Corky

by Brent Clark Palmer
Vulpes Parvaes, Book 22

Here's the new Chapter 1, written from the fresh starting point you described.

Chapter 1

Sarina pushed open the dorm room door with her shoulder, arms full of laundry. The room was quiet. Corky's side was, as usual, painfully neat — bed made, books stacked, laptop sitting open on her desk with the screen still glowing. Corky had an early lab on Tuesdays and wouldn't be back for at least another hour.

Sarina dropped her basket onto her own unmade bed and glanced at the laptop out of habit. She wasn't trying to snoop. But the screen was bright and the room was dim, and something about the way it was left open made her pause.

She stepped closer.

It wasn't a textbook or a paper. It was a story. The tab was open to what looked like a long, multi-chapter piece. The title at the top read something like *The Heifer's First Season*. Sarina's eyebrows lifted. She leaned in without really meaning to.

The paragraph on the screen described a girl being led into a clean, white-tiled room that had been converted into something between a medical exam space and a stall. She was naked. Her breasts were already swollen and heavy. A woman in a lab coat was calmly explaining the new schedule while she attached thick, soft cups to the girl's nipples. The girl was breathing hard, trying to stay still, but her thighs kept pressing together. The woman kept using words like "let-down," "capacity," and "daily quota" in the same calm, professional tone someone might use to explain a lab procedure.

Sarina read the next few lines without meaning to.

> The cups sealed with a soft, wet sound. The suction started low and rhythmic. The girl made a small, broken noise in the back of her throat as the first slow streams of milk began to flow. Her hands curled into fists at her sides. She had been told not to touch herself during the sessions. That rule was very important.

Sarina's mouth had gone slightly dry.

She scrolled up a little and read another passage, this one from earlier in the story. The same girl was standing in front of a mirror after two weeks of the program, staring at her reflection. Her breasts were noticeably larger, rounder, and sat heavier on her chest. There were faint blue veins visible beneath the skin. When she moved, they shifted with a weight that hadn't been there before. The story described how she had to adjust the way she stood and how her old bras no longer fit. How she had started waking up in the middle of the night feeling tight and full and strangely restless.

Sarina read it again, slower this time.

She pictured Corky.

Not the snobby, eye-rolling Corky who corrected her about recycling and left passive- aggressive notes about wet towels. The other version. The one who apparently read this kind of thing late at night when she thought Sarina was asleep. Petite, fit, blonde Corky standing in front of a mirror with heavier, milk-filled breasts. Corky trying to keep her breathing steady while thick cups were attached to her nipples. Corky making that small, broken sound when the suction started.

The image landed somewhere low in Sarina's stomach and stayed there.

She kept reading, quieter now, almost under her breath.

"…the handler ran her hand down the girl's back and told her to present properly. The girl hesitated, then slowly lowered her shoulders and lifted her hips, the way she had been taught. Her breasts hung between her arms, already leaking a little from the last session. The handler made a soft, approving sound and adjusted the cups again…"

Sarina stopped. She could feel her own pulse in her throat. She glanced at the time in the corner of the screen. Corky would be back soon.

She carefully scrolled back to exactly where the story had been when she found it. She made sure the tab was still open to the same paragraph. Then she stepped away from the desk, picked up her laundry basket again, and set it on her own bed like she had only just walked in.

For a few seconds she just stood there, staring at nothing.

Then she shook her head once, short and sharp, and started folding clothes.

The laptop stayed exactly where Corky had left it. Screen still glowing. Story still open. As if no one had touched it at all.

This version keeps the discovery accidental and charged. Sarina isn't scheming yet — she's just stumbled into something private and intense that reframes how she sees her roommate. The taboo and the eroticism are present through what she reads and the brief, vivid image it creates of Corky, without any heavy-handed setup.

Would you like to continue from here into what happens next (Sarina's reaction over the next day or two, how she eventually brings it up to Dr. Chandler, etc.)? Or would you like any adjustments to this chapter first?

Chapter 2

Sarina sat near the back of the lecture hall, notebook open but mostly blank. The big screen at the front showed a slide titled *Emerging Alternatives in Human Nutrition*. Dr. Morgan Chandler stood at the podium in a simple black blouse and dark trousers, speaking in that calm, measured way she always did.

“While bovine milk remains the dominant commercial source, recent research has renewed interest in human breast milk as a superior nutritional profile for certain populations,” Dr. Chandler said, clicking to the next slide. “Its dynamic immunoglobulin content,

oligosaccharide diversity, and ability to adapt to the recipient’s needs make it uniquely valuable. Some labs are now exploring safe, ethical methods of scaling human-derived milk beyond traditional lactation.”

Sarina’s pen stopped moving.

She stared at the screen, then at Dr. Chandler. For a second she was sure she had misheard. The words “human breast milk” and “scaling” hung in the air like they didn’t belong in a normal Tuesday lecture. Her mind immediately flashed to the open laptop from the day before — the girl in the story standing in that clean stall-like room, the thick cups sealing over her nipples, the slow rhythmic pull, the way her body had started to change after only a couple of weeks.

Sarina shifted in her seat. Heat crept up the back of her neck.

Dr. Chandler continued without pause, moving on to other advances in sustainable protein sources, but Sarina barely heard the rest of the lecture. Every time she tried to focus, another fragment from the story surfaced. The handler’s calm voice telling the girl to present properly. The description of her breasts growing heavier, the way she had to adjust how she stood. The quiet, clinical way the story treated something that felt so deeply intimate and exposed.

By the time class ended, Sarina’s notebook was still mostly empty. Students packed up around her. She stayed seated until the room had mostly cleared, then gathered her things slowly and walked down the steps toward the front.

Dr. Chandler was unplugging her laptop from the projector when Sarina reached the podium.

