Elliot Silvestri

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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If you’re lonely, I will call

If you’re poorly, I will send poetry

I love you

I am the milkman of human kindness

I will leave an extra pint

—Billy Bragg, “The Milkman of Human Kindness”

Chapter One

Annie knocked on the familiar front door and waited patiently. Wally left for work after his wife. Her car was gone from the driveway so Annie wasn't worried. She liked visiting Wally, he was gentle, polite, and well-mannered. That went a long way with Annie. She had turned down better money from men who were just rude or expected more services than she advertised.

When Wally finally opened the door she greeted him with a smile. "Hello. Nice day for it, isn't it?" he asked her. It was how he always greeted her regardless if it was raining or snowing, if it was freezing cold or blisteringly hot. Today was a mild spring day with the sun playing hide and seek among large white puffy clouds.

She tilted her head to the side in acknowledgement of his comment. "Sure is."

He stood aside and gestured for her to enter. Annie had been coming to Wally's house over three years now. He was her best client, reliable and predictable. She had never met his wife or kids and they both wanted it that way—too many unnecessary complications. She had seen Linda's picture on the walls of his house along with his three kids, but that was it. Annie always kept her tone pleasant and neutral with Wally. All she wanted was a professional relationship with him and that's all he wanted from her—the services she provided.

"Bedroom or couch?" she asked him. Those were the only places they ever used and that was fine with Annie.

"Couch today," he said. "Bedroom's a bit messy and the sheets need to be changed."

Annie nodded and walked with familiarity to the living room. She sometimes wondered what Wally's wife thought about his expenses for her services, but maybe she didn't know about the money he paid her. Annie wasn't privy to their household finances. "I got your money on PayPal last night. Thank you."

He nodded. PayPal had been a godsend for her, especially her mail order

business. Most of her in person clients preferred cash, but Wally made electronic payments. It was easier that way; he sent one payment and was then all set for the next month. Wally had never missed a payment. “Would you mind if I…” he trailed off, not finishing his question. It was always the same question and he never finished it. The one time he managed to say all the words was six months into their relationship. Annie was glad he had asked and hadn’t just presumed it was part of the service. But after that he had never been able to say all the words. Annie was positive Wally was either incredibly shy or fell somewhere on the Asperger’s spectrum.

“Of course, go ahead,” she encouraged him. Stopping in the middle of the living room, right next to the coffee table in front of the couch, she stood up straight and thrust her chest forward. Despite what some of her new clients expected she didn’t have a massive set of breasts. They were large but not abnormally so and since she didn’t wear bras or shirts that accentuated her breasts she easily passed as normal in polite company.

Today she was wearing a white blouse and a pair of black slacks. This was largely the same outfit she wore every day when visiting clients. Sometimes the blouse was pink or cream or yellow, sometimes she wore a skirt that was blue, but usually black. She looked like a professional and Annie took pride in her appearance. Her shoes were practical one inch heels that she kicked off bringing her height even to Wally’s. He was a nice man but he wasn’t tall, and since Annie was above average in height as well, she needed to lose the shoes to even things out.

His hands went to her blouse’s top button. They were shaking but steadied once he managed to grab the button and slip it through the hole. Wally exhaled and moved down to the second button, and then the third, slowly undressing her. Once all the buttons were opened Annie shrugged the blouse from her shoulders and placed it carefully on the coffee table that was empty but for an e-reader and the remote to the television. She stood calmly before him in her white nursing bra.

“Would you like to open this up too?” she asked him. It was their ritual. They had done this a hundred times before. A thousand. He nodded yes.

Once again his fingers were trembling and he had trouble unhooking the right flap from the strap, but once he was able to slip it free he eagerly pulled it down,

exposing nothing more than a white cotton pad. Annie had been leaking more than normal over the past few days.

“Oh, sorry,” she mumbled and pulled it away exposing her right breast and nipple. It was framed by the white fabric of the bra and Wally gazed upon it for a minute. Her areola were larger than most men liked, but Annie had come to terms with that. It was her body and she wasn’t ashamed of it. Her nipples were big but not terrible long. Most of her clients tended to focus on that feature. Plus her milk. They were always there for the milk.

Wally’s hands had stabilized and he went to unhook the left side of the bra. This time he moved the pad out of the way as he exposed her nipple.

“They’re beautiful,” he told her. He always told her the same thing. Annie gave him her winning and client-tested smile.

“Come to the couch with me,” she said as she picked up his hand and led the way to the large couch that dominated the living room. It took a minute to get properly positioned. Wally had to put a small pillow under his head, but once he was settled his lips landed on her left breast and gently pulled the nipple into his mouth.

She inhaled deeply at the first bit of suction and then her body responded, letting down the milk that had built up. Wally swallowed his first mouthful and moaned in appreciation. Their legs intertwined and Annie felt the pressure of Wally’s hard cock on her thigh. That was expected; it always happened. After quickly setting up a rhythm Wally settled into the process of nursing as much milk from Annie as possible. For her part Annie just closed her eyes and enjoyed what he was doing to her.

