. The reason I turned you down was that *you* didn’t know. As far as you knew, you were just asking a long-time friend to do things with you. I mean, everything started because I had sex without knowing everything. I was *not* going to put you in the same position.”

There was a long silence, during which Robert could feel the tension in the air. *No, not tension*, the bull thought to himself, *Nervousness*.

Finally, the silence was broken by Gloria. “So, uh, does it get lonely here on the farm?”

Visibly relieved, Mr. Thompson replied, “Well, the, uh, goats in the barn do a pretty good job with that. You and I aren’t the only ones who changed during World Change, you know. Since World Change, I gradually found other homes for the ones who didn’t become inties, and now they’re the ones who are left. I’m sure you noticed the old fenced-in area behind the barn isn’t there anymore, when you pulled in. We, uh, find things to do.”

“So, um, would you want to?” Gloria asked, “With me, I mean?”

“But what about. . .” Robert saw Mr. Thompson cast a glance his direction.

“You know,” the bull said, “I could really go for a coffee, and there was a diner that looked pretty good as we were driving here. I can’t imagine it taking me any less than an hour to go all the way there, order, drink it, and drive all the way back. Might even take two if I get lost along the way.” The bull gave the pair of goats a wink, finished the rest of his milk, then stood up and put his glass in the sink before leaving the two alone.



“So, wanna go to the bedroom?” Gloria asked. She had already finished her glass. She always enjoyed a glass of fresh goat-milk when visiting the farm.

“Oh, um, I wasn’t really expecting guests in there, and, uh—”

“Daaad,” Gloria said, with mock exasperation.

“Oh. . . okay.” Putting the cookies away and the glasses in the sink, the pair walked to the bedroom of the farmhouse. It had been quite a while since she had seen the inside of it.

Opening the door and stepping inside, the goat girl fumbled a moment before finding and flipping the light switch. She immediately let out a giggle. To one side of the room was an old computer, with a large, unmade bed on the other. Sitting next to the bed was a box of tissues and a small waste basket, and there was a row of plugs and dildos of various shapes and sizes across the headboard. A large stack of magazines sat on a bedside table.

Sniffing the air, she leaned back against him, turning her head to softly talk into his ear. “Mmm, it smells like cum in here, Dad.”

“Y-yeah. Sorry about that, but I—”

Gloria stepped over to the bed, sitting down on it. Without taking her eyes off of him, she sat in the bed and leaned down to smell the waste basket. “Seems to be coming from here. Let me help you clean up! Besides, I wanna show you something.” As he sat down on the opposite corner of the bed, she reached in and pulled a sticky wad of tissues out. “Mmm, a nice load of my own Dad’s cum. Better clean it up.” She gave him a wink as she tossed it into her mouth. She chewed it up, savoring the gamey taste of the dried cum.

She wasn’t sure whether she was more excited by the taste, having an audience, or the thought of just whom she was doing this for. In either case, after swallowing it with an exaggerated gulp, she said to her open-mouthed dad, “That’s one. Why don’t you take one piece of clothing off?”

“Oh! I, uh, yeah!” She watched as, a bit unsteadily but very enthusiastically, he pulled his shirt off and tossed it onto the floor. A lifetime of farm work had given him a powerful physique, but one that was different from Robert. This was far more wirey and lean, but well-toned. Gloria couldn’t help licking her lips, before going back to the waste bin.

She pulled out another wad of tissues. Before tossing them into her mouth, she chuckled, “Betcha didn’t know this cum was gonna end up down your daughter’s throat.” He shook his head, speechless as she gulped down this one without bothering to chew it first. With a wink, she asked, “So, what should I take off, Dad?”

For a moment, he just sat in stunned silence. “Uh, um, how about the sweatshirt?”

With a giggle, she reached down and grabbed it, pulling the hoodie up and over her head. She paused a moment with it still covering her face, to give him a chance to look without feeling self-conscious. But then, she pulled it the rest of the way off and set it down on the floor.

“I really, really love eating stuff like this,” she explained, reaching back into the waste basket. “It gets me sooo wet. I’ve, uh, had some things done. I can more-or-less eat anything now. Like stuff that would really gross you out.” She pulled out more tissues, unceremoniously popping them into her mouth yet again. As she started to chew, she giggled, “Mmm, this is an older load. I wish I could have swallowed it sooner, but better late than never.” After another loud gulp, she said softly, “Why don’t you take something else off and come over. The view will be much better if you come closer.”

Standing up from the bed, he pulled down his heavy duty, worn blue jeans, kicking them off. Underneath, she saw that he was wearing a pair of boxers. In the front, just below the waistband, there was a dark, wet spot. As he climbed into bed and slid up next to her, she moaned, “Mmm, you’re sooo sexy...” Reaching deeper into the basket, she pulled out more. “Enjoying the show?”

“Y-yeah. I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“Just the tip of the iceberg, Dad,” This time, she laid her head back and dropped the tissues into her gaping mouth. Without even closing it, she swallowed a mouthful of tissues, stale cum, and air. Gloria had been practicing her open-mouthed swallow for a little while, and had gotten quite skilled at it. Glancing down, she saw the damp spot was spreading on his boxers. “Mmm, guess it’s my turn. I wonder how Dad will have me undress this time...”

He pointed at her shirt, and with a wink, she reached down to pull it off. The rough cotton rubbing against her bare nipples added to her already rising excitement. As she lifted it up over her head, she was surprised not to feel his hands running over her. Maybe he wasn’t quite ready to take that step. Or maybe he was waiting to be told it was okay. Either way, she finished taking it off and set it next to the bed.

“Mmm, surprised? I don’t wear bras anymore. They just never fit right over my *big, firm* goat teats.” She let out a giggle, “So how about you? What kinds of fun do you have with the goats out there?”

Flustered, he replied, “Oh, uh, well it’s a lotta things. Kinda depends on the mood, you know?”

“You can tell me, Dad. Your daughter wants to hear *all* about it. In fact,” she pulled out another wad of tissues, adding, “Now I can’t laugh, even if I wanted to!” She tossed it into her mouth and started chewing.

“Well, uh, it depends. Like sometimes it’s just a big orgy. Sometimes we pick one and it’s a gangbang. Sometimes we pick one and the whole night is about everyone pleasuring and teasing them. Sometimes we play ‘Spin the Bottle’. Sometimes one pair fucks each other in front of everyone. Sometimes we. . .” He trailed off, watching as Gloria’s hands wrapped around her nipples and began to squeeze and pull them. She was picturing each thing he listed.

Gulping down the mushy remains of the tissues in her mouth, she whimpered, “And are you just another one of the goats when you play?”

“Well, sometimes we need someone with hands, but usually yeah. I’m just kind of a huge hedonist, really. If it feels good, I’ll do it.”

Gloria let out a moan. Breaking their pattern of taking turns, Gloria arched her hips off of the bed. Quickly unbuttoning and unzipping her pants, she tossed them carelessly aside, revealing her own large wet patch on her panties. “Why don’t you smell it, Dad? I bet I smell just like them, don’t I?”

With only a moment’s hesitation, she watched as he lowered his head down to just above her panties, feeling his hot breath against her. While the sensation itself no longer did anything for her, she loved the thought of what he was doing.

Pulling away and lying back down beside her, he breathed, “You smell absolutely beautiful. . .”

She chuckled, then whispered in his ear, “You just don’t want to tell your daughter that her pussy smells like every goat’s in the barn. Want me to break the ice instead?” He nodded, presumably to both, and Gloria gave him a warm, sweet smile. Taking his hand, she guided it down, rubbing a finger across her slit over her panties. “So I said some stuff about me had changed, right? Well, my pussy doesn’t feel anything anymore. I mean, it feels things, but you could lick and suck my clit all night long and it won’t do anything for me.”

“Now, aaallllll that sensitivity went down here,” she said, guiding his finger down along the crack of her still-covered ass, feeling a tingle run up her spine. “Have you ever buttfucked a goat, Dad?”

He nodded, licking his lips. She could see the need building in his eyes, and decided to see if dirty talk was as big of a turn-on for him as it was for her. “I love eeverything to do with assholes. I love having mine fucked and stretched wiiiide open until it’s a gaping, sloppy mess. I love running my tongue across them, or trying to reach as deep inside as I can. I like when they let out a wet, sloppy fart right in my mouth. I’m not going too far, am I?” She watched as his hand reached for his cock, rubbing and groping the outside of his boxers. He definitely seemed into it.

He shook his head, and she asked again, “You don’t seem like the degradation type, and it’s kinda one of my biggest turn-ons, so just tell me if it’s too much, okay?”



He turned his head away, not meeting her gaze. “I, uh, love to watch a lot of things I’d never do myself. Like, things I’d never do to anyone.”

“Aww, don’t be shy. I would love to do things while you watch! I just don’t wanna gross you out.”

He paused for a moment. “So, uh, there’s more?”

She rolled over toward him, whispering in his ear as her hands reached down inside the front of his boxers, wrapping around his partially-unsheathed cock. “Uh-huh, but it’s about someone doing something really, really gross to me, Dad. And me loving every single bit of it. Wanna hear it?” Without a word, he nodded.

“Well,” she whispered, “there’s a cow lady. She’s a big, fat holstein, with a huge, soft belly. I, uh, have a bit of a belly fetish.” As she talked, she slowly stroked him. “She loves to give me deep French kisses, belching and drooling in my mouth. I don’t think she’s used a toothbrush or mouthwash a day in her life. I’ll lick pieces of her last meal out from between her teeth and gulp them down for her.”

He asked, “Oh, you swing both ways, then?” Gloria was a bit surprised that he was questioning that part. But she supposed he had no way of knowing before. After all, she hadn’t even told her mom yet.

“Oh! Uh, yeah! I guess I haven’t seen you since I went away to school, but uh, yeah I do.”

“Wouldn’t mind seeing that, I’ve gotta admit.”

“Pretty sure that cow would be up for it. I think she’s said before that she likes an audience.”

Feeling his cock slide further out of its sheath, straining the fabric of the boxers, she continued, “Speaking of which, after doing that for her, I’ll lay on my back while she sits down on me. She’s sooo heavy that I couldn’t get out from under her even if I tried. My big goat teats are pressed up against the bottom of her big, furry tummy, feeling her every little move. Her pussy is always super-wet, so it’s *drooling* on my chest. But my face is always buried in her smelly, greasy asscrack. And I always lick and suck all over it, until it’s completely spotless. Of course, that’s still not my favorite part.”

Taking his glance over when she paused as a sign to keep going, she did. “She sits up to put more weight on me, burying my face underneath her so much I can’t even close my mouth. It always starts with one extra-wet, juicy fart. And then... well, she’s had a few things done to her too. One side-effect means she dumps a massive load of wet, yummy diarrhea right down my throat.” She leaned in closer to give extra emphasis. “She uses your daughter as a *toilet*, Dad. Uses my tummy as her personal *sewer*.” She felt some precum dribble down onto her hand. With a smirk, she pulled back. “Let’s get these boxers out of the way, huh?”

With a breathless, “Yeah,” he stepped out of bed and quickly pulled them off. As Gloria took her first look at her dad’s dick, it was her turn to stare open-mouthed. It was the typical long, slender shape of a goat, and not especially large or small. But the thought of whose it was, and what she was getting into, had finally started to sink in for the goat girl. She could feel her nipples

hardening the more she thought about it. It was so taboo—so wrong. And yet, as long as he avoided her pussy. . . what was the harm?

As much as she wanted to keep teasing, she needed this too much. And she decided she knew exactly how she wanted it.

“D-Dad, even if you’re not into the whole degradation thing, uh, mind if I do it to myself?”

“Okay, Gloria. Besides, I think I’m too turned-on to really care.”

“C-could you go get some tape? I kinda need to cover up my pussy for this.”

“Sure,” he said, stepping out of the room. Gloria quickly reached for her pants and pulled out her phone, then started typing a quick message before tossing it to the foot of the bed. She then rolled over onto all fours, grabbing the half-full waste basket and setting it on the bed before burying her face in it. Thankfully, the width was enough to accommodate her head.

A moment later, she heard the thumping of hooves. “Took me a bit to fi—why hello there.” She grinned into the waste basket, thinking about him walking in on her, butt facing the door, in nothing but panties. “Let’s see, what have we here?” She heard him start reading from the phone. “Pull down my panties and buttfuck me like I was any other goat. No lube, but tape off my pussy for safety because you’re gonna be cumming in your own daughter!” It wasn’t exactly poetic, but she had come up with it on the spot after a very long day.

She felt his hands grab the waistband of her panties at her hips, pulling them down with one motion. As she shifted to let him pull them past her knees and off completely, she grabbed her asscheeks and spread them. “I’m sorry my nasty hole is so ruined, Dad!” One downside of her plan was that she couldn’t see his expression, but she hoped he was okay with her stretched-out ass.

“It’s okay, Gloria. You’re a bit of an ass-sl. . . You really get around, don’t you?” She heard the sound of packing tape being peeled off of the roll.

She took another lungful of stale-cum-scented air, closing her eyes and replying, “I just can’t help it! Any time my big, loose hole gets touched, I can’t stop myself.” Behind her, she felt the cool sensation of the tape being pressed against her pussy. With how wet it still tended to get, she hoped the tape wouldn’t lose its grip. Apparently her dad had the same concern, because she felt him press three more layers of tape against it, covering not only her pussy, but the whole area.

As she wrapped her arms around the waste basket and braced herself, she accidentally let out a fart. “S-sorry Dad. I hope that wasn’t my boyfriend’s cum leaking out. . .”

With a chuckle, she felt the head of his slender cock slip into her. Unable to resist any longer, she pushed her head deeper into the basket, grabbing a big mouthful of tissues and old, dried cum. These ones deeper down were more chewy in texture, and she quickly began chewing as she felt his cock slam balls-deep inside her. The thought of swallowing all of his stale cum while he blew a fresh load into her other end made her shudder as an orgasm hit. Between how much stamina he hopefully had from the goats and how loose the fit was, she hoped he would last a while.

With each gulp, she reached out with her tongue to grab another mouthful. These last couple were downright crunchy, making her wonder how long they had been in there. The more of them she ate, and the more the inside of her mouth started to taste like, well, a waste basket full of old tissues, the more it excited her. But far too soon, her tongue reached out to find there were none left.

The thrusts were getting more needy and frantic inside, but it felt more like he was trying his hardest to cum than getting close to it. She held up a finger for him to wait, which he did, pulling back until his cock slipped free. Then, she rolled over onto her back, tucking a pillow underneath her butt to raise it up a bit. “Let’s, uh, try missionary. I think I know how to help.”

He climbed into the bed on top of her, and she reached down to help guide him back into her ass. She smiled up at him, saying, “If, uh, you don’t mind what my mouth tastes like, maybe you’d like to ki—*mmf!*” His lips eagerly met hers, though his tongue stayed fully in his own mouth. Gloria did the same, knowing she had already been pushing him out of his comfort zone for the last several minutes.

As his lips pulled away, he gave her a lusty grin, but she could see something more in his eyes. “I love you, Gloria. I’m so, so glad you finally know the truth.”

“Aww, I love you too, Dad. But you know,” she winked up at him, “you’re gonna have to introduce me to all the goats in the barn, right? I’d love to get to know them *very* well.”

“I’d love that,” he laughed. “So, uh, you’re sure your boyfriend doesn’t mind?”

Gloria chuckled, “Oh, he’s seen me do a lot of things. And while I’m getting railed by goat after goat out there in the barn, who knows—maybe you’re his type?”

“Trying to hook your old man up, are you?”

“Weeeellllll, I like to see him in action, too.” She reached around him, pulling him down on top of her and feeling his dick slide further inside. She shuddered slightly—the goat girl was so used to taking a bull, big toys, or even fisting at this point that she had started to forget what was “normal”. Taking a goat’s cock and realizing it was “supposed” to be a tight fit let her really feel how far she had been stretched out, which excited her to no end.

“So, Dad,” she said quietly in one of his big, floppy ears, “I’m gonna ask some things, but before I even ask, I already agree to whateeeever those goats out there wanna do to me. Fuck me, have me eat them out, swallow their cum, lick their hooves, drink their piss, eat their shit. Absolutely anything goes.” As she felt him starting to thrust into her, she hoped her plan would work. Since he seemed to love her talking dirty so much, she hoped she could still get him to cum in her that way.

“Now, are there a lot of them out there, hmm?”

“Th-thirteen,” came the reply, “Twelve female, one male.”

“Of course,” Gloria whispered, taking his hands and pushing them against her flat chest, “This is a *dairy* farm after all. Girl goats need their milking, you know. Every last one of us.” She heard his breath catch, as he gave an

especially hard thrust into her ass. “I’m gonna need some help putting the milker on. Think you could help me out, Dad?”

“Y-yeah. Ohhh yeah. . .”

“Or maybe. . .” She looked up at him, “Do they ever invite friends over?”

It took her dad a moment to realize what she was talking about. “Yeah, and I do too. Why, what are you thinking?”

“Well, it would be fun to put together an outhouse. Either as part of the barn or separate. If you walk in, it seems like a fairly normal pit-toilet. But I have an idea how to make it so someone could fit underneath. They could enjoy being a toilet, with anyone using them being none the wiser. The idea popped into my head a while ago, but it’s not the sort of thing I can do in my apartment, you know?”

“You’d really do that?”

“I’d love to. Actually, I have a friend who I’m sure would love to share a double-stall one, if that were to happen.”

“Your boyfriend?”

“Nah, he’s not into any of that stuff. In fact, maybe I’ll keep who it is a surprise. I could sneak them in sometime right before a party or something. Think it might be easier for you if you don’t have to see them when you do it?”

“When I. . .?”

“Well, if it’s gonna be convincing for guests, you would have to use it too, you know. And with a nice ramp, it would be easy for ferals to use too.”

“Mmm, good point,” His voice sounded hesitant, but Glora felt him give another hard thrust into her ass.

“So Dad, are you happy your daughter’s this kinky?”

“Uh-huh,” he said, “I can’t wait to introduce you to the others.”

“Wanna watch her first time with a feral, hmm?” She gave him a wink, and he nodded in reply.

“I wonder if the ladies enjoy wearing strap-ons. If they do, imagine her being tied down and completely at their mercy for a few hours. Some might be nice and force it up her ass, and others might be mean and use it on her pussy. It would make me feel so *used*, Dad. But I’d let them do it.”

“C-can your pussy take a lot too?”

“It has definitely tightened back up over the last few months,” she said, “Why, jealous of the ferals who’ll be getting to fuck it?”

He let out a loud groan, and Gloria suddenly knew just what to say. She wrapped her legs around him, pulling him tightly against her. “Close your eyes, Dad. Imagine all those goats watching you fuck my pussy. Cumming in it as much as you’d like, never pulling out, and taking my tight, wet hole any time you w—mmm. . .” She felt him thrust hard into her, as deep as he could, followed by the warm sensation of him cumming inside. He didn’t say a word, but from the grunts and groans, she knew she had really gotten him with that last part.

Just as he went limp on top of her, Gloria heard the sound of a car door outside. “You liked that part, huh?”

“Y-yeah. But I mean, we can’t.”

She put a finger to his lips. "I know, but it *does* make for a fun fantasy."

"D-don't tell Robert, okay? It's, uh..."

"I understand, Dad. Lots of people have fantasies they would never really do. It can be your secret."

"I love you, Gloria."

"I love you too, Dad."