“Dr. Chandler?” Sarina’s voice came out quieter than she meant it to. “Can I ask you something? About what you said earlier?”

Dr. Chandler looked up, adjusting her glasses. “Of course. Which part?”

Sarina hesitated. She glanced around to make sure no one else was close enough to hear. “The part about human breast milk,” she said. “As an alternative. You said some labs are exploring ways to scale it. I was wondering… how far that kind of research actually goes. Like, not just collecting from mothers who are already nursing. Something more…

intentional.”

Dr. Chandler studied her for a moment. Her expression didn’t change, but there was a flicker of interest behind her eyes.

“That’s a very specific question,” she said. “Most people just nod along when I mention it. What made you curious about the more intentional side?”

Sarina felt her face warm. She kept her voice low. “I read something recently. Something that described a situation like that. A girl who wasn’t pregnant, but was being… put through a process to produce anyway. It was very detailed. Very specific about the physical changes and the daily routine. I didn’t realize that kind of thing was being studied for real.”

Dr. Chandler closed her laptop and slid it into her bag. She didn’t rush.

“Most of what exists right now is still theoretical or very small-scale,” she said. “But the underlying physiology is well understood. Induced lactation in nulliparous women is possible with the right hormonal support and consistent mechanical stimulation. The limiting factors have always been ethics, consent, and long-term data. Some researchers believe that with the right protocols and environment, a dedicated subject could reach meaningful production levels.”

She paused, watching Sarina’s face.

“The story you read — was it purely fictional, or did it seem to draw from any real research?”

Sarina swallowed. “It felt… researched. The way it described the body adapting. The soreness, the weight, the way the routine started to change how she thought about herself. It didn’t feel made up.”

Dr. Chandler nodded slowly. She picked up her bag and stepped out from behind the podium so they were standing closer.

“I’d be interested in reading whatever it was you saw,” she said. “Not for judgment. For context. But more importantly — you mentioned a roommate in passing during our last advising meeting. Is this something she’s read too?”

Sarina blinked. She hadn’t expected the question to turn toward Corky so quickly.

“Yeah,” she admitted after a second. “It was on her laptop. I wasn’t trying to snoop. It was just… open.”

Dr. Chandler was quiet for a moment, considering.

“I’d like to meet her,” she said. “Not in any official capacity yet. Just a conversation. If she’s genuinely interested in this area — even from the angle of those stories — she might be exactly the kind of person I’ve been looking for to

help develop a small pilot. Someone young, healthy, and already thinking about the psychological side of it."

Sarina felt her stomach tighten. The image of Corky from the story flashed through her mind again — petite, blonde, fit Corky on her hands and knees with heavy breasts hanging beneath her, being calmly handled and measured.

"I don't know if she'd actually want to talk about it out loud," Sarina said carefully. "She's… private."

"I understand," Dr. Chandler said. "I'm not asking you to force anything. But if you could arrange an informal meeting — even just the three of us grabbing coffee — I would consider it a significant help. And I'd be willing to offer you extra credit in this course for facilitating the introduction and any follow-up observations you might be able to share from the roommate perspective."

She gave Sarina a small, professional smile.

"No pressure. Think about it. If you decide it's something you're comfortable with, let me know by the end of the week."

Sarina stood there for a second, gripping the strap of her bag. Her pulse was still too fast. She could still hear the quiet, rhythmic description from the story playing in the back of her head.

"Okay," she said finally. "I'll think about it."

Dr. Chandler nodded once, like the matter was settled for now.

"I look forward to hearing from you, Sarina."

She turned and walked toward the exit, leaving Sarina standing alone by the empty podium with the image of her roommate in that story still sharp and vivid behind her eyes.

Chapter 3

Sarina had to ask twice before Corky agreed to come.

"It's just coffee," Sarina said, leaning against the doorframe of their dorm room. "Dr. Chandler wants to talk about some research she's thinking about. She said she'd buy."

Corky looked up from her laptop, suspicious. "Why would your biology professor want to have coffee with me?"

Sarina shrugged, trying to sound casual. "I mentioned you during office hours. She thinks you might be a good fit for something she's working on. It's probably nothing. Just come for twenty minutes."

Corky stared at her for a long second, then closed her laptop. "Fine. But if this is weird, I'm leaving."

They met Dr. Chandler at a quiet café just off campus. Dr. Chandler was already there, sitting at a corner table with a small notebook and a black coffee. She smiled when she saw them — warm, but not overly friendly.

“Corky,” she said, standing to shake her hand. “Thank you for coming. Sarina’s told me a little about you.”

Corky sat down stiffly. Sarina took the seat between them.

Dr. Chandler didn’t waste much time on small talk. After they ordered, she folded her hands on the table and looked at Corky directly.

“I’ll be straightforward with you,” she said. “I’m developing a small, private pilot study around induced lactation in healthy young women who aren’t pregnant. The goal is to understand how far we can safely push human milk production under optimized conditions — diet, environment, scheduled mechanical expression, and consistent monitoring. It’s still in the very early stages, but I’m looking for the right kind of participant.”

Corky blinked. “Induced lactation? Like… making someone produce milk without having a baby?”

“Exactly,” Dr. Chandler said. Her voice was calm and professional, like she was discussing any other research topic. “With the right hormonal protocol and regular stimulation, the body can be encouraged to lactate. Some women respond quite strongly. The physical changes can be significant — breast growth, increased sensitivity, shifts in fat distribution. The psychological component is just as important. Many subjects report a strong sense of purpose once they settle into the routine.”

Corky’s cheeks had already started to color. She glanced at Sarina, then back at Dr. Chandler.

“You’re serious,” she said. “This isn’t hypothetical.”

Dr. Chandler gave a small smile. “It’s very real. We’ve run small trials before. The limiting factor has always been finding participants who are genuinely open to the experience instead of just tolerating it.”

