

# Working at the Milk Factory

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

I am a simple man with a few credentials in my life. But the most important one is that i was born on the right place, which put me on the right side. The one that won the war, a war that split the world into two groups. Those of us who still walk the earth free and those who are slaves, with virtually no rights. After the war was over i got a job as a guard at the first ever human milk factory that was created. The need for utilizing the burdensome bunch that was the losing side was urgent. The pay wasn't much, but it was an easy job and i had plenty of time to hang out during it. So i thought i would start a diary of my experiences at the factory. Below, are some of my entries:

September 12, 2026:

It's been two days since the factory officially opened and tomorrow we are going to have the first group of cattle arriving. I have to say i'm pretty excited. I learned that they come straight from the camps, mostly younger girls who failed to qualify for manual work or sex work.

September 13, 2026:

It was an eventful day! We just finished setting them up. I got to say though, when they arrived, i was pleasantly surprised. There were lots of beautiful women among the about two dozen that were brought here. I can't even imagine how hot the sex workers must be! A lot of them were already in tears, begging us to release them. I was mildly annoyed at their whines but hopefully i didn't have to hear them for long. They were all naked, except for the thick metal cuffs on their wrists and shackles on their ankles that seemed to have become a second nature to them. The mandatory shock collars around their throats reminded me of the remote that i had been given earlier this morning by my overseer.

We led them through the entrance to the main facility where, unbeknownst to them, they would spend the rest of their lives. A lot of the younger ones looked terrified at the sight of the milking stations. The older ones looked mostly detached and miserable.

Then suddenly, one of the girls in the back of the line, a petite blondie with small tits, tried to make a run for it, whilst screaming something about a free soul or a free humanity or whatever. It was kind of funny how she moved without full strides, but with shorter quick steps, due to her shackled ankles. I was the first to press the remote, sending a strong zap on her neck. More zaps from the other guards followed. She fell to the floor writhing in pain, too stunned to utter any words or moans, her last attempt of exercising any free will ended abruptly.

After that little incident, we started placing the cattle in their milking stations. Each woman would be secured in these steel stalls probably for the rest of their natural lives. Their head was secured to a stock, their wrists likewise, on either side of the head. The round stocks were of adjustable size via a handy nob on each one, and were lined with some cheap leather padding. A right-angled, U shaped steel bar, was pulled up from the floor until it reach the height of each woman's pelvis, propping them into a right angle, permanently bent over at the waist.

Once that was done, their feet were placed into some single ankle cuffs, each attached to a chain of a few inches, which were bolted on the floor. There was a considerable distance between the bolts, forcing their legs half-spread.

Most of them struggled of course, but that's why we were there. I distinctly remember a young, dark-haired girl shouting "you can't do this to us, we're not animals!" She couldn't have been more than 22 or 23 years old. She had a pear-shaped body, with beautiful, wide hips and cute, perky B-cups. A few zaps later and she along with all the others were locked in their stations. At this point some white coats, or as they liked to be called, "production experts" came in the room. Each station had a pair of glass cylinders that they carefully placed on the cattle's' breasts, covering the whole areola and a bit more, and then created a vacuum inside via suction. The milk would be pumped into these and then extracted into a container next to them via two tubes, one for each breast. Then their feeding tubes were set. Each one was attached to a large red ball that was stuffed in their mouths and then buckled and locked with leather straps behind their head. I was relieved that their noise was reduced a lot by these.

The new calves, or "subjects" as they were called, were being prepared in groups of two, by the white coats. Even the female scientists didn't seem to give an inkling of fuck towards these people they shared a gender with, as they dehumanized them bit by bit. I guess i get, i also don't give a rat's ass about all the dudes who are already being turned into disposable labor units for the economy of this new world.

