

Memory Stone - Milk Farm 1 📄

About this Document:

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Tags: Lactation, Submission, Fantasy, Memory Stone Series

Duration: 40 Minutes

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Elena McIvor: On a particular hill overlooking Athene Magical College, there is a sandbox. But rather than grains of sand, individual tiny marble spheres fill a sandbox 30 feet deep and equally wide. And those spheres move overnight. Each night, which ones are on the surface shift. And while the default state of the spheres is a kind of milky white or a sandy hue, when they come to the surface they sometimes grow.

Inflating like bubbles and taking on different colors, reflective tones, it is these larger stones which can be picked up and inspected, and upon inspection, with one's body in a meditative state, poised, breathing deeply in and out, you can see the reflection of a memory within each stone, zooming in, until you occupy entirely The mental state, emotions, and status of someone in another time, in another place, and experience what they do.

The theory is that these are actually glimpses of other dimensions, not our world at all, which makes sense because some impossibilities are presented. But in the reflective surface of this particular stone, white all over, with dark patches here and there, this Stone, you believe is our world because the feelings just resonate so well, your vision fading out.

Zooming in on a room, a bedroom, there is a large, queen size it seems, bed with a nightstand. There's a closet, your clothes are neatly folded on a chair opposite your bed. And the first thing you really hear, as you zoom in and feel your body heating up for It's Whatever memory you're entering, the person was quite sexually aroused.

And quite relaxed and docile, too. But the first thing you really remember is someone leaning down over you and purring in your ear. Got milk. At which point, your chest swells, a feminine hand grips each breast. A woman in a white coat with a skirt. Wearing a name tag, but strangely enough, it's hard to get your eyes to focus when her very skillful hands are massaging your breasts.

Your huge, heavy breasts. The moment you notice them, your whole body weighs forward a little. You look up at her. Your eyes manage to focus on her face. She's smiling down at you. And that smile makes you feel like everything's alright. Of course the attendant is here to help you. She's here to help you, and you spend a moment, because you're not expected to think too quick in this space, you spend a moment thinking about your warm, fit body.

Because other than your breasts, it feels like there isn't much in the way of fat on your fit, vital body. Your tits are heavy. You can feel the milk inside. You can feel the vast system wired to your pleasure. But more about that in a moment, but though your heavy breasts are being lifted, appreciatively weighed in the hands of a beautiful woman with a short, blonde haircut who is also muscled, gorgeous.

And smiling, calmingly at you. The rest of your body is fit and seated on the edge of the bed. Rocking and swaying back and forth, she tugs your nipples and you feel a spark in your brain as she says, *Got milk?* And this time it hits home. The need to be milked intensifies. Those words from this attendant amplify the pre existing training, yes.

How, of course, could you forget? Your training embedded, your training in your very nature. Beginning as a fetish, an idea, as something that turned you on. But as your big breasts grew, and your body got more and more in shape, and the attendants here massaged you, rubbed you down, removed all your tension, crooned and cooed their soft, encouraging words, *Come along now, sweet.*

She reaches out and, without using the leash that you notice is in her other hand, hooks two of her fingers into the cowbell collar you're wearing. It's very loose. More a symbol than anything used to restrain. And very soft inside. Lined with silk. Wrapped around your neck. More a ribbon with a bell on it than anything else.

But when you move, there is that faint clang. Of your collar, ringing. As you stand, barefoot. Bare all over, in fact. But quite confident in the way you look. the way you feel, and knowing that the attendant who's

about to lead you, two of her fingers rubbing gently against your neck under the collar, knowing that she keeps stealing glances at your body as she does, that she's staring at those huge breasts, her owner, not unimpressive, but they're a large sea cup, they're not the huge udders you're rocking as you stand and sway.

And as some part of you says, yes, I'm being led, I'm being held by my collar and led out of this place. Part of you just fading, swaying, following her. It feels right to be lead. And therefore the demand of your breasts. With their nipples massive. Grown nipples, huge areole. With their nipples tenting and heating up.