She took a sip of her coffee, then continued, watching Corky carefully.

“In the study, a subject would live at a private facility for the summer. There would be a strict daily schedule — morning, midday, and evening expression sessions using hospital-grade equipment adapted for human anatomy. The environment would be quiet and controlled, almost like a specialized dairy setup. Diet would be optimized for milk production. We’d track volume, nutritional content, and how the body adapts over time. Some women find their breasts become noticeably heavier and more pendulous within the first few weeks. Sensitivity increases dramatically. Many report that their bodies start to

anticipate the sessions — becoming full and tight at certain times of day even before the equipment is attached."

Corky's lips had parted slightly. She shifted in her chair and crossed her legs. Sarina could see the flush spreading down her neck and disappearing beneath the collar of her t-shirt. Her nipples were visibly hard through the thin fabric.

Dr. Chandler noticed too. She didn't comment on it. She simply kept going, her tone still measured.

"The psychological shift is often the most interesting part. Subjects begin to relate to their bodies differently. Instead of seeing their breasts as purely sexual or decorative, they become functional. Productive. Some describe a strange kind of relief in surrendering control over that part of themselves to a schedule and to the people running the study. The handler — usually a researcher or technician — becomes a consistent, attentive presence. Checking progress. Adjusting the equipment. Praising good output. It can become quite intimate."

Corky's breathing had changed. It was shallower now. She kept her hands in her lap, but Sarina saw her thighs press together under the table. Her eyes were a little glassy.

"You're saying someone would actually live like that?" Corky asked, voice quieter than usual. "Get milked three times a day like… like an animal?"

"Not like an animal," Dr. Chandler corrected gently. "Like a subject whose biology is being intentionally optimized. The equipment is clean. The process is clinical but supportive. Many women find the regularity comforting after the first week or two. Their bodies learn the rhythm. They start to produce more. The changes become visible — not just in breast size, but in posture, in how they carry themselves. Some even report that their libidos shift. They become more responsive to touch, more aware of their own sensitivity."

Corky made a small sound in the back of her throat that she quickly tried to cover with a cough. Her face was deeply flushed now. She couldn't seem to stop glancing at Dr. Chandler's hands as she spoke.

Sarina watched her roommate with a strange, tight feeling in her chest. Corky looked exactly like someone who had just been told her private fantasy could become real. She was trying very hard to look normal, but her body was betraying her completely — the way she kept pressing her thighs together, the rapid rise and fall of her chest, the way her nipples stayed tight and obvious against her shirt.

Dr. Chandler took another slow sip of coffee, clearly enjoying the effect her words were having.

“Of course, participation would be entirely voluntary,” she continued. “We’d start with thorough medical screening and psychological evaluation. But for the right person — someone already curious about this kind of transformation — it can be a deeply fulfilling experience. Some subjects describe it as the first time their body felt like it had a real, measurable purpose.”

Corky stared at her. “You’re actually doing this,” she said, almost to herself. “This isn’t just theory. You’re looking for someone to do this to.”

Dr. Chandler met her eyes directly.

“I’m looking for the right someone,” she said. “Someone whose mind is already open to it. Someone who might not just endure the process, but respond to it.”

She let the words hang there.

Corky’s hands were clenched in her lap. She looked like she was having trouble thinking straight. Her cheeks were burning, and every time Dr. Chandler spoke, she seemed to react physically — a small shift, a quick breath, another press of her thighs.

Sarina felt her own pulse beating hard in her throat as she watched.

Dr. Chandler set her cup down and smiled, calm and professional.

“Think about it,” she said to Corky. “Both of you. If either of you have more questions, or if you’d like to see some of the preliminary protocols we’ve drafted, I’d be happy to share them.”

Corky didn’t answer right away. She just sat there, flushed and visibly aroused, trying to process that the thing she had only ever read about in secret might actually be something she could do.

For real.

Chapter 4

Corky was already running late when she left the dorm.

She had barely slept. Every time she closed her eyes she saw Dr. Chandler’s calm face across the café table, heard her voice describing scheduled expression sessions and the way a subject’s body would start to anticipate them. She had spent most of the night with her hand between her legs, trying and failing to quiet the images. Even now, walking across campus with her backpack slung over one shoulder, her mind kept drifting.

She pictured herself in that clean, clinical stall. She pictured the cups sealing over her nipples. She pictured someone — maybe Dr. Chandler herself — checking her progress with that same steady, professional touch she had used at the café when she described the changes.

Corky shook her head hard and tried to focus on the sidewalk in front of her. She had an 8 a.m. lecture she couldn't afford to miss. But her feet slowed as she approached the turn that would take her toward the science building.

Instead, she stopped.

For almost a full minute she stood there, heart beating too fast, while students streamed past her. Then, without really deciding, she turned the other way.

Dr. Chandler's office was on the third floor of the older building near the quad. Corky had never been there before, but she found it easily. The hallway was quiet this early. She stood outside the closed door for a long moment, hands clenched around the straps of her backpack, before she finally knocked.

"Come in."

Dr. Chandler's voice was clear and unsurprised.

Corky pushed the door open. Dr. Chandler was already at her desk, a stack of papers in front of her and a half-finished cup of tea beside them. She looked up, and when she saw who it was, a small, knowing smile touched her mouth.

"Corky," she said. "This is a surprise. Shouldn't you be in class?"

Corky stepped inside and closed the door behind her. Her face was already warm.

"I was on my way," she said. Her voice came out thinner than she wanted. "But I… I couldn't stop thinking about yesterday. About what you said at the café."

Dr. Chandler leaned back in her chair, studying her. She didn't rush to fill the silence.

Corky swallowed. The words tumbled out before she could stop them.