When she had first started serving clients like this professionally Annie was surprised at how much she actually enjoyed the process. If the client was polite and gentle it was a wonderful way to earn some money. It he was rough and a jackass she never saw him again. Annie was very particular about her clients and since she could afford to be she never gave the clients she left behind or ignored a second thought. It was a pleasure to serve Wally, he knew what to do and never hurt her, never bit, or mauled her roughly. The discount she gave him was more than offset by the volume and the care he showed in nursing.

After her left breast was drained Wally shifted to her right and she gently ran her

hand over his nearly bald head. She would have liked him to have some hair, but that wasn't important. His lips and tongue were and they were quickly transporting her to a climax. That was something she hadn't expected at all, the physical pleasure she got from nursing men. It was common, almost regular, for her to cum when she was nursed—at least with Wally and other talented client. Despite herself Annie moaned, breaking the relative silence in the living room.

That encouraged Wally. She could feel him increase the rate and pressure of each suckle of her breast. His hand moved down from her breast and rested on her hip. That was a clear violation of her rules—nothing below the waist. But Wally was trusted and never took advantage of her. She liked his hand there. She loved his lips on her breast and she let herself go by wriggling her hips, getting his leg between her thighs so she could rub her pussy through the layers of clothing, but it was enough. Her breast went dry but Wally didn't stop. He kept sucking until Annie came. Her moans almost erupted into a scream, but she kept her lips clenched tight s she remained as quiet as possible. It wasn't necessary, but that was the type of woman Annie was: demure and well-behaved.

Once her orgasm was past she could still feel Wally's erection on her thigh and he disengaged from her and stood up from the couch. "Give me a minute, please," he asked and headed for the bathroom.

Too many of her clients would just pull out their cocks and start beating off right in front of her. Wally would never do that even though Annie wouldn't have minded because he was such a nice guy. Still, he masturbated in the bathroom like a gentleman and quickly returned to her with a red face and a twenty dollar bill in his hand. She had already pulled her bra back into place and put her blouse back on

"A tip for your excellent service today," Wally said.

"You don't have to do that," Annie replied, but took the money from him anyway.

Their transaction completed for the day she nodded to him and headed for the door. Wally was a good client. She'd be back the next morning.

Annie headed home and stopped at her house only briefly for a quick bite to eat,

gathered some papers for errands, grabbed two large water bottles, and loaded her heavy-duty, very expensive breast pump into her car. She would need that for her next stop. If it hadn't been one of those automatic things she would have forgotten to lock the door before she left.

What followed were those many errands that take up time and never really seem to be productive. The trip to the post office today was merely a return of a bra that didn't fit correctly despite the claims of the website, and there was a check to deposit at the bank which was satisfying. Annie considered stopping at the grocery store for some kitchen necessities but noticed she was running short on time. Instead she headed for the uptown campus of the university. On the way there she made sure to consume the entire first water bottle. Hydration was key in her life.

Parking in the lot outside the athletic center Annie hung the special permit tag from her rearview mirror and briefly glanced at herself to brush her bangs out of her eyes. She might have stopped to put on a bit of makeup or lipstick, but she wasn't that sort of woman, overly concerned with superficiality of appearance. After grabbing her blazer she stepped out of the car and carried the pump with her in its innocuous black leather case. It could be any businesswoman's briefcase.

Inside she stopped at the athletic office and asked for Coach Conway.

"Whom shall I say is asking for him," the overly officious secretary asked her before she bothered to pick up the phone. Annie knew her appearance was business professional, but maybe a touch too professional for an athletic office. Maybe she should incorporate sportswear into her outfit for the next meeting. But that didn't matter at the moment. The secretary knew her and just didn't like her.

"Anastasia Dalrymple from CLC," she replied with a smile. It was the name of her corporation. It wasn't much of a corporation, but she had business cards and a telephone number with a voicemail that made it sound official enough.

The secretary nodded and put the call through. After she briefly relayed the message the secretary grimaced and hung up. "He's ready to see you. Do you know the way?"

She did. She'd been visiting the coach at least once a week for the past six

months. “I do. Thank you.”

The secretary said nothing.

Annie wound her way back into the warren of hallways that was the combination athletic offices and classrooms. She knocked twice on the coach’s door and went in without an invitation.

“You’re early,” he said as he glanced up from some paperwork that was scattered across his desk.

“I hope that’s okay. I hate being late.”

“It’s fine. You have something for me, I think?”

“Yes,” she replied evenly and waited.

“Oh. Right.”

Annie wasn’t sure if it was a game with him or if Conway was really that forgetful. He opened up his center desk drawer and extracted an envelope with the university’s logo on the corner. After he handed it over Annie flipped open the flap and quickly counted the bills. The amount was the same as always, and in fresh, crisp, clean bills, as always. She nodded and tucked the envelope into her blazer pocket and stood up.