Finally, they inserted some futuristic devices, shaped like half-moons, with a thick, bulbous-shaped, hollow prod sticking about 2/3rds from the bottom of this curved moon. The bottom was shaped like a jockstrap. This hollow plug was inserted into the women's very exposed assholes, the curved apparatus perfectly nesting between their asscheeks so that the bottom nicely copped the subject's pussy, covering it. The device was connected to an opaque tube that disappeared on the floor behind each

cow's stall. This was the waste-removal setup. Any piss or shit would be collected through the tube and flashed away.

Finally, the women's right forearms were pricked with a thick needle, a little clear tube running inside their stocks. I was puzzled at first, but then i saw the white coats open a little compartment on the stocks and place a clear cylindrical tube, with a pink liquid inside. As i learned later, this serum contained highly concentrated pregnancy hormones, drugs to induce rapid breast growth and lactation. I watched as the scientists examined each "subject", to make sure they got the maximum quantity out of every one. The girls just watched them, still in shock, some of them still struggling to free themselves from their stocks, in vain of course.

I was watching the black-haired girl, the same one who was yelling earlier about justice and whatnot. She had calmed down a little from her earliest fit, and while other women were now struggling like wild-cats, she stood still, with eyes on the floor. She looked defeated. She was so beautiful. Then our eyes met! I thought, that maybe, in another universe, she could have been my girlfriend. But not in this one, here, she is a much lower form of being. She mumbled something incoherent, the red ball in her mouth muffling her words. I presumed she wanted to speak to me, but it didn't matter. Nothing she had to say mattered anymore. She was just there to be productive for the factory.

September 17, 2026:

I am becoming used to the surroundings of the facility. We are not allowed to touch the cows, now that their part of the factory's property, but some of the other guards tease them in order to kill some time. I, myself don't see much point in this. I wasn't the kid who would go around harassing animals for no reason, so why do it now? Luckily for the poor things, the scientists had order their collars to be removed, since they serve no purpose now, and electric shocks can hurt the milk supply. Some cattle had started producing small amounts of milk. The drugs worked faster on some girls than others.

There was still a general moaning noise echoing in the facility. The girls seemed still unnerved and often looked at each other for the slightest comfort they could offer. They suffered a lot during these first days. The drugs were very painful for the cattle and the more their breasts would swell the more painful it would be.

September 19, 2026:

I had the morning shift today, so i saw the force-feeding for the first time. It is cruel but i guess there's no other choice. The factory can't be monitoring every cow's food intake. This way they also make sure they're healthy and no cattle can intentionally starve to death. Their expressions every time the machines are turned on are priceless! Their eyes open wide whenever they hear the food pumps start ramping up. I can see their brown mashed meal through the clear feeding tubes. It does look gross and judging by the speed of these pumps, it must be going straight down their gullet, no chewing or much

swallowing take place. Everything here is automated, so i guess this would be, too.

One of the guys brought a sample of the thick, runny mix that the cattle are fed. He dared us to drink shots of it. We each took a bottle cap and tried to down the substance. It was barely palatable, like a horrible, mashed energy bar. I felt a bit sick. It would suck if this had to be my only diet. The cattle eat a gallon of that shit, in two portions each day.

September 25, 2026:

All the cattle have started producing and the pumping noise of the milking machines is now as loud as the painful whines. The black haired girl's B cups have now swollen to DD's and she is lactating profusely. I sat and looked at her for a long time. Sometimes, she would break into panic attacks and struggle as hard as she could. The steel stocks didn't give at all, but, surprisingly, that didn't stop her most of the time. She hadn't given up yet, even after so many days here. I have to say she intrigues me. Other times she would stand looking down, lost in her thoughts, trying to get her mind of the pain on her breasts. There were a couple of human cows that would be considered hotter in the "real world", but i found myself observing her the most.

There was something about her.

October 2, 2026:

It was near the end of my shift when i came across Matt. Matt's a good guy, one of the few people i can exchange a few words here. He is one of those unqualified, chore-running workers around here. He was pushing a trolley. I took a look inside and saw a bunch of masks or helmets. Upon closer inspection i figured they were cow heads. It was a simple, more conceptual design of a cow's head, rather than an accurate representation. They all had the same pattern, mostly black with the same big white splash. There was the shape of a snout where a person's mouth would be, with two small holes for nostrils and under them a bigger round hole, presumably for the feeding tube to go through. No further features except for some cute cow ears. No eye or ear holes.

