

The image features a person's midsection, specifically the area between the chest and the waist. They are wearing a dark-colored plaid shirt with thin, intersecting lines of yellow and red. The shirt is unbuttoned at the top, and the fabric is pulled away from the center to reveal a large, light-skinned, fleshy protrusion that mimics the shape of a breast. The entire image is framed by a thick green border.

Milking On The Farm

Elliot
Silvestri

Green Bush
Publishing

The image features a person's midsection, specifically the area between the chest and the waist. They are wearing a dark-colored plaid shirt with thin, intersecting lines of yellow and red. The shirt is unbuttoned at the top, and the fabric is pulled away from the center to reveal a large, light-skinned, fleshy protrusion that mimics the shape of a breast. The entire image is framed by a thick green border.

Milking On The Farm

Elliot
Silvestri

Green Bush
Publishing

Milking On The Farm

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright ©2015 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.
Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

If you're the type of person to read copyright notices, why don't you go to elliotsilvestri.blogger.com for a coupon code at Smashwords.com.

For a complete list of Green Bush Publishing's eBooks please visit elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

One

Luanne thought she was done with The Farm. Back in college it had been a fun and exciting way to make a lot of money really fast. She had paraded around the house in lingerie, or a French maid uniform, and sometimes even topless, working as a general servant. It was a weird world helping people who paid too much money to experience little sexual thrills and fantasies. More than once she had been asked to watch as a man masturbated in front of her. It seemed to thrill the older men that they could jerk off in front of a young woman without repercussions.

After college she had trouble landing that dream job, so she supplemented her income by working at The Farm, but this time in more intimate roles. It was sex work, Luanne didn't shy away from acknowledging that, but it was more fun than actual work. Actual participation in helping people live out their kinky fantasies was more enjoyable than the dull office work she had landed. It paid better as well. Tying people up, humiliating them (always men), whipping and caning them, leading them around by leashes—it was all just a variation of role playing she had done as a little girl.

Eventually she was hired doing what she had spent four years in college learning. Working for the state wasn't exciting, but it paid well, was steady, and she didn't have to hide from family and friends what she did for all her money. It was easier in a way. A happy relationship shortly followed, along with marriage, a baby, and a house. Luanne had one of those perfect lives that was envied by so many people.

It didn't last.

Everything fell apart so quickly. From diagnosis to funeral Jeff had only survived a little more than three months. In retrospect she realized that he had been hiding symptoms and problems for almost the entire length of their relationship. Their baby was under a year old. It wasn't supposed to be like this, but it was.

The loss of her husband didn't destroy her life, but it came close. There was money enough for her daughter and to pay the mortgage and keep food on the table, but she realized almost half a year after Jeff's death that she was miserably unhappy. She had the material things that were necessary to keep her alive but her love of life was gone.

Kim's email came at the usual time. She sent them out every six months so as to keep an active list of occasional Farm employees. Luanne must have missed the one immediately after Jeff's death, but this one she read. Whether she read it out of boredom or curiosity or simply because she was going through the motions of living life, she couldn't say.

The email read:

Everyone,

This is a special request email to all former and current and occasional employees. If this doesn't apply to you, please disregard.

I've gotten a special request for particular kink fulfillment that only a few select women will be able to work (sorry, gentlemen). Specifically, I'm looking for women who are actively lactating. You need to be able to produce at least four ounces of breast milk within thirty minutes. I need five women in one month's time. Pay for this is the highest tier. As usual a finder's fee will be paid to anyone who directs a new employee for this one-time job (which might not be one-time; I'm hoping for a new steady client.) Email me back ASAP if you are interested. Pass along any names as well. Thank you.

Kim

Luanne's breasts were heavy with milk because Joleen was still actively nursing, but her daughter was slowly yet steadily weaning herself. As she read the email, Luanne could feel her milk letting down, even though Joleen had nursed just a few hours earlier. As a person who was always in tune with her body, Luanne knew what the reaction she had was; denying it was a waste of time. Instead, she put fingers to keyboard and replied to Kim's message.

The car, it seemed, knew the way up to The Farm that stood in the middle of nowhere between rolling hills and working farm's corn and hayfields. The roads were exactly the same even if some of the signs were different. It had been years since Luanne had driven to The Farm, and there were some minor changes. "Just follow the signs for the new winery if you get lost," Kim had told her with a laugh. "We're just two miles down the road from them."

"When did that start?"

"They've been doing it for three years now, I think. As a commercial enterprise, at least. Apparently the family has been making wine for almost twenty years. We buy some of their stock, just to be neighborly. It's decent stuff."

"Do they know what The Farm..." Luanne hesitated to ask. The Farm fell somewhere in the semi-legal area of country bed-and-breakfast and completely bald-faced sex club. It was a semi-open secret among those who were on the edges of The Farm's financial status.

"No," Kim said firmly. "As always, discretion is our pride."

Luanne drove past the winery, found The Farm's driveway marked only by a pair of stone pillars, zipped down the private lane and parked in the circular driveway. The Farm was much as she had remembered it. The large farmhouse stood apart from the barn. Out behind the house was an elaborate garden and expansive lawn. Beyond the lawn were actual crops growing in fields. These were rented out to an actual farmer who maintained them, Luanne knew. The Farm itself grew nothing except erections and orgasms.

She let herself into the house and headed to the back where Kim kept her office. The owner and manager of the private club greeted her old employee with a smile, a light embrace, and a friendly kiss on the cheek. Kim looked a little older, but was perfectly put together as always. Her business suit would have looked more in place in one of the many office buildings down in the city, but Kim had a certain level of professionalism to maintain. Anyone with sharp eyes could see exactly what type of business Kim was running. A riding crop was laid on the table behind Kim's desk, a few photographs that bordered on pornographic decorated the walls, and Kim's suit, well-tailored as it was, showed a bit too much cleavage to be entirely professional and was slit far too high on

her thigh.

“You look well,” Kim told Luanne as she settled back into her chair behind the desk. Luanne took one of the comfortable leather covered chairs across from her.

“Thank you. I can’t believe it’s been over four years since I was last here. And I can’t believe I’m back and ready to work.” She looked around the office. Except for the small hints, it was outfitted much like those in the building she worked in.

“About that,” Kim said, wasting no time. “You’re being hired for a particular skill. I need proof of that.” She wasn’t one to avoid an issue.

“Proof?” Luanne had assured her old employer she could produce as needed.

“I can’t risk losing this new client on a failure,” Kim said and reached into her desk to pull out a breast pump. It was a model similar to what Luanne used when she had returned to work and needed to express her milk. “I need to see physical proof before you’re hired.” She slid the pump across her desk.