Conway watched as she opened the black case and extracted the pump. She used the outlet next to the office door. Before going further she made sure the door was locked and the interior blinds were closed. There was no reason to be sloppy and careless and wind up getting caught. Strictly speaking what they were doing wasn’t illegal, but it was unethical by the standards of the university’s code of conduct. It wasn’t a problem for Annie, but for Conway alone.

He watched from the other side of his desk as she took off her blazer and draped it over the arm of one of the two chairs facing the desk. It was a cramped office filled with the two chairs, Conway’s chair, the desk, a bank of filing cabinets, and a wall of athletic awards. Annie took her time unbuttoning her blouse. It was all part of the service. She briefly wondered why she bothered getting dressed up for this job—half the time she was half-naked for it anyway. The answer, of course, was that professional dress made it easy to get in and out to see her

clients. Fewer questions made life easier for her. Once all the buttons were opened she let the blouse slip from her shoulders and hung it over the blazer.

The bra went next. She just reached behind her back and released the hooks with a practiced twist of her hand. Conway didn't want to see her lower the flaps and play that game. HE wanted her naked from the waist up. If he had his true desired fulfilled she would do this completely nude, but that wasn't a service Annie was willing to sell to Conway.

She didn't really like the man.

Once her breasts were exposed, Annie sat down on the edge of the empty chair's seat. Turning on the pump and checking to see the collection bottles were in place, she picked up the two collection cones from the pump and rested them on her breasts, centering them over the nipples before activating the suction hoses. Her nipples stretched out and released as the pump went into action. Nothing came out at first but that didn't worry Annie. She was used to this and knew it sometimes took a few cycles for the milk to let down. Besides, it was all good for the show that Conway enjoyed. He was staring intently at her tits now, one hand down beneath the top edge of the desk, in his lap. It had taken her a few sessions to learn to ignore what he was doing. That's what he was paying her for.

She inhaled with each grip from the pump. Her nipples distended to a ridiculous length into the cone and then released. It took five cycles before the first squirt of milk erupted. Annie sighed. Since she didn't like serving Conway all that much it was a relief when her milk let down because she was always positive her anxiety would prevent the breasts from functioning the way they should. Once things got going it proceeded normally and the collection bottles filled quickly. The back of her throat was dry and Annie wished she had drunk the contents of her second water bottle before coming inside. It would be warm by the time she returned to the car and she wasn't going to ask Conway for a favor. That was right out.

The coach focused on how quickly the bottles filled. If she sold the milk directly to him, prepackaged in either plastic bags or in bottles she could actually charge him less because he didn't get to see the process. He liked to see the process. She once told him he could see the same thing in videos on the internet. He told her it wasn't the same. Because Annie wasn't ashamed of her body or what she did for a living she allowed him this twisted little pleasure.

His arm was moving up and down now. She could see that from under her half-closed eyes but she didn't stare. Making him feel uncomfortable wasn't a good way to continue their business relationship. She was still amused by him and his need to jerk off in front of her while she pumped. Sometimes he finished while she was still pumping, sometimes not.

"Almost full," she murmured as the milk reached to the top of the bottles. The speed of his arm's motion increased and he made a slightly strangled noise as he came. Annie resisted the temptation to smirk or smile or acknowledge his orgasm in any way. That wasn't professional either.

After turning off the pump she pulled the cones from her breasts and reached for the box of tissues on Conway's desk. The same box he had just pulled a pair of tissues from to wipe up the remains of his orgasm. She wiped her breasts dry and dropped the wadded up tissues in the garbage can next to his.

She didn't cover up immediately. Instead Annie capped the bottles and proceeded to clean the pump and pack it away. Conway watched her breasts move and shake with her motions. It was all part of the service. Finally she handed the bottles over to Conway. "Six ounces each," she informed him. It was actually a little more but it was worth it to have him finish first so she didn't have to see his cock. He'd done that more than once and she informed him she didn't like it.

"Thank you," he said. "Still warm," he grinned and uncapped one to take a sip. "Mmm. Delicious as always."

"Thanks for the compliment," she replied evenly and started putting her bra back on. "Same time next week?"

"I'll call you," he said. "I actually have a new athlete that could do with some of your magic energy drink. He's got a minor injury and this will perk him up."

She nodded and then paused as she started buttoning up her blouse. "Do your… athletes know what you're giving them?"

He laughed, it was an ugly barking sound. "Only a couple of them. And they swear by it, those who know. Those who don't…well, they swear by it as well."

"Don't they think you're giving them steroids or something?"

That made him laugh more. “You don’t know much about collegiate drug testing, do you, honey?”

Annie frowned at the overly familiar use of the term “honey” to refer to her. “No,” she said formally and finished buttoning. “I do not.”

Realizing his error Conway paused. “Sorry. I forgot myself. Well, some of these guys will do anything for a little advantage on the field. And they’ll drink anything I tell them too, especially after I take a little sample myself.”

She nodded and returned to her neutral, professional demeanor. “Very good. Same order to be delivered on Friday?”

“Can I up it?”

“How much?”

“Another twelve ounces?”