"I wanted to know more. About the opportunity. If there's still a chance I could be considered. I can't stop thinking about it. I know it's probably crazy, but after what you described… I just need to know more. Please."

Dr. Chandler was quiet for a moment, letting the request settle. Then she gestured to the chair across from her desk.

"Sit," she said. "And tell me what part of it you can't stop thinking about."

Corky sat. Her knees felt unsteady. She kept her hands clasped tightly in her lap.

"All of it," she admitted. "The schedule. The way you said a subject's body starts to change. The idea of someone actually monitoring it and adjusting things. It doesn't feel real. But I can't stop imagining what it would be like."

Dr. Chandler nodded slowly, like she had expected this.

“It’s a significant commitment,” she said. “But for the right person, it can be transformative in ways that go far beyond the physical. We’re not just inducing lactation. We’re creating an optimized environment where a young woman’s body is encouraged to reach its full productive potential. The changes are measurable. Visible. And for many participants, deeply satisfying on a level they didn’t expect.”

She stood and moved to the side of her desk, closer to Corky.

“Let me paint a clearer picture for you,” she continued. “A typical day would begin with a morning expression session. You would be positioned comfortably — usually on a padded bench or in a modified stall setup designed for human anatomy. The equipment would be attached with care. Hospital-grade pumps, properly sized and adjusted for your developing tissue. The suction would start gentle, then build into the rhythm your body responds to best. We would monitor let-down in real time. Some women find the first few sessions

overwhelming. Others describe it as the most focused, almost meditative experience they’ve ever had.”

Corky’s breathing had already changed. She could feel her nipples tightening against her bra just from hearing it described again.

Dr. Chandler continued, her voice calm and unhurried.

“Between sessions, you would follow a carefully designed routine. Nutrient-dense meals formulated to support high-volume production. Light movement to encourage circulation. Plenty of rest. Your breasts would grow heavier throughout the day. Fuller. More sensitive. By the time the midday session arrived, most subjects are already feeling the pressure building. The relief when the cups are attached again is often described as profound.”

She paused, watching Corky’s face.

“By the third week, the physical transformation is usually obvious. Your breasts would be significantly larger. Heavier. They would sit differently on your chest. Many women find they need new bras or simply stop wearing them around the facility. Your posture would adjust naturally to the added weight. Your nipples and areolas would darken and become more prominent. And perhaps most interestingly, your body would begin to internalize the schedule. You would start to feel full and tight at predictable times, even before the equipment is brought out. Some subjects report beginning to leak in anticipation.”

Corky pressed her thighs together without realizing it. Her face was burning.

Dr. Chandler’s tone softened slightly, becoming almost intimate.

“The psychological shift is where the real power of the experience lies. When a subject stops fighting the changes and begins to accept them — even crave them

— something

fundamental changes. You would no longer be just a college student. You would be a producer. Someone whose body has a clear, measurable purpose every single day. The researchers and technicians working with you would become very familiar with your responses. They would know when you need encouragement. When you need firmer

handling. When you're close to letting go completely."

She stepped a little closer.

"Some women describe it as the first time they've ever felt truly cared for in their bodies. Not just desired. But tended to. Optimized. The intimacy of being examined, measured, and milked on a regular schedule can be surprisingly powerful. Especially for someone who has already spent time imagining what it might feel like."

Corky couldn't look away from her. Her heart was pounding so hard she was sure Dr. Chandler could hear it.

Dr. Chandler smiled, small and confident.

"I don't offer this lightly, Corky. We only have space for a very small number of participants this summer. But after watching you yesterday, and seeing how strongly you're responding even now, I believe you could be an exceptional subject. The kind who doesn't just complete the protocol, but thrives inside it."

She let the words land.

"If you're serious about wanting to know more, the next step would be a full medical and psychological screening. We could schedule it for this week. If everything looks good, I could take you to see the facility. Let you experience a simulated session so you can feel what the equipment is actually like before committing."

Corky's voice came out shaky.

"You'd really let me try it first?"

"I would," Dr. Chandler said. "Because I think once you feel it — once you feel your body responding to the structure and the handling — you'll understand why some women never want to go back to the way things were before."

She held Corky's gaze.

"The question is whether you're ready to find out what your body is truly capable of."

Corky sat very still, flushed and breathing hard, the offer hanging in the air between them like something she could reach out and touch.

Chapter 5

Corky came back to the dorm just after eleven, cheeks still flushed and her movements slightly jerky. She dropped her bag by the door and stood there for a second like she didn't know what to do with herself.

Sarina looked up from her desk. "How was class?"

"I didn't go," Corky said. Her voice was tight. She sat on the edge of her bed and stared at the floor. "I went to Dr. Chandler's office instead."

Sarina set her pen down slowly.

Corky kept talking, the words coming out in a rush. "She was there. I just… I couldn't stop thinking about everything she said yesterday. So I went. And she told me more. A lot more. She said if I'm serious, the next step is a full medical and psychological screening. She said we could probably do it this week."

She finally looked at Sarina, eyes wide and a little wild.

"She made it sound so real. Like it's actually happening. Like I could really do this."

Sarina was quiet for a moment. She could see how worked up Corky still was — the way her hands kept twisting in her lap, the way her breathing hadn't quite settled. The memory of how flushed and squirmy Corky had been at the café yesterday was still fresh in her mind.

She made a decision.

"I need to tell you something," Sarina said gently.

Corky looked at her warily.

Sarina stood up and walked over, sitting down on the bed beside her. She kept her voice soft and steady.

"A couple days ago, I came back to the room and your laptop was open. I saw what you were reading."

Corky went very still.

Sarina continued, careful. "It was a story. About a girl being put through something like what Dr. Chandler was describing. The induction. The milking. The changes."

For a second, Corky just stared at her.

Then her face twisted.