Wanting to be milked. You want to express your milk. They feel so heavy with milk. And she reminded you that you are lactating. You are heavily overloaded. That's obviously why she's here. For the orgasmic, mind melting, continuous process of being milked that you have undergone. Undergone day after day, till the days blend together into a haze of being too full, and then being empty headed, with your breasts emptying at the same time.

With wet, hot, orgasmic shudders flowing from your brain down through your milkable, well emptied breasts. Down through your body.

Making your legs clench on the milking platform, which is where you're heading now. And the thought turns you on, ignites your docility, and ensures that however she leads you, with her fingers hooked in your collar, you'll be all too happy to follow.

Because you can feel them. Your big, heavy breasts. You know the power of those words. Feel them. One of your instructions. One of your pieces of training that makes your breasts throb heavier. Makes you more acutely aware in that moment that they need to be milked. Need to be squeezed, preferably by someone's hands.

Milking them. Emptying them. Expressing what's inside. That's all you can do is envision it. You on hands and knees, she's leading you somewhere now. So you can go down on hands and knees on some comfortable surface. And so she can work you over. You want that. Of course, however you stir, however you stir.

Squirm. She'll follow after. She will adapt to what you need, because sometimes you are driven by your needs. The needs of your breasts. Your full, milky breasts. Her hand gently rests on your hair, the one that's not pulling you by the collar, because she's walking slightly behind you. At some point she was behind you.

All you felt was her fingers lightly rubbing against your neck. Leading you under your collar. The collar occasionally rings a little. The clang of a cowbell on that silk collar. Filling your head. Filling it up with that so all the other thoughts go away. Your hair is being stroked too. You feel contentment.

At peace. You look up slowly, toward her, to the side. You were looking down, staring straight ahead. Following, seeing your breasts bounce. The sight of breasts bouncing. Always calms you down, makes you feel good. The only better sight is them hanging, pendulous, full of milk, hooked up to a milker. The thought is in your head.

You feel at peace, even though you have a want for them to be milked. You let your docile, calm, cowgirl mind adapt. You see her, really see her. The loose, fitting clothing. Her red hair, fur above, fair skin. Hard to even tell one attendant from another. They often switch, and throughout, hear my voice resonating in your mind, helping you accept, experience, and understand the change, the shift, the growing, ever increasing hunger.

Of course, she says some words that very much help you adapt, and help you want to please. She says, good girl. Let's get you to your pen. Follow. And you feel her fingers rubbing your neck lightly. Because you did pause when you were staring at her, it's hard to keep two things going in your head at once.

But a gentle tug from her puts you back on track. All you really know is the room where you get milked is right there, and that's good because your breasts are aching to be milked, and you're going to be milked dry. She leads you. She gently helps you get over the rim of this pen's door. We're on hands and knees on padded, comfortable floor.

You don't need to bother thinking too much. You can relax and enjoy yourself. You feel how good it is to be led. She's released now your collar, and you stop where you are. She hooks the little lead onto it. A simple leather leash that hooks to a little toggle on the only non ribbon part of your collar, the little lap.

Of course she never tugs and never has to. You're a dainty and gentle and horny and milky and full. The pen looks like a pen with traditional wooden siding, but it's really a simple cubicle. Mmm. You hear distant

moaning from other places in the room. The lights in this room come on in response to the two of you entering.

You're pulled by the little leash a tiny bit. You look around slowly and fixate on what's in front of you. She brings you to the middle of the room. Your handler leans over and she runs a hand down your back. Your breasts feel big, heavy. The nipples feel hot and hard. And she's touching your back, which sends shivers between your legs, but also to the tips of your nipples.

She places you in the middle of the pen. You see, as you always do, that there's a small table padded in the floor, and that you know when she pushes a certain button, it'll rise pneumatically like a barber's chair does, rise up under you, and provide firm support for you to rest on. She brings you to it.

This area is even more padded and softer, and soon you won't even have to be on hands and knees because she pushes that button. The table rises up under you. Good, you need to be milked. It has little cutouts at the front for your breasts to hang down. And of course, there is a pad for you to look down. A padded place for your face to go, like a massage table.

