

**CAMP
CREAMERY**

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Only **ADULTS** beyond this point.

All characters are consenting adults at least eighteen years old.

1



I told myself I would not make friends at this bullshit summer camp. The others—maybe twenty or so on this stupid bus—might’ve been socializing, but I was happy to tune them out with last year’s Megadeth album while I sat in the back row and kept my long black hair between them and the tiniest privacy I could find.

It was Mom’s fault.

She didn’t say why she sent me to this camp. But I knew why.

To get me out of this phase.

Fuck you, Mom.

The old school bus engine was already sputtering like a dying lawnmower, and we were bouncing down some nowhere dirt road carved into a wall of pines. Some of the boys were loud. A couple of jocks kept roughhousing mid-aisle like we were heading to a game. Some screw-up, some fuck-up, some strike three. I saw a pudgy dork trying to make friends with a kid who clearly wanted to be anywhere else. A few girls kept to themselves. The rest were just noise—chewing, snapping gum, showing off with their dumb Tiger Electronics games. Everybody tried to be cool, but no one was. I seriously hoped I didn’t have to talk to any of them.

Then the trees stopped, and there was our destination: Camp Creamery. The sign had hand-painted cartoon cows.

We rolled up on a patch of sun-bleached grass surrounded by cow pastures. Immediately, the inside of the bus smelled like old hay, warm shit, and sour milk. There were a couple barns, some bunkhouses with peeling paint, rusted silos. It looked like the whole place was one strong wind from being condemned, but it also didn’t look too much different from the other dairy farms around here.

The bus hissed to a stop. The jocks ahead were wondering aloud where the lake was.

Like it was vacation.

Like they were too stupid to realize they were here for the same reason I was: *reform*.

Some guy in a pastel short-sleeve button-down and khakis stepped on with a clipboard and the kind of smile you only see on salesmen. His nametag had a job title that I couldn’t read but probably meant nothing. The guy behind him looked like he’d photocopied his personality from the first one: big glasses, awkward posture, tucked-in shirt, and a laminated badge.

“Alright, campers! Off the bus, single file!”

We shuffled off in a slow-moving herd, shoes hitting gravel, all of us carrying some belongings—mine in a duffel bag. Every one of those clipboard dorks smiled way too much and jotted notes when we were outside.

“Hmm, exquisite physique,” one said, eyeing one of the jocks.

They just started cracking up.

There was a lady too.

She was dressed like the others with a red-haired bun. But instead of taking notes on a clipboard, she used her hands more directly. She felt along shoulders, cupped elbows, pressed her palm to spines, examining the campers’ bodies like she was inspecting produce. She squeezed a dude’s bicep and murmured something about *high yield potential*.

When she got near me, I stiffened. Her gaze dragged over me like a scanner. Then she reached out, her fingers brushing my shoulder and pressing gently against the muscle like she was checking for health problems. She ran her hand down my upper arm, then circled behind me to place a flat palm between my shoulder blades.

“Hmm,” she muttered, almost to herself. “Satisfactory upper body mass.” Then she gave a quick pat to my hips and buttocks. “Yes, yes. A good batch. They finally listened and didn’t send any fat ones.”

What kind of camp counselors are these a-holes? I wondered. Whatever. I just had to do this bullshit for a couple weeks and forget all about them. In the meantime, Megadeth kept me from feeling creeped out by it.

We milled around in the gravel lot for what felt like forever, swatting flies and roasting in the summer humidity while the clipboard cult conferred in hushed voices. The bus eventually drove away. A few of the guys tossed pebbles or tried to hit on the couple of girls while I imagined I was at Cory’s house playing his NES instead of wasting my life at Camp Cowpie.

One of the jocks—tall, tan, and clearly pissed—stomped over, his arms thrown wide like he was about to start a fight with the sky. He mouthed something to me.

I slid one earphone off. “What?”

“I was told this place had, like, hot girls. This is some bait-and-switch crap. What the hell are we supposed to do? I packed my swim trunks and everything.”

I stared at him. Guys like him had bullied me in high school, where they had advantages. Better cars. Hotter friends. And I was the freak with the long hair and eyeliner. Here, I supposed we were on even ground. “Your parents didn’t send you here to have fun,” I said. “It’s for reform. Our parents think we suck.”

He barked a laugh, hardly convinced. “Nah, bullshit. I was on the football team. I slept with so many chicks too. I ain’t got anything to reform. Maybe *you* do...what’s your name?”

“Twitch.”

“What the fuck kind of name is *Twitch*?”

“It’s what people call me. What’s your name?”

“Marcus.”

I nodded. We didn’t shake hands or chat anymore. He wasn’t in my clique, and I wasn’t in his. No reason to make friends when we wouldn’t see each other again once we were out of this shithole.

Once my skin felt like it was going to melt off, one of the counselors clapped his hands and called us over to a patch of flattened grass near a barn. We gathered in a loose

circle, most of us sweating through our shirts. The guy—mustached, balding, with the same office attire as the others—held a laminated folder like he was about to deliver a quarterly report. I knew the campers and I looked out of place, but these weird pit-stained counselors were completely inappropriate for their surroundings.

“Welcome to your orientation!” he said, voice bright. “You’ve been selected for this opportunity to participate in a structured behavioral alignment program centered around integrity, physical accountability, and task-based personal growth. Each camper will be assigned to a rotating duty schedule involving key aspects of dairy farm operations. These include: mucking out stalls, feeding and watering the heifers, cleaning milking equipment, hauling hay bales, washing down the parlor floor, and helping with early morning milking rotations.”

A few guys laughed. The majority groaned. I saw Marcus shaking his head in disbelief. Those big hands of his clenched like he wanted to strangle someone.

“Hard work is the cornerstone of character development,” the counselor continued. “Your guardians have entrusted us with this process, and we take that responsibility seriously.”

Just behind me, someone muttered: “What a load of crap.”

I turned. Tall guy, lean build, sunburned neck, suspicious look in his eyes.

“If I wanted to shovel manure,” he said, now to me, “I could’ve just stayed home.”

“You worked on a farm?” I asked quietly.

“Yeah. My family’s. These counselors don’t look like they belong anywhere near this place. They have *pocket protectors*. And *loafers*. I bet they don’t know jack shit about farming. This feels like some kind of experiment.”

I nodded slowly. It was nice to know my suspicions were verified by an expert.

“I’m Cal,” he said. “You?”

“Twitch.”

We didn’t get to linger long after that. Another clipboard weirdo came out with a whistle and barked something about duty pairings. Cal and I didn’t need to say anything—we just drifted toward each other. I’d rather be with someone who had some idea of what was going on, and the counselors didn’t fill me with a whole lot of trust. Following our pairings, we were marched toward a row of tools leaning against the side of the barn. Pitchforks, shovels, scrub brushes. One counselor handed us gloves. Then we clomped into the barn, and the stench hit instantly—dense, throat-clogging, like every cow in history had shit inside that building. The air was wet and hot, caking my face with a stink-cloud of feces.

All around me, campers recoiled in horror. Someone shouted, “Oh my god,” like they were being gassed. One of the girls yanked her shirt over her nose. A kid with braces clamped his mouth shut and bolted back outside, retching into the dirt. Marcus swore loudly about his ruined summer vacation. Cal was the only one to not have a reaction.

The stalls were a mess of old hay, puddles of brown sludge, and thick mats of cow shit that had clearly been there for days. And the casualties continued: one camper dry-heaved and had to stumble out. Another tried to lift a shovelful and immediately slipped, landing ass-first with a squelch. No one laughed, though, because no one was spared. Jocks and nerds took their turns cleaning out the rows of stalls.

Flies swarmed our faces, getting into our ears, landing on our knuckles as I worked with Cal, trying to look braver than I was. My hair was way too long for this bullshit.

Every time I lifted a chunk of soiled hay, it revealed something worse beneath—just shit, shit, and *more* shit. And those counselors watched us all while taking notes.

After the stalls, it was time to feed the heifers. We lugged metal buckets full of grain—dense and earthy-smelling—and dumped them into cracked troughs. The cows pushed forward with their wet snouts and flared nostrils, shoving past each other like it was an impatient buffet line. One nailed me square in the side, and I lost my balance, nearly spilling into the feed.

“Don’t show fear,” Cal said. “They can smell it.”

I shot him a look. He just grinned.

Next came the parlor. The milking room was a slick maze of hoses, machines, and clean metal fixtures. But we wouldn’t be using them. Instead, we were instructed to milk the cows *manually*, and at this point most of the campers looked like they’d rather eat glass. One girl, scared of the cows, refused outright. Another guy got whacked by a startled cow’s tail and fell down. Again, I was lucky to have Cal, who made the whole thing look easy.

