

Chapter Seven

Sister's Visit



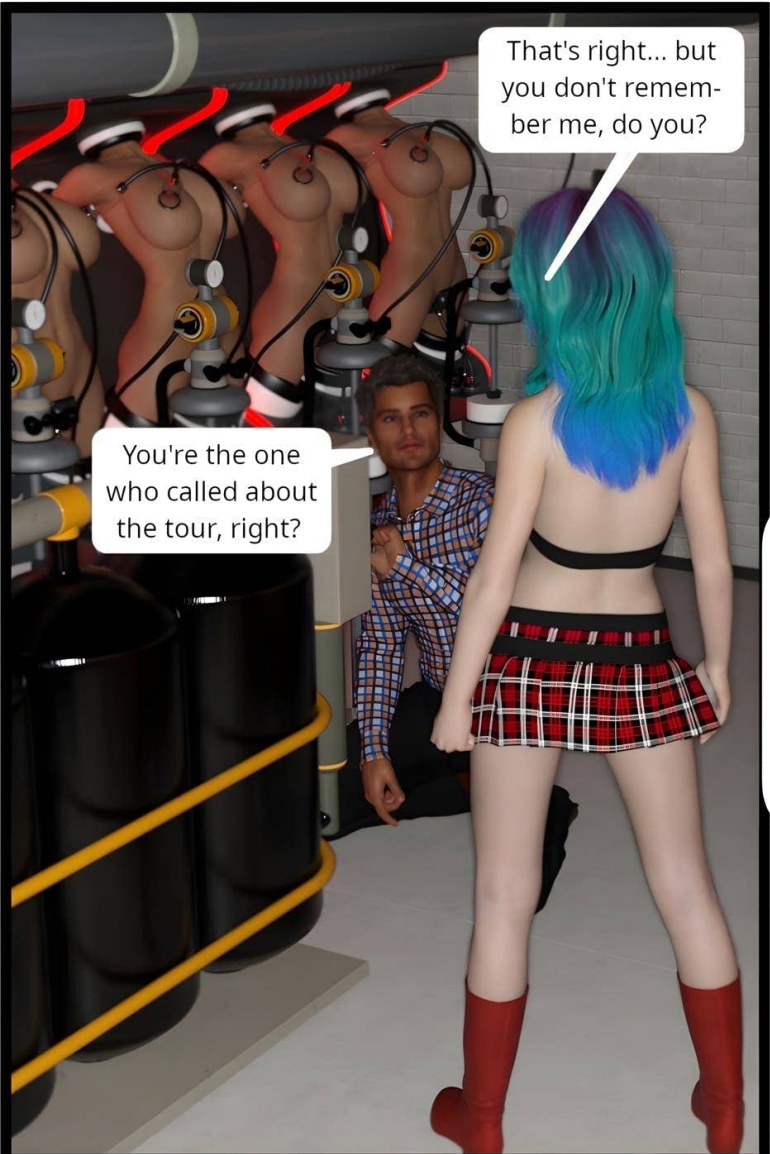
It was another work day and Dez was busy doing a little maintenance on the clone's automated milker. He was expecting a customer who had scheduled a tour, but he wasn't waiting for them in the office.

Excuse me? Dez? Farmer Jones told me I could come back to see you. I hope I'm not disturbing your work.



That's right... but you don't remember me, do you?


You're the one who called about the tour, right?



Ah... you look kind of familiar.

I'm Kirten Mays. You brought my sister, who you call Elsie, to my school... so my teacher could use her as an educational prop.





Hey! I'm sorry about that whole situation. I didn't realize there would be people she knew in that class or

No, it's alright. I'm glad you brought her... otherwise I might never have figured out what happened to her.

You mean your parents never told you?

I think they're having a hard time dealing with it. It took them by surprise you see. They thought the world of Julie and they still don't really believe she would let something like this happen; and they're all embarrassed by it all. They seem to feel like it's their fault, or something. I'm still not sure if they actually know where she is, but I'm the last person they'd say anything to, if they did.