Luanne looked disdainfully at the pump. “I won’t need that,” she said coolly. “Do you have a towel?”

Kim produced a small towel from within her desk and handed that over as Luanne unbuttoned her shirt. She had never been one to be shy about her body and had become even less modest after a pregnancy and breastfeeding. Still, Kim had seen her tits on many occasions. This was nothing new...except for her recently acquired ability.

Opening her blouse all the way Luanne reached up and dropped down the flap of her nursing bra. It was hardly sexy but it was comfortable. As her breast was exposed a slightly damp nursing pad fell onto her lap. Luanne ignored the pad and took the towel, placing it on her lap over the pad, and then grasped her breast in both hands. She glanced up at Kim who was watching with a detached professionalism. It took a few squeezes, but in less than thirty seconds Luanne sprayed a fine mist of milk immediately followed by a few healthy squirts that soaked into the towel.

“Very good,” complimented Kim. “You can stop now.” Luanne nodded and pulled up the bra’s flap, hiding her nipple once more. “They’re bigger than I

remember.” She started to button up her blouse

“Pregnancy and breast feeding will do that,” Luanne said.

“Don’t I know it,” agreed Kim.

The statement caused Luanne to blink in confusion. “What do you mean?”

Kim deliberately brought up her hands to cup and lift her breasts, carefully rearranging how her flesh was on display. “I know it’s been a while,” she said, “but I think I’m bigger than when you were last here.”

“I’m sorry. I guess I didn’t spend a lot of time looking...”

A broad smile crossed Kim’s face. “Well, it’s my job to make sure appearances are kept up. It was your job to make the clients happy. That being said, you and I are in the same boat, physically speaking.”

It took Luanne a moment to comprehend what Kim was hinting at, but then realization struck her. She passed in buttoning her shirt. “You have a baby?” Luanne was floored.

“It wasn’t exactly planned,” Kim commented.

“Oh.” Luanne didn’t know what to say to that. “You look good. Your body hardly looks like it changed.”

“Except for these,” said Kim, adjusting her tits again for good measure. “And my belly isn’t as flat as it used to be. Plus I have stretch marks.”

“Tiger stripes,” Luanne corrected her.

“Right. Tiger stripes.” Kim paused and changed the direction of the conversation. “As I’ve already told you, we have a new client who is...very well off financially. As much as it pains me to say this, I’m running a business here that is supposed to make money. This could be a very profitable client for us.” A smile tugged at her lips. “Almost a literal cash cow.”

The ridiculousness of the comment with their situation made Luanne want to laugh, but she contained herself. “Okay. I’m pretty sure I know what I’m

supposed to do.” She finished tucking in her blouse and sat back in the chair.

“Let me explain what exactly is supposed to happen tonight.”

Two

In some ways Luanne felt more comfortable being naked than being clothed. She felt like she was hiding nothing and could see that everyone else was hiding nothing as well. Stripping down to nothing in the basement locker room of the farmhouse was an old ritual she remembered fondly. Being naked made her free. Usually after getting naked she would immediately put on some ridiculous costume or another, but tonight she was to remain naked. With the remarkable poise of one who had done this a hundred times before, Luanne left the locker room and walked calmly across the lawn to the barn. She entered at the back into a small side room. Already there were three other women inside, one of whom she recognized.

“Hi, Casey,” she greeted the slightly chubby blonde. Casey nodded in acknowledgement and then Luanne remembered that they were supposed to remain silent. The Farm workers generally took on a role and inhabited it for as long as possible before they started fulfilling the client’s fantasy.

Usually at The Farm one could be assured of a variety of different body types and ethnicities, but that only partly applied to tonight. Casey was short and blonde, of the other two women, one was definitely of Asian descent and the other seemed to be of generic Western European roots, though she towered over everyone else in the room by a good six inches. What everyone in the room did share, besides their nudity, were large breasts. Luanne knew why; they were all lactating.

The door opened and everyone turned to see Steffie enter. She was dressed in The Farm’s traditional servant costume: short French maid dress, corset, stockings held up with visible garters, and elbow length gloves. She wore practical shoes with enough of a heel to give her butt a lift. A shiny thin black collar circled her neck. “We’re waiting on one more,” Steffie said looking around the room. “Remember your places, remember your roles. Remember to keep silent, you are not to speak.” Her eyes rested on Luanne who looked away guiltily. She knew that The Farm was covered with cameras and microphones—supposedly for the safety of the patrons and employees, but Luanne had her

perverse doubts—and was certain that Steffie had checked on them before she came to the barn.

A shiver went up and down Luanne's spine. It was supposed to tell her that she was nervous and a bit frightened at the unknown. Instead, it reassured her. That sensation always insinuated itself into her body when she was about to do something that pushed against her admittedly flawed and frayed moral code. That's why she loved working at The Farm. It pushed her to and beyond her limits.

It was also the first time in months she had been genuinely excited and wet. She wanted to reach between her legs and feel what her pussy was doing. Admittedly she knew she was wet with anticipation, but she wanted to check anyway, to feel her natural lubrication between her fingers, the way her pussy juice could be slick beyond reason. Luanne held back, knowing how odd it would look to stick her fingers up inside her sex while everyone else was just waiting patiently. Even at The Farm there was what was considered good manners and proper behavior, especially for servants. Masturbating with invitation or touching one's own sex without permission was especially frowned upon.

Luanne knew she was on time, the other women were early, but there was one missing still. It was annoying to be held up by someone else's rudeness. She wondered who the fifth woman was. Obviously it wasn't Steffie, she was there merely to expedite the fantasy and move things along.

The door opened again and another well-endowed woman walked in. With her hair pulled back into a neat bun, a lack of makeup, and without her clothes, it took Luanne a moment to place the last member of their mammary quintet. When she did, she automatically blurted out, "Kim?"

Kim locked eyes with Luanne, but it was Steffie who took control of the situation. "Luanne, do I need to remind you again about the rule of silence tonight?"

Luanne opened her mouth to answer, remembered her error, and then simply shook her head. That wasn't good enough for Steffie. The servant grabbed Luanne's hand, turned it over, palm up, and slapped her soft palm with the stiff cane that she had casually carried tucked under her arm. "See you don't forget again."

Pulling back her hand, Luanne's face flushed with embarrassment at having been humiliated in front of the peers she barely knew. The sting on her palm throbbed a few times, but quickly started to fade. It was the rebuke that hurt the most. The other women didn't laugh, but she could see through her teary eyes that they all—except for Kim—wanted to titter at her physical reprimand.