He told me the management decided the cattle were "psychologically distressed", as he put it, to the point where their milk production suffered. They deemed that part of the problem was that they were feeding of each other's anxiety and stress, by experiencing each other's distress and "pseudo-communicating" (another word i didn't quite get) through their incoherent moans. "These will help", he said to me. I'm not so sure.

I took one in my hands. Looking through the neck-hole, i saw two small, clear tubes coming from the two nostril holes. These would be used for the cow's breathing, i presumed. Feeling the inside, i felt a soft, spongy padding lining the entire inside of the mask. Whoever will wear that will surely feel this padding press everywhere in their face and head. The padding was reinforced on the spots were the

person's ears would sit, like those noise-cancelling headphones i have.

Matt was chatty, his hands resting on the trolley's hand-bar. He told me the cow heads are also used to make them less human-looking, since the factory will soon be open its doors to visits from civilians and even some schools in the next month.

I didn't reply anything. Such hypocrisy... We have enslaved half the population, but we don't have the balls to tell are children, just pretend like everything is normal. I know that it's easier for a little kid to witness a cow being naked, being branded, being kept against its will, than an actual person. But as a species, we have to face the facts. Someday...

I took one of the plastic heads and headed straight for the dark-haired girl. I wanted to be the one to do this to her. I don't know why really. Maybe it was a sign of respect to the human she once was, or maybe i wanted to be the last person she ever sees. It didn't matter.

I stood in front of her, holding the mask-head. She looked at it confused, then at me. I found a switch on the side of it, pressing it split the mask down the middle of the snout-hole. The girl's eyes widened at the realization that this silly-looking thing would replace her face. She became nervous as i positioned it just over her face. I removed her feeding tube and passed it through the mask's hole. It was big enough that she could breathe without problem, although it still looked kind of claustrophobic. She looked me in the eyes, scared, breathing heavily through her cute button of a nose.

I hushed her and told her it was gonna be ok. Why did i say that? I knew it wasn't going to be ok for her. For what it was worth, i think i just wanted to comfort her a bit. I looked at her pretty face one last time, taking a mental picture of it. She was still looking at me with those beautiful green eyes. Then, i pressed the two halves together, until i heard the loud click, locking it in place.

I watched her for a few seconds. She shifted her head from side to side, as far as the stock would allow. I thought she must have been so scared at that moment. I put my hand on her PVC-covered face. I don't know if she felt it. I hope she did. I bailed before the white coats arrived to start masking the subjects. If anyone asks, i'll just say see was masked when i found her.

Her face, her pretty eyes, everything is still in my head. I don't think it will leave anytime soon. I feel a strong urge to touch her.

October 19, 2026:

Most of the cows have gotten used to their new, dark, mute environment. The first few days definitely weren't easy. Especially for some of the more claustrophobic ones, it was actually a living hell. They still scream into their gags and shake uncontrollably, then burst into silent cries. Even if you can't hear them,

you can tell a cow is crying from the way their massive chests hiving up and down in quick succession. The white coats mentioned that this was a necessary evil and that eventually, they would calm down. I'm starting to question whether this people know anything scientific, or they just don't bother with these slaves.

One thing seemed to be working though. I don't know what psychological mumbo-jumbo they were spouting, but maybe because the women were trapped inside their own mind, unable to gain strength from the others, it caused them to break faster. I was hearing much less chain rattling lately, coming from fidgeting with their ankle cuffs.

My girl was dealing with the changes well enough. She rarely ever caused any fuss around the factory and just succumbed to soft moans every few minutes. I could tell that she had started to give in, to slowly accept her position in the world and her fate. I sometimes would entertain myself by thinking of what kind of person she was before she became a slave. What would her interests be. Her personality. Her aspirations. I still have the memory of her face in my mind. Her black hair running down her shoulders, her full lips hugging around the gag in her mouth, her pretty green eyes. I still wanted so bad to touch her, but i didn't have any chances so far.

October 21, 2026:

Today the cows were branded with their individual code name. It probably should have happened sooner, but the production team was busy with other matters of the factory, so it was pushed back. I escorted the farmer that had been called for this job, so i was really close to what was happening. We got to chatting. He told me that he farmed livestock for decades and had branded hundreds of them, so it didn't really faze him anymore. "Be it a woman or a bull, you still have to be rough on them", he said and i admit i chuckled. The station's manager gave him a list with the code for each cow and then left us alone. I kept him company as he marked one beast after the other on their left butt cheek. He showed me how you were supposed to press the iron down so that the mark was clear and the cow was unable to jerk away. The important thing, he said, was to not be afraid of the iron. Once you pushed, you had to be firm and committed, otherwise the mark would look terrible.

It was admittedly very hard for these cows, especially when they had heard the sizzling sound coming from the burning flesh of the cow next to them and figured it was now their turn. The mark covered about a fourth of their ass-cheek. "You do it quickly, don't hurt the animal more than you have to" said the old man, like a father, passing wise words to his son.

Then we reached my girl. She had just heard the screams of the cow on her nearby stall and as she heard our voices just behind her, i could see her legs started to violently shake with fear. If she wasn't supported by the stocks and the bar, i doubt her ass would remain that high. I asked him if I could do this one. "I don't think it'll be a problem" he said reassuringly. He set the electric iron to the correct

code, then placed it in my hands. He said "one swift motion, then you count one Mississippi, two Mississippi and remove it". I nodded, more than a little nervous.

I approached her. Her feet were still shaking in anticipation. I could see her ass anxiously shift left and right, across the bar she was bent over, at least the few inches she had to shift there. I knew it was cruel of me to prolong her ordeal, but i didn't care at the moment. I placed my left hand on her lower back, not so much to secure her, this was already very true. To prepare her, i guess. I could faintly hear the muffled cries coming from inside her fake plastic head. I gently rubbed her on the small of her back, as if it would serve as any sign of comfort.

Finally, i drove the iron straight on her flesh. The pain must have been so great, that the moment the iron first touched her skin, she didn't produce any sound. The moment after that, came the loudest screech she could utter. Even muffled by the ball-gag and the soundproofing padding of the mask, it was still loud. I counted my Mississippis then removed the iron, watching the smoke still rising from her right butt-cheek.

There it was. F25238. I was so proud i was the one that had marked her.

October 25, 2026:

A cow was taken to the lab today. She was still noisy, after all these days. She appeared to be one of the younger ones there, just 21 years old. I remembered her cause she was short and had a scar just next to her belly button. A lot of the guys said she was faking it to maybe get some kind of special attention, but i think she was just really fragile. The white coats had noticed how much she had decreased in her daily quota of milk, and had brought her to the factory's labs. The two guys who detached her from the machine later told us that she was to be used as a guinea pig for new experimental drugs and milking methods.

November 12, 2026:

Today we had our first scheduled visit. The factory's doors were open to the public and so i was very busy today, trying to keep things under control. It was fine, though. The management had even organized tour guides that started the trip to the factory from the milk's preparation stations and bottling facilities and finally arrived at the milking stations so that the crowd could take a look at the cows. A lot of people were impressed by the technical advances of the milking procedure, staring in wonder as milk was being pumped in real time, out of each cow's humungous breasts, which by now was what would be considered a size G.

A family with a little girl stepped forward, and asked the guide if the girl could pet one of the cows. They were standing next to one of the older ones, as i could tell from her physique. The woman paused for a second and said "she can pet it on the head". I watched the dad hold his daughter in his arms. Both had

hair as blond as the sun. He moved closely to one of the cows so she could reach with her little arm. The cow seemed alert by the presence of people next to her. I thought whether the girl would still like to pet the girl if she could see her real face. I doubt it.

The girl reached her hand and stroked the cow at the top of its plastic head. The mother looked at her daughter, happy, encouraging her, "there, pet its head, see? It can't hurt you, dear".

And she was right. This being couldn't hurt a fly if she wanted to. She just stood there, bound by metal, unable to do anything. As i watched them i failed to spot the two high-schoolers who had snuck inside a cow's protected stall area, and where grabbing her ass. I shooed them away.

December 3, 2026:

Things have settled down a bit. I guess that's what routine feels like around here. The factory runs more productive than ever, the issues of the opening days ironed out. Each cow produces about a gallon of milk per hour. The cows have largely made their peace, not so much with their overall state, but mostly with their inescapable bonds and their lack of most human senses.

Their everyday lives consist of a dull cycle of milking, force-feeding and sleeping. What's probably more accurate is they are in a constant dazed, semi-conscious state most of the time, an effect of the plenty of drugs that they are regularly injected with. Their giant udders hang down to their knees, bent as they always are. The milking pumps work on them 16-hours a day and judging from their reactions each morning that they are turned on, it must hurt like a bitch. Their areolas (areoli? I don't know what the plural is) and nipples are always red and sore from all the suction. But that's what they're here for. To produce milk and make the factory money.

I was watching my dark-haired, cow-girl again this morning. She has totally lost any fighting spirit that might be left. Occasionally, she'll make a sound or shake her head, but that's something a cow does anyway. I don't think it means anything anymore. No more declarations of freedom or rowdy words of revolution coming from her. Just primal reactions are all that's left. Unless you count her G-cups dangling and swaying a free-speech advocacy.

I have thought many times of naming her, even in my head, but i decided that's a bad idea. You don't wanna go down that road.

December 25, 2026:

I finally did it! I took the Christmas night shift on purpose, so factory personnel was limited. I sat with another guy until it was almost time to go. Everyone had gone home. This had to be the chance i've been looking for. "Go ahead, i'll close here, don't worry", i said to him. Luckily he thanked me and walked out, probably thinking of the turkey waiting for him at home.



The lights were already out in the facility. Only the fire-hazard ones were on. It was so peaceful, only the buzzing from the milking machines motors and the sloshing sound of the vacuum sucking then releasing, then again, and again. The cows had been fed an hour ago, and they pumps would automatically close in about an hour from now, waiting to be turned on back again at 6 in the morning.

The moon and the night lights from outside were the only source, coming from the factory's windows. I walked towards her, looking around to make sure i was completely alone. OC-21. I could never forget her stall's number.

I stood behind her. She was still in her own cruel world, probably counting to ten again and again to endure the pain on her low-hanging, massive tits. They probably just hurt them with their own weight, never mind the machine constantly gnawing on them.

I'm getting sidetracked! So...i placed my hand on her bottom. I felt her flinch at my touch. I felt her whole body tense, waiting, anticipating, confused. I grabbed the waste-disposal unit, currently stuck in her rear, and slowly pulled it out of her. It was in my way. She moaned softly and jerked a bit. It didn't matter what she wanted, i was gonna have her right then and there. Funny thing, after all this time and fantasizing something like this, i never considered if this was something she'd enjoy or not. It never occurred to me.

I pulled down my pants clumsily, i wasn't thinking anymore. I 've been waiting so long for this. I was already rock hard when i drove myself inside her pussy.

At first, she jerked and tried to move away, but there was of course nowhere to go. The bar held her hips right where she was as i thrust deeper and deeper, holding those juicy curves. I leaned over her, i wanted to feel as much of her body as possible. As much as i wanted to, i didn't squeeze her large, lactating breasts, though. She would be in horrific pain and i didn't want to hurt her. I could hear some faint sound escaping her PVC hood, though i wasn't sure what it signified. Pain? fear? arousal? Around us, the other mute, deafened and blind animals were completely unaware of our little get-together.

But as i kept my pounding and found a nice rhythm, i could swear she was trying to back towards my cock, even though the stock on her head would never let her gain control. I could hear her moans becoming more high-pitched, and become in synch with my thrusting. She was no longer pulling at her bonds and i could feel her pussy moisten with each penetration. She was loving it! Either that or some weird wish fulfillment in my head.

I wanted to make her cum now; this had turned from a sexual impulse into almost like love-making. I moved faster and faster, my fingers digging themselves on her peach of an ass. I could feel her pussy

tightening around my cock, as if holding on to it and never letting go. As i kept groping her ass, i felt my fingers rest on the engraving of her name. F25238. The mark that i had given her. As soon as i saw that, i finished inside her. It was a great feeling.

Deafening silence came back in the huge room. I was padding as i slowly pulled my pants up. Sperm was dripping out of the cow's pussy. Cow's? girl's? i don't know anymore. I don't consider myself a pervert, but i couldn't tell anymore. I had just fucked a cow, but her form was anything like one. I guess this is the absurdity of the world we are living in. I took two napkins from my pants' pocket and cleaned the animal of my seed. I put the anal-plug apparatus back in its place and looked at my watch. It was 9:10. I had to leave to be safe. I kissed her on the butt-cheek where her codified name could be read on her scar. It had healed since that day, but it would never leave her body. I walked fast towards the exit, not looking back.

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August 27, 2028:

I had given up on the whole journal thing, but today something interesting happened. Almost two years since my last entry, so i'll do a small update first. Not much has changed. I knew guarding livestock wasn't gonna be the most exciting job, but it pays well so i don't complain. I've been promoted as well, which just means i'm the head of the security staff. Little better money and hours.

Hours that i manipulate in order to find time for my little cow-girl. I haven't fucked any other animals here, but she isn't like any other animal. I guess about 18-20 times would be right, if my memory serves me well. It would be always at the end of the day, last shift. She'd usually play hard to get at the start, but she'd come around eventually. I always liked that.

Last time, she was getting wet just as she felt my hands stroking her naked ass. I could be wrong, but i like to think that it's a treat for her, a nice break from the constant darkness and induced lactation. Her breasts were monstrous now, just like any other human cow. I don't think there's even a measurement for something like this. I couldn't help but feel them from time to time, much to her discomfort.

But this isn't why i wanted to write today. First, i noticed two white coats examining one of the older cows, looking very concerned. She must have been about 38-40 years old. From what i could hear her milk quota had dropped severely and it didn't look like it would rise again. "We'll have to send her to the knackery" said the man. "I'm afraid so" replied the woman next to him. I hoped that the cow could not hear them, that her ears had fallen off from lack of usage, or that she had lost the ability to process human words. But unfortunately for her, she had not. I saw her start breathing heavily, quicker and quicker, indicated by the fluctuation on her big breasts.

They came to me and informed me of the situation, even though i had heard everything. I sent two men to detach her from the machine and take her to the slaughter house, a small building near the factory. I

knew that lot of rich people liked to eat human meat and they'd pay good money, if an opportunity like this arose. The factory made some money from the meat and would replace the cattle with another, more productive one.

I watched as they released her head and wrist from the padded stocks, then unshackled her ankles. She was still in her cow-mask, so even with her new-found freedom she still looked pretty useless against them. The guards grabbed each of her arms and roughly wrist-cuffed them behind her back, before beginning to walk towards the vast warehouse's exit, pulling her by each arm.

I watched the woman, she had that middle-eastern, or southeast Asian skin tone, could not really tell. She jerked and cried pitifully in her gag but she couldn't stop them from practically dragging her across the floor. It was sad to see any creature in this situation, but it had to be done.

I tried to rationalize it by thinking of what could she have done to avoid this, but couldn't find anything. It simply came down to biology, and her's had failed her. Produce milk, or become a steak in someone's plate. I thought of my cow-girl, and how she would probably face the same fate, some day. Her milk production was great, she was still young after all, but still, that day would come. I took a glance at her, her beautiful face still in my mind after all this time. It cheered me up.