When someone's debt is so large that they're sold for life... Well, it's sort of like an adoption: they don't really encourage the parents to stay in touch by telling them where the child is.

They usually don't even like to keep them in the same state, but Jeth received an exemption because he was buying her for a business purpose. Hey, do you think your parents would like to come see her? I mean, if I invited them to the dairy, do you think they'd actually come?

Yeah... I guess that's understandable

She was always their favorite. If they could have sold me to save her, I'm pretty sure they would have. Fortunately, I'm not a minor anymore.

They always gave her everything.



Cheer up, Sis! You'll finally be able to move your stuff into my room, if you want.

In other words, I get your hand-me-down seconds again... Why is it always your special night. Why are you always the one in the spot light? The one with the best room; the new dress.

Alright girls, give us a nice little pose so I can take a picture. Come on, Kirsten! Give us a little more. It's your sister's big night. Don't you want to help her make it special?

Gez, Kirsten! This is not a funeral. You need to learn to smile.

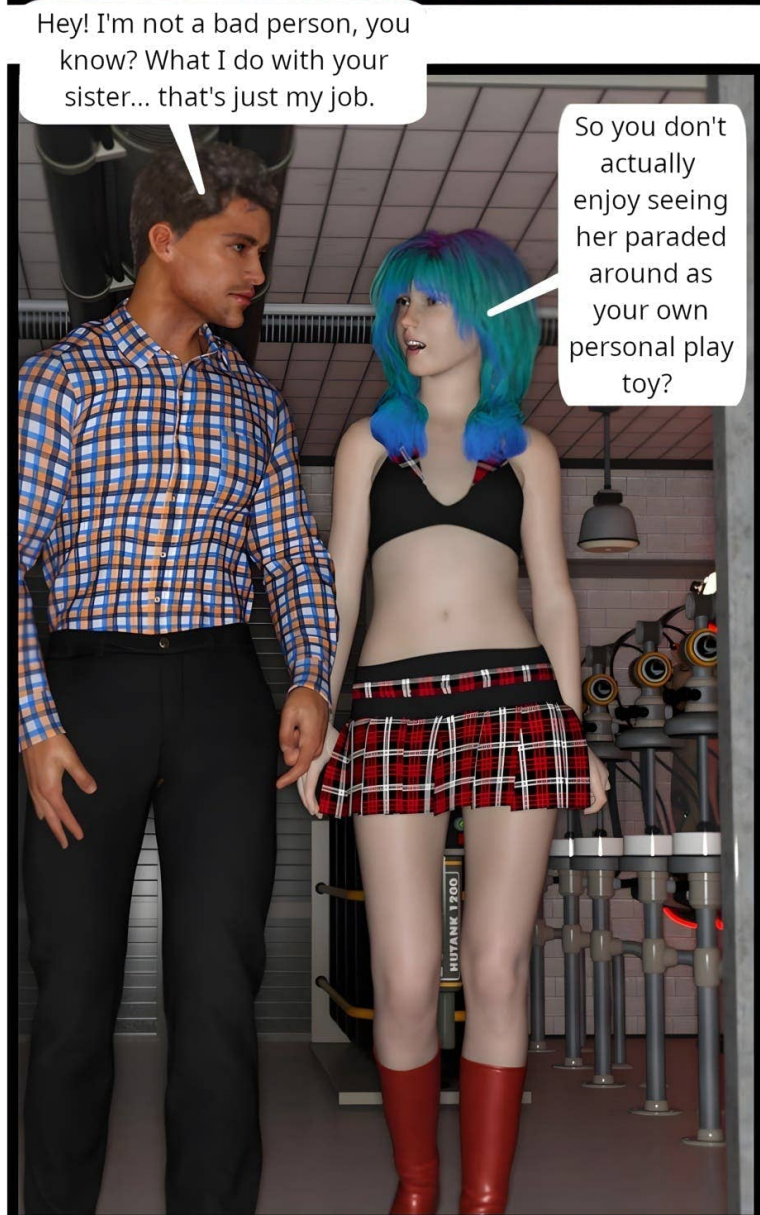
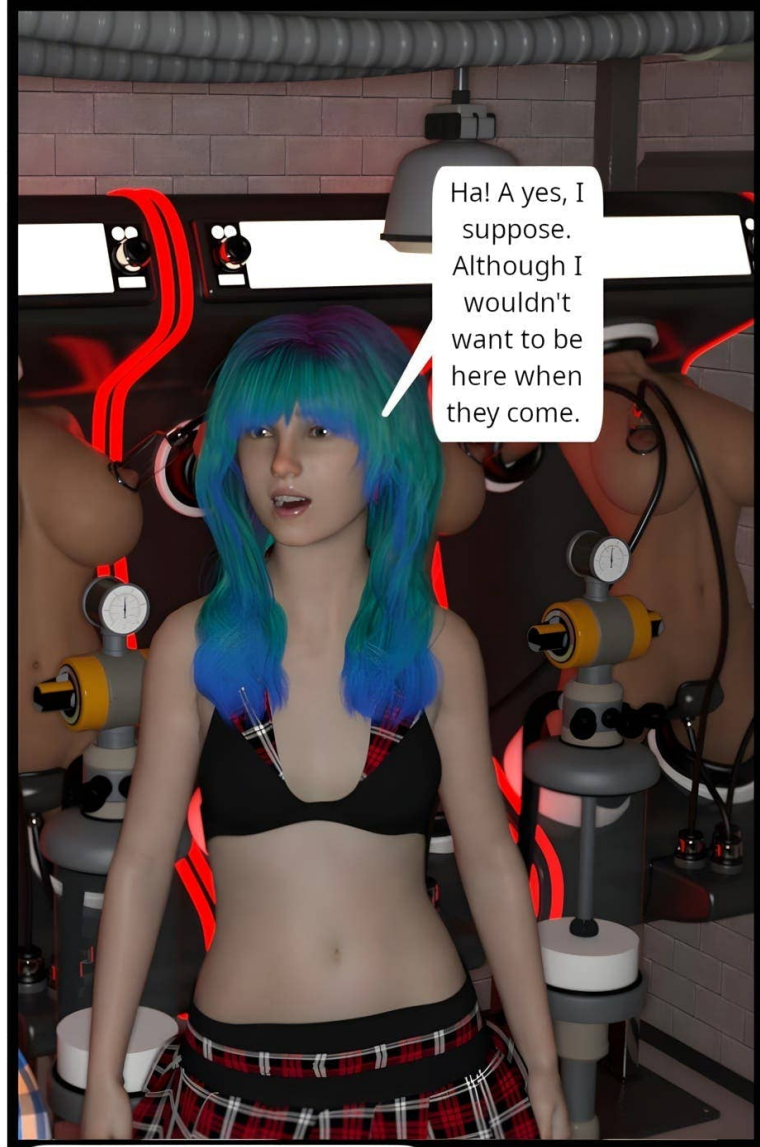
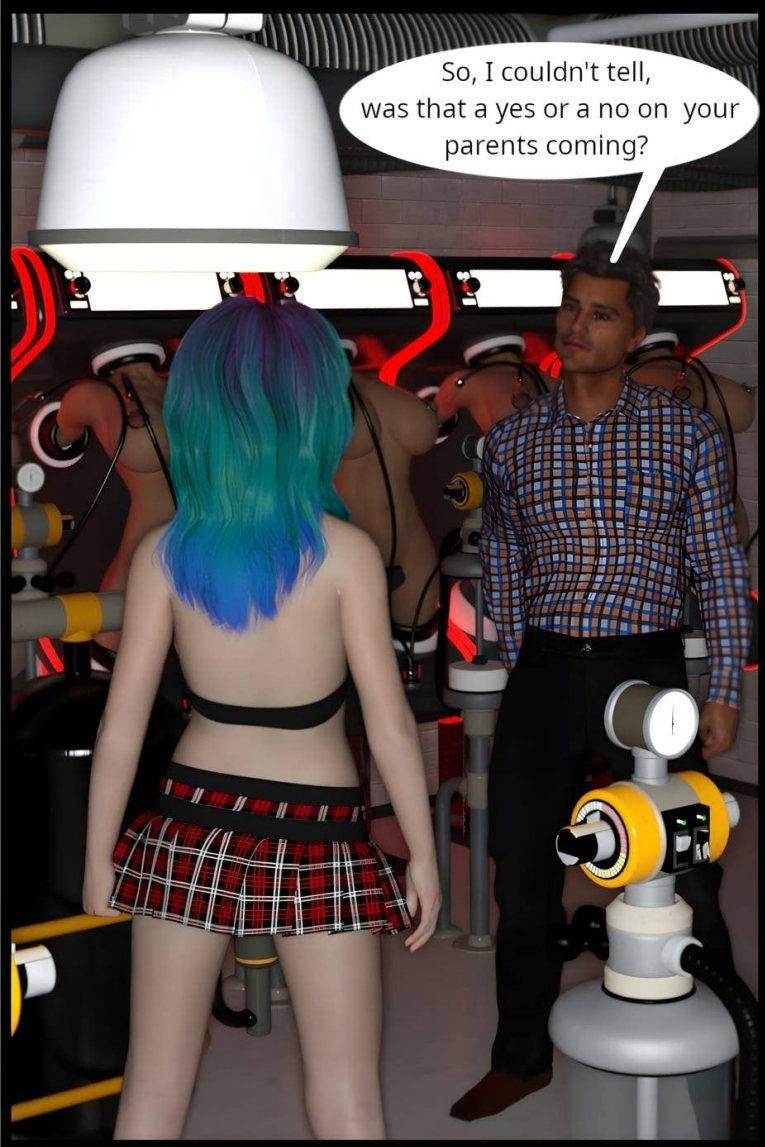
That's it. You look so pretty in that dress, Julie. I'm so proud of you.