Steffie went to the cabinet crammed into the room's corner, opened it, and pulled out a set of hard metal collars. "Put them on, ladies," she ordered as she passed them out.

It was a simple hinged steel collar lightly padded on the inside. There was a simple closure on the side opposite the hinge that held it tightly closed. This was paired with a set of rings designed for a lock to be placed on the collar. No locks were issued, much to Luanne's relief, and she followed along with everyone else as they wrapped the metal loops around their necks and slide the pins fastening them closed. Luanne glanced briefly at Kim who had calmly put her collar around her neck and waited patiently.

Seeing The Farm's owner and manager standing among the other women who were going to perform a ritualized fetish was more than passing strange, but since no one else commented on it, neither did Luanne. She did surreptitiously look at all the other women's tits, quickly evaluating each and every one. They all looked equally delicious to her eyes. There were obvious signs of swollen flesh and the need to be expressed.

That was the look of anxiety she saw on the other women's faces. Their tits were full to bursting and they needed to be milked. Kim had instructed Luanne not to express herself for as long as possible before coming to The Farm, for obvious reasons, but it appeared to her that some of the others serving tonight had gone much longer than she had.

When everyone was done Steffie called out, "Hands and knees, ladies. Farmer Brown is waiting for us. Let's remember that you're nothing more than subservient cows." The five women went down on their hands and knees; Luanne found herself with her nose almost in Casey's ass. Steffie had them line up in a neat row before she opened the door and let them out into the barn proper.

Some straw had been scattered around the barn so their hands and knees

wouldn't hurt so much on the hardwood floor. The group moved in a line, prodded by Steffie's cane. She poked it into Luanne's ass a few times. It didn't hurt, the servant was just using it to direct her, but she could tell that Steffie was sorely tempted to use the cane as a proper switch across the soft flesh of her ass.

Steffie herded them over to the side of the barn that had been temporarily converted into an old-fashioned dairy stall. Six stations were set up and the sight gave Luanne another exciting and frightening shiver. She immediately understood where her head was supposed to go and the machine that stood next to each collar rack was obvious in its purpose. A man wearing overalls, a flannel shirt, and boots stood to the side of the six stalls. "C'mon," he said with a thick backwoods accent. "Get 'em in here."

At this order Steffie tapped her cane on Kim's curved buttocks. The sound wasn't loud, but it was enough to encourage the entire herd to hurry along and put themselves neatly into each stall. Luanne entered her stall and found a thick pile of straw under her hands and knees. She knew what was expected, but it was still a mental struggle for her to put her head into the open rack. Farmer Brown—it was obvious who he was—came along the outside of each stall and closed the rack above each woman's head, effectively locking them in place. Perhaps Luanne could have twisted herself and stood up to reach the locking mechanism at the top of the rack, but that wasn't what she was supposed to do. She knew her role and she was expected to play it out. Otherwise there would be severe consequences—and not the sort of consequences she used to enjoy playing with.

The walls to the stalls were low; Luanne could see Casey on her left and Kim to her right. The far right stall was empty which made her wonder if Kim had failed to secure a sixth lactating woman and even had to step in to fill the fifth slot.

"Thank yah, Steffie," Farmer Brown said, his voice thick and accented. "Will yah wait here while I inspect 'em?"

Out of the corner of her eye Luanne saw Steffie nod. "As you wish." She turned smartly on her heel and marched to the other side of the barn, waiting for the strange man to perform his inspections.

Luanne was nervous but excited as well. She knew what was going to happen but in some ways that made it worse.

"Inspection time, girls," Farmer Brown announced. "I need to make sure my

heifers and cows are good and healthy.”

He started with stall number one and moved steadily down the line, taking each woman’s face in his hands, opening up their mouths, and inspecting their teeth and faces. When he reached Luanne and forced her jaws open with strong but soft fingers, she didn’t resist. She didn’t want to resist.

He ran his thumb over her teeth and pulled out her tongue, pinching it between his thumb and forefinger. After a quick glance into her eyes—and Luanne looked back but couldn’t read the man’s expression—he moved on to Kim. If he recognized The Farm’s manager, he didn’t give any indication and went through the same inspection ritual.

The farmer then moved behind the women to inspect their bodies. He again began at stall number one and moved steadily down each one, running his hands over their skin and looking at every inch of their body. With her head locked into place Luanne could only see a limited amount of what Farmer Brown was doing but once he reached her stall, it all became apparent.

He ran his hands over her shoulders and back, then around to her tits to feel their weight as they hung down from her chest. He jiggled them a bit to gauge their fullness and how engorged she was, and then squeezed expertly. Twin sprays of milk erupted from her nipples and wetted the straw beneath her body. Luanne let out a soft moan because she couldn’t deny how good it felt. The other women had been silent during their inspections and Luanne’s face flushed red again because she wasn’t able to maintain the level of obedience that they had.

Farmer Brown didn’t seem offended by her small noise and moved around behind her, running his hands over her buttocks and down to her thighs where he forced them wider. His fingers probed up into her pussy. He grunted once when he found her wetness, ran his fingers over the short fuzziness of her pubic hair, didn’t bother looking for her clitoris, then ran his finger back along the length of her slit before pushing it into her ass up to his first knuckle.

Luanne managed not to gasp at the uninvited invasion. She’d been fucked in the ass before but only after being warmed up and warned. This was rougher than she liked, but she didn’t have any say in the matter. She was Farmer Brown’s property and he would do with her as he wished.

His inspection of Luanne over, he moved down to Kim and performed the same

ritual. Luanne could just barely see him running his hands over her body. Kim took it all impassively, staring straight ahead at the wall while Luanne looked at her.

Finally he was done and Farmer Brown turned to Steffie who was leaning against the barn door. “I was promised three cows and three heifers. I only got two heifers here. One’s a missin’.”

“The fee will be adjusted accordingly,” Steffie told him as if she were negotiating any business transaction.

“I’d prefer more heifers to cows,” he added. “I like to be in charge of their breeding. These three have already birthed at least once each. They give more milk that way, but heifers make it sweeter.”

Steffie shrugged. “This is what we can offer you today. Will you take the lot?”

“Can I breed ‘em?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll stick to the deal, with the adjustment,” he declared and stuck out his hand. Steffie shook it, sealing the bargain. “I’ll start with ‘em right away.”

“Would you like some privacy?” Steffie asked.

“I don’t care. They’re just cows. They don’t care.”

“As you will,” Steffie said. She indicated the phone attached to the wall across the barn. “Call if you need anything.”