"I knew it," she shouted, standing up so fast the bed shook. "I fucking knew it! This is all a prank, isn't it? You and Dr. Chandler set this up to mess with me because you saw that on my laptop. You think it's funny—"

“Hey.” Sarina’s voice stayed calm. She reached out and took Corky gently by the wrist, tugging her back down onto the bed. “Breathe. It’s not a prank.”

Corky tried to pull away, but Sarina didn’t let go. Instead, she shifted closer and brought her other hand up to rest on the back of Corky’s neck, thumb stroking slowly just below her hairline.

“Listen to me,” Sarina said, softer now. “I didn’t tell Dr. Chandler about the story. I didn’t have to. I was in her class when she started talking about human breast milk as a real nutritional alternative. That’s what made me go talk to her after. I asked her about it because of what I saw on your laptop. She’s been researching this for real, Corky. It’s not something we made up to embarrass you.”

Corky was breathing hard, but she had stopped trying to stand up. Sarina kept stroking the back of her neck in slow, steady motions.

“I know it feels like too much of a coincidence,” Sarina continued, her voice low and soothing. “But it’s real. Dr. Chandler wants participants who are actually interested in this. Not people she has to convince. And after yesterday… she could tell you were interested.”

Corky made a small, frustrated sound. Her shoulders were still tense, but she wasn’t pulling away anymore.

Sarina let her hand slide up into Corky’s hair, petting it gently, like she was calming down a skittish animal.

“Settle down,” she murmured. “You’re getting yourself all worked up again. Just breathe.”

Corky’s breathing was still shaky, but she leaned into the touch without seeming to realize it.

Sarina kept stroking her hair, slow and repetitive.

“I know this feels overwhelming,” she said, her tone gentle but unmistakably condescending. “But that’s why it’s good you went to see her today. You don’t have to figure everything out by yourself. If you really want to know if this is something you can do, the screening is the smartest next step. They’ll check if your body can handle it. If your head can handle it.”

She gave Corky’s hair a light, affectionate tug.

“And if it turns out you’re a good candidate… then you’ll know for sure.”

Corky was quiet for a long moment. Her face was still flushed, but the panic had started to fade into something more uncertain.

Sarina took her phone out of her pocket with her free hand, still petting Corky with the other. “I’ll call her right now,” she said. “We can do it together. I’ll stay on the line with you. You can ask whatever you need to ask. We’ll set up the screening together. Okay?”

Corky looked at the phone, then back at Sarina. She still seemed dazed.

Sarina didn’t wait for a clear answer. She found Dr. Chandler’s number and hit call, putting it on speaker. When Dr. Chandler answered, Sarina kept her voice light and helpful.

“Hi Dr. Chandler, it’s Sarina. I’m with Corky right now. She came back from seeing you and she’s still thinking about the screening. We were hoping we could set something up this week if there’s space.”

She kept one hand moving slowly through Corky’s hair the entire time, fingers occasionally drifting down to rub the back of her neck in long, soothing strokes.

Dr. Chandler’s voice came through clearly. “Of course. I have time Thursday afternoon. Would that work for both of you?”

Sarina looked at Corky and gave her a small, encouraging nod, still stroking her like she was settling a nervous pet.

Corky swallowed hard, then nodded once.

“Yeah,” she said quietly. “Thursday works.”

Sarina smiled and squeezed the back of Corky’s neck gently.

“Perfect,” she said into the phone. “We’ll be there.”

She ended the call and set the phone aside, but she didn’t stop touching Corky. Her hand moved in slow, repetitive motions — stroking her hair, then down to rub between her shoulder blades, then back up again.

“See?” Sarina said softly, almost fondly. “That wasn’t so hard. You don’t have to do any of this alone. I’ll help you through it.”

Corky sat there, still flushed and breathing unevenly, while Sarina continued to pet and soothe her like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Chapter 6

The screening took place in a private medical suite on the edge of campus. It was nothing like Corky expected.

Dr. Chandler was there the entire time, along with a calm female nurse and a quiet technician. They took her blood, measured her, weighed her, and asked her dozens of questions about her health, her menstrual cycle, her sexual history, and her mental state. Corky answered everything in a small voice while sitting on an exam table in nothing but a thin paper gown.

The physical exam was the hardest part.

They had her lie back while the nurse palpated her breasts thoroughly, checking tissue density and sensitivity. Dr. Chandler stood beside her, occasionally making notes and asking Corky how certain touches felt. When the nurse rolled her nipples between gloved fingers to test responsiveness, Corky had to bite the inside of her cheek to stay quiet.

By the time they finished, she felt raw and strangely exposed.

After the exam, Dr. Chandler brought out a small stack of forms.

“This one is just standard consent for the screening,” she said, sliding a paper across the table. “And this one is a request for academic leave. It’s temporary, of course. We find it’s cleaner if participants aren’t trying to juggle classes while we’re establishing baseline data. It protects your GPA.”

Corky hesitated, pen hovering over the page.

Sarina, who had been allowed to sit in the corner of the room for moral support, leaned forward slightly.

“It’s okay,” she said quietly. “It’s just paperwork.”

Corky signed.

Dr. Chandler collected the forms with a satisfied nod.

“Excellent. We can get started right away.”

Corky looked between them, confused. “Right away?”

Dr. Chandler smiled faintly. “No point in delaying if you’re serious. We have a transport ready.”

Sarina stood up and walked over to her. Her expression was gentle, almost fond.

“Come on,” she said. “Arms up.”

Corky blinked. “What?”

Sarina reached for the ties on the paper gown without waiting for permission. She undid them carefully and slid the gown off Corky’s shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. Corky stood there naked under the bright clinical lights while Sarina folded the gown like it was something normal.

Dr. Chandler watched without comment.