Our cow was mostly white, big-eyed, and not remotely thrilled to have her teat groped by a bunch of eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds. Cal took the lead, showing me how to sit on the stool just behind her flank and cup the udder gently but firmly.

“You don’t just yank,” he said. “You roll your fingers down. Like this.”

He demonstrated a smooth motion—thumb and forefinger forming a ring, pressure rolling downward. As a result, a thick stream of milk squirted into the pail underneath.

He handed it off. I hesitated. The udder felt warm, taut, and soft in a way that made me deeply uncomfortable. But I mimicked the motion. At first, nothing came out. The big cow shifted, and I was *immediately* reminded of how much heavier cows were than humans. My hands cramped.

“Loosen your grip,” Cal said, his voice calm. “You’re not trying to strangle it.”

I adjusted, tried again, and—*there*. A pale jet shot out.

Across the parlor, things weren’t going as well. One camper was puking after having puked earlier. Another shrieked when a cow farted loudly behind him. Marcus kept yelling about how his family was going to sue the camp. But, surprisingly, I actually got into the rhythm of milking. And it was nice to know that I was helping an animal probably feel relief.

Cal pointed at my shirt. “Is that *Peace Sells*?”

I glanced down at the Megadeth design, stained now with sweat and maybe worse. “Yeah. You into metal?”

“Hell yeah,” he said, taking his turn with the teat. “Maiden, Dio, Priest. The classics. Got the new Anthrax tape too.” He laughed. “My mom hates it.”

I nodded. “Anthrax is good. I’m more into Slayer. Megadeth, obviously. Metallica before they got bigger.”

“You hear the new Testament yet?”

“Not yet. My friend’s older brother said it’s killer.”

“Totally is.”

After the chores, we were herded into a small shower facility with half-rusted pipes and barely any hot water. I scrubbed the grime off as best I could, my muscles aching, fingers still tingling from the milking. Cal didn’t say much, just grunted occasionally as he rinsed sweat and cow stink from his arms. The water pressure sucked, and I had to stand under the stream at a weird angle to keep from freezing.

Dinner was complete bullshit. For an afternoon of hard—unpaid—farm labor, they handed each of us two foil-wrapped protein bars and a paper cup of warm tap water. What a reward.

As usual, Marcus was vocal. “Granola?” he shouted. “Are you serious? We did all that work for *granola*? Can I get a fucking cheeseburger? I’ll go out there and butcher the meat myself.”

One of the clipboard guys assured him that it was *nutritionally balanced and portion-controlled*.

I thought Marcus would throw it on the ground and stomp on it, but he ate it. Reluctantly.

Mine tasted like cardboard and glue. It crumbled into dry, flavorless dust in my mouth. I choked it down while sitting on a splintered bench, glaring at nothing.

Afterward, we were led to the bunkhouse. It was a creaky one-room cabin with rows of wood-framed beds lined up military-style. A few fans pushed hot air around. The place smelled like old plywood and the shit of the farm just over the hill. I dropped my duffel at the bunk farthest from the door and lay back, still feeling the cow stink in my pores despite the shower.

That night, the bunkhouse was muggy and still. I lay there in my underwear, sticky with sweat, one arm behind my head, staring up at the wooden slats above me. The fans did jack shit. I should’ve been passed out after everything we did today. My arms were jelly, my back was sore, and my palms were cracked despite wearing gloves. But instead, I was...*hard*. Aching, pulsing, embarrassingly turned on for no good reason. I shifted under my sheet, trying to ignore my huge boner, and then I felt something stiff and folded near my head. I reached up and pulled it out from beneath my pillow: a dog-eared copy of *Swank*, an actual fucking porn mag. The cover had a neon-pink title and some blonde chick crouched in fishnets with a lollipop between her tits. I stared at it in confusion while my dick felt like it might literally burst.

Is this from the last camper? I wondered.

I definitely wasn’t complaining. My friends all boasted about finding porn mags in the woods, but apparently I’d been unlucky—until now.

But it turned out I wasn’t lucky.

I heard rustling blankets. Sighs. Some muffled slapping skin.

Across the aisle, Marcus was holding a centerfold up to the moonlight and going at it, the bed starting to squeak from his shameless masturbating. Another kid two bunks down grunted softly, magazine draped across his chest, the sheet pounding up and down.

I looked back at the model on the cover. Lipstick smudged. Legs spread. Challenging me.

Fuck it.

I slipped my hand under the waistband of my boxers and started to stroke. Quietly. Slowly. I didn’t want to alert anyone to what I was doing and that I had no self-control, but all around me, the others were getting off, and suddenly I wasn’t in a summer camp anymore. I was in some weird, sweaty hive of twenty dudes with all the same urges. More magazines crinkled. More voices started to groan and grunt.

I bit my lip as I got closer, my thighs tensing, my heart thudding in my ears. When I came, it was sharp and hot, and I had to clamp a fist over my mouth to keep from moaning as fresh cum erupted into my boxers in multiple, spine-convulsing squirts.

It barely mattered. I stayed half-erect even after.

I wrapped the pillow around my head to sleep during what began to sound like a midnight gay orgy...

2



The next morning, I was still groggy, halfway through tugging on my shirt, when one of the clipboard creeps popped his head in and barked, “McKinley? You’ve been selected for a routine physical. Head to the med shed. Now.”

Physical? Med shed? More bullshit.

The name didn’t lie. It was pretty much a stupid shed, near one of the old silos. It was refreshingly cool inside, albeit sterile. The walls were lined with metal cabinets, and there was a paper-covered exam table in the middle like something out of a school nurse’s office. I reckoned it wasn’t a bad idea for a summer camp to need such a place, with how prone to injuries most kids were. I awaited punishment: strapped down and zapped for my rebellious taste in music.

The woman was the same woman from yesterday who’d briefly touched my buttocks. This time, I read her nametag: MS. BELL. Not DR. BELL, interestingly. Same red bun. Same clipboard. Same sociopathic smile.

“Tyler McKinley,” she said, beaming. “Let’s get started, shall we? Shirt off, please.”

I blinked a few times, processing. “Sure.” I peeled off my shirt and sat on the edge of the table, paper crinkling under me. My skin prickled as she pressed a stethoscope to my chest, made me breathe, checked my pulse, all normal stuff for a doctor or whoever. But as her hand dropped lower, I felt something *else* happening—something I couldn’t stop. I was getting fucking *hard*. Not a little. The full-blown pants-ripping kind. My face flushed hot with panic because I wasn’t wearing pants. Instead, I hastily covered the front of my boxers to prevent my damn cock from poking out.

“Hmm,” she said.

“Sorry,” I said. “Uh, you know. Hormones.”

She didn’t say anything. Instead, she removed my hands before tugging my boxers down. I tried to shift my hips, to hide it, to emphasize my embarrassment, but then it sprang out, so swollen that it made me feel lightheaded. She tilted her head, clinically unfazed, which somehow made it worse. And also, right above my junk, halfway between my belly and groin, was a *pouch-like* protuberance of skin. It wasn’t a part of my belly—which was flat and skinny—and since I hadn’t pissed yet, I hadn’t noticed it until right this moment. It looked like someone had surgically inserted a small water balloon a few inches below my belly button. Or an oddly located breast implant.

“Interesting,” she murmured, not at all alarmed.

Which made me feel better. Kind of?

“What is that?” I asked. “Some kind of bug bite?” The lump was clearly much larger than anything a mosquito or spider could cause, but regardless it was my first, *sane* assumption.

Ms. Bell pressed her fingers around the lump, slow and methodical. I flinched. The damn thing was sore and sensitive!

“Mmhmm.” More notes. “Just relax. This is all perfectly normal. Mmhmm. Tell me, Mr. McKinley, do you like milk?”

“I, well—what?”

“Milk!” she repeated, *cheering* the word. “It’s just incredible, isn’t it? It has a complete nutritional profile. Protein, calcium, electrolytes. And don’t even get me started on the biochemistry of colostrum. Nature’s multivitamin! And the dairy industry is so *integral* to modern civilization. There’s cheese, yogurt, butter, powdered milk for baking, and even specialty creams. Milk doesn’t just make your backbone stronger, it is the backbone of America. Wouldn’t you agree?”

“Um.” I cupped my hands over my boner, which wasn’t so huge anymore—thanks to some cringey praise about dairy products. “I don’t know.”

She didn’t mention the lump again—not directly. She pivoted to asking me about life here in this converted camp, my chores, and what I thought of the food. I told her it was all bullshit, but that’s what I told most people about everything, and her mood didn’t change in the slightest.