One of the side effects of this is you can always see your breasts hanging. You always get to watch the moment when what happens next occurs. As you lay on a padded table, you let out the only sound your mind can muster, with a pure anticipation making you drip. Your mind drip, your milk drip, your brain fill up with milk the way your breasts have.

The only sound you can seem to issue is a faint, blank, docile moo, anticipating. You would be more amped up, but you get more and more relaxed the closer you get to milking time. It happens every time. The cushioned table rises with a hiss, under you, lifting you, your breasts hanging to either side of the table, just off a little bit, which results in the front of your body being raised a little, that's why the back end of the table's lowered, so you're kneeling on little padded stirrups, the whole thing spreads your legs, and you know, that your handler can see everything about you, but she's focused on your breasts, she's reaching out for some machinery, Tucked in a nook at the side of the room, you see the long tubes, plastic tubing, clean, sterile, and the tip, a suction cup, two sets.

She picks them up, turns and smiles, and that sight, the sight of your handler standing before you. Holding the cups, waiting to walk over and place them around your breasts, waiting to walk over and milk you, that thought turns you on, and beds your mind down deeper, you remember, remember purred and whispered words of training, remember conditioning, you remember how good it feels, the orgasmic, mind numbing, continuous pleasure of just being in the state of being milked, your breasts feel like they're new, Itching with anticipation, but you just lay there, mooing, plaintively, begging her.

She walks over. You're going to be melt. In the background, you still hear the sound of others experiencing what you're about to. Now, here you go, honey. Just relax. And she positions you gently, one hand on your shoulder, moving your breasts so they rest as naturally as possible, big though they are, pushing you back up off the padded surface.

But they're settled into their own little nooks. And she can easily connect, first one side. And it doesn't connect purely to your breast, though it does suction on, and the moment it sucks on feels wonderful. Having anything touch your chest is pure joy, but her hand, and its positioning, your favorite thing in the world.

The source of the mechanized milking. They milked you by hand at first, when your breasts were just growing, when your mind was just beginning to get formed into loving, lusting for, orgasming from the process of your constantly producing breasts being emptied. But now you've got much too much for them to empty by hand.

The training sessions get longer. The effect of conditioning upon you from each orgasmic, spasming moment of being pneumatically malked. It just got longer and longer until eventually by the end of each session your brain was putty. You sobbing, sweating. You remember. Remember sobbing, groaning, following, barely able to walk on jiggling legs.

Crawling because you had to rather than because of the conditioning. Crawling because your body felt far too good. And then masturbating to the memory. Laying under your covers. Squeezing your breasts. But knowing that milking is only out here, you'd hate to waste. A single drop, for they are going to harvest your milk.

They're gonna empty your breasts. She reassures you of this, but her murmuring patter becomes so much background noise as she fashions the second cup, and you begin letting out a low, ooh, ooh, groaning,

mooing, lowing sound. It's continuous, and it's continuous because not one drop has come out of you yet.

The milking machine has not yet begun to apply its wonderful pressure. You're still full. Your breasts are still so full of milk. And though you know it's only an illusion, you could go days without needing to be milked. You know it's purely illusory. They feel full. They feel too full. They feel full to bursting.

You feel them. You've got milk. in your breasts, needing to be pulled out, needing to be sucked out. And the orgasmic side effect, of course, is just a side effect. You really want to just provide your milk for your handler. No, you want to cum. You want to cum hard in the way only having your breasts milked can make you.

You know it's a point of weakness, of conditioning, of requirement. You know that if a human, if your handler, if a lover touched your breasts, massaged them, reminded you how full they feel. You'd be putty in their hands, your breasts in their hands, quite literally. She's walking to the machine. It's not lost on you the attractive sway of her ass as she walks over there.

But then she turns the machine on. The vacuum seal occurs. Washing a sensation through you that manifests as a huge shudder, running down your body. But it radiates up from your breasts to the top of your head too, so your shoulders are shaking. You're humping against the padded surface you're laying on.

Your mind is being washed away too. Your nipples are so sensitive that when the device was put in place, you did shudder. But you're leaning into that suction cup now, pushing forward against the surface, humping with your lower body, but trying to get more suction. Sucking, sucking, it doesn't take more than an instant for the flow of creamy fluid from your nipples to begin.