“I’ll see what I can do.”

He nodded and she showed herself out. It wasn’t a promise but, as always, Annie could use the extra money. If she couldn’t produce enough by Thursday night she had already decided to go into her emergency reserve in the freezer.

Chapter Two

It wasn't until the next day she discovered the problem. As always Annie got up, got her son off to school, and was about to leave for Wally's when she remembered there were still two bottles of breast milk in the refrigerator. Since she was planning on using that for whatever shortage for Coach Conway on Friday she wanted to transfer it to the big chest freezer in the mudroom. Quickly decanting the bottles into storage bags she opened the freezer to store it away when her heart stopped upon opening the lid.

Normally the freezer was half full of frozen food she purchased on her monthly shopping trips and the other half was filled with little bags of frozen breast milk.

The breast milk was gone.

After a minute her heart stopped. It had to have been stolen. The chest freezer was in the long mudroom on the back of her house. There were two doors to the mudroom, one to the outside that opened on the back yard and one that opened on the kitchen. She went to the back door and opened it. The lock on the door was old and not particularly high security, but even she could see that the old lock had obviously been broken.

"Shit shit shit," she cursed under her breath. There was no time to address this problem right now. She needed to get to Wally's.

It was the worst trip ever to Wally's. As ever, he was a gentleman although he didn't tip her. She didn't blame him. She was cold and distant. While he was only truly paying her for her milk, he tipped Annie for her attentiveness and warmth. She didn't provide either today.

During her time with Wally her mind was—understandably—elsewhere. While Wally drained both her breasts she was making plans. She drove directly home. She had another appointment later in the day—though this was just a drop off for milk she didn't have. That she might have to cancel if she couldn't produce another ten ounces by four p.m.

Making the call to the police was more difficult than she anticipated. She didn't want to call 911 because this wasn't truly an emergency and she didn't really like the town cops, they were good at traffic control but not much more than that. In the end she opted to call the trooper's barracks and asked for the criminal investigations bureau.

"For a break in?" the operator asked her. "That's really more of a sheriff's department concern."

"I'd prefer this to be investigated by the state troopers," Annie said calmly. "And I'd prefer it if you could send a female investigator."

The operator paused. "Is there something you're not telling me, honey?" From her voice the operator was obviously an older woman and her tone was now kindly, motherly.

"Yes," Annie admitted, but what she wasn't telling the operator wasn't what the operator suspected.

"I'll have a female investigator sent over shortly," she said.

Inspector Monica Cruz rang to the bell to Annie's house and waited patiently. She got the weird calls all too often and she got the female in distress calls even more often because she was one of the few female investigators assigned to her troop. She sighed as she waited for the door to open.

The woman that opened the door was unremarkable except for her large breasts. Annie admitted her, gave her a quick introduction as to why she called, and led Cruz to the broken back door lock.

"Why didn't you call us immediately upon finding the broken lock?" Cruz asked. "Was anything stolen?"

"I had an important appointment this morning," she replied. "And only one item was stolen—that I'm sure of—and the lock to my kitchen door is still perfectly good."

"Uh-huh. And what was stolen?" Cruz asked as she looked around the mudroom.

There didn’t seem to be anything particularly valuable missing. Besides the chest freezer there were some coats hanging up and a pile of sneakers and shoes, but nothing out of place.

“Okay, here’s the hard part,” Annie said as she took a deep breath.

Cruz held up her hand. “If you’re going to tell me what was stolen was something illegal to possess, stop right there. I don’t want to hear it. It’ll only cause more problems for you.”

Annie shook her head. “No, no, nothing illegal. Nothing like that.” She took another deep breath. “It was breast milk.”

Cruz blinked. “Breast milk?”

“Frozen breast milk,” Annie said, nodding to the freezer. “I’m lactating. I pump my milk and sell it to those in need of it.”

“What, like to mothers who can’t produce any? Adoptive mothers?”

Annie nodded. “Something like that.”

Cruz tilted her head to the side. “Something like that?” she repeated.

“I sell to whoever wants to buy. I produce a lot of milk.”

“I see,” Cruz said evenly although she didn’t. She’d come back to that issue, although she now understood why Annie wanted a female investigator.

“What’s the value of this milk so I can file it with the report and you can make an insurance claim. You have homeowner’s, right?”

“Yes. Um. The value…let me see…there were probably a hundred or so bags of ten ounces each. When I sell at top dollar I get five dollars an ounce, but frozen usually only nets around two fifty an ounce. So going with round numbers, it was worth five thousand at the top and twenty five hundred at the bottom.

Cruz goggled at her. “For breast milk?”

Annie shrugged. “It’s in demand from a lot of people. Apparently I produce milk

with just the right sort of flavor and mix of nutrients and fat."

Remembering her professionalism Cruz tried to move past the details but found she couldn't. "How do you sell this stuff?"

"I started on Craigslist but I moved to a specialty website after a few months. Craig's is full of weirdos and I get better money from serious aficionados."