After the exam, I was sent back to the usual grind. Chores. Flies. Sweat. My boots squelched in shit-slick mud as I trudged from stall to stall, pitchfork clutched tight in my gloves. The air made me gag again, the barn’s low ceiling trapping the heat and stink like a wet rag wrapped around my face—but it wasn’t as bad as yesterday, and I saw fewer people unable to tolerate the stench. I mucked out straw until my arms trembled, hauled buckets of grain that sloshed down my leg, and hosed down a concrete floor already caked in three new layers of crap.

Every time I leaned forward to scrub a water trough, that lump on my lower belly reminded me it was still there—tight and spongy, pressing into my pants. It throbbed dully in my lower abdomen almost like my cock did. I tried to ignore it, but that whole region of my body just wouldn’t relax. Because I was still horny. Painfully, stupidly horny. That lingering ache from the med shed hadn’t gone away. It buzzed under my skin during every task, thrummed harder each time I crouched or stretched and the seams of my clothing rubbed against me. I couldn’t focus.

So, when afternoon chores wound down and nobody was watching, I ducked into the bunkhouse, grabbed my copy of *Swank* from under the pillow, and slipped out the back door.

I’d forgotten to ask around to find out where everyone else had found their magazines and if they had lumps too, but it was too late now.

I cut through a patch of woods just beyond the clearing. The trees were skinny but dense enough to block the view from camp. A shallow gully wound between two knotted oaks, and I dropped down into it, sitting against a fallen log covered in dry moss. I opened the magazine. My dad had a few porn mags, but I felt way less dirty looking at this one. The pages revealed a centerfold: a blonde sprawled on a bearskin rug, lips parted, her glossy fingers grazing between her thighs. Her skin practically shone. Her nipples looked glazed. I swallowed hard.

My cock was just unbelievable right now. I wrapped my hand around it and started stroking, slow and steady. The heat surged through me until I felt like I was going to *combust* into a fire of pure pleasure. My back pressed against the tree bark. The lump below my belly pulsed in rhythm, warm and tight, jiggling slightly as my hand moved back and forth along my thick, raw shaft, still slightly abused after last night's load.

While beating off—and actually groaning from how good it felt—my free hand grazed that lump. I squeezed it slightly. A shock of sensation ran through my core, so weird and new that it didn't really feel like pain *or* pleasure. I kept rubbing it, slowly, experimentally. Each stroke of my cock was matched by a slow circle over the lump, and it responded, and *both* were pulsing.

I flipped to the next page. A brunette bent over a marble countertop, whipped cream smeared across her chest in spirals. The photo beneath her was even filthier—a close-up of a woman's mouth, tongue licking up milk off another woman's ass. My grip tightened. My hips started rocking up into my fist.

What could possibly get me so turned on? I wondered.

It wasn't this bullshit place. Or the heat. Or smell. And I'd seen naked ladies before.

And yet...

The lump felt so much bigger than even during this morning's exam. There was enough to create a *handful*. And then—

There was someone else in the woods.

And the voice I heard—the *moan*—definitely wasn't from a man's mouth.

Still sporting a huge erection and dribbling pre-cum everywhere, I tucked the magazine against my thigh and got up. Just past a low row of brambles, about twenty yards away, crouched behind a tree, was a Black girl. One of the campers, although I didn't know her name. She was sitting low, half-shadowed, one leg bent awkwardly under her and the other stretched out. Her jeans were bunched around her knees. And that hand of hers was *swiftly* busy between her legs.

Her face was slack with pleasure, her breath coming in short huffs. Her other hand gripped her belly, fingers pressing just above her groin. And there it was—a *lump*. Just like mine. Although, on her, the contrast in skin color was much more apparent. Her skin was as dark as the bark of the tree she was sitting against, but that growth was *pink*.

And she had a magazine too. *Playgirl*. It was open to some oiled-up hunk flexing and posing with his huge boner out, wearing nothing but a cowboy hat.

I shifted my weight to get a better look and stepped on a dry twig. It cracked like a gunshot.

Her head snapped up.

For a split second, her face froze in panic. Her thighs clenched, her hand shot out to cover herself, and she yanked her jeans up with a shaky, scrambling motion.

Then she stopped when she saw my dick. Or I *assumed* it was my dick.

She blinked, her mouth twitching. "Well," she said slowly. "So I'm not the only one with this *thing*."

I glanced down, then back at her. "I didn't mean to snoop..."

"Whatever. I'm so fucking horny it doesn't even bother me."

She stood up and came closer. Her jeans were still halfway down, and that lump actually *sagged* over her groin slightly. It kind of looked like a misplaced boob, except for its wrong color.

"What the hell is this place?" I muttered.

"I was going to ask you the same thing," she said. "But I've been horny since, like, yesterday night. And it won't stop. I found this *Playgirl* magazine under my pillow. So did the other girls."

"I found a magazine too."

"I hate the outdoors. I hate cows." She fanned herself. "I don't know what my family was thinking. They can barely afford to buy me anything, and then they send me to this camp. It's not even a *fun* camp. What the hell am I supposed to do?" She sighed and rubbed her forehead with the back of her hand, streaking sweat across her temple. "Sorry. I'm Bridget, by the way."

I nodded dumbly. "Twitch."

Bridget's eyes dropped to my crotch again. "Twitch, huh? Yeah. Appropriate. Although maybe your name should be *Hung*."

I laughed nervously. "It's not really—"

She knelt in front of me and grabbed my cock.

"Wait, what are you—?"

Her fingers curled around the base of my shaft, and her lips closed around the head in one smooth, hungry, *gasping* motion. My breath hitched as every nerve in my body screamed awake. I staggered back, hands gripping the bark behind me like I might fall through the forest floor. Her mouth was hot, slick, eager, and when she took me deeper, her throat flexed in a way that made my spine arc.

Weird day for a blowjob.

But I wasn't complaining.

Her tongue worked me: pressing, swirling, teasing that tender ridge behind my pulsating tip. My hips jerked. I couldn't stop it. She moaned around me, that hum traveling up through my shaft and deep into my gut, like my bones were buzzing, and soon I was grabbing her head just to keep both of us steady.

"*Fuck...*"

She popped her mouth off just long enough to catch her breath and gave me a wicked little grin. "I can't help it."

"I know," I panted. "It's fine. Really."

She went back to blowing me, but this time her fingers grazed my protrusion. A jolt of pure sensation spiked through me like static. It was so *vague* and *shapeless* but clearly connected to me in a way that felt good. Her hand massaged it, and it felt nearly as good as having my cock sucked. Also, was it bigger *again*? Maybe I was seeing things.

Bridget pulled back again. With her mouth leaking drool and pre-cum, she leaned forward and kissed the lump. Then once more, her lips parting and smooching and slowly expelling the mixture of fluids out of her mouth. She repeatedly lapped along its curve like a cat licking its fur. I threw my head back and groaned, one of my knees buckling.

I was so confused.

There was some deep mystery going on.

But the pressure in my balls made all that secondary to my impending orgasm.

She turned my cock upward and rubbed it and the lump all at once.

Good God.

And down between her own legs, she was massaging *her* lump. Not her pussy. Not even *once*.

The pressure coiled in my gut. It felt like a freight train of cum passing through a tunnel, charging toward the exit. My vision blurred. The forest dissolved. And I was absorbed into a mind-melting explosion of bliss.

“Oh fuck—Bridget, I—”

I came hard. Like, *insanely* hard. The first spurt flew across her cheek, a thick streak of white that made her flinch with surprise. The second blasted across her nose and upper lip. By the third, she was grinning, sticking her tongue out to catch the rest, jerking my shaft as I bucked against her palm. Jet after jet of hot jizz surged out of me like my body had been stockpiling it for a month. It splattered her chin, dripped down her neck, and oozed slowly between the valley of her breasts as she leaned closer. She never shied away. Instead, she looked delighted, eyes sparkling, tongue lapping up the leftovers.

My brain felt sloshed.

What was this lump?

What was this camp?

And then Bridget was dragging me down to eat her out. We were doing all the naughty things that happened in porn mags, and I just couldn't resist.

If my parents were trying to get me to be more normal, was it possible they had sent me to the wrong summer camp?

3



I woke up to noise. Not the usual groans and cursing about more chores. Multiple people were chattering with the occasional stifled laugh or grunt of disbelief.

Blinking against the muggy light of another morning in this slave-labor camp, I sat up and wiped sweat off my forehead. I was sticky, half-hard, and vaguely aware of the now-familiar ache just below my navel. But the buzz in the room kept me from focusing on that, because a crowd of guys had formed near the center of the bunkhouse. Half of them were gathered in a loose circle, standing around each other, whispering and shuffling like they'd just discovered buried treasure—or a dead body.

I slid off my cot and padded closer, trying not to draw attention. “What’s going on?” I asked. No one answered me. But no one needed to once I pushed myself into the group.