You see it being wicked away, sucked away, pneumatically sucked away, but the way a suction machine works is, it goes and it stops, it goes and it stops, so your breasts are being pumped. Stop. Pump. Stop. Pressure built up and then relaxed to work your breast forward and back. That little pneumatic shk shk shk sound in the background.

As the milk is tugged from your nipples and it's exiting from your body. Makes you squirm. And when you feel your handler For your eyes are closed tight as you try to bear the shockwaves, when you feel her

touch your shoulder, your back, the massage increases pleasure. You wish you had her touching your body in more sexual ways.

You want to give in to the blissful, wonderful, ecstatic feelings of your enhanced Nervous system, because you are more sensitive than you ever were before. Your nipples, certainly. Your breasts, yes. But even if she just scratches her fingers like she is now, lightly, across your scalp, running her fingers there in a soothing, currying motion of your hair, that alone.

Makes you almost cum. Almost orgasmic. And in the background, there is the constant buildup of your breasts being melt to the ecstatic satisfaction of a need difficult to even express aloud, but which is always there. You push yourself against the padded surface, wishing she were back there teasing you.

Fucking you. Pleasuring you in some way. But instead, she's just rubbing and massaging your scalp. Using the other hand to rub your shoulders. It's relaxing all of your body except your breasts, caught in the continuous milking of the machine, the torment that is mechanistic and so inescapable. As milk exits your breasts, you swear it's just replaced by more a moment later.

The feeling of pressure you experience isn't going down at all. And the way she's scratching your scalp and rubbing your shoulders is sending a yes. Yes, yes, into your brain and body again and again. In your throat, you hear a sound emerging from you, the same sound you heard coming from other stalls. A deep, um, blank, lowing, docile, groaning sound.

In the right light, it really could sound like a moo. A long, pleased feeling. There's a big smile on your face either way. Your eyes are rolling back into your head. The sheer escape of being milked constantly and expertly by a machine purpose built for this is driving you forward toward a horizon, a release.

And she just keeps touching your shoulders, your back. In fact, she's walking around. And climbing up above you on the padded table. One of her knees on either side, straddling your back. And it's only then you realize she's nude. Your eyes have been closed or rolled back the whole time. Her clothing, she dropped over by the machine she switched on.

So as your breasts are being milked, milked, and you can feel all that fluid being tugged out of you with a vast feeling of emptying alongside it. She is atop you and nude, pressing her smaller breasts to your back,

wrapping her arms around, finding the base of your breasts, the part not captured in the suction cup.

She begins to rub. The cups are robust, and they're anchored to the table anyway, so no amount of massaging from her is gonna dislodge them, which is good. You need this to continue. You need that machine to keep masturbating you via your breasts, milking you, dry and empty inside, which can take a very long time.

Your mouth is drooling already. Because the milking doesn't stop when you do cum, and that's creeping up on you with the feeling of her soft flesh against you, the feeling of her straddling your back, rubbing her breasts to the back of your neck, across your shoulders, reaching around you, and just barely managing to massage the base of your breasts as well.

All that together is bringing you rapidly toward climax, and you know with the machine going. With the machine pumping, this is gonna take a long time to wind down. And by the time it has, you're almost always inevitably in the grips of another one. Your docile, happy, cowgirl brain excited, sparking with pleasure, and your handler helping to massage you.

Then you hear her fiddling with something next to the table, one of her hands is still on one of your breasts, but she's grabbing a set of, yes, you remember them, earphones to slide on the side of your head, well they're earbuds, really, wireless. She brings them up, slots them in, loops them behind your ear, you hear a little beep, and then The mantra begins.

And throughout it all, she is atop you, rubbing her breasts against your back, massaging your tits to help them disgorge their cargo better. The process of your nipples being parted by the milk from within your breasts, the feeling of squirting it, feels like cumming, feels like cumming, but the real orgasm is close on the heels with the feeling of her pointed nipples and the obvious wetness of her arousal rubbing against your lower back as she straddles and humps you.