Why don't you girls come down here, so your father can get the house in the background. Then you can lean in and give each other a hug.

Come on, Sis. It will be fun. And it will give us something to remember each other.

I'm going to miss you, you know... you little squirt.

I can't believe they're making me do this. I wish they'd be proud of me for once. She's always happy; but why not. They always give her everything.



Well... ah... I AM a guy! Of course I enjoy that part of my job. There's a limit to how noble I can be. But I'm just saying...

He, he, he. Calm down, Dez. I was just teasing! In fact, I'm here precisely because I think I might enjoy doing the same thing

You want to rent her out as a pony?

Not exactly, but I do want to rent her out for a night or two. I talked to my teacher

Fran?

I didn't realize the two of you were on a first name basis.

Come on, Kirstin Mays. You came here to request your sister for an evening... and you're don't know what you want to do with her when you're finally all alone... together?

We went to school together.

Right, well, she suggested I might be able to do that sort of thing.

I do like to promote strong family values. What were you thinking of doing with her, exactly?

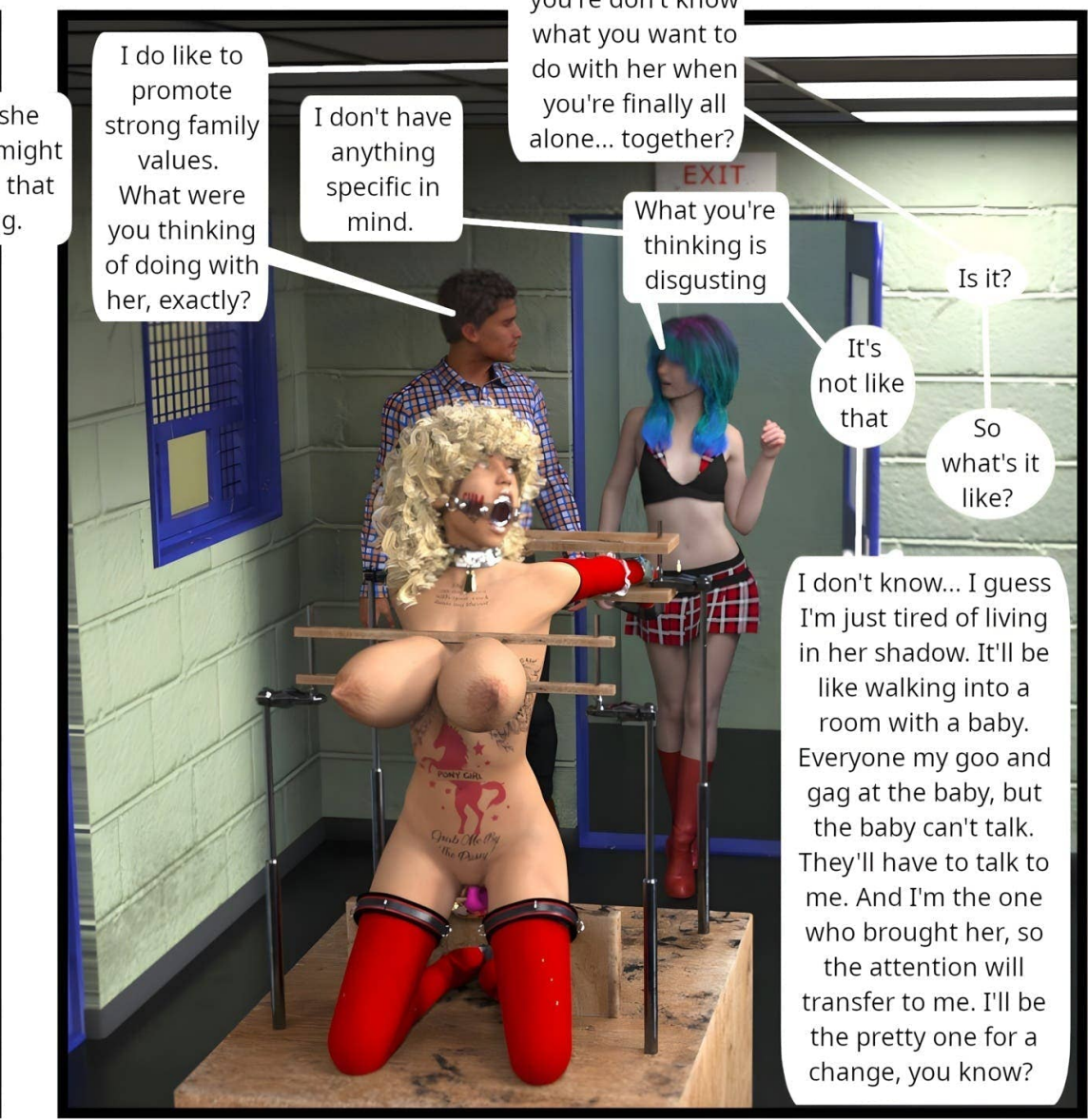
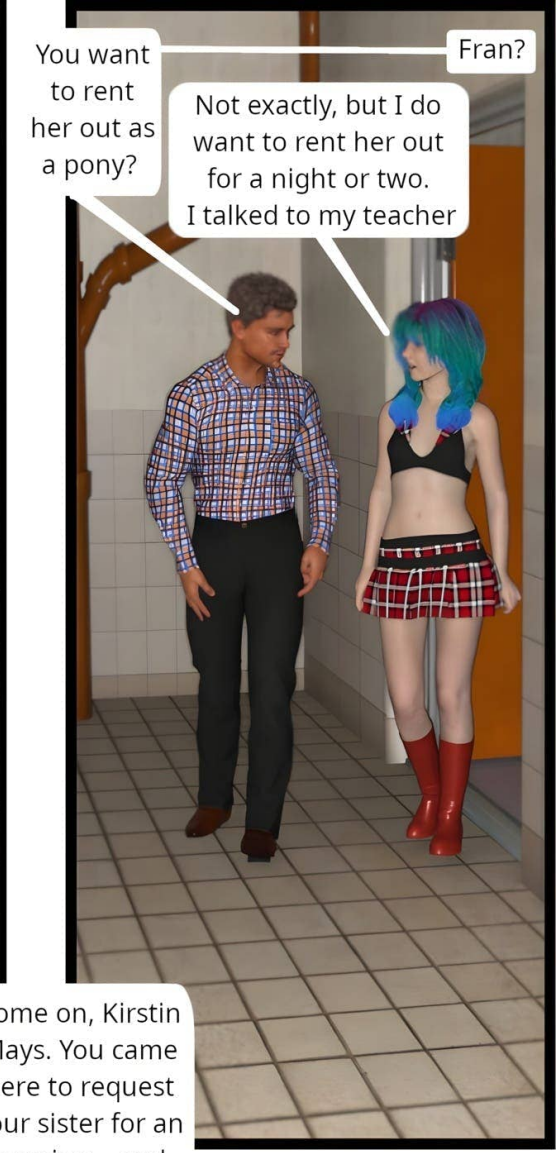
I don't have anything specific in mind.