Several guys—Marcus included—were standing with their boxers down. And what they were showing each other wasn’t just some casual morning wood, although many *did* have erections. That wasn’t really the topic of discussion.

The *lumps*.

Everyone had one. And they were *bigger*.

Not all the same way. Not all the same size. But definitely alike.

I zeroed in on Marcus. Below his belly hung a pale, rounded mound, just under the size of a honeydew melon. It was smooth, like a balloon of stretched skin—except along the bottom half, where small nubs had begun to emerge. Four of them. Tiny at this point, like baby thumbs poking out, but clearly not just random bulges. Huge green veins webbed across the growth.

“Dude,” someone whispered, horrified. “You have, like...freaking nipples.”

“They’re not *nipples*,” Marcus growled, though he didn’t sound convinced. “It’s some kind of infection. Or tumor. And *you* have them too.”

“We all do.”

“Don’t they kind of look like teats?”

“Fuck off. Guys don’t grow teats!”

“I woke up and it was just like this,” said a different camper, tugging the waistband of his shorts lower to reveal his own growth—smaller than Marcus’s, but clearly the same thing. It had the same sagging weight. The same pale hue. And the same little nubs sprouting downward.

I glanced down at my own belly. My boxers were tented with morning wood, but that was only the second-largest tent. Carefully, I reached beneath the elastic and

cupped the underside of my bulge. It was so much bigger than even last night, weighing probably a few pounds. The bottom was slick with pre-cum and sweat from where it had been resting on my manhood. And, to my lack of surprise, my exploring fingers found those same four bumps. They were very sensitive, and touching them made me wince. Not from pain...

They throbbed like my cock did.

I seriously wanted to bolt out into the woods again and beat off. Instead, I revealed my new feature to this show-and-tell group.

“Fuck,” I whispered.

Marcus looked over at me. “Twitch has it too.”

“This place is experimenting on us,” someone said.

“It’s those damn granola bars. They taste like paint.”

“How would you know what paint tastes like?”

“Should we call the police?”

“Where’s the nearest phone?”

My head was spinning as I backed away slightly. After slaving around the dairy farm for a couple of days, my mind was immediately drawing comparisons to the farm animals. I knew what was growing on my lower navel. I’d *milked* one a few times already. And mine felt kind of full and tender, and were those bumps not a little wet? Or was that just sweat?

That was when the door creaked open and Cal burst in, breathing hard, his arms full of something bulky and yellow. Manila folders. He dumped them on an empty bed next to us. “I found these in one of the counselor’s offices,” he said. “You should have a look.”

Funnily, no one asked how he’d broken in or if he was crazy for doing so. We all needed answers, and he’d come at the right time—displaying a belly-bulge like the rest of us.

We all huddled around as Cal flipped open the first folder, and the smell of fresh toner wafted out. Inside were dense printouts—charts, memos, photos. The first page was a corporate letterhead: MIDWEST LACTEAL BIORESEARCH INITIATIVE by UNITED DAIRY AGRITECH. Beneath it, a title: HUMAN MAMMOGENENSIS AND BEHAVIORAL YIELD CORRELATION.

“What the fuck?” someone said. “I was no good in science. Anyone got the English version?”

Soon, no translation was needed.

Cal kept flipping pages. Graphs. Body scans. Photos of human males, each marked with code numbers, each shown with a different stage of lower-abdominal growth like ours. One image was a side-by-side comparison: pre-serum subject with a flat belly, post-serum subject with a small udder hanging over the groin, veins branching like rivers, four fat teats forming like fingers from the bottom.

He grabbed another folder and opened it.

Inside were pages of diagrams, obviously scientific—cross-sections of human pelvic regions, overlaid with annotations and colored arrows showing hormonal flows, tissue softening, mammary replication across the inguinal line. There were studies about manual stimulation of teats correlated with oxytocin surges and increased lactation. And something about combined stimulation of the penis and udder yielding a statistically significant spike in prolactin release. I could only glance at them, because he was rushing through them.

The pictures of men with udders explained it plenty.

"These bastards," Marcus hissed. "We're a part of some sick experiment. They're turning us into cows!"

"Just the most important part," Cal clarified. "Look. There's even this section that talks about what jobs people with udders can comfortably do while...*producing*. For the dairy industry. They want to make people having udders a *normal thing*."

My head was reeling. I had known there was something fishy going on with this camp and its counselors from the start, and I thought for sure that most everyone else had too. But mainly my bigger questions kept drifting back to my parents. Had they known? Or would they be as shocked as I was that apparently I was growing a big, milky udder as some test subject for the dairy industry?

What came next happened fast. One second, we were all crowded around the folders, flipping through pages of nightmare fuel about cow-and-human hybridization. Next, the overhead fans gave a sudden cough and reversed direction. Instead of blowing the muggy summer air around the bunkhouse, they began pulling it upward—replaced by a faint hiss and a pungent smell I couldn't place.

Faint green smoke began rising from the floors.

It was sweet. Sickly. Almost like those scratch-and-sniff stickers that caused headaches.

Someone gagged. Another camper swayed and stumbled into a bedframe. Cal dropped the folder he was holding and blinked, his eyelids fluttering.

"What's—" I started.

That's when my knees went.

Darkness wasn't instant. It smeared across my vision like wet paint as we all crumpled and fell on top of each other. The last thing I saw was Marcus slumped against the wall, eyes rolled back, drool dribbling from the corner of his mouth.

When I woke up, I was elsewhere.

My mouth was dry. My limbs ached. My head throbbed with a fuzzy pulse, like someone had injected static into my brain. I tried to move—and couldn't. My wrists were bound by something padded and firm. My ankles too. I was on my back. Not on a bed, but a padded incline, angled like a dentist's chair. The room was sterile and echoing. Fluorescent lights buzzed overhead, casting everything in a cold, clinical white.

I smelled cow shit. So, I knew I was still at Camp Creamery.

As more sensation returned to my extremities, I felt that *weight*.

Every inch of skin around my lower belly was stretched tight, the tugging sensation now constant and intense. It sagged low enough to completely cover my manhood, which was pressed awkwardly into the bloated backside of this tremendously pendulous *growth*. And the teats—they were so fat and rubbery now, each larger and thicker than my thumb, erecting off the swell. And the pressure...it was like an immensely full bladder, but the strain was *in front of* my groin instead of inside it, and I didn't possess the muscles to release whatever was stored inside.

I knew what was inside.

But I didn't want to accept it.

Footsteps clicked. "Oh good, you're awake!" Ms. Bell stepped into my field of view, still wearing her neat office attire, clipboard in hand, red bun perfectly intact. "You'll get to experience your first milking. Isn't that exciting? We wanted to *ease* the campers into their new roles and first teach you the *glory* of being such an integral part of the dairy

industry, but then one of you found the files. And we had to advance our timeline a bit. But don't worry. I promise you'll still feel *very* proud of what your body is capable of."

"W-what..." My throat barely worked.

"Oh, don't strain yourself," she cooed, walking around the reclined table. "There's still a little sedative in your system. But that's for your safety, I promise. We can't have you flailing while we attach the suction nozzles, can we?" She disappeared for a moment, and I heard the wheeze of rubber tubing being uncoiled. She came back into view holding four milking-machine tubes. At the end of each tube was a rubbery teat cup.

"I..." I tried to move, to buck against the restraints. Nothing. My body was basically dead.

"You're doing so well, Tyler." Her voice lowered to a conspiratorial hush. "The dairy industry is watching this program very closely. And look at your teats—so plump already! There is a direct relationship between arousal and milk production, because if it feels good, your body wants *more* and *more* of what's happening, so don't be scared. It's my job to make this feel *so good* for you, Tyler."

I winced as her fingers pressed into the swollen flesh just above my groin. Then she began attaching the nozzles one by one, her fingers guiding the soft cups onto each swollen teat with practiced care. Every time a suction cup made contact, I felt the slightest pull of the weak vacuum. It was shamefully erotic, and my dick—like a *fifth* teat down there—was just throbbing away, leaking pre-cum underneath my bulging udder. Subtle vibrations passed through my new feature, and the liquid inside faintly gurgled.

It was both nauseating and extremely, weirdly pleasurable.

The machine let out a slow, rising hum. The tubes connected to each teat pulsed in sequence. The first pull was gentle—a test tug. Then came the second, firmer and rhythmic. And then, steadily, the real milking began. I felt it clearly: a warm, trickling pressure inside the udder giving way to suction, pulling that unnatural liquid out of me with methodical pulses. Each teat throbbed and gurgled in turn, and the release—fucking *God*—the release felt *good*. Like peeing after holding it in for hours. Like nutting. My pelvis lifted involuntarily toward the machine, as if to help it take more out. Warm sensation spiked through each teat, and I sighed in deep relief.