But then there's your mantra. Cowgirls obey, good girls obey, good girls exist to give milk, cowgirls exist to give milk, that's you, cowgirls obey, cowgirls feel good, you can't deny that one, milking feels good, you need to be milked, leaving is out of the question. Remaining is what you want. The more milk you give, the more at home you are.

The more docile you are, the better you feel. Have to give good milk. Pleasure makes good milk. Good cowgirls obey. Phrases like these and more. Again and again, the words drilling yet drifting. Insistent yet background. From this point onward, you hear the words in your brain. You hear them like a good cowgirl, a good docile, useful subject for your handler to pleasure and melt.

And it's milking time. Every inch of yourself engulfed in that pleasure, feel them. Pleasure of being wonderfully used for a good purpose and wonderfully pleased in that process. When it's milking time, you feel every inch of yourself engulfed. Every second you ease into being milked further, mind and body are surrendering and unifying.

Is there any difference between your surrendering, docile mind, and your milky, emptying tits? Surrendering to the milking sensation is inescapable. No way to tell how long it goes on for, but it feels so good. When you've been awakened at the end, you will remember. You know you'll remember. But hard to remember how long it lasted.

Minutes, hours, days, life changing, and long, and wonderful. That's all you know. All you know is you can just stay where you are. You can just enjoy the pulse. You belong here. You are welcome here. Throb and

squeeze. Melt. the suction, the pleasure of being milked constantly, being a good cowgirl content, fulfilling her function, milking, milking, milking and emptying, milking and emptying.

She's still laying atop you, rubbing her breasts against you, massaging yours at the base. You feel the flow slowing. You only realize it because your bucking hips coming, coming, eventually stop humping. She gets off of you. Lays a hand on your back. You hadn't realized you were sweating with the heat of it.

You're still twitching, still rocking on the padded surface, bucking your hips. She reaches down and unfastens one of the milkers. You let her disappointed and low grown. She takes the other off, hangs them up by the sink to be sterilized by the next person in. Then she begins rubbing your back. She has a towel in hand and she's just Toweling you off, lightly rubbing you with a damp cloth, and then a dry one, getting you nice and clean.

The process continues, it moves across your breasts, where there's a slight red mark. It moves across the nipples, wiping away any remnants of your milk. You remember your milk being emptied from you. You

remember twitching, remember coming and coming. And you still remember the words, because she's left the earbuds on.

And then, she guides you. She lowers the table. You feel yourself being lowered onto hands and knees. Back onto the soft padded surface. She's still quite nude. You see her red hair bobbin to sight as she leans down, inspecting your breasts, making sure that they're still alright, that nothing got pinched in the machine, but of course it was all pleasure.

All twitching. Your brain just registering pleasure, nerve ending response. And then she explains, you're going to get to play with some of the other girls. You feel her tugging the leash. You guess she never detached it. The earbuds are still in, so your mind is extra relaxed. Your body, too, because every now and then she does lean down and just rub your back, petting you, enjoying you.

Thinking's difficult. You feel aroused. You feel sexual fluids flowing. You feel your breasts. They're empty now, but your brain is heavy instead, like a trade off. Everything smells sweet, perfect, and seductive in the air, as good as you can imagine. Every few inches of the crawl, you twitch and squeeze your legs together, fending off a

sexual sensation that threatens to throw you into another wonderful, orgasmic aftershock.

You crawl across the padded floor of the hallway, outside the stall you were being melted in. Still in your collar, still leashed, your handler still reassuringly with you. Ahead, the ground, soft grass, or padded cushions, in different places. There's a sunny place like a patio. You even see a swimming pool at the far side.

And there are other girls there. Floating. Their massive breasts are practically flotation devices anyway. They're all nude. You see the water. It must be quite warm. Some are leaning back and floating. There are little stoppers or clamps on the tips of every nipple, but you'd gather that might just be for fun.

These are all empty. Empty girls with minds full of the memory of coming. They twitch with pleasure at every movement. They glance up at you, though. There are girls in beach chairs, some tanned, some fair, all of them relaxing, lavishing sunscreen on their massive breasts, or drinking cool water. They're tingling and twitching with every rub or touch.