"I see." Cruz didn't know where to go next with this line of questioning and wasn't really sure if she should. "How did you get started with this?" she asked not wanting to think if she was prying too much.

Annie half turned away and then answered. "About five years ago my husband died. Car accident. It was sudden and unexpected. I didn't have a job. I'd taken a more or less permanent leave from my job to be a stay at home mom. The insurance money…wasn't what it should have been. I needed cash. I found a few websites. It started small and I found my new career." She smiled sadly. "The best part is that I get to be stay at home mom. Except now my son is in Kindergarten and I seem to have too much free time."

Cruz nodded in sympathy. "Sorry for your loss," she said and then realized she should get back to business. She looked at her notes and her eyes narrowed. "Is all that milk really worth five thousand?"

"Yes. Probably near that. But I'm not sure if I can actually make a homeowner's claim for it."

Cruz shook her head. "You'll have to call your insurance company about that. I'm just going to write the report.

"I'd rather not have to report it," Annie said. She was sure there was some clause in her contract stating running a business out of her house wasn't permitted. "I'd rather have the milk back."

Cruz glanced up from her notebook and slowly shook her head. "That's unlikely," she said. "Most cases of burglary, the stuff is gone, sold or used or destroyed or traded within twenty four hours. And this stuff is perishable. If the thief hasn't sold it already, it's spoiled by now. You think the break in was at least twenty-four hours ago?"

Annie nodded.

“Yeah, I’m sorry to say, but it’s gone. I can have a tech over here to dust for prints and the usual crime scene investigation stuff, but…” she trailed off. “The best thing for you to do is to contact your insurance and get the money for it.”

“Shit.”

Now Cruz nodded sympathetically. “Sorry for your loss. But this is a specialized theft, obviously. You might know the guy. Any ideas?” She paused with her pencil over her notes.

Annie thought and then twisted her lips into a little moue of frustration. “Probably a bunch of possibilities. Men who’ve contacted me through my ads but I turned them down because they were too creepy or too weird for me to deal with.”

“How many names?”

“I could give you ten from the last few months.”

Cruz raised her eyebrows. “That many?”

“I keep busy.”

“How do you make so much milk?” she finally asked.

Annie laughed. “Just good genetics. And mother’s tea. And lots and lots of water. Speaking of which, can I get you something to drink?”

In response to her question Cruz just shook her head. “No thanks. Just the names if you still have them.”

“I don’t have full names and such, but I do have some phone numbers and email addresses.”

“Whatever you have is good.”

Before turning on her computer to search out her list of declined clients Annie grabbed another bottle of water from the fridge and downed half of it while Cruz

inspected the locks on both the kitchen and mudroom doors. By the time she was done printing out the limited info she had on her rejected clients Annie was starting to feel the telling discomfort in her chest.

“You might want to keep an eye on whatever Craigslist and other websites you use,” Cruz advised her as she looked over the names. “If you see someone suddenly trying to offload ten gallons of breast milk, let me know.” She handed over her business card with the troopers’ phone information printed on it. She added her work cell number on the back in crisp penmanship.

“I don’t suppose you do anything like that,” Annie said. “Watching websites and such.”

Cruz shook her head. “Unless it’s murder, rape, or drugs, my bosses don’t want to hear about it.” She smiled sadly. “Call me if you can think of anything else, anything at all, no matter how minor it might be. You might also want to get you locks changed. This looks like a planned crime and unless your thief knows you have more milk stored then he’s probably not coming back. It’s still a good idea. These locks are old and almost useless.”

Annie nodded. “Thanks. I know someone who can help me out.”

“I think you’re leaking.” She pointed at Annie’s chest where her blouse had soaked through with moisture.

“Oh, shit! I’m sorry. I need to pump. Is there anything else I can do for you?”

For just half a second Cruz considered asking if she could watch as Annie pumped her breasts, but after a moment’s reflection that seemed…odd. “No. Keep in touch if you find anything.”

With that she was gone and Annie quickly unpacked her breast pump and applied the collection cones to her swollen breasts. Upon the first bit of suction her nipples were drawn out and a set of milk streams issued forth. She sighed and settled back into the couch, wishing she had gotten out her vibrator before starting the process. It was nice to pump and cum at the same time.

That night as she drove home from the trooper barracks where she was stationed,

Cruz thought about Annie's strange job and tough situation. Somehow she always seemed to catch the weird crimes and this was no exception. It wasn't just a simple theft, it was sexually related and she could kick it over to sex crimes, but they were only really interested in rape and other sexual assaults. She decided to keep this on for herself.

Ray was at home and in the kitchen, already making dinner for them. Monica briefly admired his ass before she entered the kitchen. Making him run every morning was the best decision she had ever made. She was forced, because of her job, to stay in shape and he was not. They had come to an agreement where he was forced to keep up with her physical. Monica went behind her husband and gave him a hug, feeling his strong arms and chest underneath her embrace. "Hi, honey," she greeted him as he stirred the pot of pasta.

"Hello, dear. Dinner in about fifteen minutes."