Ms. Bell was at my side, watching the tubes eagerly, licking her lips. "Our studies found that men make better heifers. You know why? Your bodies are wired for pleasure. So, as long as we make it pleasurable..."

She touched my cock. Just placed her fingers there, barely grazing the underside. And I gasped. Then her hand closed around it slowly, and I actually fucking squirmed. The machine, as a result, began to chuckle as the sound of hissing air was replaced with fluid suction.

Her strokes were smooth, deliberate, and devastatingly awesome. Her grip alternated between firm pressure at the base of my hard-on and swirling around my swollen head. And the machine sputtered as my teats opened up even more, the muscles in my new udder relaxing.

"Just like that," she said, still tugging me off. "You know, your milk isn't just going to waste in some lab fridge, Tyler. It's being pasteurized, bottled, and shipped out to stores. The kind of thing that'll be in protein shakes, breakfast smoothies, cheese, yogurt, and *anything* you can imagine. Have you ever helped so many people in your life?"

My head whipped back and forth because I was riding a wave of bliss.

I shuddered as her other hand slid beneath the udder, massaging the bloated base, squeezing softly where the pressure ached most. My cock jumped in her hand, dripping nonstop. I tried to close my eyes, block her out, pretend this wasn't happening, that it was just some fucking dream while I was still asleep in the bunkhouse—but every nerve in my body betrayed me. My balls throbbed. My udder squelched. Milk hissed into the tubing in long, gurgling draws, and it was so *good*, and I started *humping* my body even more toward the source of relief, my big udder flopping and bouncing as the pressure gradually abated.

"The average teenager is such a waste," she said. "And your family agrees. Now, you're *productive*. You're *useful*. Don't you want to be useful?"

"No..." I squeaked, while my mind screamed otherwise—as long as it meant more of getting my big teats sucked.

Tears welled up in my eyes.

Then it hit across my whole pelvis.

My cock lurched in Ms. Bell's hand, spurting thick, hot ropes of cum against the underside of my udder. Her hand kept stroking as the release continued, milking every last pulse with gentle, coaxing pressure. I howled through clenched teeth, my body jerking helplessly against the restraints. And then my udder too: each of the four teats fired a jet of warm milk into their tubes, syncing with the fading spasms of my orgasm. The suction whined and adjusted, slurping the output eagerly.

Ms. Bell was thrilled. "Yes! That's it, Tyler. Let it *all* out. You're doing such good work. Your milk is so rich right now. *Mm*, doesn't that feel good?"

I couldn't answer. I was drowning—pleasure, shame, release, pressure, heat. My vision sparkled with white spots. My balls twitched with aftershocks.

And the machine kept going until it sucked me dry...

4



The counselors kept us doing the same chores at Camp Creamery—although we certainly looked over our shoulders more often after the bunkhouse gassing. We still scooped cow shit, tossed hay bales, and scrubbed filth off rusted gates and cracked concrete. But now we did it with bloated, sloshing udders projecting from our midsections. Mine was at least ten pounds, and I wasn't even the largest.

And I knew that because I could see them all.

They handed us these skin-tight gray overall *things*. Nothing covered our chests. Instead, the straps looped up from the beltline, where a thick fold of fabric supported our udders from underneath, transferring the strain from our bellies to our shoulders. I supposed it was slightly more comfortable than nothing at all, but I'd wince every time the wind blew against my raw teats. And the uniform didn't stop the udder from bouncing. From *jiggling*. From just being a goddamn heavy nuisance that I wished I could cut off. Which was probably the only way to get rid of it once I successfully escaped this place and told the local news what sick, twisted shit was happening behind closed doors in this seemingly ordinary dairy farm and summer camp.

The counselors watched us like we were livestock. Always lurking near the barn doors or poking around the milking parlor with their clipboards, jotting notes.

I wanted to throw a pitchfork at their heads.

And I was always, *always* hard. The fuller and more painful my udder was, the more my erection grew. It was harder to reach it. And hard-ons were doubly irritating because my cock would stab the backside of my udder unless I tried to shift things around slightly. Or jerk off. I did that often between chores, finding any relief I could and clearing my head. And it wasn't just me. I saw Marcus once, leaning against the corral fence, his eyes half open as he jerked off two teats simultaneously. And within twenty-four hours, the pressure was just unbearable, and I'd feel so desperately horny about needing relief and having all the milk drained. Being so bloated down there was so helplessly arousing, but it made me want to be emptied so *bad*, and my mind kept drawing associations to sexual urges.

Full balls: need to blow my cum-load.

Full udder: need to blow my *milk-load*.

The cows knew something was up too.

One big brown heifer kept following me around the barnyard, sniffing at my udder like we were full-on related. While I was pitching hay, she actually tried to lick me. Her tongue was rough, dragging across my milk-sack and sensitive tits. I wanted to curse her

out, but she was just a dumb cow. Maybe she was just trying to make me feel better. Maybe she was welcoming me into this milking lifestyle. I shuddered, either way.

Secret sexual activities became more common.

Later, I walked behind the barn, looking for a wheelbarrow someone had ditched, when I heard a noise—wet and rhythmic *slurping*. And *panting*. I slowed down, stepped quietly, and peered around the corner. Two guys were crouched low in the shadow of the barn wall. One had his back against the wood, moaning through clenched teeth, and the other was kneeling between his legs, head bobbing against his groin. But not his cock.

He was sucking a big, fat *teat*.

But it was still kind of a blowjob. And white cream dribbled down the guy's lips while the other guy was grinding forward and thrusting his hips like he couldn't get enough. Both of their udders were huge, jostling and swinging.

The one on the bottom broke off with a gasp, then latched onto another teat and started slurping greedily.

I stumbled back before they saw me, my own udder twitching like it wanted the same.

Four dicks, four times the fun, I thought, although I couldn't imagine that any girls would go for the freaks like me. Unless, of course, that girl was also a freak.

To avoid my chores, I slipped away into the woods again. Same patch of trees. Same dried-out gully with the mossy log. I felt like I was in a dream, walking in a daze, being pulled along by my stupid, heavy udder. And then I saw Bridget in the same spot as before, sitting with her back against the same tree, legs bent out to the side. Her overalls were undone, her udder propped up in her lap. This time, instead of masturbating in the conventional way, she was tugging at her teats, and I could tell from her frustrated expression that she was seeking the same relief that I craved. It was so, so tiring carrying around an amount of milk that felt as heavy as a bowling ball.

When she finally glanced up and saw me, she didn't scream or jerk her overalls back up. She just exhaled through her nose like she'd been waiting on me.

"Hey," she said, her voice rough.

"Hey," I replied. "Didn't mean to sneak up."

She let her hands fall away from her udder, which jiggled and sloshed faintly with the movement. "I can't get relief. It's like...I start, and I think it's gonna feel good, but then it doesn't, it's just *clogged*, and I refuse to go beg the counselor to do something."

"Fuck those counselors," I added.

She swallowed hard. "I had a dream last night. In the dream, I was hooked up to one of those big milking machines. But I wasn't scared. I was smiling. I was laughing. I *liked* it. And it was the best feeling I'd ever felt, like the simple act of giving milk made my whole life have *purpose*. And then I woke up, and it felt disgusting." She blushed. "Talk about a wet dream, huh? My whole bed was soaked."

I didn't say anything. What the hell was there to say?

"We need to get out of here," she said, looking me directly in the eye. "I mean it. I don't know exactly where we are, but I know the highway can't be far north. Someone picks us up, we go to a gas station to find a phone. And then this whole thing blows up."

I nodded. Escape was quickly becoming my favorite option.

That night, after lights-out, we reconvened and went for it. I figured it was better for only two of us to go, which was why I didn't enlist the help of Cal or Marcus—a large

group would only be more likely to bring attention to itself. And when we got help, the other campers would be saved. At least, that was the plan that made me feel better.

There weren't any alarms, fences, or spotlights. It was just a summer camp.

Bridget had a compass to keep us on a straight heading. And for a while, the weight of my udder was bearable.

For maybe thirty minutes.

And then I felt like I was going to split open. I didn't know if the sloshing and jiggling made the milk fizz or what, but the pressure inside *quickly* escalated. Bridget's looked just as full—her vibrantly pink teats swollen and dripping, pressing out over the udder-carrier flap.

"God, it's heavy," she groaned, sometimes holding it with both hands, especially when we had to traverse rougher terrain or push through thicker brush. "If we turn back now, we can still probably get back in bed before anyone notices we're gone."

"We've only gone a few miles, I think," I said.

"Just giving you the option."

"No way. I'm not going back, no matter what. They'll feed us more of those granola bars, and our udders will only get bigger."

The woods were dark, but not impassable with a nearly full moon and a flashlight. Pine needles muffled our steps. The occasional hoot of an owl or chirp of a bug reminded me how far we were from the next town over. But we kept going. Even as the camp disappeared behind us, even as I started to doubt we'd make it to a highway, I wanted *freedom*.

Then Bridget suddenly stopped walking and hunched over, bracing herself against a tree. "I can't—*damn*—I can't go any farther," she panted. Her knees trembled. "It's too full. Twitch, I swear, I feel like this thing is gonna explode."

She dropped to the ground and unclipped the support flap of her overalls, letting her udder spill into her lap. It quivered from the release of tension but didn't deflate. It was so swollen and flushed that it looked like it was glowing under the moonlight. Her teats twitched and leaked slowly, but nothing meaningful came out.

She grunted and started squeezing one teat, then another, using the same methods she'd learned on the dairy farm. Milk beaded at the tips and ran in slow dribbles, but it never became a proper flood. Her face contorted in frustration. "I'm gonna rupture. It feels like there's *gallons* in me and...it's all trapped in there."

I staggered over and knelt beside her, my own udder sloshing heavily between my thighs. It was beyond full—it was a tight, aching mass fused to my gut. My teats throbbed with each heartbeat, leaking with every breath. My cock had been rock-hard for the past twenty minutes, completely ignored, and I was starting to feel dizzy.

Bridget was almost crying. She tried lifting her udder with both arms and massaging underneath it, pressing in toward the teats, but only more dribbles came out.

We needed proper *suction*.

I hesitated. Just for a second. Staring at that plump teat. "Bridget," I said quietly. "I'm gonna try something. Just...don't freak out."

After she gave me the tiniest nod, I angled my face lower toward her lap. I parted my lips and wrapped them around the nearest dribbling teat, tongue scooping underneath its phallic shape. It was bizarre—so long and squishy, and it tasted kind of rubbery without any distinct flavor beyond that, except maybe a little sweat. I closed my eyes and began to suck.

At first, there was nothing. I felt stupid. I went down lower until the teat was poking at the entrance of my throat and *really* pulled my lips up the teat-shaft while evacuating all the air out of my mouth.

And then—

A little spurt.

Hot, creamy liquid splashed against my tongue. I swallowed instinctively, then sucked again. More came this time, slow but steady, coating the inside of my mouth with its warm sweetness, like melted ice cream. It wasn't awful. Especially since I was a little thirsty anyway.

Bridget gasped. Her whole body jerked, and I felt her hands gripping my shoulders.

"Yes," she moaned. "It's working. *Please*, Twitch. It's weird. But keep going. I don't care how weird it gets. Just make me feel better."

I sucked harder. Deep, rhythmic draws, my cheeks hollowing with effort. The milk came faster now, filling my mouth before I could swallow it all. And I stopped trying to do so. Instead, I alternated between sucking and spitting it out to the side. My efforts appeared to open *all* the floodgates, and while keeping my mouth on one teat, I jerked off two more.

Her hands clutched at the earth, nails digging into pine needles.

"That's it. Milk me. I hate this shit, but—*mm*—it really feels good coming out."

I collapsed onto my back, dizzy from effort, my own udder pulsing like a rumbling thunderstorm under my belly. My teats twitched, aching for the same kind of relief I'd just given her. Bridget didn't say anything. She crawled over me, straddling one thigh, and reached for my engorged udder with both hands to return the favor.

She lowered her head and wrapped her lips around one of my teats, hot breath cascading over the swollen, sensitive tip before her mouth sealed around it. Her tongue flicked it experimentally, then pulled deep, her cheeks drawing inward as she sucked with growing hunger. At first, the aching pressure didn't change, but it was practically no different than getting my cock sucked. I moaned and writhed slightly, that phallic teat getting a long, energetic blowjob. And, relentlessly horny, I reached down and grabbed two other teats with both hands, jerking them with quick, needy strokes. The sensation was electric. My cock throbbed untouched, forgotten compared to my udder urges.

Eventually, our combined efforts resulted in the same: milky relief.

From Bridget's mouth and from my own jerking fists, milky ropes gushed in every direction. It splashed across my belly, across Bridget's neck and arms, soaking my overalls and hers. It hissed into the dirt and flooded everything around us with its sweet scent.

I couldn't stop shaking. It felt like I was climaxing through every nerve ending at once. "Oh fuck *yes*," I groaned. "Keep going."

After my udder was significantly less engorged, Bridget sat back, her chest rising and falling, flushed and soaked and grinning in disbelief as she continued milking herself. The milk was coming freely now, each tug bringing a squirt, each squirt followed by a gasp or a groan of satisfaction. She aimed one toward me and sent a warm splash right across my chest. I retaliated. We giggled. Like we were drunk. And we just couldn't stop once we were going, because it felt so *amazing*. I couldn't think straight unless I was completely drained, and that was my goal—probably the same as hers.

Voices approached. Branches snapped.

And then flashlights were shining on us.

“No,” I begged, still cranking out milk-squirts while my mind screamed, *Yes*. My udder-orgasms shook my whole body as I was grabbed...

5



The sun was already scorching hot as I shuffled down the gravel path toward the barn, a coarse rope tugging at my throat with each step. It wasn't tight enough to choke, but it sent a message: I wasn't going anywhere unless Ms. Bell said so. She walked ahead of me like a proud dog owner at a county fair, her business-casual outfit freshly dry-cleaned and as out of place as it had been on day one. Meanwhile, I didn't deserve the luxury of a single piece of clothing.

I was getting used to it. I would've been sweating anyway.

"Oh Tyler," she cooed, glancing back over her shoulder, her eyes landing right on my face before dipping lower to admire the ungodly bulge of my udder and its heavy, chaotic swinging. "Don't let this incident hurt your spirits. You're doing so, so well. It makes me proud—truly proud—to witness such development."

I didn't respond. I couldn't. My lips were dry, my eyes half-closed from exhaustion and pressure and the steady, awful throb between my thighs. My udder was dragging me forward as much as she was, my skinny male physique barely able to balance it. Milk leaked steadily from all four teats, leaving a trail and dribbling down my legs. And my cock—fuck, my *cock*—was at full mast again, pressed painfully behind the underside of the udder, bobbing and twitching with every bounce as its throbs reverberated aching through that big flesh-bag of milk.

"You know, I always thought your type would make the best candidate," she said, tugging the rope so I stumbled forward. "Boys who thought they could run from the world. The eyeliner, the metal music, the snarling attitude...it's all so *deliciously* anti-structure. But in a way, isn't that exactly what we're after here? A *rebellion*. Not against society, but against biology itself. Against our own design. The dairy industry is all about counterculture, otherwise you wouldn't have that beautiful thing between your legs."

I cursed under my breath, but the words died in the humidity. My thighs were chafing. The milk made everything slick and sticky. My teats ached from how swollen they were. With them and my dick combined, it felt like I had five erections. My mind was just spinning from the overwhelming urges I felt.

Escape was the priority.

Or was it?

Last night, Bridget and I had succumbed to our painfully full udders.

God, it would feel good to get drained again...

Ms. Bell stopped walking and turned to face me. "And don't think I don't understand you. I listened to your kind of music. Metallica. Slayer. Megadeth. Oh, that

last one's especially relevant, isn't it? '*Peace Sells...but Who's Buying?*' Well, you know who's buying, Tyler? The dairy industry. And you're what they're buying into. Milk is a delicious commodity that is enjoyed by everyone around the world, and I think a glass of your milk might go a long way toward achieving peace. And every thrash and scream from those bands is just you, your body, rebelling against its limits and becoming something more beautiful. You're telling your human DNA to go fuck itself, and your cells are *cheering* as they finally feel heard, they finally feel *purpose*, and your long hair and eyeliner are just like those teats. Rejection."

I sagged and trembled, my engorged teats wiggling as they continued to ooze milk.

This lady was fucking insane.

At the barn, the heat changed for a different kind of heat: thicker with the musky, sour scent of sweat, hay, and leaking milk. The other campers, the guys and girls, all naked, were inside a closed cattle pen with the counselors watching outside the perimeter. Dozens of udders hung and swung. Moans and groans of discomfort echoed off the barn walls as everyone experienced the mix of pain and pleasure from being so full.

It was kind of a madhouse. Some were crouched in corners, thighs trembling. Others clutched at their oversized teats, kneading them for relief and getting almost nothing. Marcus was pacing like a caged animal, muttering obscenities, his engorged udder leaking in fat dribbles down his legs. One girl—I couldn't remember her name—was sprawled on her back, grinding against the packed straw floor, her lips mouthing silent, frantic prayers to be emptied. And a few more were yelling at the counselors to do something.

Ms. Bell unhooked the rope from my neck and pushed me inside. The gate clanged shut behind me.

My udder swayed with each step. I felt like I was waddling, widening my gait just to lessen the impact of that big, heavy thing slapping my thighs. And the throbbing was like *teeth* biting into my groin area, the flesh swollen to the absolute limit of what it could handle. Would more pressure cause me to leak or burst? I clenched my upper row of teats and whimpered in frustration.

Cal was leaning back against one of the corner posts, arms crossed over his chest, legs planted firm while he occasionally shivered. His udder was deeply veined, practically purple at the tips, with all four teats hanging halfway down to his knees and dripping slow, steady droplets onto the barn floor.

"How far you get?" he asked.

I shrugged. "Not far, I don't think. We just couldn't make it. I needed the relief. And...*damn*, it felt really good."

He nodded. "That's exactly what they want. They want you to associate that need, that fullness, with pleasure. It's not much different than the kind of conditioning you give animals. Make them *want* what they usually don't want because there's a reward involved. And now I think that's why they brought us here, to see how long we can resist."

I whimpered. My thighs clenched involuntarily, pressing against the underside of my udder. The pressure was so intense that it was all the way in my chest. My *whole body* was straining to contain that milk—milk which couldn't even be released with our hands. We'd have to suck each other's teats to create a strong enough vacuum.

Cal noticed I was struggling. "Fight it, Twitch," he said.

"I...I don't know if I can..."

"You're stronger than these pencil-pushers."

"But wouldn't it feel *good* if we just...one more time..."

I hugged my arms around my middle, trying not to collapse from the weight. My udder was *boiling*, the heat of it radiating out through my abdomen and curling into my balls. My teats pulsed like hammers.

All around the pen, the others were breaking.

The first to fall was a wiry guy named Nico, who crawled toward one of the girls—Kara?—while moaning her name. Her eyes were wide, her udder jostling violently in her lap as she nodded desperately. Nico cupped one of her teats and buried his face in it while desperately grabbing his own, lips forming a tight seal. A moment later, Kara let out the loudest, rawest moan I'd ever heard. Like some animal.

The relief must have been orgasmic.

I would love an orgasm right now, I thought.

Nico kept sucking, his throat bobbing as milk flowed into his mouth and dribbled down his chin. The girl's other three teats began to leak on their own, responding to the stimulus. Her whole body shook, and it looked so nice...

Another guy dropped to his knees in front of Marcus, grabbing a heavy teat and clamping his lips over it. Marcus snarled at first, then gasped as milk sprayed out in sudden, relieved spurts. More moans filled the air. Campers began pairing off, trios forming, sometimes just collapsing into a tangle of limbs and tongues and udders, giving in, regardless that it was exactly what the authority figures wanted, regardless that it was inhumane and weird and *everything*.

I clutched myself tighter, knees buckling. My teats were leaking in pulses now, drizzling milk down my thighs in steady trails. My cock felt like it was going to blow.

Outside the pen, the counselors stood silent, watching like scientists. One of them nodded as another scribbled notes on a clipboard. Another adjusted their glasses and whispered something while pointing at Kara's trembling, mewling body. Ms. Bell nodded while watching me, as if to encourage me to be inspired by my fellow campers.

No...

I turned to Cal, trembling. He must've been in so much agony, all the milk just *begging* to come out, same as me. And then I was on my knees while he was telling me to stop, but his voice was so distant—miles away. The urge was stronger than any pride I had left. My arms wrapped around the back of his thighs, and before he could step away, I leaned in and latched my mouth onto one of his teats, impaling my face on that big, stiff milk-dick.

"Twitch, no, *resist*..." he barked, gripping my shoulders to push me away. But I was already sucking. *Hard*. Because I knew it was a high threshold to get the milk to start flowing, and hands just weren't enough.

A thick, hot stream of milk sprayed across my tongue. It was so rich, so *warm*, it was almost euphoric. Cal jolted, a guttural noise escaping his throat. His resistance weakened instantly. And his hands shook and tightened against me—not to push me off, but to keep me *latched*. His whole body spasmed. And when I looked up, his head was tilted back, jaw slack, eyes fluttering.

"Fuck..." he said hoarsely. "We aren't animals...we can't be—*mmph*—be reduced to basic urges, no matter what they do to us..."

I kept sucking, my cheeks hollowing around his pulsing teat. Milk flooded into me, spilling down my chin. His other teats started leaking uncontrollably, splashing against my chest, and underneath that full udder was his masculine heat. I wanted more. I *needed* more. And my hand just drifted beneath the sag of his udder and wrapped around his cock.

He gasped, his legs buckling slightly. “Twitch...n-no...oh, *yes*,” he muttered, his opinion reversing within a single sentence as I rubbed his hard-on.

I started stroking him, slowly at first. His cock pulsed hot and thick in my grip, slick with pre-cum. I let my fingers curl around the shaft, letting the warmth radiate through me as I found a rhythm that matched the deep, hungry pulls of my mouth on his swollen teat, *milking* him both literally and figuratively. With every stroke, Cal bucked forward. His body was helpless against it now. His udder gurgled, the whole mass sloshing as he was finally being drained. The veins bulged dark against its pale skin, twitching as the flow increased, and milk began to flood out in sheets, soaking my chest and pooling in the straw. The spray wasn’t gentle anymore—it was wild and furious, and his udder started *peeing it out* through four exits, and I had to let go and catch my breath lest I get choked by squirting milk.

It became too much for him. He sort of lost his footing and collapsed against me, and we slowly went down together, his slick udder slapping against my chest and forcing the air from my lungs in a grunt. I barely had a second to catch my breath before he repositioned himself—knees straddling my hips, body trembling, his expression locked in delirious focus. He grabbed the base of his own udder with both hands and dragged it downward, heavy and swollen and grotesquely sensitive. The massive organ sloshed as he maneuvered it over mine, his cock bobbing just behind it, shiny with milk and pre-cum. With a choked groan, he mashed the front of his udder against the crest of mine, smooshing all eight teats between the quivering flesh of our double-bags.

Then he started humping.

The front halves of our udders—fat and pliable and hypersensitive—were forced together, creating a squishy, wet channel between them, a makeshift *fuck-passage* lined with our pulsing milk ducts and twitching teat-shafts. His cock thrust into the mess, sliding between rubbery teats, the friction of that hard member sending a bolt of pleasure straight up my spine. Each thrust caused milk to spurt out in confused directions, our combined fluids soaking our bellies and the straw below us.

My own teats were caught in the folds of the embrace, painfully hard, squeezed between his groin and my own engorged body. I couldn’t do anything except moan, gripping fistfuls of straw while my whole world narrowed to the wet *slap-slap-slap* of Cal’s hips against the shaking udder-sandwich.

And then, with a shout, Cal thrust deep into our mashed-up teat channel and began to ejaculate, his cock jerking violently between our bags as cum and milk sprayed upward in all directions. I screamed, convulsing beneath him, my own udder shuddering and leaking slightly—but nothing compared to his four firehoses, soaking our bodies in hot, frothy cream.

His orgasm didn’t stop anything.

Cal rolled off me, breath ragged, and for a second I thought it was over and my relief would have to be sought elsewhere. But then he twisted back, eyes glazed, and crawled down to my side, his face hovering near my udder. Without a word, he wrapped his lips around one of my upper teats and sucked like he wanted to peel the skin off.

This was good news to me. I gasped and bucked, the pressure finally releasing in a heated squirt that shot straight into his mouth. I whimpered, grabbing straw, *anything*, my hips jerking as he suckled harder. My milk filled his mouth and dribbled down his chin, and all the while he kneaded the underside of my udder, squeezing another teat with his free hand and milking me while all that pent-up pressure finally began to release.

One teat in his mouth. Another in his hand. His other hand drifted lower, curling around my shaft. I was already dripping, painfully hard, and the first stroke nearly sent me over the edge. He pumped it casually, lost in his own arousal, same as I was. Milk and pre-cum and sweat all mixed on my belly and thighs. My teats bounced against his cheeks with every movement, slapping wetly as he went from one to the next, making sure I felt everything. He used his nose to nudge between the base of my udder and my sack, licking sweat and stray milk, lapping like a dog down in some deep crevice until my balls throbbed.

Was it weird?

I didn't have the right frame of mind to really think about it.

Our bodies *craved*.

And we gave in to that craving.

Things blurred, and a shadow descended over my face.

Marcus was above me, his massive, leaking udder swinging between his legs like some bloated wrecking ball as it slapped and rubbed against my face. He crouched low, his thighs trembling as he lined up his upper teats with my mouth, his veiny sac of milk smooshing down on my nose and clogging my nostrils with the scents of milk and musk.

"Open up, dude," he said. "Everyone's had a taste. It's your turn."

I opened my mouth wide and latched onto one of his teats without hesitation, tongue curling around it, sucking like I needed it to live. Milk gushed immediately, thick and sweet, spraying down my throat in hot waves as my tight tummy took on more. He groaned, his hands grabbing the wooden beam overhead for balance, his hips jerking slightly as I nursed and gurgled, with the rest of the teat-milk splashing and streaming down my face.

"Shit—*yeah*—like that. I'm gonna make all those pencil-neck freaks pay for what they did. I'm gonna rip those clipboards in half and shove 'em up their—"

He was gasping now, his body shaking with the effort of staying upright. I kept sucking, drawing more of his milk into me. His cock bounced against my neck, poking me repeatedly as it oozed pre-cum.

"Fuck, man," he cried, his voice crumbling into breathless bliss. "Maybe...maybe tomorrow. Just—*God*—keep sucking, dude. There's gallons more, it feels like."

It felt so amazing to give in.

I knew it was wrong. I knew the counselors were winning.

But...

Would it feel like this every time I needed to be milked? Just one long orgasm from five dicks? The sensation was no different than nutting, except the volume of what I released was a hundred times more.

And just when I thought my senses couldn't spiral any deeper into surreal overload, another player entered the game.

"My, my," purred Ms. Bell's voice. "Looks like my little milk-boy has been getting awfully cozy without me."

Through my horny-hazy eyes, I saw her plant a foot on either side of me and lift her skirt. Without another word, she crouched low—not lining herself up with my cock, but a *teat*. Her fingers curled around its slick, dripping shaft, guiding the swollen teathead toward her dark bush. I tried to moan, to ask what she was doing—but she was already squatting down, and then my big, fat teat slipped inside her with a squelching *slurp*. I immediately felt her internal walls flex and contract, and the *grip* of her tight pussy drew out a big stream of milk, which spurted somewhere into her depths.

She began to *ride me*.

Her hips ground against the top swell of my udder, using it like a fleshy saddle. Every thrust squished milk between our bodies, and more went shooting inside her. She was giddy. *Laughing*. Having the time of her life.

Her hands slid up my chest, fingers curling into my hair as she leaned closer, her breath hot on my milky, jizzy face. “All those years,” she said, bouncing up and down, “we tested on dogs, pigs, monkeys. But *this*...you boys are the real future. Not just the rebels, either. I’m talking about *every* boy. Every college student across America. The quiet ones. The overachievers. The football stars and honor students. They’ll all grow udders. They’ll all learn to milk themselves as naturally as brushing their teeth. School mornings will start with breakfast and a quick session at the milking station in the dorm. Coaches will schedule pumping breaks between drills. Boys will pause their homework to tug out a few ounces into labeled jars before bed. And the milk trucks—*oh*—they’ll drive down the cul-de-sacs every evening, horn jingling, boys lining up shirtless with their quart-sized loads. Premium grade. Hormone-tagged. Nutritionally analyzed. I’ll be there in the shareholders’ meeting when it launches nationwide and America consumes more milk than it ever has before.”

She moaned and threw her head back, her inner walls clenching hard around my teat as the idea aroused her to climax. She came hard, milking a deep, frothy gush straight from the root of my udder. I arched up, teeth clenched, my cock twitching beneath her, uselessly pressed between her ass and my fat teat-mound. But I didn’t even need to stroke it—just the stimulation of being inside her, being *milked* by her, was enough to make me spasm and cry out. Another rush of milk poured out of me, filling her hole until it gurgled.

Ms. Bell didn’t dismount. Instead, she leaned forward and reached down between our soaked bodies, wrapping her eager hands around my two top teats. “Oh yes,” she moaned, jerking them with wild enthusiasm. Milk sprayed from the overstimulated shafts, arcing through the air and splashing across her chest, her blouse instantly turning translucent. She laughed, her voice rising in pitch as more milk splattered over her chin, her glasses, her cheeks. “Just look at all this productivity! Look at you, my little dairy prince!” Her hips never stopped grinding against the teat she was still impaled on, but now her hands were pumping rhythmically, fingers curling tight as she milked the other teats like slippery cocks, wringing them for every last drop. Milk flew in erratic jets. She stuck out her tongue, catching some of it. “Uncontainable! Bountiful and bursting! *Yes!*”

At some point in the chaos—the *orgy*—I found Bridget sprawled out near the perimeter fence like a wounded animal, panting as her sore, abused udder leaked into a growing milk puddle underneath her. I collapsed next to her, so aroused and relieved that I felt *exhausted*, but I wasn’t totally empty yet.

“We’re not getting out of here, are we?” she whispered, voice hoarse.

I shook my head. "I don't know."

For a long moment, neither of us said anything. The barn around us pulsed with wet sounds, animal grunts, and the slap of slick flesh. The counselors no longer bothered to hide their grins as they jotted notes. We were all successful experiments for the dairy industry, the beginning of the new Milk Age.

"I think I know why I'm here..." she said. "My family's not exactly rolling in it. We've always scraped by. Barely." She glanced down at her udder, its four teats twitching, swollen and flushed. "I think they signed me up to be turned into some freakish livestock, but...the money will help them."

I blinked. "We just let it happen?"

She rolled closer. "I'm tired of fighting. I'm tired of *hurting*, when I'm so full. And I've never had orgasms like this. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad..."

My brain was too worn out to argue.

When she leaned her head toward my udder and started sucking, I started sucking hers, our milky bodies humping and squirming in the sixty-nine position while I fingered her pussy and she jerked my cock.

It *did* feel good to just give in...

In fact, it was the best I'd ever felt in my life...

Epilogue

I leaned against the warm metal rail of the pasture fence, soaking up the long, golden rays of a late-afternoon sun. After spending time outdoors—and without clothes on—I was beginning to get a tan, which I hadn't thought was possible. I sighed heavily from the gurgling weight in my taut udder, not in frustration or pain, but from knowing that I was almost ready to be milked again, and the suction on my four teats would be orgasmic and incredible. It was so awesome to look forward to it every day.

A few of the other campers were off in the distance, similarly lounging, their massive milk-bags swaying or being lightly kneaded by idle fingers.

Then two people strolled up on the gravel. I recognized them immediately.

"Tytytyler! There's my new dairy cow!" Mom rushed up to give me a hug and kiss me on the cheek.

Dad followed. "I've heard good news about your productivity, son," he said, clapping me on the shoulder. "Hell, I already put a down payment on that car I showed you. Not just *any* car, mind you—a brand-new Mustang LX 5.0. Burgundy exterior, gray cloth seats, factory sound system, and I'm telling you, this thing *growls*." He made revving noises with his mouth.

I blinked, frozen. "You guys *knew* what Camp Creamery was up to?"

My mom waved a hand like it was nothing. "Well, of *course* we knew, sweetie! It was in the brochure. And, you know, we've talked about getting livestock, but it's so *expensive* and exhausting to manage a farm, and now we can have a little extra income without dealing with any filthy animals. We knew this was going to be a big change, but you needed it. You're done with your rebellion phase, young man. And to prove it, I went ahead and redid your room, too. Took down those evil music posters. Repainted the walls. It's a lovely calming blue now. We even moved in a little padded stool for when you need to milk at home."

Dad: "And we got a milking machine being shipped to us too."

My mouth hung open.

Mom turned to Dad with a big smile. "*Oh*, you know, I think we can finally get that hot tub. Maybe even redo the kitchen. I've always *hated* those ugly countertops."

Dad nodded enthusiastically. "I bet we could knock out that second mortgage. Hell, maybe even take a real vacation this year."

"Not Florida."

"Definitely Florida."

"You just want to look at the women."

"No reason to look at anyone else once you get those implants and wear that tiny bikini I bought you."

Mom laughed giddily.

I didn't say anything. I stared at the grass, felt the wind ruffle the sweaty hair on my neck, and groaned from the telltale ache of fullness down below. I wanted to yell at them

for how insane they were, turning their own son into livestock. And the other parents must've chosen the same for *their* kids. Marcus, Cal, Bridget. I was eighteen, a legal individual—how was this legal?

Megadeth's beat started to bang in my head.

Suddenly a bell rang.

My mind cleared, and I sagged as my udder tingled and squirted out drops of milk from all four teats at once. *Milking time*, I thought, and it was the best time of the day. *Every* day.

Why be mad at my parents?

I should *thank them* for how much fun my life was now. And in fact, I did.

For the first time since I could remember, I hugged them.

The changes don't stop here! Check out the massive Gregor Daniels catalog and indulge in your wildest fantasies, whether it's transformations, boys becoming sexy girls, or totally-unorthodox-but-completely-safe pregnancies caused by untested phone apps.

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