From there Farmer Brown brought out his equipment on a rolling cart. What he had was not at all similar to the breast pumps Luanne had used herself before, they looked like the sort of pumps dairy farmers used, but modified for use on humans. She wondered who had done the modifications because they looked expertly done. A dairy farm’s pumps would have four nozzles, but the ones Farmer Brown had were each set with two nozzles, a combination of steel and clear plastic. He switched on the central pump and it came to life with a rush of air and a buzz of an electric motor. Once more he went down the line, this time attaching the strong suction nozzles to each woman’s—each cow’s—tits.

When he reached Luanne she arched her back in anticipation and the eager nozzles grabbed onto her nipples with a strength she had never before encountered. Luanne gasped with amazement as the power of the suction held the pumps in place and at the same time started to remove her milk. Each time the pump cycled she could feel her milk spraying out into the collection nozzle to drain down to a central collection tank.

As much as she hated to admit it, the pump was incredibly effective at expressing her milk. It was much faster than the handheld model she had used on herself—but consequently it was also much more painful. At least at first. The first minute was primarily about pain and the sensation of her milk letting down and running free. The second minute, her body took over control of the sensations—leaving her mind free—and her reaction was much the same as the other cows. Her lustful needs rose.

Her pussy moistened. Her back arched. She opened her thighs wider and wished for penetration and relief. Luanne let out a little moan of need and instead of being rewarded with a firm, throbbing cock, Farmer Brown brought down the training cane on her upturned ass. The sharp thwack of cane on flesh startled all the cows. The stinging sensation on her skin brought Luanne back to reality. “Behave yourself, girl,” Farmer Brown admonished her. “Good cows give milk and need nothing else.”

Luanne didn’t acknowledge him; her head was still locked in place so she couldn’t turn around and look. Once more she knew shame at her poor behavior.

What worried her the most wasn’t the pain of having her milk drained by the powerful pump, but what might happen along the way. More than once while nursing Joleen, Luanne had experienced a small orgasm. Her husband—while he had lived—had been curious and tried her milk on a few occasions. That made her cum harder. The use of the most powerful pump she had ever tried gave her shivers. Her first orgasms with the small vibrator she had in college were nothing compared to the Hitachi Magic Wand Jeff had given her as a birthday present. The quality of the orgasms were completely different. Luanne knew she could come from nipple stimulation alone and she knew it was going to happen before Farmer Brown took the pumps off her tits.

She clamped her jaws shut and pressed her thighs together while staring straight ahead at the wall. At this point she didn’t know or care what the other cows were

doing. There was only one way for her to get through this milking. Closing her eyes, Luanne summoned up an image of Jeff—his cock hard and his lust high—and imagined him fucking her in this ridiculous position.

It worked. She came while keeping her mouth shut making such little noise that it was hidden largely by the noisy hum of the pump's motor. If Case and Kim knew what was going on, they gave her no indication. Farmer Brown was too distracted by the other women at the moment to notice.

Eventually everyone's tits started to run dry. Farmer Brown shut down the pump but the remaining suction in the tubes kept them attached to Luanne's tits. The farmer moved down the line once more slowly releasing the pressure and detaching the nozzles. When Luanne's were finally removed she sighed in relief, looked down at her breasts, and then gasped under her breath in surprise. The power of the pump had stretched out her nipples. Before they had been a light tan with the areola not much bigger than the circle described by her forefinger and thumb but now they were reddened with the nipples stretched out and huge, the areola twice as big as before.

It pleased her. But what happened next frightened her.

"You've been makin' more noise than the rest of the herd," Farmer Brown said as he stepped behind her and unhooked the straps to his overalls. "You obviously need calmin'. The only way to calm a cow is to breed her." The farmer pushed his overalls down to his ankles and knelt behind Luanne. She could have struggled or fought his off, but there was no need to. She'd been through this before in a different context, but she knew it certainly had the potential to happen. And truth be told, she was eager to give up what he wanted. Her lust wasn't sated by her small orgasm given by the pump.

He was talking almost to himself now, but everyone was listening. "Heifers should be bred at the first opportunity," he said, "but once a cow is bred, she has to keep bein' bred or she just misbehaves. Keeping her belly and udder full is the easy way to keep her down." As he spoke he rearranged Luanne's position, spreading her thighs, arching her back, and then, without any real warning, he shoved his hard cock into her waiting pussy.

It went in without resistance. Luanne wasn't ashamed at this. He fucked her hard and without remorse. Since she was held in place by the collar attached to the

rack, it wasn't possible for her to move, and his thrusts forced her shoulders up against the bars of the rack. It was his fantasy, first milking her and then fucking her, so he could use her as he wished, but he wasn't an artist when it came to sex. The way he thrust and used her body did little for her. Luckily he finished rather quickly. After the fact Luanne realized that everything from the moment the cows had crawled into the barn had been foreplay for him. This was just the final step for him.

When his hot cum jetted into her cunt, she could feel it splash about and that thought was enough to make her cum again. Tears slid down her cheeks. It felt so wonderfully good to be milked and fucked, used for someone else's pleasure and to take pleasure in that use herself.

Farmer Brown pulled his cock out of her and smacked her on the ass. "We'll find out in a few days if that worked," he said as he stood up and pulled his overalls back into place. "Once you start carryin', those udders will grow extra big."

He pulled a black Sharpie marker from his overalls pocket and wrote a quick note upon Luanne's rump. She wanted to twist her head around and see what he had written, but she was locked into the rack and the effort was impossible. He went down the line once more, inspecting each cow's cunt with eyes and fingers to see what their individual response to the milking was. Overall, Farmer Brown was pleased and patted each cow on the ass when he was done, a gentle gesture to show them he cared. When the inspections were over he picked up the main collection tank the women had filled, and then went to the barn door, where he announced, "Good night, girls," and turned off the lights as he exited.

The five women—cows—remained on hands in knees in silence for a long minute. Luanne didn't know what the others were thinking, but she was too worried about what might happen if she were to speak or do something that was not permitted, so she stayed in her position, wondering and worrying, and feeling the farmer's cum slowly drip down and out of her pussy. She hated that feeling of a man's spunk sliding out of her, she either wanted to be on her back and have it stay in place or she wanted to run to shower and wash off. Neither of those options were a possibility while she was locked in the rack.

Abruptly the barn door slammed open and the lights flickered back to life. Luanne couldn't see because her head was still locked into the rack and it frustrated her to no end. Bondage wasn't her thing. She had played with it

before, both professionally and privately, and being held down did little for her; she indulged in it because others paid her to or because it pleased her husband. She heard two sets of footsteps cross the barn's hardwood floor. When the figures finally reached the restrained women Luanne saw, unsurprisingly, that Steffie was in the lead, but accompanying her was a man that took her a moment to place. It was Mark, Kim's partner in The Farm, and in her bed too, Luanne had always suspected.