"Okay." She loosened her grip on his torso and gave his a little kiss on the side of his neck. Since she was shorter than he was, she was forced up on her toes and even then barely made it over his collar. As she kissed him Monica dropped her hand down his front to eventually land on his crotch. She squeezed her hand over his cock, checking its state. All she could feel was hardness. The plastic was unforgiving so he was obviously in a flaccid state, or mostly was. She would need a visual inspection to make sure.

"I'm glad you still have it on," she said and she fondled his manhood.

"Like I could take it off," he replied.

"Would you like it off?" she teased.

"Yes!" It was partly a sigh, partly a moan, partly a plea.

"Good!" she cried and let go of him. "That means you aren't getting it off tonight." She teased.

This time Ray did moan. He never knew if she was kidding or not.

"Maybe after dinner," she teased him some more and walked away.

If only the people at work knew about her and Ray, Monica marveled. It wasn't

that she had ever had a burning desire to keep her husband's cock locked away in a little plastic chastity cage, but life evolves in weird ways. Monica had been happy to have an open marriage with Ray. Having sex with other couples had been eye opening to say the least. She had never considered herself bisexual until Ray had convinced her to get in bed with another couple. Fucking other men and women had been the perfect complement to their marriage. For years she had been worried that she would wind up cheating on Ray because she had never been able to have a boyfriend without needing to find another man to satisfy her high sex drive. Opening up their marriage was perfect, and tasting pussy on a regular basis was wonderful as well.

But even with an open relationship it quickly became obvious that Ray's extremely high sex drive wasn't going to be sated with occasional meetings with other couples and group situations. He wanted more and more. He begged Monica to help him control himself.

Since she was a cop at heart Monica took his request literally. It wasn't hard to find a physical means of restricting the use of his cock on a regular basis. Ray had taken to wearing the cock cage daily. Sometimes she wouldn't let him out for more than a week. They both realized he liked being controlled because of the way it helped shape their marriage. He claimed the absolute best part was when he was released for his weekly—if he had been good—orgasm that the climax was much more intense than the two or three he would have by masturbating or finding some random sex partner beyond his wife.

They avoided some of the sillier aspects of female domination and male chastity. She didn't make him walk around naked at home all the time. He wasn't obligated to tell everyone who asked if his wife had him in chastity. He didn't encourage Monica to fuck around on him beyond what they already had in their open marriage. When they did have sex with other couples he got to take off his cage before they left the house. It was their little secret. They liked it that way.

"I had the weirdest case today," she told him after dinner.

"Oh?" Ray asked as he started taking off his clothes. He liked to hear her stories about work.

"Woman had a thousand ounces of her frozen breast milk stolen out of her house."

Ray looked askance at her. “That’s…odd.”

“The vibe I got off her was that she sells the milk to guys who fetishize breast milk and I think it’s likely one of these guys stole it from her.”

“There are some weird and kinky fuckers out there, aren’t there?” he asked as he finished taking off his clothes. Ray was shaved from the chest down. All his pubic hair was removed, it was easier for him to wear the slightly curved cock cage that way. There was less hair pulling and pinching. She looked at him and grinned. The lock she had placed on his this morning was still in place, a small brass padlock wrapped with a rubber band to keep it from clinking on the plastic. He was swelling inside the clear plastic. It was impossible for him to get an erection wearing the contraption and just that though gave Monica a little thrill.

“They’re sure are,” she agreed. She had taken off her pants but had left on her shirt, bra, and panties. “You never know what a seemingly normal person has on under his clothes, for instance.” She reached out and briefly fondled his constrained cock. He moaned a bit. “Would you like this off?” she asked.

“Yes, please,” he begged.

She laughed. “Maybe. Get out my green vibrator, some lube, take off my panties with your teeth, and make me cum. I’m thinking of a number. If you can make me cum that many times—no more and no less—I’ll take your cock out and give you a little treat.”

She didn’t promise him an orgasm; that would be too much. As she sprawled on the bed Ray quickly set to complete the tasks she had assigned him. Retrieving the vibrator and lube was easy, they were in the dresser drawer on the far side of the bedroom—far enough away that Monica wouldn’t be tempted to just reach into the nightstand for them when she was feeling a touch horny, but close enough that they were on hand when actually needed. Taking off her panties with his mouth was fairly easy as well. Ray had had plenty of practice doing exactly that and, of course, Monica was helping him along with the procedure by lifting her hips and moving her legs to expedite the process. In no time at all she was naked, her wedding band, the necklace at her throat, and the small triangular patch of black pubic hair on her mons were her only decorations.