What you're thinking is disgusting

It's not like that

So what's it like?

I don't know... I guess I'm just tired of living in her shadow. It'll be like walking into a room with a baby. Everyone my goo and gag at the baby, but the baby can't talk. They'll have to talk to me. And I'm the one who brought her, so the attention will transfer to me. I'll be the pretty one for a change, you know?



Oh, but Kirstin, you are the pretty one. Don't you realize that. Especially now, that your sister has these fat old milk bags hanging from her chest. Yours are so much prettier. And you have a prettier face and a nicer body too. You were just a light that was hidden under a bussel. But now that dthe bussel has been removed you shine brighter than her.

You're just saying that because you want to get into my panties.

Well, you're right about the panties part... but I'm definitely NOT just saying that. It's true. Even your sister knows it's true, Isn't that right, Elsie? Go on, say it, you silly little cow.

I'm right?



No, no boyfriend.

Of course you're right. But Tell me, Kirstin... do you have a boyfriend. I don't want to lay claim to your panties if they belong to someone else.

Good! That means I have a chance, right Elsie? Tell your sister hello; and how much prettier she is than you.

Oh! I really like her like this, He, he, he.

Nghh!
Hhehlou!
Ahgh.

So does that mean I can rent her out ?



I don't know, Kirstin... does that mean you'll go out with me? Keep in mind, as your boyfriend, I'd be likely to bring my charge with me when I came over.



See? Elsie likes the idea. She thinks you should give the two of us a chance.

Why Dez! Are you trying to bribe me into being your girl.

When it comes to pretty girls, I've learned recently that it's best to take every advantage you can get.



But, here's the deal. Promise to go out with me and I'll make sure Elsie comes along for the ride. You can do anything to her you want. And if you don't want to go out with me again, no hard feelings. You can still rent her out like any other customer.

So, what do you say?