One by one Steffie went to each woman's stall and slid the locking pin free of the rack releasing their collar. However, at the same time Mark was hooking a long leash to each collar as the women pulled their heads free. "Stay on your hands and knees," he ordered each one as they worked down the line.

This was unexpected, but Luanne knew that at The Farm, when she was given an order, it was to be followed without question. Sure, maybe she couldn't see the client, but he could certainly be watching her through the many cameras scattered about the house and barn. It was odd watching Mark hook the long leash to Kim's collar and to have her crawl out of the stall. She wondered what the two of them were thinking.

The leash they were using was extremely long, each cow on hands and knees was on the same leash, just hooked to it every five feet or so. Luanne just willingly went along with the group. That's what she was being paid for. They were led into the annex room where her little adventure had started. It was neutral, safe ground where they could rise to their feet and remove leash and collar. Even when they did this the group—the herd—remained largely silent. Only when Kim's leash and collar were off did she speak up; Steffie actually took a step back and let her boss control the situation.

"You all know what's expected of you. Meals and beds are available in the house. Don't leave the grounds or you won't receive payment for tonight. Next milking is tomorrow morning." She delivered this short speech like she was addressing a group of employees at the local Target, only she was naked. When she was done she grabbed one of the robes from the hooks next to the door and headed to the door. As she started to exit she said softly to Luanne, "Meet me in my office in ten minutes."

Luanne wasn't sure if she heard the words correctly, but she grabbed a robe and started to follow. The manager was already halfway across the lawn and Luanne

briefly considered running after her, but then realized she meant for Luanne to wait at least ten minutes before going to the office. She altered plans and headed to the basement locker room for a quick shower. Before getting under the running water she looked over her shoulder and into the mirror to see what had been written on her skin. It simply read Bred 176 FB.

A few minutes later she walked upstairs with the robe wrapped around her body and her hair slightly damp from the shower. There were other people in the house. Some other event was going on, most likely small private parties or pre-arranged encounters exploring specialized kinks. Kim was waiting for her in the office.

“That was interesting,” Luanne said as she entered and sat down in front of Kim’s desk. Kim was wearing the same robe she had donned upon leaving the barn but it had opened up wide enough to show off some of her cleavage.

“There will be a bonus for you at the end of the weekend,” Kim said, barely acknowledging Luanne’s words.

“That’s fine. I wasn’t quiet expecting to be fucked tonight.”

“Do you need anything?” Kim inquired. She was always concerned for the welfare of her employees.

“A good stiff drink would be nice,” she answered with half a laugh.

“I was thinking more along the lines of Plan B.”

Luanne shook her head. “No. I’m fine. I’m safe.” She paused and then hesitantly asked, “He’s clean, isn’t he?” She already knew the answer. Kim wouldn’t allow a new client to be with an employee without being properly tested.

“Whistle-like,” Kim confirmed. She sat back from her computer where she had been typing in a few notes. Luanne knew Kim had notes on everyone and everything at The Farm. Her hands went inside her robe to lightly cup her breasts. “They hurt,” she commented.

Now Luanne nodded in agreement but she controlled herself and didn’t grab her breasts. “I’ve never used a breast pump as strong as what he had.”

“It wasn’t a breast pump. It was a dairy farm’s milking machine.” She paused. “Slightly modified.”

“Fuck,” Luanne cursed. “No wonder it felt so strong.”

“This is his kink.” She smiled and gently massaged her tits. Normally that would have resulted in a bit of lactation, but she was completely empty at the moment. “And he’s paying well for it.”

“Who is he anyway?” Luanne asked casually.

Kim shook her head. “No. Privacy and confidentiality, you know that. Just call him Farmer Brown. But I can tell you he’s a commodity trader from the city. Agricultural commodities, naturally.”

“Of course,” Luanne agreed.

“He liked you,” Kim commented.

“Obviously.”

“He’s going to want to nurse from you tomorrow morning.”

“How do you know that?”

“That was the agreement we made. Whoever he fucks tonight, he wants direct nursing from tomorrow morning.”

Luanne sighed. “Fine. It’s what I signed on for, isn’t it.”

“It is.”

At that point Luanne felt she had the right to ask a question. “Who’s watching your baby?”

Kim froze but quickly recovered. “Mark was. She’s back in my apartment.” Kim maintained a small bedroom and private bath at the back of the house which apparently he shared with Mark. “I’d like to nurse her tonight, but that might not be possible.” She reached in a desk drawer and pulled out two bottles of water. As she passed one to Luanne she asked, “Who is watching yours?”

Before she answered she opened the bottle and took a long drink. “Grandparents. I told them I needed a weekend alone. I think they were happy to have Joleen all to themselves for once.”

“It’s crazy what we do for family, isn’t it?” Kim asked.

“I always thought you did this because you loved kink.”

Kim laughed. “I do it for the money. And I’d rather run my own business instead of working in some beige office.”

“Why are you doing this, Kim?” Luanne inquired. “I mean tonight. I’ve seen you get involved with clients before, but this seems like something outside of what you would normally do.”

Kim’s hands went to her robe-covered tits, mashing them together to make cleavage appear. “He requested six lactating women. I was certain I could get that easily. I was wrong. You are helping me tremendously. But even so...I had to break down and get my hands dirty...so to speak.”

“Did you like it?” It was the wrong question to ask, it was too private, too personal. Workers at The Farm were allowed to enjoy their work, but precious few would admit to actually enjoying the kinks they fulfilled for their clients. Luanne asked the question anyway and Kim answered.

“I...got some physical satisfaction from it, I suppose.” The answer didn’t sound like Kim; she was hedging her answer. “But it isn’t my kink, it isn’t Mark’s. I’m a professional. You know that.”

“What does 176 FB mean?” she asked The Farm’s owner.

The sudden change in the conversation confused Kim. “I don’t know. Where are you getting that from?”

“It’s what he wrote on me,” she said indicating her robe-covered rump.

“Actually it said ‘Bred 176 FB’. I know what bred means, and my first guess was FB stands for Facebook, but that doesn’t make any sense.”

“Ooh. Ha. He’s really taking this game all the way, isn’t he?”

“What?” Luanne was genuinely confused.

“FB is...Farmer Brown,” said Kim. “Actually, it’s his initials, we’re just going to call him Farmer Brown. Bred is obvious. 176 is today. The Julian date. He’s using the same system a lot of dairy farms use when breeding actual cows. They write the relevant information on the animal’s flank.”

“How do you know this?”