Sarina guided her toward the far side of the room, where a large, sturdy metal kennel crate sat waiting. It was the kind used for large dogs — tall enough for Corky to kneel inside, but not stand. The floor was padded with a thin mat.

Corky’s stomach dropped.

“Wait,” she said, voice small. “You want me to get in that?”

“It’s the safest way to transport you to the facility,” Dr. Chandler said reasonably. “We don’t want you getting anxious in a regular car. This keeps everything controlled.”

Sarina’s hand rested lightly on the small of Corky’s back.

“It’s okay,” she murmured. “Just get on your hands and knees. I’ll help you.”

Corky’s face burned, but she obeyed. She crawled into the kennel on shaking limbs. The space was tight. Her breasts hung beneath her, and the padded floor pressed against her knees and palms. Sarina closed the door behind her with a metallic click and secured the latch.

The ride into the country took just over an hour.

Corky stayed on her hands and knees the entire time, the kennel secured in the back of a van. Every bump in the road made her breasts sway. The steady hum of the engine and the occasional voices from the front seat (Sarina and Dr. Chandler talking quietly) made everything feel surreal. She tried not to think about how she looked — naked, caged, being driven somewhere unknown.

By the time the van stopped, her thighs were slick.

They opened the back doors. Cool country air rushed in. Dr. Chandler and Sarina lifted the entire kennel out together and carried it a short distance before setting it down. Corky heard the latch open.

“Out you come,” Sarina said softly.

Corky crawled out on trembling arms and legs. She blinked in the late afternoon light and slowly stood up.

They were standing in front of a long, low building that looked like a renovated barn. Dr. Chandler led them inside.

The first thing Corky saw was the row of clean, modern stalls.

Each one had padded flooring, good lighting, and what looked like modified milking equipment mounted on one wall. Dr. Chandler walked her to the second stall from the end and opened the half-door.

“This will be yours during the trial period,” she said.

Corky stepped inside slowly. The space was bigger than she expected, but still clearly designed for one purpose. There was a low padded bench, a water trough, and a set of restraints built into the wall at breast height.

She turned around. “How long is the trial?”

Dr. Chandler closed the stall door behind her with a soft click.

“Two weeks,” she said. “We need enough time to establish consistent production and gather meaningful baseline data. After that, we’ll evaluate whether you want to continue.”

Corky’s mouth opened, but no sound came out.

Sarina stepped closer to the stall door, resting her arms on top of it.

“I’ll come visit,” she promised. “A few times a week, at least. I’ll check on you.”

Before Corky could respond, Dr. Chandler picked up a large bottle from a shelf outside the stall. It was filled with a thick, pale liquid.

“First things first,” she said. “We need to get some nutrition into you and begin preliminary stimulation.”

She handed the bottle to Sarina, who passed it through the bars to Corky.

“Drink,” Dr. Chandler instructed. “It’s a specialized supplement. High in galactagogues and calories. You’ll be on it several times a day.”

Corky took the bottle with both hands. It was heavier than she expected. She brought it to her lips and started drinking. The taste was sweet and slightly herbal. She kept drinking because she didn’t know what else to do.

While she drank, Dr. Chandler retrieved a set of smaller, softer cups connected to a portable pump unit. She opened the stall door and stepped inside.

“On your knees,” she said calmly. “Hands behind your back.”

Corky obeyed without thinking, still holding the half-empty bottle. Dr. Chandler knelt in front of her and carefully attached the cups to her breasts. They sealed with a soft, wet sound. The suction started low and rhythmic almost immediately.

Corky made a small, broken sound around the bottle.

The stimulation was gentle but insistent. Her nipples were already sensitive from the exam earlier. Now, with the steady pull and the warmth of the cups, her body responded fast. She could feel her clit throbbing in time with the pump. Her thighs pressed together as she knelt there, drinking the supplement while Dr. Chandler adjusted the settings.

Dr. Chandler watched her face with quiet satisfaction.

“That’s it,” she murmured. “Good girl. Just let it happen.”

Corky couldn’t speak.

The combination of the sweet liquid sliding down her throat, the rhythmic suction on her breasts, and the knowledge that she was kneeling naked in a stall while two people watched was overwhelming. Her mind felt hazy. Her body felt hot and tight and strangely empty. Every pull of the pump sent sparks of pleasure and

need straight between her legs.

She kept drinking because it was the only thing she could do.

Sarina stayed leaning on the stall door, watching her with an unreadable expression.

Dr. Chandler reached out and gently stroked Corky’s hair while the pump continued its steady work.

“Two weeks,” she repeated softly. “We’ll see how well you take to it.”

Corky’s eyes were glassy. She couldn’t form words. All she could do was kneel there, sucking on the bottle while the cups worked on her breasts, her body already trembling with an arousal deeper and more consuming than anything she had ever felt from the stories.

She had never imagined it would feel like this.

Not even close.

Chapter 7

Corky had been at the facility for six days when it finally happened.

Her breasts had been growing heavier and more sensitive with each passing day. The supplement Dr. Chandler gave her three times daily made her feel warm and full, and the regular pumping sessions left her sore and aching in a way that never quite faded. She had started leaking small, clear droplets during the later sessions, but nothing more. Dr. Chandler had remained patient, simply adjusting the settings and telling her that her body was still adjusting.

This morning felt different.

Corky woke up already uncomfortably full. Her breasts were tight and swollen, the skin stretched and warm to the touch. When she moved, they swayed heavily beneath her. She had been made to sleep on the padded floor of the stall with her hands loosely cuffed behind her back, and the position had only made the pressure worse overnight.

When Dr. Chandler arrived with Sarina, Corky was already kneeling by the stall door, breathing shallowly.

Dr. Chandler studied her for a moment, then nodded.

“Today feels promising,” she said calmly. “Your breasts look significantly fuller than yesterday. We’ll do a longer session this morning.”