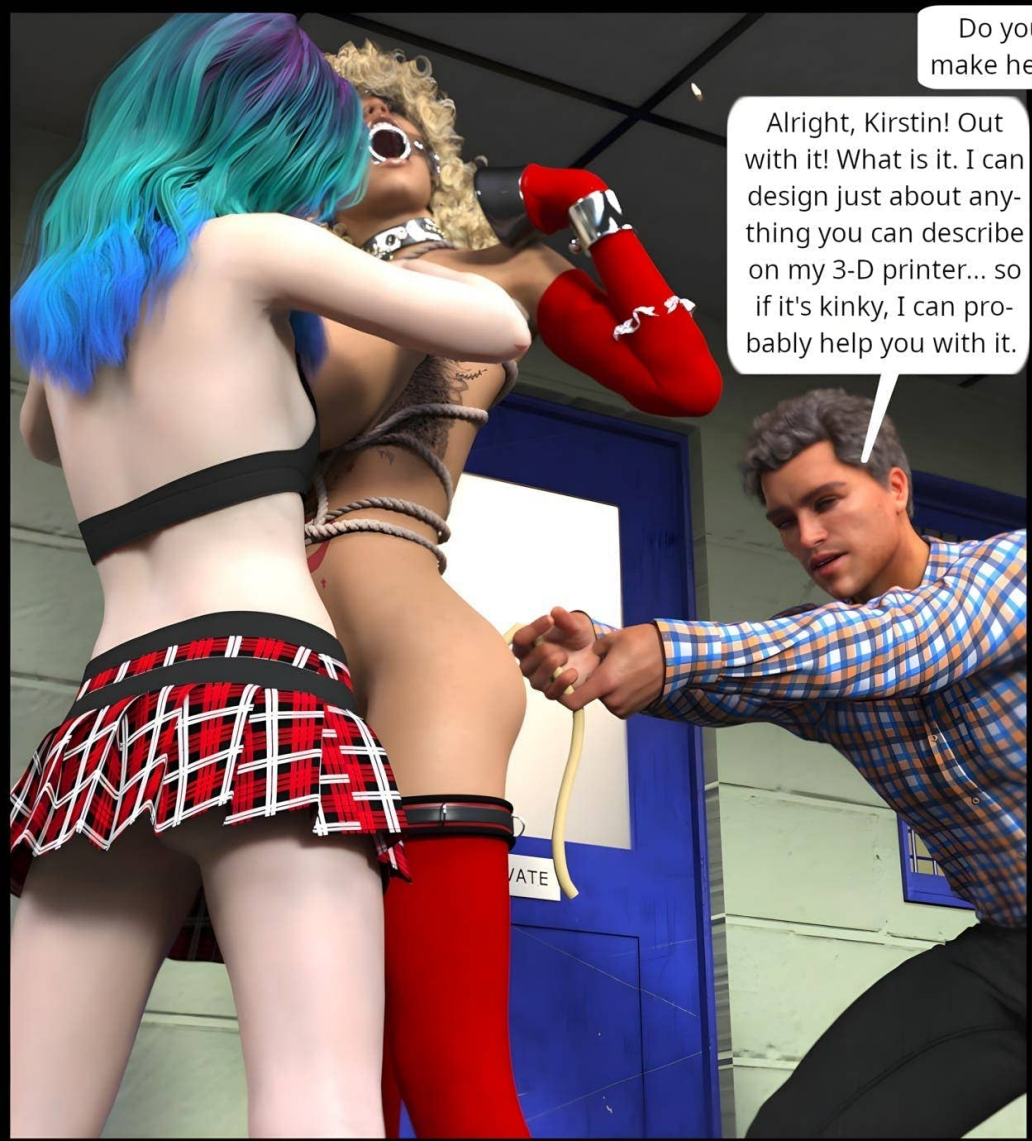
Actually, that sounds pretty good. Except, I'm not sure I'd be comfortable doing what I want to do with her while you're around.



Oh, come on, Kirstin! I work at a dairy, where I have to deal with feeding bound women and dealing with their... waste. What's more, I'm open minded and I'm not the jealous type. I don't mind if you have a girlfriend. And I won't be offended if you have same sex interests with your sister. Nor will I be offended if your more in-terested in humiliating and tormenting her. I can assure you that nothing (unless it's actually illegal) is out of bounds.