Kim smiled thinly. “This used to be an actual dairy farm. It belonged to my grandparents.”

Three

Luanne woke up early. It was the first time she had slept through the night in months. It was so early the sun was barely up. She had become accustomed to being woken by her daughter's cries. Today she woke up because of the pain in her breasts; they were full and they were aching. Normally when this happened Luanne would have her daughter nurse or she would get out her breast pump. After fully waking Luanne realized neither of these was a possibility but that didn't really matter because she was supposed to be used by Farmer Brown this morning.

The pain wasn't bad when she first woke, but she knew that if she didn't receive some relief soon they would become hot and throbbing—and not in a good way.

With a groan she rolled out of bed and headed toward the door just as it started to open. Kim regarded her from the hallway. "Good. You're up already. Are they full?" She indicated Luanne's chest.

"Yes." Luanne had slept in a loose t-shirt and nothing else. She wasn't fully awake yet.

"Good. Get your nightshirt off, put this on, go pee, and meet me back out here in two minutes."

It was too much instruction that early in the morning, but Luanne did as she was ordered, pulling off her t-shirt and dropping it to the floor. With fumbling fingers she snapped the heavy steel collar around her neck and turned around to go into the bathroom. When she was done, Kim was waiting for her in the hallway with a cup of coffee. The Farm's manager was impeccably dressed, as always, but this morning she wore a simple green dress that hugged her curves. Kim had just the right body and confidence to wear such a garment in the morning. It made Luanne wonder how early Kim had rolled out of bed.

She eagerly accepted the coffee and downed almost half the contents before they made it down the stairs. At the bottom of the steps Kim paused for a moment and snapped a leash to the collar's O-ring. Luanne looked at her questioningly,

but Kim only said, “You can walk, you don’t need to crawl across the lawn. It’s too early to play ridiculous games.”

“Mmm,” was all Luanne could say.

The morning air was cool on her naked skin and she allowed Kim to lead her across the dew-covered grass. They entered the barn’s back entrance where Kim ordered her down on her hands and knees. “He’s waiting for you.”

Kim didn’t allow any slack in the lead as she all but dragged Luanne by the collar into the barn proper. Farmer Brown was over at the six milking stalls, busying himself with cleaning the pump and tubes. Once he heard them enter, he stood up and turned around to look at them. Just like the day before he was dressed in overalls and a flannel shirt. With a nod he told Kim to put Luanne into the stall and lock her collar into the rack. After she did so he barely uttered the words, “Leave us.”

When Kim’s heels started clicking across the hardwood floor Luanne became frightened. She realized she was alone with Farmer Brown. Naked, restrained, and alone. Farmer Brown knelt down next to her and carefully inspected her hanging breasts with his hands, running them over the engorged flesh and the erect nipples. It made her feel like a piece of meat, almost inhuman. She shivered a bit and told herself it was from the cool morning air. It was easier to think that than to admit what really caused her excitement.

“Good girl, nice an’ full. You’ll make a proper milker after a few more sessions wit’ me.” He slapped her rump and stood up. She tried to peer over her shoulder to see what he was doing, but that proved impossible by the restraining collar. Knowing she’d be fucked again was a certainty.

His warm hands spread apart her ass cheeks which wasn’t at all unpleasant. The cold liquid he dribbled between them was merely unpleasant. It was when he started pushing something into her anus that Luanne struggled. At first she pushed back against him, but quickly realized that was the wrong solution. Since she could only move forward a few inches before the collar and rack restrained her, that wasn’t an escape either. During her short struggle Farmer Brown wrapped his arm around her hips and held her in place, pushing the foreign object deep into her rectum. “There yah go. Good girl.” He stroked his hand along her flank trying to calm her. Luanne could feel something up her ass but

couldn't turn her head around enough to see what he had done to her. "Jus' let it stay there a minute. Nice an' full. Yah have a pretty tail now." He moved back from her, letting Luanne stand free a moment. She felt something long and thin trailing down from her ass over her thighs. Every time she moved she felt it brush against her skin. It didn't hurt, but it was strange and distracting.

What Farmer Brown did next surprised her. It shouldn't have, she knew, but it was more than passing strange to have him not kneel down next to her, but to actually lay down on the barn floor, face up, and slide his head underneath her chest.

She automatically pulled back from him, but his mouth sought out fat nipple and quickly latched on. Escape was impossible, but once he started sucking on her, she didn't want to. A little moan escaped from her lips and she felt her milk literally letting down. Brown's hands went to either side of her torso, holding her in place, but now Luanne didn't want to escape. She wanted to be nursed; she needed to be milked.

He had obviously done this before. He knew how to get her milk out of her as quickly and efficiently as possible. Drinking it directly from the source she knew it was sweet and warm. After the initially rush of tasting and getting her milk to flow, he settled down into a steady rhythm, removing the milk became as much a pleasure for him as it was for her. She was able to turn her head far enough to see Farmer Brown still his hand inside his overalls and move it up and down in a motion she was familiar with. He was jerking himself off which made her wonder if it would be proper to use her hand on him to help him out. Since he didn't ask, she didn't offer by voice or gesture.

It was peculiar to be on hands and knees while being nursed. It wasn't how Luanne fed her daughter; for that she was always sitting up or laying on her side. Being on hands and knees was just wrong and dehumanizing. That was what Farmer Brown wanted out of her. It was what she was enjoying as well, much to her chagrin.

Before her right breast was fully emptied, he switched over to her left. She briefly wondered if the rate of her flow had decreased but then decided it didn't matter. There was much pleasure for both of them. Luanne focused on his lips and tongue on her nipple, sucking and releasing. That was just enough, she knew, for her to reach a little peak of pleasure. When it happened, she shook

slightly from the orgasm passing from nipple to clit to spread out in a warming wave over the entirety of her body. Luanne thought she hid her climax well, but obviously not.

Farmer Brown abruptly stopped nursing and slid out from underneath her. Scrambling to his feet he grabbed the discipline cane from the stall's corner and laid it smartly across her ass several times. It happened so quickly and that she barely had time to gasp and cry at the sudden blossom of pain. "I don't like misbehavin' cows," he muttered mostly to himself, but Luanne knew the words were directed to her as well.

That wasn't the end of it. He unbuckled his overalls and knelt down behind her. Luanne knew what was coming next didn't mind it at all. She arched her back and spread her thighs a little wider, showing off her pussy to the man who was about to fuck her. When she moved the artificial tail he had put in her ass moved against her skin and she wondered what kind of man got off on that sort of thing.