Ray pushed his face between her legs and began licking at her pussy. It wasn’t that she needed it. Monica was already horny and her pussy was wet, she could

have easily accepted a finger, a vibrator, or a cock with equal ease. Still, he loved to eat her pussy and it put them both in the proper mindset—his serving her. Monica closed her eyes and focused only on his tongue and then his fingers as they explored her pussy. Although Ray knew his wife's body better than anyone else she still had incredible difficulty cumming from just oral sex. Monica was a traditional woman. She needed penetration in her pussy along with stimulation on her clit in order to have an orgasm. Ray was trying extra hard tonight and he managed to vibrate his tongue on her swollen clit at just the right speed when his fingers were up inside her sex, curling forward looking for her hidden spot when she came. It wasn't a hard orgasm—for that Monica needed a big cock or vibrator—but it was satisfying.

She gasped and sighed. "Keep going," she encouraged him. "I'll give you a hint. One wasn't the number I was thinking of."

Ray already knew that and set to work on his wife. He turned on the vibrator and used it on her pussy—inside and out—to make her cum again and again. He put his fingers inside of her. He sucked on her clit and he sucked on her nipples. He smeared lube across her asshole and lightly penetrated her anus with his finger while holding the vibrator on her clit. All of these resulted in new and more exciting climaxes for Monica. She didn't tell him to stop. She would never tell him to stop. Even when her screams of pleasure bordered on cries of pain he wouldn't stop. He had to guess the right number and every time she came he was certain that she needed just one more to be perfectly sated, but his wife was never truly sated. She always wanted more.

Finally he stopped. The sheets between her legs were soaked with the leavings of her orgasms and lube that dripped off her body. He didn't stop because he was certain he had found the correct number. Ray had stopped because his arms and hands were too tired to go on any longer.

"What's the number?" he asked, his breath almost as ragged as hers.

It took Monica a minute to answer. "I came eighteen times," she told him. It was only later in life when she had trained herself to become multiorgasmic that Monica had allowed herself to let go during sex and achieve bliss. "But that wasn't the number." It was impossible for him to know if she was bragging about the number or orgasms, or lying about it. He had to take her word for the truth. "You passed the magic number a while ago," she informed him. "You'll

have to stay locked up tonight."

His cock was swelling inside the chastity device but he wouldn't complain. The longer he had to go between releases was exquisite torture—it made the final orgasm that much more powerful. "Okay," he agreed.

"But you can cuddle me," she told him, pulling his face up to her for a kiss, then she pushed him back down to her breast. "Suck on my nipples for a while," she told him and he obeyed. "That feels really good tonight," He didn't question her. That wasn't his place.

Monica drifted off to sleep thinking about Annie and her breasts, wondering what it was like to feel her tits lactate.

Chapter Three

After reporting the break in and theft of her milk, Annie felt much better. She felt even better when she called her cousin who sent over her husband who was a locksmith and had all the locks in her house changed. He appeared after she returned from her morning feeding at Wally's and did the work quickly and efficiently.

"How much do I owe you?" she asked when he was done.

Carmine stared at her chest as she talked to him. Annie had deliberately left open one more button than usual. She wasn't above trying to get the cousin's family discount and perhaps the sexy relative discount as well for his work. Times were tough and showing a little cleavage was the least of Annie's concerns or moral failings.

"I'll…uh…just charge you for the parts," Carmine managed to stammer out. He was a nice enough guy who was working on a beer gut and didn't bother to shave carefully every day.

"Are you sure?" Annie asked, leaning in a bit and showing a bit more cleavage and maybe the edge of her bra as well. She wasn't sure. She had arranged her shirt before confronting him about the cost of the work and wanted to show off as much as she could. Still, she wasn't sure how far she was willing to go to for free locksmithing. A few minutes of breast feeding, certainly, but Cousin Amy didn't know about her business and it was unlikely that Carmine knew either. Still, for a few hundred dollars she was willing to give up a few secrets.

"Yeah, sure, it's not a problem. Family discount." His eyes were partially glazed. She wondered if she should loosen another button or come right out and make him an offer. It made her feel bad but she always worried about the money. Was Annie willing to fuck her cousin's husband for a few new locks on her house? Probably not. Was she willing to let him suckle the milk from her breasts? Certainly. But her special talent she had developed into a business didn't appeal to all men. Yes, all men like to look at and play with breasts, but that didn't necessarily mean they all wanted to taste the delicious and sweet milk she

produced.

“If there’s anything I can do to ever help you out…” she said, trailing off as she lifted her hand to her neck and gently rubbed downward indicating her heavy breasts.

“Yeah, sure, I’ll let you know,” he said. His words had an absent air and he just nodded as if he hadn’t a care in the world. “Family discount,” he said as she readjusted her blouse, covering up a bit of her cleavage. Apparently she wasn’t willing to do anything for free locks. “Three new locks is $214.78,” he said after pulling a statement from his clipboard. “You don’t have to pay right away,” he said. “Family courtesy. Just pay whatever you can whenever you can.”

“Of course,” she agreed and fished a few twenties out of her purse and handed them over. “You’ll send me regular bills?”

“Yeah.”

“Can I offer you anything to drink before you go?” she asked. Annie couldn’t help but tease and perhaps find a new client. She had never done this before, never teased a cousin’s husband, never gave him the faint, fleeting promise of sex—or something close to it—just for fun and trade. “Coffee? Soda? Water?”