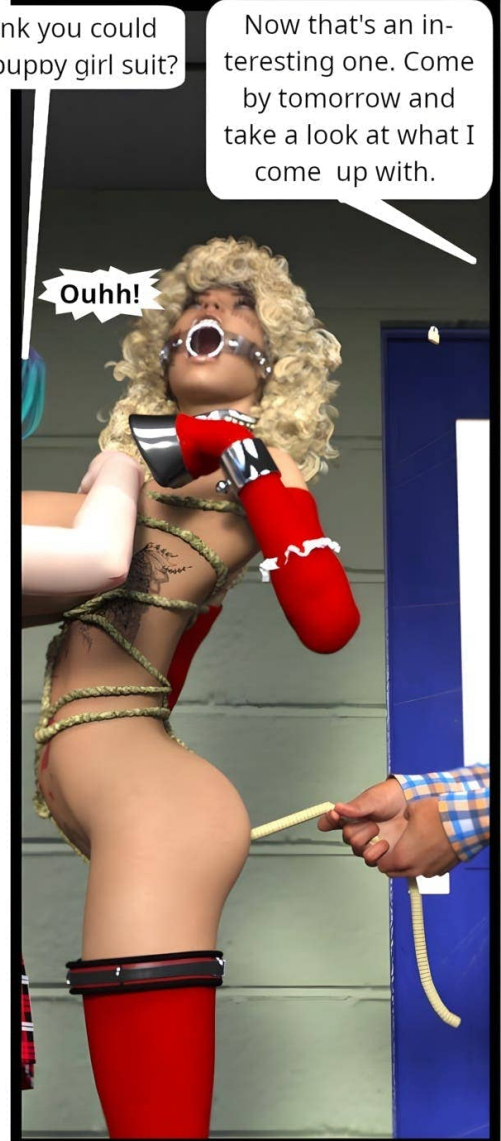


Oh my God, stop it. You're giving me ideas that are making me wet. He, he!



Do you think you could make her a puppy girl suit?

Alright, Kirstin! Out with it! What is it. I can design just about anything you can describe on my 3-D printer... so if it's kinky, I can probably help you with it.



Ouhh!

Now that's an interesting one. Come by tomorrow and take a look at what I come up with.



Now you're trying to buy me off with gifts? I like it... Uh... What's that thing you're putting on her head.

This headband indicates that, for tonight at least, she's going to fill the role of being a maid. A Milk maid, if you will. I'll have to remove her hooves when I deliver her, so she can use her hands to serve their dinner. They'll have a little hand pump that will allow them to tap her milk and add it to their coffee, or whatever.

It's good to let Elsie use her hands occasionally. And by-the-way, Elsie, any broken dishes will earn you 100 demerits for the first dish and 200 for the second and 400 for a third.

This assignment is a special request from one of her classmates, who she meet at our reunion. He's having a little party... Just a small group of a dozen or so... And Elsie is going to be their serving girl. Both during the meal and after, I suspect. He, he, he.



I take it you're going to be delivering her personally?

Might I offer a little suggestion, for until she arrives.

Yes.

Ewh ihch!



Since she can't use her hands, there's no reason to let her use her arms, is there?

Good idea.



Time for some payback, big sister! I'm going to enjoy being your part time mistress. Oh, I have so many things planned for you.

He, he. I thought you said you didn't know what you wanted to do with her?



I guess I was afraid you wouldn't let me have her, if I told you the truth about what I wanted to do with her.

That's the joy of owning a slave, like Elsie: nothing is too much. And I have to say, seeing this side of you only makes me want you more.

And don't think I didn't notice that you weren't lifting your legs, Elsie... That's better! But it's a little too late. You've already earned your demerits.



So, how's this friday?

For our first date, of course.

Good! You can meet me here again. That way you can look at the puppygirl suit I come up with and if it doesn't meet your standards I can make you another before we go.

For What?

Oh right. Uh... good I guess.



The spring compresses rather nicely whenever the van hits a pothole. Of course, it's a couple hours before I was planning to leave, but I do have some errands to run. I'm sure I can waste some time running down some poorly kept roads. There's even a few off-road, dirt paths and open fields down by the old railway yard. I'll bet those patches of ground would give Elsie just the workout she needs to find an appreciation for her new traveling seat, don't you think?.

She sits on it?

Now, that is what I fondly refer to as Elsie's little fuckseat! She didn't seem to like it much the first time she and it were introduced, but I think maybe it's an acquired taste. I'm sure she'll warm up to it after she's taken a few more trips.

Holy Shit! What the fuck is that?