His knees hit the floor inside of hers. With a smooth, practiced move Farmer Brown took his already hard cock in one hand and Luanne's new tail in the other. A steady pull on the tail raised up her ass and opened up her pussy. She realized that he had put a butt plug into her but it didn't come out easily making her wonder how deeply it had been planted into her rectum. There was no need to resist. Farmer Brown guided his cock into her open and wet—she was almost ashamed at how wet she was just from being humiliated and nursed—pussy. Happily she took his length and let him fuck her.

This morning he lasted longer than the previous night, but it was still a hard and fast session of primal lust. He fucked her without any concern for her pleasure, keeping his right and on her rump and his left wrapped around her tail, jerking and pulling her around when it pleased him. After almost too short a time he finished, pumping his cum into her swollen cunt. A few heavy breaths and a grunt or two indicated he was done and he pulled out. Farmer Brown might have missed it, but he had made her cum twice more. Luanne wasn't sure if she should be ashamed of being used and humiliated and cumming because of that. There was no reason for her to speak about it; she was forbidden to speak anyway.

He wiped his semi-flaccid cock on her ass and stood up, buckling his overalls back into place as he headed for the phone on the barn's wall. The call he made

was short and to the point. “Yeah. Bring in the other cows. Yeah. I don’t want their udders to go hard.”

A minute later Steffie led in the cow parade. It was much like yesterday, all four women leashed together, only this time they were minus Luanne and each woman already had an artificial tail in place in her ass. Luanne wondered if they had done it to themselves or had had assistance in the process. It didn’t matter. They all went willingly into their stalls, Kim included.

Farmer Brown went down the line as he always did, inspecting his stock, feeling their breasts, making sure they were locked in. The small herd endured this silently. There were no complaints as he hooked up his milking machine to each woman’s tits. Milk flowed steadily from their breasts as he looked on impassively. Luanne wasn’t exempt from this treatment. Even though she had less milk than the other women at this point, he still hooked up the collection nozzles to her tits and let her nipples be drawn forward and released by the strong suction. Her milk flowed and was drained down to the collection tank to combine with everyone else’s.

“Did yah know that if the cows enjoy their milkin’, it tastes sweeter?” When Farmer Brown asked this question Luanne wasn’t sure who he was speaking to, then she realized that Steffie was still in the barn, watching. She was one of The Farm’s few full-time employees. Luanne remembered that the short blonde took particular pleasure in inflicting pain on others; she was a true sadist. Any new torment—physical or mental—intrigued her and watching submissive women being forcibly milked would easily appeal to her sadism.

“I did not know that.” Steffie’s diction was sharp. Clearly she wanted to distinguish herself from a man she considered a bit of a hayseed.

“Yah have to make sure they enjoyin’ their time in the milkin’ stall.”

Luanne couldn’t see exactly what he was doing, but a moment later a familiar buzzing sound filled the air. It was the exact same sound her Hitachi Magic Wand made. The cow at the end of the line started breathing heavily and panting. It didn’t take her long at all to cum with a strangled cry. Steffie grinned. She liked seeing and hearing other women cum, especially if they had no say in the matter. “You use that expertly,” she complimented Farmer Brown.

“I’ve a done this before,” he confessed as he moved down the line.

The second cow shied away from Farmer Brown but had nowhere to run to. He wrapped his left arm around her waist, holding her steady, as he knelt down, one foot inside her knee, keeping her stance wide and her pussy open. With his right hand he pressed the Magic Wand up between her legs, searching out the apex of her slit, pressing the eagerly vibrating tool against her clit. The fake tail faintly shook as it rested against the vibrator's large shaft. The cow began wiggling, trying to escape but at the same time trying to press against the vibrator, putting it in the exact right spot. The engineers of the tool truly were magicians. As she was pumped she was also brought to her climax by the farmer's tool.

"Good girl," he said after she came and gave her a slap on the rump. Casey the cow, the next one in line, was anxiously eyeing the farmer from her stall. He caught her look and nodded once at her. "It's easier if you don't fight it," he told her as he assumed the same position next to Casey, using his foot to keep her legs parted and pressed the tool up against her cunt.

For all her supposed fear, Casey quickly gave herself over to the treatment and let herself cum with a yowl of appreciation. As was his habit, Farmer Brown nodded once, slapped Casey on the ass, and moved on. "You've already had yours," he said to Luanne as he stepped over her stall. His words were soft and barely visible over the sound of the machine's pump. What he said came as a relief to Luanne; she wasn't sure if she could happily endure another orgasm.

Kim was last in line and didn't protest or move away from the farmer's treatment. It was easy for Luanne to rotate her head and look at Kim's face as Farmer Brown applied the vibrator to her cunt. There was a beatific smile on her face as the vibrator buzzed happily. Kim was almost too jaded for this sort of thing. She lasted longer than any of the other cows, but even the experienced farm manager was helpless to resist the power of the Magic Wand. She came in a series of little shrieks. Luanne was embarrassed when Kim was done cumming and her eyes opened up to see Luanne staring. Kim smiled blissfully. Luanne looked away, her face red.

At this point the cows tits were almost completely empty. He took his time checking each ones udders and when he judged no more milk was forthcoming, he unhooked the suction nozzles and gathered up the pump's hoses and collection tank.

"I need to make sure yah girls are stayin' healthy. I'll feed and water yah, and

then I'll milk yah again tonight."

What followed was the most humiliating part of the whole process. Farmer Brown slid a board into place on supports attached to the front of the stalls just under where their heads came through the racks. He then placed stainless steel bowls on the board just under their chins. Walking down the line, Farmer Brown filled each bowl with feed. Luanne looked at the food and quickly determined it wasn't animal feed, but some sort of processed nut, meal, and dried fruit mixture, similar to what hikers would carry for a quick meal on the trail. Next to each of the bowls he attached a water bottle to the stall wall. "Eat up, girls," he instructed. "Feedin' time lasts ten minutes."

When the food was under her nose Luanne realized she was starved. It was humiliating but she still lowered her face and ate eagerly out of the bowl. The way the stalls were built the rack prevented her from using her hands to feed herself. The only way to drink from the water bottle was to suck from the inverted metal straw. That wouldn't have been so bad if the bottle was sitting upright, but it was upside down like in a hamster's cage. It was humiliating and Luanne was certain Farmer Brown got off on it, watching them eat.

At the end of the promised ten minutes he took the food bowls away. Luanne had eaten everything from hers and her tummy was happily full. She didn't see what the other cows had done but imagined they too were satiated. When the bowls were gone he then walked back down the line forcing a red ball gag into each cow's mouth and buckling it behind their head. The obvious purpose of the gag was to keep them from talking to each other, but it was just another level of humiliation for them. To her great shame Luanne realized she liked this further humiliation. She didn't even think of resisting. She opened her mouth and willingly accepted the gag when it was her turn. He gave her a gentle pat on the head for her obedience after buckling it in place.