You feel at home. You feel at peace. In this place, in their presence, this is natural and right. You also feel your body pulsing with need. You want someone milking you, now. You just came from there but you want it again. Warm and invigorating, you want a human hand there to increase their pace as you need.

Not some machine on an efficiency metric. You look up along the leash to your attendant, who looks down with a smile, leading you off to the side. Your docile mind is helping you go along. You're slowly laid out on a long blanket, absorbent, soft, more like a beach towel, in a patch of grass at the edge of the patio.

The sun is beating down, just out of sight. You have just enough shade where you are, and you feel her warm hands now, running between your legs. She's not touching your breasts at all. You see stars behind your eyes as you close them and pleasure enters you. Your whole body is one entity of pleasure, constantly squirting euphoria into your system.

Your breasts are empty but you still think of squirting. You still think of being milked. Every inch of you is shivering and sweating with sheer absolute amazingness. As she sucks on one of your nipples, leaning down, sucking on it slowly. There must have been something left, or

maybe your body's just responding to a person wanting to drink down your milk because you feel her drinking from your nipple.

Your sense of purpose is fulfilled. This intensely erotic thing is fulfilling you. That's what you're for. You exist to have your milk extracted, drunk, used, to be there for your breasts to be of service, as well as wonderfully, ecstatically on display. The mere fact that they are sensitive, that they give you sexual pleasure, is neither here nor there.

Having them on display like that, the more you sit there and get drunk from, the better you feel. You know how wonderful it feels, how much you need it. Needed in a primal way, if your function is to be a good cowgirl who gives milk, imagine how good it is compared to not being able to give milk. Imagine if you could never give milk.

This is the fulfillment of your function. You feel her rub your other breast, and then she switches nipples, drinking from the other one. Bliss rises as her right hand moves down, grips your thigh. She is expressing her need through touching your body. She just rubs over you, rubs herself against you, still nude, your handler drinking from your breast.

Other girls are looking over in envy, you know. Your moo is loud. Your privacy is interrupted as the other girls are gathering around, but that's okay. One gets down on her hands and knees. You look up into her eyes. You see big, round, vacant saucers. She's so recently off the milking machine, maybe even more so than you.

She must have just got here, but she's still in the cumming induced frenzy they get into. She lets her breasts hang in your face. You observe the massiveness of them, even bigger than yours. She has long blonde hair past her shoulders. Her skin glistens in the sun. Her lips are wet. Her tongue hanging out, docile, empty of everything except the need.

The breast moves down and she insistently presses it. You hear her groan as she presses the nipple of one of her breasts into your mouth. You feel sympathy. Your lips capture and suckle. You want her to feel as good as you do. You know you can't help it. You need to make her feel good too. Helping her fulfill her duty is a good cowgirl who gives lots of milk.

The sweetness of it as it flows into you. You feel yourself getting more turned on, more used to the whole situation. You never realized how good milk could be. Sweet and perfect. Every instant you are there beneath her, she is like you. The two of you passing your arousal back and forth. Certainly your handler is attractive.

And dominant, but there's no way she could understand the special appreciation for milking and using, and every suckle of her milk is making. You need to be more of a good cowgirl. You practically feel your belly swelling with the volume. Every mouthful satisfies you, helps you be content to lie right where you are.

You know, if she cradled you in her arms and pulled you close, you just stay there drinking until told to do otherwise. And, meanwhile, your handler is still drinking from you. Anything you were told right now would seem like a good idea. This is more delicious than anything you've ever tasted. And as long as you don't have to stop listening and stop drinking, you might as well swallow every drop that flows down your throat, helping you love this feeling, this position, loving your cowgirl nature, drawing you back to this farm again and again with a seductive liaison, and to all future farms as well.

You know that when you're done here, the pleasure might lead you back. Lead you to find this place, in your mind and for your body. Back to your stall to be milked again. Fed at some point, possibly more milk as you suck that girl's massive breasts and your handler suckles yours. Drinking so well, milking you deftly as she does.

You realize this is what you truly want. This endless cycle of incredible pleasure. The feeling of being milked is so good that it's better than ordinary sex. Sure, you're aroused. And you're being touched, your handler periodically groping you. But anyone with any cowgirl experience would know what you're really interested in is being pleased on your breasts, being sucked on, and getting to pleasure another one.