“No thanks,” he said.

“Are you sure? Maybe something stronger? Beer? Whiskey? Maybe some milk?” she let her hand trail down from her necklace along the buttons of her shirt and over the swell of her breasts.

When he heard the last drink he laughed. “No, no, thank you, but no. I’m still on duty. Got a couple more appointments today. Maybe some other time?”

“I’ll hold you to that,” she said and showed him to the door.

It was probably better that way. Did she really want to be breast feeding her cousin’s husband, at least not without telling Amy first. And that wasn’t a conversation she wanted to have today.

She got out her breast pump and drained her breasts. This time it wasn’t for fun, it was to make up for all the milk she had lost. She didn’t stop until she had at

least twelve ounces. Annie had added an additional bottle of water to her routine and had set about pumping an extra time during the day. It would take a long time to make up for what she had lost and still hadn't committed to turning in an insurance claim on her loss. She wanted to masturbate after she was done, but there was no time for that. She had other issues to attend to.

After a half hour of searching all the lactation websites that she knew, Annie couldn't find evidence of anyone selling a sudden windfall of a thousand ounces of breast milk. That ticked her off almost as much as losing it in the first place. She was about to write a few emails to prospective clients when she received a phone call from Inspector Cruz.

"I have a possible idea that might interest you," she told Annie. "Can you come to our headquarters and help me out?"

In less than an hour later Annie had found her way to the troopers' building and been directed to the tiny office that Cruz was assigned to.

As she knocked on the door Annie's heart was in her throat. "What is it that you have for me?" she asked as she was ushered inside.

Trying to tamp down her expectations Cruz said, "Don't get too excited. This sort of thing is hard to accomplish, but in this sort of situation it might be the best way to go."

"Well?"

"Instead of us waiting to find the perpetrator, I thought that perhaps we could set up a sting, of sorts."

Annie was dumbfounded. "How would that work, exactly. I thought that sort of thing was limited to buying drugs and such."

"The amount of milk your thief is trying to offload is pretty large, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And unless he already has a buyer or is saving it all for himself, he needs to have a way of getting rid of it. We simply put up a few ads looking to buy milk."

Annie blinked. “Just like that. It’s that simple?”

“And not at all illegal or unethical. Can you work with me on this?”

Despite her nature to avoid confrontation Annie found that she was excited to be part of a police operation. “Yes!”

For the next few hours they worked up a few ads as Cruz explained the whole process to Annie. “And be aware this might not work at all. It’s really a shot in the dark.”

“Thank you so much for trying though, Inspector Cruz.”

She waved away the other woman’s appreciation. “All part of the service the state troopers provide. And please call me Monica. Whenever I hear the title Inspector I’m sure my boss is about to tell me how I screwed up an investigation.” She smiled ruefully. “And can I ask you a personal question?”

Annie’s spine stiffened at the opening but nodded her head once. “I suppose. But I promise no answers.” All too often when someone began a conversation with the “personal question” gambit it led to areas of her life that Annie shared with no one.

Monica nudged the door to her office closed. She didn’t allow the door to latch, but it was shut enough that a casual visitor would first knock before entering while thinking there was nothing untoward about what was going on inside the small room.

“Are you taking on new clients right now?”

She should have known it was work related. “I have to, yeah. I need to make up for the theft.”

“Would you mind if I brought a client to you?”

Annie blinked and said nothing. She didn’t know how to react. She wasn’t sure if Cruz had something up her sleeve. Police officers of any sort made her nervous. Just because Cruz was a trooper and worked in plainclothes didn’t make Annie any less nervous. If anything, she was on higher alert. She knew what she did to make money wasn’t illegal, but the way she did it with some

clients could be construed as prostitution.

“I wouldn’t mind, but I have a bit of a waiting list now. I’ve been trying to increase my output, but I suppose I could put a friend of yours at the top of my list. I do charge five dollars an ounce, remember and I do deliver locally, or I’ll freeze and ship overnight.”

Cruz shook her head. “It’s local. And he’ll want it fresh.”

Annie nodded once. “That’s easy then.”

“He’ll want it straight from the source.”

The way she said it made Annie know exactly what Cruz meant. “I don’t do it that way,” she said firmly but she knew that Cruz was on to her.

Cruz slowly shook her head. “I know you do, Annie. I’ve seen your ads. I know what the code words mean. I’ve investigated your whole little subculture. Don’t worry. I’m not trying to nail you for prostitution or anything like that. It’s something completely different.” She looked meaningfully at the door and leaned toward the lactating woman. “There’s a sexual component to what you do.” She lowered her voice a bit more. “I think that’s kinky. I think that’s hot. You don’t think cops have sex lives? We do. We’re the kinkiest fuckers out there if you want to know the truth.”

“Wh-what does your friend want?”

Cruz licked her lips. “I can trust you to be discrete, can’t I?”

“Of course,” Annie automatically answered. She had to be discrete in her line of business.

“I have someone who wants it straight from the source.”

End Part One

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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