Sarina stepped into the stall behind her, carrying the portable pump unit. She gave Corky a small, almost affectionate smile.

“Hey,” she said quietly. “You look really full today.”

Corky couldn’t answer. She just shifted on her knees, wincing as her breasts moved.

Dr. Chandler had her kneel on the low padded bench this time instead of the floor. She secured Corky’s wrists to the padded cuffs built into the wall in front of her, forcing her to stay bent forward with her breasts hanging freely beneath her. The position made everything feel more exposed.

“Deep breaths,” Dr. Chandler murmured as she attached the cups.

The soft silicone sealed over Corky’s nipples with a familiar wet sound. The suction started low and steady, the same rhythm Corky had grown used to over the past several days. At first, there was only the familiar ache and pull. Corky closed her eyes and tried to relax into it, the way Dr. Chandler had taught her.

Minutes passed.

The pressure in her breasts seemed to build instead of ease. A deep, throbbing fullness spread through her chest. Corky made a small, helpless sound and shifted her weight, but the cuffs kept her in place.

Dr. Chandler watched the collection tubes closely.

“There it is,” she said quietly, almost to herself.

Corky felt it before she saw it.

A strange, warm tingling started deep inside her breasts. It spread outward in a wave that made her gasp. Her nipples pulsed inside the cups, and then she felt it — the first slow, warm trickle moving through her.

Milk.

It wasn’t much at first. Just a few thin streams that slowly began to flow into the clear tubes. But the sensation was unlike anything she had ever felt. The relief was immediate and overwhelming, mixed with a deep, rolling wave of pleasure that went straight between her legs. Corky’s mouth fell open. Her thighs trembled.

“Oh—” she gasped. “I— I think—”

Dr. Chandler’s voice was calm and approving.

“That’s it, Corky. You’re producing. Your body is finally letting down.”

The flow increased. What had started as a trickle became steady streams of thin, white milk moving through the tubes and into the collection bottles. Corky could hear it — the soft, rhythmic sound of liquid being drawn out of her. She stared down between her arms, watching in stunned silence as her breasts were milked for the first time.

Sarina had moved closer to watch. Her eyes were wide.

“Fuck,” she whispered. “It’s actually happening.”

Corky couldn’t speak. The combination of relief, arousal, and the sheer strangeness of watching milk flow from her own body was too much. Her clit throbbed in time with the pump. Every pull of suction sent another rush of warmth and pleasure through her chest and straight down to her core. She was dripping between her thighs, and she couldn’t even bring herself to feel embarrassed about it.

Dr. Chandler adjusted the settings slightly, increasing the suction just a fraction.

“Good girl,” she said, her voice low and steady. “Keep breathing through it. Your body knows what to do now.”

Corky made a broken, whimpering sound. The milk was flowing more freely now, the streams thicker and more consistent. She could feel her breasts softening slightly as they emptied, the tight pressure finally easing. The sensation was so intense it bordered on too much.

Sarina reached through the bars and gently stroked Corky’s hair, the same way she had been doing lately.

“You’re doing so well,” she said softly. “Look at you. You’re actually making milk.”

Corky’s eyes were glassy. She tried to answer but only managed a shaky breath. The pump continued its steady, mechanical rhythm, drawing more and more from her. Every time she thought the flow might slow, another wave of let-down would hit and the milk would flow faster again.

Dr. Chandler checked the collection bottles.

“Very good output for a first time,” she noted. “We’ll measure it properly once the session is finished, but this is an excellent start.”

She reached beneath Corky and gently cupped one of her breasts from the side, feeling the weight and the way it moved with the suction.

“Your tissue is responding beautifully,” she continued. “I expect we’ll see a noticeable increase in volume over the next few days as your body adapts to the demand.”

Corky was trembling. The combination of Dr. Chandler’s clinical praise, the constant mechanical pull on her nipples, and the warm, rhythmic flow of milk leaving her body was pushing her toward something she couldn’t control. Her hips kept giving small, involuntary rocks. She was so wet she could feel it on her inner thighs.

Sarina noticed.

She leaned in closer, still stroking Corky’s hair.

“Are you close?” she asked quietly.

Corky made a desperate, humiliated sound and nodded once.

Dr. Chandler didn’t stop the pump. She simply watched Corky with calm interest.

“It’s normal for the first few productions to be very intense,” she said. “Your body is forming new neural pathways between stimulation and release. Some subjects even orgasm during early sessions. There’s no need to fight it.”

Corky’s breathing turned ragged. The suction continued, steady and relentless. Another strong wave of let-down hit, and she felt a fresh gush of milk flow into the tubes. The sensation pushed her over the edge.

Her orgasm hit hard and sudden. Corky cried out, her whole body shaking as pleasure crashed through her. The pump kept working through it, drawing more milk from her while she came. Her thighs clenched and her back arched as much as the restraints allowed.

Sarina kept stroking her hair through it, murmuring soft, soothing words that Corky could barely process.

When it finally passed, Corky slumped forward in the cuffs, breathing hard and trembling. Milk was still flowing, slower now but steady. She felt wrung out and strangely peaceful, like something inside her had finally clicked into place.

Dr. Chandler turned off the pump and carefully removed the cups. A few last drops of milk beaded on Corky’s nipples before falling.

She gently wiped Corky’s breasts with a warm cloth.

“Excellent work,” she said. “Your first real production. We’ll log this and begin tracking your daily output from here.”

Sarina unfastened the cuffs and helped Corky sit back on her heels. She looked at her roommate with something between fascination and quiet satisfaction.

“You really did it,” she said.

Corky couldn’t answer. She was still too overwhelmed, her body still tingling, her mind hazy with the aftershocks of pleasure and the strange, deep satisfaction of having finally given milk.

Dr. Chandler capped the collection bottles and made a note on her tablet.

“We’ll do another session this afternoon,” she said. “Your body will be even more responsive now that it’s begun.”

She reached out and gently stroked Corky’s cheek with the back of her fingers.

“Welcome to the protocol, Corky. This is only the beginning.”

Chapter 8

Corky had been at the facility for eighteen days when she finally understood.

She was kneeling on the padded floor of her stall, freshly milked, when Sarina came to visit. Her breasts were heavy again already, the skin tight and warm. The two collection bottles from her morning session sat on the shelf outside the stall, still faintly warm. Dr. Chandler had increased her supplement dosage two days ago, and her output had jumped noticeably.

Sarina leaned against the stall door like she always did now, arms folded on top of it. She looked comfortable here. Like she belonged.

“How are you feeling today?” she asked.

Corky shifted on her knees. The movement made her breasts sway heavily. “Sore,” she admitted. “But… good. I think.”

Sarina smiled. It was a small, private smile.

“That’s good. Dr. Chandler said your numbers are looking really strong. She’s happy with how fast you’re adapting.”

Corky looked down at her own body. Her breasts were noticeably larger than they had been when she first arrived. Fuller. They sat lower on her chest now, and the skin felt different — tighter, more sensitive. She had stopped wearing anything at all weeks ago. There didn’t seem to be a point.

She hesitated, then asked the question that had been sitting in the back of her mind for days.

“When do I get to go back?”

Sarina didn’t answer right away. She just kept looking at her.

Corky felt something cold settle in her stomach.

“Sarina,” she said, quieter. “I’ve been here almost three weeks. Classes are still going on. I need to know when I’m supposed to leave. Dr. Chandler keeps talking about ‘the trial period,’ but she never says when it ends.”

Sarina reached through the bars and gently stroked Corky’s hair, the way she always did when she visited now.

“You don’t have to worry about that anymore,” she said softly.

Corky went still.

“What do you mean?”

Sarina kept petting her, slow and steady.

“I took care of everything,” she said. “Your stuff is gone. I sold what I could and put the rest in storage. Your parents think you’re studying abroad for the semester. I handled the paperwork with the school. You’re on academic leave. Indefinite.”

Corky stared at her.

The words didn’t land at first. They felt too big. Too final.

“You… sold my stuff?” she asked. Her voice sounded strange to her own ears.

Sarina nodded, still stroking her hair.

“It was easier that way. Cleaner. You won’t need any of it here.”

Corky’s breathing had started to pick up. She tried to stand, but the stall suddenly felt too small.

“I can’t stay here,” she said. “This was supposed to be temporary. You said it was a trial. Dr. Chandler said two weeks. That was weeks ago.”

Sarina’s hand moved down to the back of Corky’s neck, rubbing in slow circles.

“I know it feels sudden,” she said. “But this is better for you. You’re doing so well here. Your body is finally doing what it’s supposed to do. Going back to school would just confuse everything.”

Corky’s voice rose.

“Sarina, I can’t just disappear. People will notice. My parents—”

“They won’t,” Sarina said, still calm. “I made sure of it. The story is solid. You’re studying abroad. You’re fine. Everyone believes it.”

Corky felt something crack inside her chest.

She tried to pull away from Sarina’s hand, but Sarina didn’t let go. Her grip stayed gentle, but firm.

“I don’t want this,” Corky said, voice shaking. “Not like this. Not forever. I thought I was just trying it. I thought I could go back if I wanted to.”

Sarina was quiet for a moment. Then she spoke, soft and almost kind.

“You don’t have to think about any of that anymore. Dr. Chandler and I are taking care of everything now.”

Corky opened her mouth to argue again, but footsteps approached from down the aisle. Dr. Chandler appeared outside the stall, carrying a tablet. She took one look at Corky’s face and the way she was breathing and seemed to understand immediately.

“She’s getting worked up,” Dr. Chandler said calmly. “We don’t want her spiraling. Sarina, would you muzzle her, please?”

Sarina didn’t hesitate.

She reached for the black leather muzzle that hung on a hook just outside the stall — the same one that had been in Dr. Chandler’s office the very first time Corky had gone there. She unhooked it and opened the stall door.

Corky tried to back away.

“Wait— Sarina, please don’t—”

Sarina stepped inside anyway. She moved with quiet confidence, like she had done this before in her mind.

“Shhh,” she murmured. “It’s okay.”

Corky’s heart was pounding. She tried to turn her head away, but Sarina caught her chin gently and held it.

“I understand,” Sarina said.

She fitted the muzzle over Corky’s mouth and nose. The leather was soft but firm. Sarina buckled it behind her head with careful fingers, making sure it wasn’t too tight. The bit inside pressed down on Corky’s tongue, forcing her mouth partially open but preventing her from forming clear words.

Corky made a muffled, desperate sound.

Sarina finished securing the straps, then cupped Corky’s face with both hands, thumbs stroking her cheeks above the leather.

“I understand,” she repeated, softer this time. “I really do.”

Corky stared at her, eyes wide and wet. She tried to speak again, but all that came out was a low, broken noise.

Sarina kept stroking her face, gentle and unhurried.

“You don’t have to worry about school anymore,” she said. “You don’t have to worry about anything. This is where you belong now. Dr. Chandler and I are going to take care of you. We’re going to make sure you keep producing. That your body keeps changing the way it’s supposed to.”

She leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to Corky’s forehead, just above the muzzle. “I understand,” Sarina whispered again. “I understand exactly what you need.”

Behind her, Dr. Chandler watched with quiet approval.

Corky knelt there in her stall, muzzled and trembling, while Sarina continued to stroke her face like she was calming a distressed animal. The realization settled over her like a heavy blanket.

She wasn’t going back.

This wasn’t temporary.

And Sarina had helped make sure of it.