Another one like you. It's just that simple. You're gonna return, you want people to milk you, and being milked helps you enjoy being milked more the next time, and you hear the words, *Good cowgirls obey. Good cowgirls need to be milked.* Playing in your mind right alongside these words, you know you have to be milked because of how satisfying it is for you, and even this is training.

It's good for your body. Good to help you relax, good for your brain, good for your sense of purpose. You know you're grateful for the opportunity to be milked, to drink, and be drank from, to feel the press of feminine flesh. And know they're all watching, all enjoying, all aroused by you. You want to be good, and heavy, and blank, your big breasts taking over.

And as you listen, you feel better, just letting your breasts be sucked, sucking on that girl's huge tits, as she stares. Helping you feel so pleased and blissed out on yourself, that every second you experience this wonderful feeling, you feel yearning for further pleasure, increasing your capacity for it, more and more yearning.

Thinking of the other cowgirls and your attraction to them. You've seen how wonderful it could be if everyone was a cowgirl. So free to fantasize about that world coming true. The ranch has shown you that. And you slowly feel the suckling ending. Your handler's lips leave your nipple. You feel the breast being pulled away from your mouth with difficulty.

Your own lips are simply smacking in the air now. Milk flowing down your throat, swallowing that sweetness as you're led to your feet. Your

attendant commences walking you out of there slow. You spend a last wistful glance, staring around at the girls. Hair and body shape in all possible sizes. Everyone there, but the breasts are uniform in their magnificence.

And when you're led away mind roving through a panoply of beautiful faces, your nipples are clamped. You're led across the padded floor moaning, then gently nestled back in your room where your handler lays a hand on your head, massages your scalp once more, so scratching her fingers all over. She takes a towel and a basin next to the bed.

Cleans you slow, in a methodical way that tells you she's very attracted to your body in addition to wanting to do her job. You lay in a soft place, your mind docile and fuzzy as to the particulars of being led, crawling, leashed, clamped, aroused, still occasionally getting post orgasmic tremors. She touches your breasts, just feeling their heavy, weighty, bouncing, fullness in her hands.

She checks that everything is right and alright with you. And, the scratching on your scalp making your brain tingle. She slowly takes the earbuds out. You let it a plaintive groan. But you feel the sensation of

sleep descending. If you're done being conditioned, and you're tucked in your bed. And your handler is there.

Then it must be time to rest. Time to blankly, docilely rest. Sleeping. Regenerating your energy. And refilling your breasts. Refilling your mind with fantasy. With a twitch. With need. Refilling yourself with the desire for the next time you will be melt to an orgasmic, blissful escape and you know in the interim you'll seek every cowgirl comfort you can, every big breasted, milkable thought, trance, training, transformation.

Everything you could do to make your big milky tits take over your brain. You're not sure how much of that is what she's said, what's on the recording, or just what you're generating on your own. But when she pulls the blanket up over your big breasts, tucks you in, it's really a soft silk sheet and you'll probably kick it off at some point.

She heads to the door to your stall, and you know you'll lay there until early the next day. You're brought out for an orgasmic romp again. Laying there, twitching. Your hands are sliding between your legs. Masturbation just seems like the obvious consequence. Your cowgirl

fetish made real. Your ever filling breasts arousing you eternally, constantly, cyclically.

Your mind just locked into this way of being. This is how you should be, how you want to be. The greatest pleasure you can know. Everything you need, everything you want and crave is embodied and encapsulated in this experience, this moment, this mooing, groaning, twitching life that has been made by your transformation and through your big milky breasts being allowed to help you decide what you really want, really need.

And what turns you on the most, satisfies you the most, draws you back, endlessly, milking, mooing, and feeling them, big, heavy, blank, and when it comes to your consciousness, embedded, very strong, and very deep, cowgirl mindset, body, sensations, triggers, and the fetishistic craving to discover more of what you've barely scratched the surface of.

For the style guide used to create this dyslexia-friendly formatted script, credit to Christina [Torbrook whose original guide is here.](#)