"Lay down and nap, girls," Farmer Brown called from the barn door. "Afternoon milkin' comes awfully quick. You don't want to be exhausted." He snapped off the lights and closed the door, leaving them in semi-darkness.

The racks were designed so that the cows could slide their heads up and down. Luanne took advantage of this design feature to get off her hands and knees, lie down on the soft straw, curl up, and go to sleep.

Four

She was woken by the barn door slamming open. “Good afternoon, girls. I’m sure those udders are full. Get up and let’s get you milked.” Farmer Brown’s greeting was hardly friendly, but it got right to the point. Luanne’s neck was sore because of the awkward way the collar and rack restrained her. The plug and artificial tail were still in her ass which made her uncomfortable back there to say the least. She woke up with drool running down her cheek because the ball gag had kept her mouth open while she slept which made her jaws sore as well.

Farmer Brown was the model of efficiency as he ran down his line of cows, running his hands over their bodies, feeling their full breasts, making sure they were producing plenty of milk, and inspecting their cunts to ensure their health. Luanne found she didn’t mind this treatment at all. She had become accustomed to it.

He hooked up the milking machine and Luanne found herself looking forward to the familiar sensation of the nozzles on her tits. She was too full and her time in the barn had somehow sent her milk production soaring. The moment the hoses were attached to her tits she exhaled through her nose in relief. Her milk started flowing and all the aches and pains in her body started to ebb away.

As they were milked Farmer Brown walked down the line removing the cows ball gags. As soon as Luanne’s was off, she turned her head to the side and drank thirstily from the water bottle. She barely noticed when Farmer Brown dropped his overalls down around his knees and presented his cock to Casey, whose stall was next to Luanne’s. Her sister cow knew what was expected. She opened her mouth—which had to be sore from the ball gag—and let him fuck her face. Luanne only half-watched. She’d seen enough blowjobs in her life.

Farmer Brown didn’t finish in her mouth. After a few minutes, when he was erect, his cock red and wet, he pulled out, yanked it overalls halfway up to his waist, and waddled awkwardly around the line of stalls to behind the women. “I’m not goin’ to waste this seed in some cow’s throat,” he grumbled to himself as he knelt down behind Luanne. She had been expecting this and simply arched

her back and waited to be entered.

The milk pump had been doing its work which had made her cunt wet. He slipped easily into her and started pumping away. "Got to keep a good cow's belly full," he said while lifting up her tail and thrusting hard with each phrase. Luanne didn't just endure the treatment, she allowed the moment to take her and have a quick orgasm before Farmer Brown climaxed.

When he was done, Luanne grinned. It felt good to have someone filling up her pussy, trying to breed her, while at the same time her tits were being drained of their milk. It made her feel like her body was being fully used.

While she was basking in the afterglow of Farmer Brown's enforced breeding, she was abruptly startled back to reality when Kim half jumped and slammed her body against the low wooden wall of her stall. Looking over Luanne saw that Kim was trying to get away from the long tube that Farmer Brown had been inserting into her pussy. It wasn't a vibrator or dildo, it was far too long and thin for something like that.

"Calm down, girl," he said. "I don't want to have to tie you down for this."

From the expression on Kim's face Luanne was certain this was not something that Kim had been informed of ahead of time. For a moment Luanne was certain Kim was going to speak and break fantasy Farmer Brown had paid so much for, but The Farm's manager was a professional and didn't fight her client.

"Yah can't expect me to personally breed each of your girls," he added and then blew gently into the tube. Kim made a sour face but otherwise didn't fight back.

Removing the tube from her pussy Farmer Brown added, "Don't yah worry. This is prime Brown seed. Made it myself." He chuckled at his cleverness and moved down the line, walking past Luanne and on to Casey. Luanne could barely see out of the corner of her eye, but he loaded something into the end of the tube, slid it into Casey's cunt, and repeated the blowing procedure with her. She was silent as it happened, but she was eyeing Kim, following her lead. The final two cows endured the process as well without complaint. For the final touch Farmer Brown took out his Sharpie and went back down the line, making the note on each of their asses as to when they were bred and his initials.

When it was all over, he gathered up his milk collection tank and left the barn

without a word, slamming the door shut behind him. The second the door was shut Kim spoke clearly, not shouting, but projecting her voice like a teacher over a rowdy classroom because complaints were coming from Casey and the other two women than Luanne didn't know. "Steffie, come to the barn and release us. If my client isn't already leaving, see that Mark makes sure he does leave."

A minute later Steffie was in the barn freeing the cows. Sadly, Luanne reached up and released the collar from her neck. The other three weren't nearly as sad as she was. Their complaints filled her and Kim's ears. "What the fuck did he put in us?" they demanded.

"I don't know," Kim answered honestly. "But I suspect it was his semen. Don't worry; I'll have everything taken care of. Why don't you ladies go to the showers and clean up?" The barn cleared out in the flash of an eye.

Later, in Kim's office, Luanne accepted the check that Kim offered. She glanced at the amount and noted it was twice what had been promised. When she looked up questioningly at Kim she said, "A bonus for good performance and the unexpected duties we all had to endure."

"How are you going to cover this check?" Luanne asked, waving the slip of paper at the manager.

"I already verified that...Farmer Brown deposited more than enough to my account to compensate for what he has done. I'm undecided if he'll ever be invited back. You sure you don't need a script for Plan B...or the actual pills. I have both if you need."

Luanne shook her head. "No, I'm good. I'm good." She crossed her arms in front of her chest and gently cupped her sore breasts through her shirt. The money was good, but she was wondering what she would have to do to be used like this again.

End

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

For a free publication from Green Bush Publishing go to elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com and get a coupon code for a free ebook at Smashwords.com.

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Blog: elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Facebook: Elliot Silvestri

Also by Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Slave

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two
Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski
The Let Down Reflex
Like Candy on the Tongue
Luke's Milkmaids
Margeaux Known As
Ménage á Milk
Milk & Chastity
Milk Addict
Milk Bar
Milk for Free
Milk for Sale
Milk for the Prince
The Milk Producers Collective
The Milk Thief
The Milkmaid of Human Kindness
Milke & Cookie
Milking the O'Malleys
Milking Polly
Misanthrope – First Summer
Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Collections

The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 2

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 3

The Erotic Novels of Elliot Silvestri

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 4

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 5

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 6

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 7

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 8

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Roman Charity 2: Four More Tales of Erotic Lactation

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity