

Quickie #23

Mega Milkers

“You love your life here on the farm” the female voice spoke calmly and rhythmically.

“You live for the touch of your handler. Your Mistress.”

“You will obey her, always. You will follow the orders of every stable Mistress.”

“The sound of my voice is making you hard. Your seed swells. Desire burns your body. You want desperately to touch yourself, but you will not. That cock is no longer yours. It belongs to the farm. Only your handler and Mistress can grant you relief.”

“Obedience will bring joy. Disobedience will be punished.”

Byron opened his eyes. The night time *conditioning* messages continued playing in his ears, despite the sun shining through his room's single window. He sat up, the cow bell attached to his collar rattling as he righted himself. Byron pulled the ear buds away and set them in one of the small cubbies located at the head of his bed. He turned off the audio player and listened to the birds chirping just outside his window.

It was another day on the farm. Why was he still here? Why did he agree to... all **this**. He eyed the brainwashing device and wondered, ever so briefly, if he'd gone mad. This was a cycle he went through most mornings, until the feeling in his crotch provided a swift reminder.

Byron looked down at his bloated nutsack and engorged penis. They were easily twice the size they'd been before he came to this place. Maybe bigger. His body hummed with lust and Byron bit his lip.

'No no no.... Please!'

His left hand moved to his shaft, in spite of himself.

CRACKLE

A warning pulsed through his brain, bringing a sharp snap of pain as he took hold of his weighty unit. He jerked it up and down in desperate need, but the pleasurable sensations he expected never came. All it did was make the longing worse.

CRACKLE CRACKLE

“**Ahhhhhhh!!!**”

Byron released himself. His chest rose and fell in quick breaths. The young man's erect member pulsed with heat and lust; his scrotum heavy beneath it. His plump balls churned away, somehow making

room for ever more semen despite their already ridiculous size and density.

It wasn't fair. Nothing about this was. And yet, in a half hour's time, he would be in heaven. The daily milkings made everything worth it. He would suffer any indignity. Do whatever they commanded. He just wanted to feel that exquisite pleasure again.

He looked around the sparse dorm room. Four walls, a bathroom, a few furnishings and a television. It was as simple as dwellings got. And yet, this was *fancy* compared to some of the accommodations he'd seen on the grounds. Some of the men, the ones who'd been here a long time, literally lived out in the stables. They were like animals. Perhaps they'd *become* animals. A new kind of animal human hybrid. **A milk stud.**

Would he end up living as a barnyard creature? It seemed likely. Unless he missed his guess, the dorm rooms were for new recruits. A taste of normality while the newbie milk sluts were being broken in. He hoped he could stay here for a while yet. He wasn't ready to dwell in muck and hay. At least, not on a regular basis.

Byron scanned his naked body up and down as he waited for Mistress to arrive. He'd only been there for a few months, but so much had changed. He'd been a college freshman not long ago. He discovered Mega Milkers while looking for a summer job; an opportunity to earn some money before his sophomore year.

It sounded like the best deal in the world. Spend the summer on the farm. Get to hang out with pretty girls. Byron's tuition would be paid upon completing his service. No more college debt. The only stipulations? Submitting to the farm and the women who ran it. That included kinky exploits and taking whatever substances they demanded.

He was put off by the pills and injections at first, but he couldn't argue with the results. His body, once thin and boyish, was filling out rapidly. Byron had meat on his bones for the first time in his life. His shoulders, arms, chest and torso had definition. His legs were the most significant improvement of all, calves and thighs sculpted from muscle.

Was it the drugs they gave him? The grueling chores? Or all the ridiculous *pony games* they made him play in elaborate bondage? It was the combination of the three, most likely. How else could he have undergone such a massive physical transformation in such a short time?

Byron rose from the bed and walked to the tall, full length wall mirror not far from the front door. He inspected his beefy body in the reflection. That was the truly bizarre thing. They'd changed him in so many ways and yet... he approved. Other than the strange #17 cattle tag permanently clipped in his ear, Byron liked what he saw.

He felt desired. Sought after. Prized. It didn't matter that it was his seed they truly wanted. He didn't care that he'd become an object to be toyed with on this sinister fetish farm. Byron enjoyed it and more to the point, the orgasms! Like nothing he'd ever experienced before. The explosive pleasure delivered by the hands of a skilled stable Mistress made a mockery of any pitiful climax he'd achieved before coming to this place.

He wanted nothing else but to experience it. Again and again and again.

knock knock knock

The taps arrived at the door like a herald of erotic bliss. The portal opened and in walked his gorgeous handler; a dark skinned beauty he knew only by the name *Jessie*. She was clad in black rubber work boots, light blue sweat pants, a low-cut white top that exposed her midriff and one of the farm's signature white baseball caps. Her thick, dark hair trailed down all sides of her head, including a partial pony tail that emerged from the back of her hat.

Jessie carried a long leather leash with a metal fastener at its end along with a med kit. Inside was a syringe with his daily injection along with oral medication he was administered twice a day.

Her gaze drank in Byron as a fiendish smile curled her lips. The young man turned toward the door and tucked his arms behind him, standing at attention. His stiff cock pointed directly at the sultry milk maiden. A deep red entered his cheeks as he blushed sheepishly.

“Oh, you're up already! Perfect. I see you're ready for morning milking.”

* * * * *

“**MMMMPPPHHHH!!!! MMMMMPPGGHHHHHHPPPPHHHHLLLMMMM!!!!**”

“That's it! Keep it coming 17! **Good boy!**”

Byron groaned into the ball gag lodged in his mouth. His hands yanked on the thick cuffs securing his arms behind his back. The leather bindings were attached to a sturdy length of chain that ran to the stall wall. He stood on the tile floor, not far from the drainage hole at its center as Jessie stroked him back and forth.

Cum erupted from his tip in luscious waves. Splatters and webs of spunk caught the stable Mistress on occasion, but most of the thick nut ran down into the receptacle just in front of the bound bitch boy. The metal milk bucket was already half full, a product of his first forced climax ten minutes ago and the one he was currently having.

Jessie's skillful handjob wasn't the only thing driving him wild with pleasure. The combination butt plug and vibrating toy buzzed away in his ass, stimulating Byron's prostate and dialing his full-body bliss to maximum. The fat anal invader led to a cow-print leather tail that hung from his plugged anus. It completed the young man's image as a milk stud and its vibration settings could be adjusted by remote at any time.

Jessie rolled her left hand around the bottom of his well lubed balls. She applied a series of lotions and creams to his genitalia in between each round of milking. Byron didn't know if it was medicated or if it's natural properties as a lubricant made him feel incredible, he only knew it made his milking sessions much more intense.

She kneaded his nuts gently with squishy, lotion-slathered fingers and stroked his fat length up and down in long, lewd strokes.

“GGGHHHHMMMMMMPPPHHHH!!! MMMMMMMPPPHHHH!!!”

Byron's body shuddered and another long, fat ribbon of creamy sludge blasted from his glans. This one hit Jessie's cleavage dead center, covering her exposed breasts. A smaller strip of creamy nut managed to fly up and decorate her mouth and chin.

The sultry stable Mistress didn't miss a beat, continuing to jack him as her tongue extended from her mouth and cleaned herself. She lapped up the dollop of cum happily, then leaned forward so the excess filth could slide from her chest into the waiting cream catcher.

“Be careful 17! My breasts are fair game and I can take it on the chin, but if you get any of your filth in my hair, I will **BEAT YOUR ASS!**”

She gave his cock and balls a firm squeeze, causing him to grunt as she emphasized her final words. Jessie then resumed her slick stroking with a throaty chuckle.

More splurts of thick custard oozed from his bulging cockhead as the wicked vixen drained him dry. Byron perspired as his body convulsed. It was all he could do to stay upright as his body shook in pleasure and more clingy paste shot from his cock into the cylindrical cauldron of spooze.

“There we go!” Jessie announced happily as she released his spent nethers. “Two thirds full! Just one more round and you'll be done for the morning.”

She rose from her milking bench and pulled off her gloves with two snaps of wet latex. Jessie deposited them in a nearby garbage can before turning back to the gagged and still-recovering Byron. With a flick of the remote, she brought the buzzing toy in his ass to a stop.

“Be back in a jiff, slut! I'm going to freshen up a bit. Don't knock over that can, or we have to start all over! You know the rules.”

Jessie patted him on the cheek before striding off. Byron was left alone with his thoughts for a time. He breathed deeply through his nose as his body descended from the high of chemically and physically enhanced orgasm.

He looked up and down the row of tiled milking stalls. There were only a few other men being milked at the moment, but the morning rush would arrive before long. Pretty soon the whole facility would be loud with muffled moans and haughty laughs.

Byron couldn't help but question where all these canisters of man butter were going. He'd heard a rumor from one of the other studs that their milkings were commissioned by a nearby convent of fetish nuns. His fellow cum slave claimed to have seen one of the Sisters in black latex visit and inspect the facility. The whole story seemed rather unlikely to Byron, but given the reality he found himself living, it didn't feel impossible either.

He wondered what would be on the agenda today when the milking was done. Building fences? Pulling plows? Naked? In latex? In full leather horse tack? Sometimes the handlers would single out one milk stud and make him the *unicorn* of the day. That man would be dressed as a pink or purple pony and be given especially harsh treatment. Normally this was reserved as a punishment, but sometimes one of the stable Mistresses just felt like inflicting it on their charge.

Two fresh snaps of latex announced that Mistress Jessie was back. Byron turned to see her pulling on fresh gloves as she prepared for round three. Was his break really over already? Byron looked down at his half hard cock and bloated balls. It didn't feel like he had another deluge of semen in him at the moment, but he knew Jessie would coax it out of him before long.

It would be uncomfortable at first, especially after two rounds of milking in a row. The third one was always punishing at the outset, but then it would feel wonderful. The final climax was always the most intense.

“Now, to get you primed...”

Jessie lifted the remote and turned the setting up to eight out of ten. The toy in Byron's ass buzzed back to life, this time much more aggressively. Earlier, it had only been at a four.

“MMMPPPPHHHHGGGMMMM!!!”

His chain rattled as Byron jolted and carefully re-found his footing, almost knocking over the cum receptacle in the process.

SPLURT

Jessie pressed down on the lube dispenser, ejecting a mound of *Mega Milkers* patented aphrodisiac cream into her left palm. She rubbed her gloved hands together, spreading the thick sludge all over her fingers before sitting back down on the milking stool.

“Alright, 17. One more time!”

She took hold of his warm, sticky equipment and went to work, slathering the buttery cream all over his cock and scrotum. Her hands slid over his flesh and Bryan's organs responded immediately. His penis grew in her gentle grip, stiffening rapidly as his balls relaxed in the wake of her latex massage.

“That's right, **Byron the bitch boy!** Get hard for Mistress again! Let's make this a big one!”

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The gentle hum of chirping crickets serenaded Byron as he found himself back in his bed. It had been a long day and he was completely exhausted. The room was dark aside from the gentle glow of the television. He watched some lame game show on a public access channel as his eyelids drooped.

After the morning meal, he'd been dressed in full leather with plenty of pony play accessories. He'd spent most of the afternoon helping move equipment and materials for the farm's renovation efforts, but there were fun and games as well. After that, a day's worth of mud and grime was hosed off him before dinner. Then came his second milking of the day.

Now, finally, he was able to rest. Soon, he'd put his earbuds in and let the sweet feminine voice of the farm's conditioning settle into his brain as he slept.

knock knock knock

Byron looked to the door, surprised that someone would come calling this late. Before he could say anything, it opened and in stepped his handler for the second time that day. She looked different than usual; no longer dressed for work. In her brown, hide overcoat, leather bustier and tight blue jeans it looked like she'd been enjoying a night on the town with her fellow stable Dommies.

Jessie closed the door behind her and turned to him. The mischief in her smile matched the twinkle in her eyes. She carried only a small leather shoulder bag with her.

“Hello, slut. You had quite a day, so I thought I'd come check on you.”

Byron sat up and nodded to her. “Good evening, Mistress. Is there something I can do for you?”

“How nice of you to ask” she replied as she moved to the TV and shut it off. The odd couple were cast into darkness. Now he could see only her outline in the soft glimmer of moonlight from the window. “As a matter of fact, there is.”

“How can I be of service?”

Jessie set down her bag and extracted her arms from her coat before folding it and tossing it aside on a chair. She undid her pants and pulled them down as she spoke. Her boots were pulled off and kicked aside along with her panties.

“There's only so many times a woman can do this work before wanting more; wanting to know what it feels like.”

“What it feels like?”

Jessie snickered at his youthful innocence. “To have one of you inside us. To feel the dam burst while in the throes of ecstasy. I've wanted it for a while now, but I was waiting for the right one.”

Byron's mouth opened. He was speechless as he watched the curvy, darkened figure before him unhook her bra and toss it aside. Next, she reached down and grabbed something from her bag. Byron heard the familiar clinks and jangles of cold steel.

Jessie moved to the bedside and gazed down at him. “Lay back and put your hands above your head.”

Byron followed her commands, spreading himself out and placing his wrists above his pillow. Jessie reached down and secured one wrist in the handcuffs before winding them around the metal housing of the headboard and securing the other.

CRRRIICKK-CRICK

“Open your mouth” she instructed.

Byron opened wide, presenting his tongue to her obediently. He heard a familiar crinkle as Jessie produced one of the familiar medication tabs. She broke it open, extracted the pill and dropped it in

Byron's mouth.

“Swallow.”

Byron had long suspected the medication was some kind of performance enhancer. Whether it was specifically to enhance semen production or it had other effects on his physiology he wasn't sure. He just knew it felt wonderful once the meds kicked in. In five minutes or less, he would be euphoric.

Jessie placed her hands on his chest. She pushed him down, taking hold of his upper body as she slid onto the bed and straddled him. Byron could feel the warmth of her all over, but especially the heat of her dripping sex. She worked herself up and down his midsection as she groped at his strong arms and firm pecs, reveling in the fresh control of her bound cum slave.

“You make a fine pony #17, but I've watched you closely. I know you don't like the barn. You don't want to move there, do you?”

“...No, Mistress.” he admitted reluctantly.

She grabbed his chin. “It's OK. I bring good news. You can avoid that fate, If I so choose.”

“Mistress?” he asked, gazing up into her shimmering eyes.

“Each of us is allowed to take one slave for our own. That lucky stud may stay in our quarters, serving us loyally and retaining some amount of human dignity.”

Jessie pressed her soft ass cheeks back on Byron's rapidly rising staff. She slid her crack up and down his phallus, the fleshy length hardening until it felt like it would burst. His scrotum twitched below, growing more plump by the second as the drug began to take effect. Normally, his sack would swell slowly through the night as he rested. This was the first time he'd taken three doses in a single day. Byron wondered, nervously, if his body could tolerate this much sexual overclocking.

“Are you ready for your third milking, slave?” she asked, placing a finger on his mouth. She pressed firmly, relaying that the question was rhetorical. “As long as you please me, you'll be getting a third milking every day from now on.”

Her gyrating against his straining erection came to a stop. She lifted her hips at the right angle to bring her sopping wet lips to the tip of his penis. Jessie stared at him as she lowered herself down and Byron lost his mind.

“OhhhhhhhhhhhHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She maintained eye contact for as long as she could, but even Jessie gave way to the pleasure, cooing sensually and closing her eyes as her warmth enveloped Byron's cock. She stayed still for a time, adjusting to his length and size while biting her lip and moaning.

Byron wanted nothing more than to begin thrusting and bucking until he blew his slowly building load into the depths of his Mistress, but with her weight on top and his arms bound, he had no leverage.

Jessie controlled the pace. She began flexing her legs; rising and falling on the milk stud's bulging

length of hot meat. As she built a slow, steady fucking rhythm, Jessie reached down and took fresh hold of him. Her left palm was flat against his chest. Her right hand found his mouth, inserting three fingers and plunging over his soft, warm tongue. Her bare breasts bounced in the dim moonlight as she began to ride him aggressively. She was a true cow girl in the very pose that bore her title.

When she'd had her fill of dominating his mouth, she pulled her phlegmy fingers free. Byron's moans came loud as she continued to ride his slick length of fat cock up and down. She reached for the blanket at her side and brought the corner to his mouth, stuffing it inside. Byron's groans of bliss were immediately stifled, if not silenced, by the makeshift muzzle.

“Can't have you waking up the whole complex” she said in breathless exhales of growing bliss. “Should've brought a gag. You make such lovely noises when you're gagged.”

Her hands found his torso and soon both were gripping his body tightly. She road him for several long minutes as their pleasure and sexual tension surged. Byron pulled on the handcuffs frantically, desperate to channel his excitement somewhere other than his steel hard cum pipe. Jessie's silken walls slid up and down his cock exquisitely, bathing him in tight, wet, warm bliss as her own moans grew louder.

“Mmmmmmm! **Yes! Give it to me! Give it to me, cum slave!**”

Byron's orgasm hit him full force, his cock exploding like a jizzum volcano as Jessie hilted on his spewing phallus. She moaned gibberish and dug her fingers into Bryon's flanks as her depths were filled with hot seed. The bound milk stud moaned around the mouthful of wet blanket, his eyes rolling upward as his balls shuddered and ejected an endless stream of creamy nut upward.

His prodigious emissions quickly backed up and began running freely from the stretched pussy lips of his moaning Mistress. Waves of warm custard streamed from their locked flesh, covering Byron's hips and torso with sticky paste. The glue-like semen ran everywhere, bathing the sides of Jessie's legs and the bottom of her ass; sealing them together in a torrent of gripping filth.

As Byron's body convulsed, Jessie resumed her fucking. She slid up and down his cum-drenched rod, gripping his cock tightly with her spongy walls. The young man looked up at her in a pleasure-wracked haze, wondering how many rounds this would last. Their bodies were already soiled beyond measure and the bedding was drenched in clingy cum.

The devious glint in Jessie's eyes and her giddy laugh were all the indication he needed. The third milking was far from over.