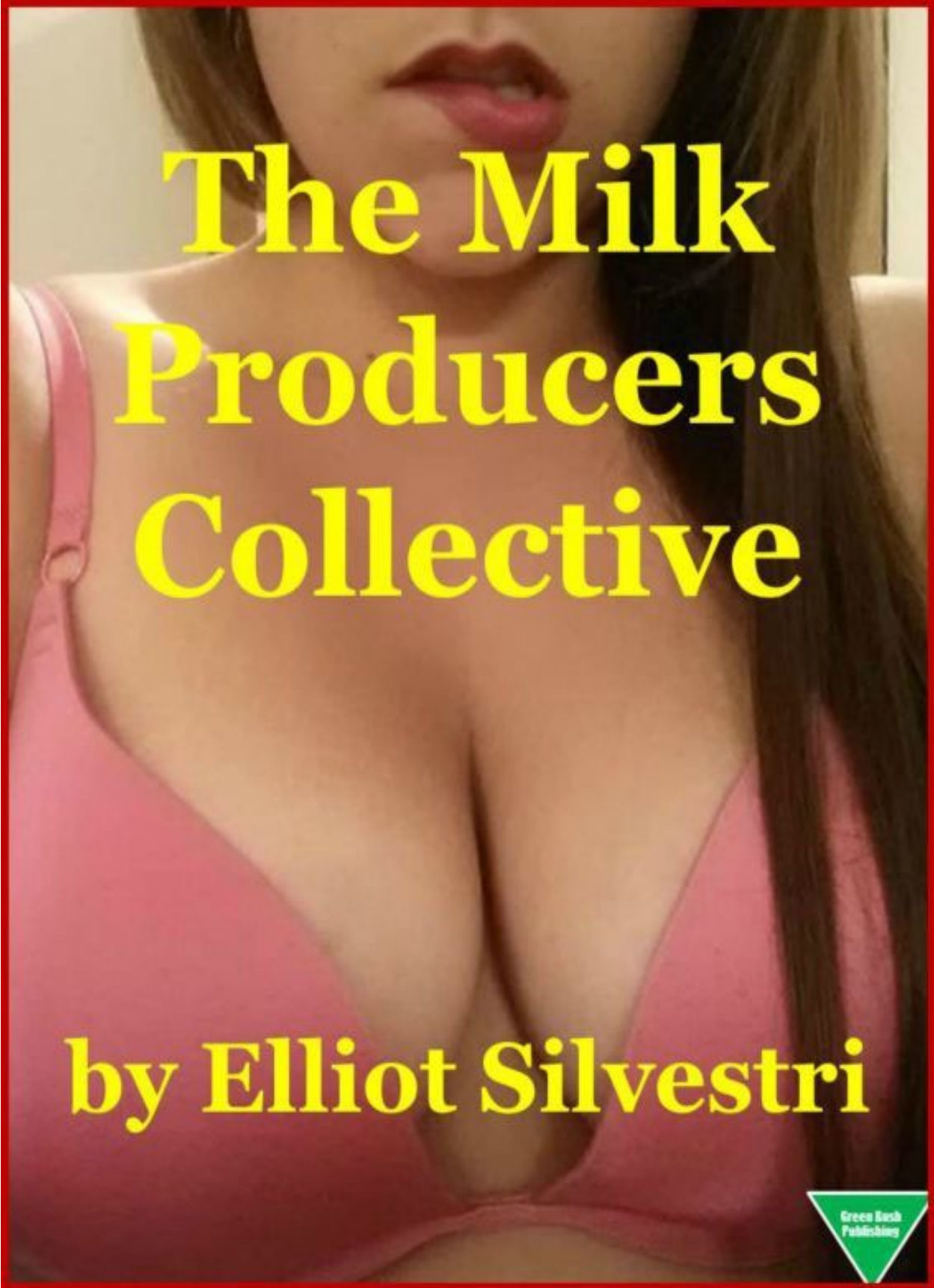
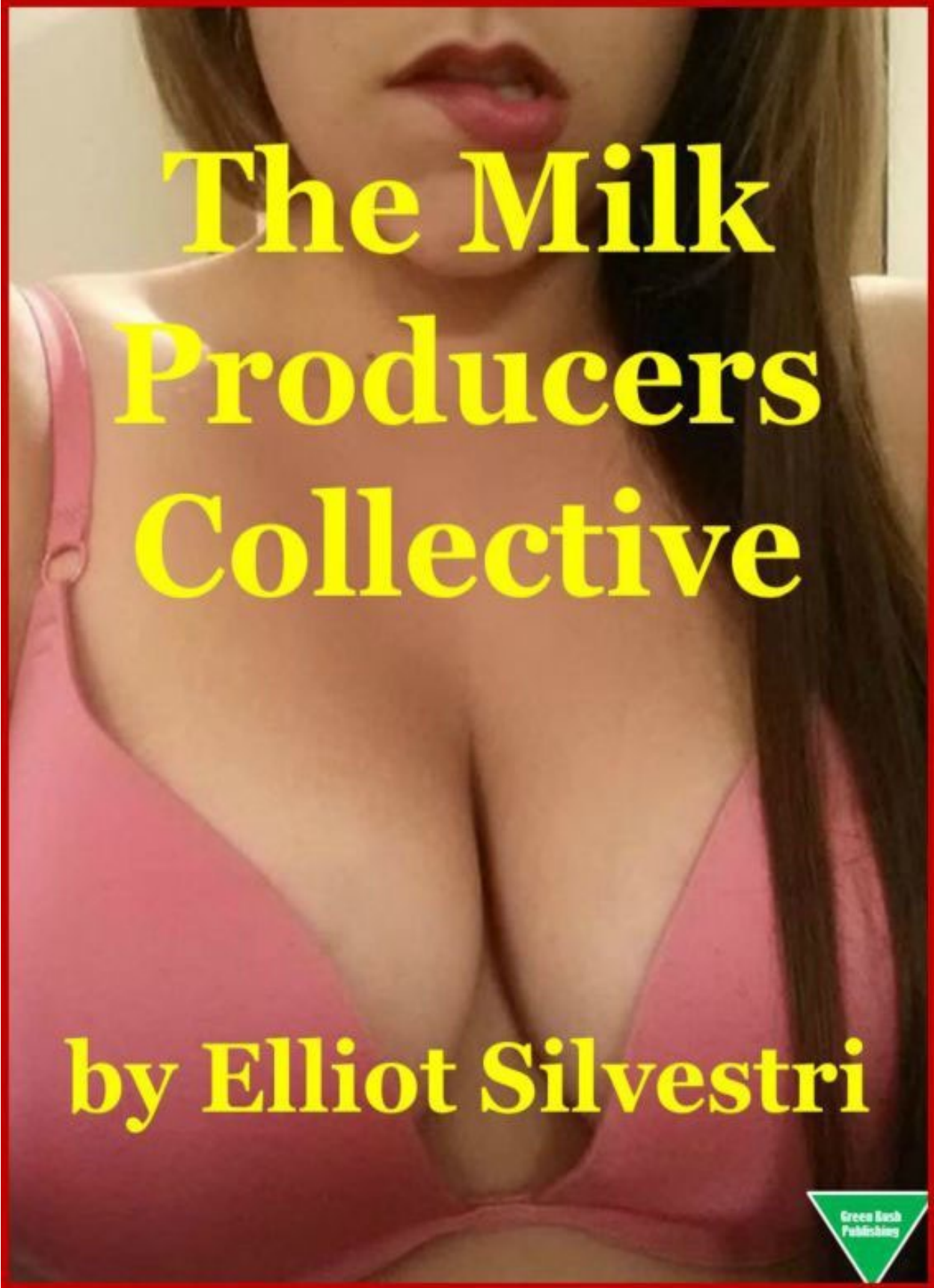




The Milk Producers Collective

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Green Bash
Publishing



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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

“Would you like me to help you with the halter?”

The voice came from behind Pamela. She was only slightly surprised but still jumped a bit at the question. The changing room she was using was really just a locker room with even less than the usual level of privacy.

“Um...yeah, thanks.” She was nervous but managed to keep her trembling fingers still by clenching them into fists. Since they were in the locker room Pamela was topless trying to get the garment made of bits of leather, spandex, Lycra, metal stays, and who knows what for padding on correctly. She wasn’t succeeding.

“First time?”

“Yeah, how’d you know? Because I couldn’t get the damn...halter buckled?” It was a strange word for the garment she was trying to correctly fasten to her torso and it felt wrong on her tongue. Awkwardly she handed the halter over to the new woman who was wearing an exact duplicate. Hers appeared to fit correctly. Pam wondered how she had gotten it on; there wasn’t anyone else in the locker room.

“No, because you didn’t ask for help in getting the damn halter buckled,” the other woman said. “Everyone asks for help...except for first-timers.”

Pamela sighed in frustration. “Please tell me that’s the only sign I’m a noob.” She tried not to stare, but the other woman’s breasts were perfect—at least to Pamela’s eyes. And since this interloper was wearing the type of halter dictated by her new employer, her breasts were on display. The halter was only half a support garment—the critical half that would actually cover her breasts was missing. Well, not really missing, it was intentionally left out because the women working here had to have their breasts on display. It wasn’t just expected—it was necessary.

The other woman laughed. “Nope. I can see your shaking hands.”

“Damn it.”

“Don’t worry about it. Hi. I’m Gina.” While they had been talking Gina had been loosening the straps on the halter and now handed it back to Pamela. “Pull it back on. I’ll fix the buckles when you’re settled.”

The halter was based on the design of a cropped tank top shirt, tight around the neck and ending just under the breasts. It was pulled over the head like a shirt, but there were two simple buckles on the back, one at neck level and one that would be level with most bra straps. Since the fasteners were buckles they couldn’t be hooked like a bra’s closures and turned around the body and it was impossible to see what she was doing behind her back, so Pamela was stymied. This time she pulled the halter back on, feeling its tightness and the cold buckles on her neck and back, but made sure her breasts came out the holes that had been cut into the halter. That was actually the easy part. The holes had been placed there carefully. They were plenty big enough, even for Pam’s large tits. There was some slight supporting curve to the bottom of where the cups should have been—it was more like a quarter cup bra, not really there at all, in comparison to a half cup bra that would just barely cover the nipples on most women. She felt a little ridiculous wearing the halter with her boobs hanging out, but there was Gina right behind her in the same outfit. She tried to relax.

“Okay,” Gina said as her nimble fingers found the right setting for the neck buckle. “This is actually a good fit for you.”

Pamela just wanted to nod her head, but that wasn’t really possible. The collar that Gina had just buckled was tight—not too tight but just tight enough to restrict any easy or casual movement of her head. “Thanks,” she said.

“No problem.” Gina cinched the lower buckle, the one that was just beneath her breasts and right in the middle of her ribcage and Pam was certain she wasn’t going to be able to breathe. “Too tight?”

“I don’t think so,” Pam gasped.

Gina chuckled and loosened it a bit. “You’re a lousy liar.”

“Sorry,” she answered in a much more normal tone of voice.

Spinning her around, Gina took stock of her handiwork. “Very nice. You’ve

already got good posture, so the harness isn't working too hard. And you've got great tits. Geez, I wish mine were still as perky as yours. I've worked here too long."

"Yours look great," Pam blurted and then flushed red. She told herself she wasn't going to be embarrassed about anything that happened on her first day, but that was already too late.

Gina grinned. "Don't worry about it. You'll get used to the casual attitude to nudity and tits soon enough."

"Is that good or bad?" Pam asked.

"You'll figure that out soon enough on your own. How long have you been taking the pills?"

"Just over two months," Pam answered without thinking and then gasped. "How did you know?"

"Besides the fact that everyone here is on them? Well, almost everyone. It's because you're a new girl."

"Oh. Right."

"And have you been using the pump as well?"

"Yes."

"Getting much milk yet?"

Her face flushed again with embarrassment. "A little. Not as much as I'd hoped."

"Don't worry too much. We go for quality not quantity here."

"Really?" Pam was relieved at the pronouncement.

It almost hurt Gina to take away that relief. Sadly, she shook her head. "No. Not really. The men who come here want big tits and huge drinks. But you're probably producing more than you think and once you have a few clients it'll be more than enough."

“You think so?”

“Honey, I know so. I’ve been doing this for...well, longer than I like to think about. And since I own a piece of the business, I need to be sure in everything I do.”

Pam gasped. “You’re Regina Bledsoe!”

“Guilty.”

This was the woman who had hired her. After four years of putting herself through college with shitty slightly above minimum wage jobs, student loans, inadequate scholarships, and too many nights of ramen noodles, Pamela had been eager to join the workforce in any job she could land. Since she landed nothing after almost a year she started to despair. Stumbling on to an advertisement in the local alt weekly newspaper put Pamela onto a job she hadn’t needed any college education for at all. The company was euphemistically named the Milk Producers Collective and was half a front for adoptive mothers looking for help and advice on how to induce lactation so they could breast feed their infant children. The other half was a meeting place for men who were desperate to enjoy human breast milk from women who were lactating but not feeding a baby. The ad was very subtle and very small, but with the promise of good money for hard work.

At first Pamela couldn’t believe that such services were wanted by anyone other than a baby. Then she remembered a friend explaining internet rule 34—if it exists then there is porn of it. He had then further explained that every small detail about women is fetishized in some way by at least one man—and more than likely hundreds if not thousands of men. Big breasts? Of course! Blonde hair only? Yes. Hairy armpits and pussies? Why not? Fat girls (though her friend used the term big, beautiful women)? More so than you would think. Guys who want to jerk off on Cuban women’s ankles? Absolutely. Belly button sex? Not as uncommon as you would think.

So why not men who wanted nothing more than to drink breast milk fresh from the source?

As she explored the possibility of working for the collective Pamela gave herself over to the idea. It’s not like she had a better job lined up. As the many emails she sent back and forth explained, the service in and of itself wasn’t explicitly

illegal (though it was borderline questionable). The mere existence of the company explained a lot about one of Pam's old college boyfriends who was obsessed with her boobs. True, Pam knew she sported a rack that was larger than average, but she wasn't huge. It was, though, just what a lot of men were looking for.

One interview with a matronly woman who was not the sexy Gina and a free medical exam later she was hired and ready to work. Only she had to wait two months to let the drugs they gave her kick in and get her breasts lactating. It wasn't just pills, though; Pam was obligated to use a breast pump every day to stimulate her nipples and boobs into producing milk. She was certain it wouldn't work. To her amazement after a month she could squeeze a few drops out with the pump and then, at the end of two months, she was able to get almost a quarter cup at a time from each breast.

"Wow. I feel stupid now."

"We don't advertise that one of the owners is also an employee."

"I suppose that makes sense." Pam tried to get a fix on how old Gina had to be. Early thirties maybe. Smooth skin and great breasts made it hard to be certain.

Gina casually started shedding her clothes and chucking them into the closest empty locker. "We have several part owners who actively work. You'll meet them eventually." In a minute she was naked. For a slightly older woman she was in great shape. Pam tried not to stare. She felt a little dumpy next to Gina's lean body and great tits. Gina was naked giving Pam the full view and Pam didn't have enough presence of mind to follow suit. "You're going to want to pull on some stockings. And gloves too," she said nodding toward the basket that she drew several articles from. "While it isn't cold in the main rooms, we don't allow street clothes. We've found that a good amount of makeup and distracting, form-fitting scanties are the best way for horny men to not recognize who you are on the outside."

She drew up a pair of stockings. They were dark gray and reached well past mid-thigh on Gina who tended toward tallness. They weren't nylons; they were much closer to knee high socks on steroids. They gave a nice shape and tone to Gina's legs. She then pulled on a pair of evening gloves with Pam found a little silly but she knew in the back of her mind there was some practical function to them.

Finally she pulled on a pair of black panties she produced from within the depths of her handbag. They weren't especially sexy—as far as Pam could tell they weren't anything more than simple athletic underwear designed for ease of motion. On her along with the harness and gloves and stockings they looked positively scrumptious.

Pam started to wonder when she had started thinking about Gina in food-related terms that took a positive shine to her sexuality.

“You brought the right kind of panties. No one likes sharing those.”

“Right!” Pam said brightly trying to take away from the fact that she had just been staring. She unzipped her jeans and exposed a similar pair of panties to the ones Gina was now wearing.

“Good, but in the future I'd recommend bringing an extra pair to change into when you're done for the day.”

“Why?” Pam pulled her jeans the rest of the way off and started hunting in the basket for a pair of stockings that would fit her. She knew she had chunky thighs and wanted something that ran a little bigger.

“Sizes go small to large, left to right,” Gina explained. “You're a medium, trust me. You've got great legs.”

“I need to lose twenty pounds.”

“Not here you don't,” Gina said. “They types of guys we get, they like women who are a little on the curvy size. We've got a few women who work once a week and make all the money they need because they need to lose fifty pounds.”

“Really?”

“Men are freaks.” Gina handed over a pair of gloves to Pam. “Are you all set?”

“I'm nervous as hell.”

“That's a good sign. I'll be here to guide you through the entire process.”

“Thank you.”

“Are you willing to have sex for money?” Gina asked her bluntly.

“What?”

The question tripped up Pam. It had been nagging in the back of her mind the entire time since she had read the advertisement. This was all just a front for a prostitution ring. Shit!

“We don’t forbid it specifically in your employment agreement, but...some women are willing to do it for a few trusted clients. How do you think some of us make all the money we need working just one day a week?”

“Having sex for money?” Pam dumbly said.

“No, our clients pay a fee to breastfeed from us. Then, afterwards, some women are willing to go a little farther for a little extra money. Just something to remember.” Gina winked. “Sometimes it’s actually a welcome thing. After a guy’s been sucking on your tits for an hour, sometimes...you get a little worked up and horny. A little relief afterwards isn’t so bad.”

“You’ve done it?” Pam asked, shocked.

Gina said nothing. Winked again, grabbed her newest employee by the hand and led her out of the locker room, through a door, and into what she had been hoping would be an exotic and erotic destination. It wasn’t anything more outlandish than a reception room that could be found in any doctor’s office. The only small difference was the very high window that only exposed the receptionist’s face when she stood up. Gina waved at the woman at the desk. The receptionist was a middle-aged woman wearing a very modest, high-necked dress that would have been at home in any state office building. Gina guided Pam through the reception room and into a corridor that looked like any other office space with closed doors running the length of the hallway.

“Video cameras are in each room for security. We’ve never needed them for security. We have used them a few times at the request of a client’s need for a memento. Don’t worry; you get final say in that matter. And a nice cut of the cost.”

“Okay.” That was unexpected.

“You’ll be given a schedule once you have some regular clients. We always have a couple of women on duty for walk-ins, but this is mostly by appointment. Most women can do two men a day—at most. We’ll see how you do after a few weeks. Right now we have one man scheduled for this morning. We’ll keep you on duty for this afternoon, if that’s okay with you.”

“Do I have a choice?”

“Oh, honey, you always have a choice.” Gina looked at her sadly. “If your heart isn’t in this, then maybe you shouldn’t be doing it.”

Immediately Pam shook her head. “No, no. I want to do this. It’s just new and strange I guess.”

Gina nodded. “If you ever decide this isn’t for you, please, please tell me immediately. You can stop anytime you want. This isn’t for everyone. It’s an incredibly intimate job to be doing with essentially no training. We have one woman who still works part time as a professional physical therapist with quadriplegics. She says this job is tougher.” Gina grinned. “But also more rewarding and not just financially.”

“I’ll let you know,” Pam said trying to find her confidence again. It was increasingly strange to be walking down the corridor dressed exactly like Pam with their breasts exposed for anyone to see. No one else was in evidence but Pam had the impression there was a lot going on behind the closed doors.

Pausing at a door marked 107 Gina smiled. “Your client’s name is Mr. Smith. He’s a nice guy.”

“Are they all named Mr. Smith?” Pam asked with a wry grin.

“Except for the ones named Jones,” Gina confirmed. “We’re a cash business by necessity. Mostly. We use names only for ease of communication and scheduling.” She opened the door and inside was a very nice room, almost like a hotel. It wasn’t at all seedy.

The bed was covered with a nice comforter. There was a pair of chairs, a bookshelf with a few volumes resting on it along with some candles and very plain artwork. A computer sat on a round table in the corner. A dresser hid who-knew-what inside its drawers. Pam’s eyes stayed riveted on the bed. It was easily

wide enough for two.

Gina stepped to the side and pointed out a large button that looked like an intercom buzzer. "Panic button. Hit it and help will come running." She pointed up to a corner of the ceiling where a darkened curved lens was in evidence. "Security camera. Sally Port at reception keeps an eye on everything. She's a former corrections officer from upstate. Don't let her little old lady demeanor throw you. She's tougher than the inmates she kept behind bars. Sweet lady as well."

"Does she...work back here as well?" Pam asked.

The question made Gina laugh. "No. But more than one of our clients has asked her to."

"Huh."

The ceiling light flashed. "And that's the signal your client is here. Remember: his name is Mr. Smith. If he gives you his first name, you can use it, but it's probably a fake. Don't forget you're on camera all the time. Do what you feel is natural."

"Are you staying here with me?" Pam asked in a panic. Her knees had suddenly gone weak, her stomach had dropped into a bottomless pit, and she needed to touch the wall to remain upright.

"I'll stay with you until Mr. Smith arrives. I'll introduce the two of you. He's nice. I've had him before."

Pam wanted to ask if that meant Gina had simply breastfed him or if she had had sex with him but it was too late. There was a knock on the door and Gina opened it.

In her heart she had been hoping that Mr. Smith was young, dashing, handsome, muscular, and wanted to sweep her off her feet and into a life of adventure. It turned out he was plain, of average height and average looks. He was nicely dressed in a suit and tie, as if he were going to a day at the office, maybe he worked in a bank or accounting business. "Hello, Gina. Fancy meeting you here."

Gina nodded her head. "I'm afraid you won't be sampling me today, Mr. Smith," she replied. "This is Pam. She's new, as you know. Don't be too rough with her."

"Never," he replied.

And with that Gina was out the door so quickly Pam didn't realize she had left.

"Hello," Mr. Smith said as he extended his hand to Pam. She wanted to cover up her tits with her hands, but instead she shook his hand. "Today is your first day?" he asked as he removed his suit jacket and hung it from a hook on the back of the door. He didn't exactly leer at her chest but he didn't mask the fact he was checking out her tits.

"Yes," was all she could say.

"I like to sample a little bit from everyone here," Mr. Smith explained. "I've got a standing request with Gina to be the first with any new girls."

She tried to peg his age and decided somewhere between forty and fifty. Maybe. It was hard to say. He had a few wrinkles on his face, but had a boyish charm and thick blond hair. "I suppose I've got to start with someone."

He gestured to the bed indicating she should lie down and Pam followed his suggestion. He rolled up his sleeves and pulled off his tie. Mr. Smith knew exactly what he was doing and positioned her body the way he wanted and pressed his against hers. Such quick intimacy wasn't what Pam was used to but it was what was expected at this new job. Oddly, he didn't dive right in and start sucking on her tit, instead he inhaled her scent, sniffing at her exposed breasts.

She looked down at him with a bit of surprise. He caught the look and said, "I can smell milk on a woman. There's a woman in my office I know is lactating but I also know she doesn't have any kids. I want to ask her...but how does one approach that question?"

Pam shrugged. Mr. Smith found that motion fetching because it caused her breasts to shake and shimmy. That was enough. He lowered his lips and drew in one of the nipples.

His mouth was warm and inviting. The suction wasn't terribly strong but the sensation of a man's lips on her nipple was intense because of the newness and

the strangeness. Pam shivered once in anticipation of what was to happen. His hand when to her hip and rested there, his warm fingers separated from her skin only by the thin material of her panties. He sucked a few times and then paused. She was nervous and hoped that it wasn't acting against her. He sucked again and then she felt it, her milk letting down and starting to flow.

It was a wonderful sensation and she allowed herself to experience every bit of it. Mr. Smith drew her closer and increased the intensity of his suckling. She rested one hand on his side, feeling his body through his shirt and the other on top of his head. He didn't use any gel on his hair. That was good.

The surprising thing wasn't that she so easily accepted what she was doing for money. No, the surprising thing was how much she enjoyed her new line of work. That she hadn't been ready for. It was nice. It was enjoyable. It was comforting. It was...turning her on.

Pam should have known better. She always had liked having her tits and nipples played with by her boyfriends. A little sucking was always welcome before full on sex. A little pinching was a good way to make her squirm with desire. At one point when she was having trouble cumming with anything less than her vibrator set to full power and pressed directly to her clit the only thing that could make her cum during straight sex or casual masturbation was a strong pinch to her nipple.

There was no way to prevent it. Pam's sighs and slightly suppressed moans started filling the close air of the small room. If he was put off by this, Mr. Smith gave no indication at all. He continued nursing from her breast, drawing the nipple deep into his mouth, holding it there a moment, then releasing it. She couldn't tell if he was getting any milk from her but at that point she didn't care. Her fingers tightened against his side and clutched his scalp to the point of ripping through his skin.

When he moved Pam was certain he was trying to push free from her too intense embrace. She was wrong. He was just shifting from one breast to the other. Her free—and now drained—tit pointed up to the ceiling. Looking down she noted it was glistening slightly with Mr. Smith's saliva. The nipple contracted and hardened in the cool air. Pam barely noticed. She had already closed her eyes when Mr. Smith wrapped his lips around her other nipple and sucked it into his warm mouth. She sighed and snuggled up to him.

Everything about the moment told her to stop what she was doing and feeling. There wasn't anything wrong with liking her new job—was there? She was fairly certain it was okay to like her job. It wasn't a good idea to have the feelings that were currently ruling her mind. She had a sudden affection for Mr. Smith. Too quickly she put the label of love on those emotions. She knew she wasn't in love with him. She was just in love with that his mouth was doing to her body, more specifically to her tits and nipples. Anyone could make these sensations in her body as long as they had a mouth that could suck milk from her breasts. That was dangerous she knew. Such rampant emotions needed to be kept under control at all times. She needed to control herself.

Hardening her resolve she didn't allow her mind to explore the emotions she was having and simply dug her fingers into Mr. Smith's flesh.

In response he slipped his fingertips underneath the elastic band to her panties. If another man whom she had just met had done such a thing to her she would have freaked out. However, under what circumstances would a near stranger would have stuck his fingers in her panties? But Mr. Smith had been sucking on her nipples and as a consequence she was more than willing to do whatever he asked of her.

She slightly shifted and moved her hip to indicate to him to go ahead. She wasn't interested in just giving him her milk right now. She wanted him to shove his fingers in her cunt.

Abruptly Mr. Smith pulled back off her nipple. "You don't have much milk," he said after briefly licking his lips.

"I'm sorry," Pam automatically replied. What else could she say?

"It okay, what you did have was very sweet." He hadn't moved his fingers away from just inside her panties. She took that as a good sign. If he wanted to talk a bit first, that was fine with her.

"Thank you." There was only one way to take that: as a compliment.

"It's probably because you've just started producing. The milk you have is very concentrated. That's not at all bad. Sweetness is good." Mr. Smith got a faraway look in his eyes, as if he were half-dreaming. "But I'm sure other men will want more volume. Volume is good too. At this point I'd just suggest that you start

drinking a lot more water. That'll help your volume increase."

"I'll do that," she said obediently and flicked her eyes downward to where his hand still rested on her hip.

If he noticed her subtle glance Mr. Smith gave no indication. "How did you like your first time?" he asked with a playful smile.

"I...enjoyed it," she said with confidence. "I almost felt like a virgin."

He chuckled a bit at that statement. "You aren't really a virgin, are you?" he asked. "You are awfully young. It wouldn't be the first time a woman your age and innocence got involved in this sort of thing."

She raised her eyebrows. "You think I'm innocent?"

"Are you?" he asked with complete seriousness.

"No!" she replied with exaggerated exasperation. "I lost my virginity two days after my eighteenth birthday."

"Eager to get rid of it?" he asked.

"Very. Unfortunately my high school boyfriend was a lousy lay and a lousier person. I was too much into appearances at that point in my life."

"Are you less innocent now?" he asked, teasing a bit.

She leaned forward into him, softly dragging her breasts across his face. "I'm not innocent at all."

"How not innocent?" he asked as he pushed his hand deeper into her panties. She wished his hand was cupping her pussy, but it was instead on her hip. He was just touching more innocent skin. Skin she would let anyone touch. She wanted him to touch her pussy, to penetrate her and do with her as he pleased.

"Completely un-innocent," she assured him.

"Are you a capitalist?" he asked her as he slightly edged his hand toward the front of her panties, exactly where she wanted him to be headed.

“What?” The question threw her. She hadn’t been expecting an economic or philosophical discussion; she hadn’t had classes in either of those subjects since her sophomore year of college.

“Are you a capitalist?” he asked her again. “Are you willing to exchange money for goods and services?” His hand continued its slow progress toward her pussy and only stopped when the edge of his fingers reached the border of her carefully shaved and sculpted pubic triangle.

She understood his meaning. “Yes. I’m a capitalist.”

His fingers continued their progress over her pubic curls. “I’m glad to hear that. Do you want to negotiate a price for a service you can provide me?”

Right as she opened her mouth to answer his hand fully covered her pussy and he pressed down, compacting her clitoris. That felt good. Pam couldn’t think straight. “I’m too distracted to negotiate right now,” she managed to say.

“You’ll have to trust me to give you proper payment of services rendered,” he said. In the back of her mind she wondered if he was an accountant or a lawyer. From the way he talked he could be either. Or maybe a college professor. He didn’t look like any of Pam’s professors.

Mr. Smith’s finger pushed up into her vag. That felt really good. Pam opened up her legs a bit to give him better access. Only then did she remember that her panties were still on. Desperately she scrabbled at them wanted to push them off to give Mr. Smith all the access to her body that he needed.

Almost immediately his hand and hers got tangled in her panties as she tried to push them off. “Slow down,” he instructed her. “There’s no hurry.”

There actually was, she wanted to tell him. She wanted—needed—to be fucked by him but she couldn’t say that. Could she? “Okay.” Her voice was shaky.

“Do you want me to just finger you or fuck you?”

The words were barely out of his mouth when she blurted out, “Fuck me!”

He laughed at her and her face went right red with shame. And even that emotion she enjoyed, but she wasn’t going to tell him that. “Maybe I should

charge you for my services,” he commented.

At that point Pam would have agreed to any suggestion he made. She was panting with anticipation. Her pussy was wet and had only one single finger inside it. She needed a cock inside her pussy. More than anything else she wanted Mr. Smith’s cock inside her pussy right then and there. “No,” she managed to say.

“No you don’t want me to fuck you?” he asked.

“No. Yes. Yes,” she said trying to come to her senses. “I want you to fuck me. And I’m going to charge you for the privilege.” After she said the words she realized she was making herself a whore—and the moment after that she didn’t care if she was a whore. She needed the money and wanted his cock.

Mr. Smith showed he was experienced in bed—or at least with inexperienced women. He disentangled their hands from her panties and pulled them from her legs, exposing her pussy. She rolled to her back as he stood up from the bed. For a panicked moment Pam was certain he was going to leave her in the room alone. He didn’t. Instead he quickly removed his shirt and pants. Then, walking naked, he went to the small dresser on the far wall and extracted something from the top drawer.

“Condom,” he said, showing her the packet as he tore it open and rolled the bit of latex onto his erect cock. When had he gotten erect, she wondered. It didn’t matter. He wanted this as much as her. That was obvious. “Please don’t be offended,” he said. “But I barely know you and you barely know me, even with all the tests that the Collective puts us through there’s always the risk of disease.” Maybe he was a doctor, she speculated. “Plus, I don’t want to knock you up either.”

“I’m not offended,” she said as he got on top of her. It felt strange to be fucking while wearing the halter, gloves, and stockings, but that also made her feel a bit sexy. He was naked. That was good. She was used to fucking naked. Every time she had fucked when she was partially or mostly closed it had been a quick, unsatisfying event.

Mr. Smith’s cock slipped right into her wet and waiting pussy. She moaned with relief as he filled her up. A new cock was always a thing of new delight. Although she had fucked less than a dozen men in her life they all filled her in a

different way. Comparing how each cock fitted her was a pastime she kept to herself. She didn't want to get a reputation of a slut.

Mr. Smith's cock stretched her in all the right places. He wasn't huge or tiny. That was good. The way he used it made her clit sing with happiness and almost too quickly she was cumming. She liked the long anticipatory build up to an orgasm, but maybe that's what the nursing and capitalism talk was all about. The orgasm wasn't incredibly intense, but it lasted a long time. She knew she was moaning uncontrollably during the long process. When she was done and was able to reopen her eyes Mr. Smith was looking down at her with a grin on his face.

"You're beautiful when you cum," he told her.

"Thank you," she replied with embarrassment.

"I'd better get going," he added as he pulled his softening cock from her pussy.

"What? Wait! You didn't cum yet."

In reply he pulled the condom from his member and held it up for her to inspect. The reservoir was filled with thick, creamy fluid. He had undoubtedly cum.

"When did that happen?" she asked in amazement.

"I'm pretty sure you went to another world while you were cumming," he told her.

She laid there on the bed, stunned, as he quickly dressed and said, "I'll settle up with the front desk on my way out. Don't worry. They know how to charge me for your services rendered."

"Thanks," was all Pam could think to say.

And then he was gone. She lay there a minute before there was a knock at the door. Without her saying anything the door opened and Gina walked in.

"So...how was your first time?"

Chapter Two

Although she hadn't realized it, Pam had been on an emotional high from the moment Mr. Smith's lips had touched her nipple until he had left the room. The moment Gina came back in she came crashing down. Tears burst from her eyes and she sobbed a few times.

Gina slid on the bed next to her, wrapped her arm around Pam's shoulders, and comforted her the best she could. "It's okay, honey, it's okay. It happens to the best of us. I would have stopped everything if I thought anything was wrong, but it looked like you were having a good time."

Her words reminded Pam that everything that had happened in the room had been recorded on camera. That was sobering and she immediately stopped her bawling.

"No, no, that's not it at all."

Pam's abrupt recovery gave Gina pause. "What?"

"I wasn't crying."

"I hate to tell you, honey, but you were."

Wiping her cheeks with her hands, Pam shook her head. "No, no. Okay, yes, I was crying. But not because I just had sex for money."

Gina looked askance at her. "Are you sure?"

Pam nodded emphatically. "Positive. I mean, it was a little bit weird to be doing that, but what's the difference of having sex for money and letting a strange breast feed from me for money. It's just a matter of degrees, really. What's that anecdote about Winston Churchill and the woman at the state dinner? 'Would you sleep with me for a million pounds?' 'I very well might,' she said. 'Would you sleep with me for a pound?' 'Certainly not. How would you even suggest such a thing?' 'Ma'am, we've already established your character, now we're just

haggling over price.” Pam let out a desperate sob combined with a choking laugh. “I’ve already decided who I am, now I’ve come to realize how far I will go.”

Through Pam’s dissertation Gina had simply regarded her blandly and now she repeated the question she had asked already. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“I’m fine,” Pam said adding a bit of steel to her voice. “First time’s the hardest, right?”

Gina had to agree. That was the truth with her as well. “It was for me.”

“It’ll get easier,” Pam said mostly to herself. “Truth be told, I enjoyed it a lot more than I thought I would. I’d let him fuck me for free,” she added. The last words were directly addressed to Gina. “Will he have me again?”

To that Gina nodded. “I should think so. He happily paid the normal nursing fee, plus your comfort upgrade—that’s what we call it,” she added with a wink, “and then left you a tip as well. You might not need to work for us more than once a month if you keep this up.”

Walking with some pride down to the reception area, her large breasts bouncing and exposed for everyone to see—although no one saw them other than Sally the receptionist—Pam collected her daily earnings and tried not to be amazed at the amount of cash she suddenly had in hand.

“This is a lot of money,” she muttered to herself. Sally overheard her.

“We can deposit it for you if you like,” Sally offered. “It’s just a simple account we can set up. Some of the women get nervous about carrying around a lot of money.”

Although she was tempted, Pam shook her head. She liked the feel of the cash in her hand. “No. I’ll be fine. I look like a poor college student. No one is going to bother me.”

The money was good—the money was very good—but Pamela wasn’t about to slack off now that she had a job that paid real money even if none of her college

education was directly useful for it. She signed up for as many available shifts as possible, all but one of them were for walk in appointments. The first walk in shift available Pam did nothing but sit and wait. It felt like a wasted afternoon.

“It’s often like that,” Sally told her. This was confirmed by Gina.

“Walk ins are rare, but if you get the right opportunity it can turn into something wonderful.”

Her one scheduled appointment was with a Mr. Barnes. He was a sweet older man, Sally said. She was exaggerating slightly. He was a nice man but he wasn’t older. He was old enough to be Pam’s grandfather. Still, she needed the money and if she refused, how long would they allow her to work.

Settling onto the bed of 107 she patted the sheets next to her, inviting Mr. Barnes to share the bed.

He shook his head. “I want to see you play with your tits first,” he requested.

She looked askance at him. “Really?”

He eagerly nodded his bald head. He was a cute old man, not at all creepy. He probably had a wife at home who couldn’t do this for him, Pam had decided. Or he was a widower. There was no wedding band on his finger, but that didn’t mean anything. Maybe his wife used to lactate for him and now that she’s passed on, there was no other way for him to indulge in his kink. And at his age, could he even get it up let alone cum? “I want to see how far you can spray your milk. I like that.”

Pam shrugged. “Okay.” Her tits were already on display in her harness. Over the past week she had been working extra hard with her breast pump two times a day. Sometimes three times if she was bored. It wouldn’t get her horny, exactly, but it would pique her interest in getting laid. She hadn’t turned that into anything productive. She should have gone out to a bar at least, or maybe cruised a dating website for men into lactation kink, but instead all Pam did was jill off and think about the money she had earned with her body.

She knew her milk volume had increased because the pump was working well and she could extract almost a half cup from each breast at every session. To do this she had been forced into doubling the amount of water she drank which

certainly helped with the milk production, but also made her pee much more than she liked. It was a pain in the ass getting up once or twice in the middle of the night to pee.

The results were much to Mr. Barnes delight. Pam massaged her exposed breasts for a minute, using a gentle rolling and squeezing to prepare her tits. Performing for someone was also new and she took some pleasure in that as well. Once she felt her milk starting to let down she allowed her body to relax and concentrated on her right breast. That was the one that always seemed full. With one hand she massaged and expressed herself. With the other she pinched the nipple a bit. That part wasn't necessary but she liked it and Mr. Barnes didn't object. Pam could feel her panties getting wet as the process was played out. She wondered if they would fuck when they were done with the milk play.

The spray of milk was much greater than she had expected. Always before she had used the breast pump to stimulate her tits and this was the first time she had really expressed herself in the open air. There were several streams of milk spraying in all directions. She knew that there were multiple ducts in her nipples—that she had learned from watching the breast pump—but to see it spray out like a showerhead was truly shocking. It might have been an exaggeration to say her spray reached halfway across the room, but it wasn't much of an exaggeration.

Mr. Barnes clapped his hands together once with glee. “Oh wonderful! Now the other one. I want to see you do it with both tits.”

She followed his request and repeated the procedure with her left breast. This took slightly less effort than her right—the pump was primed as it were. The volume and distance of the spray was equal to the right. She grinned at him triumphantly. “You like that?” she asked, giving a little squeeze again. The milk only reached her stockings this time, wetting them a bit. She was only teasing him now. She wanted to be nursed; she didn't want to hand express herself.

“Most wonderful,” he agreed. “Now both at once. One hand on each tit.”

It took a moment to get into position and felt a little strange because she didn't normally handle both her boobs at once, but once she had the motion and pressure regulated, it was easy to spray more milk over her halter, her lap to soak her stockings, the bed, the floor, and who knows where else.

She squeezed a few more times, spraying her milk in every direction. Mr. Barnes was fascinated and thrilled by the display. His delight was obvious which only confused Pam when he suddenly cried out, “No, no! Stop it now!”

Stopping in mid-squeeze she looked at him in bewilderment. “What?”

He didn’t directly answer her. Instead he crossed the room as quickly as his aged legs would carry him, knelt down in front of her—padding his knees on the floor with a pillow from the bed—and proceeded to lick the little drops of milk from her bountiful breasts. It wasn’t exactly what Pam had been expecting, but it certainly wasn’t harmful and it was well within the bounds of what she was expected to provide to her customers.

The cleaning job he performed on her tits was very thorough, which she expected once he started. Not one square millimeter of her exposed chest flesh went unlicked. When that was done he moved on to actually sucking on her nipples. She didn’t enjoy his suckling nearly as much as what Mr. Smith had done, but it was enjoyable enough. He was a cute old man. She tried to push out of her mind that he was old enough to be her grandfather.

She didn’t like the position he had put her in. Sitting on the edge of the bed wasn’t so bad, but for the long stretch of getting nursed, it became uncomfortable. How he managed to endure kneeling for such a long period was beyond her. The stimulation to her tits was going straight to her pussy despite all the circumstances of awkward positioning and age discrepancies. She wanted to grind her pussy against something firm—preferably a cock but between her thighs would do for the moment. Her hand wouldn’t be a bad option either.

Finally he was done. Mr. Barnes broke the latch he had on her left breast and licked his lips with satisfaction. “You’re a good milker,” he complimented her. “Very sweet as well. You’ve got a lot going for yourself.”

“Thank you,” she said, accepting the outlandish compliment. “Is there anything else I can do for you?” She could only half-believe what she was saying. She didn’t really want to have sex with him, but the lure of money was strong. Plus she was turned on by his eager suckling so it wouldn’t be too bad. Maybe he had a lifetime of experience that would be more than worth the effort she would have to put forth.

“Whatever do you mean, my dear?” From his tone it was impossible to tell if he

was playing innocent or playing a game.

“Aren’t your knees a little sore?” she asked to draw out the game. “Wouldn’t you like to lay down next to me on the bed here. And something more?” Did she have to say outright I’ll fuck you for cash?

“I was an altar boy for years,” he said. “I’ve got strong knees.”

“Oh.” Pam didn’t have a better reply to his odd statement. Who admits to being an altar boy to the woman he just nursed from?

“And if you’re asking if I want to have sex with you, the answer is, unfortunately, no.” He sighed. “I wish the answer was yes.”

“I’d be happy to give you a blowjob,” she offered.

He laughed but not at her. “Thank you for the offer, but I can hardly get it hard nowadays.” His lips twisted into a sad smile at his terrible choice of words. “I’ve considered getting a little something in the way of a pill to help me out but...I’ve been going to the same doctor for thirty years. He knows my wife is dead.”

The words he spoke broke Pam’s heart. She would have gladly had sex with him at that moment just to bring a little joy to his life. But—according to him—that wasn’t possible.

“Are you sure?” she asked. There wasn’t much point to the question, but it was all she could think of.

“I’m positive, I’m positive,” he said as he levered himself back to his feet.

It was a stupid risk but Pam had to know. “I have to ask, Mr. Barnes. Why do you come here? I know this is a service we provide, the milk, but there’s also a sideline business of other services as well.”

“Can’t get fresh breast milk anywhere else around here.”

“Is it because you get to see naked breasts of pretty young women?”

“That’s just a bonus.”

“What did you do before the milk collective opened?”

Mr. Barnes grabbed his hat from the rack and tipped it at her. “There are some things that are shared between a man and a wife that shouldn’t be shared with anyone else.”

Chapter Three

Like any other job, working at the Collective soon became routine. Pam went to work only four days a week, which was nice. Usually she had client lined up in the morning, but just as often she would wait in the reception area for a walk-in. the longer she worked in at the Collective the more her reputation got around. It was odd, as a teenage in high school—and even in college—she didn't want to have a reputation of that sort of girl. Now she did have that reputation, at least among the clients, and she was glad for it. Pam didn't consider herself a slut—not that there was anything wrong with that—but merely a person who had a job working intimately with men. The sex fell into one of two categories: (A) non-existent because the client only wanted milk or (B) fantastic to great. The men were most appreciative of all their suppliers did and when were invited for extra services, they would often perform well above their normal parameters.

She was amazed at the number and variety of men that came through the Collective's door. All ages, all types, all races. It was certainly a fetish many were willing to pay for. Some she only saw once and they never returned. Others started requesting her on a semi-regular basis. She became inured to all of the exposed breasts of the other employees, the odd costumes they wore that were both convenient and sexy, and the tendency of some of the women to be dripping breast milk on a near constant basis.

The presence of washcloths and absorbent pads became part of Pam's life. She was familiar with the idea of breast pads for nursing mothers, but to see all sorts of women need them while in what was supposed to be a place of business, was odd. More than once she had seen an employee coming out of her room holding pads in place over her nipples because the milk flow wouldn't stop. This struck her as odd because she never had that problem and almost always her clients drained her tits dry every time. When she asked one of her coworkers about it, Betty all but laughed in her face.

“You're kidding, right?”

Pam shook her head no. “I was just wondering if I was doing something wrong. I'm trying to get my supply up to where I can have three or four clients a day,

like you.” She now inclined her head toward Betty’s wet and flowing nipples. Betty was thirty-ish with short brown curly hair that had a few well-hidden strands of gray starting to creep in. She had huge tits that were slowly starting to sag with age and overuse.

“First off, Pam. You shouldn’t let your clients completely drain you every time,” Betty instructed as she tossed her pads into a garbage can in the corner of the reception office and grabbed two more from the box on the shelf. She pressed these to her heavy tits and leaned against the doorjamb as she lectured. “That way you can have more clients. You might have some loyalty for the guys currently requesting you—and they tip well, don’t they?”

When she nodded Pam resolved not to tell Betty that most of her earnings came from the sex afterwards and not her actual nursing.

“Those tips will dry up soon enough,” Betty said with a wry grin. “Trust me. Then you’ll have to find new clients. Or steal one from someone else working here. Don’t do it.”

“Right,” Pam agreed.

“Second, back off on the sex. You’ve already got that reputation. We aren’t a whorehouse. Don’t sell your body, sell your milk.” Betty pushed back a stray strand of hair from her eyes. “I’ve earned enough money here to pay for my house. That’s the only reason I work here. And I only offer up milk. Nothing else. My husband would be pissed if I started fucking other guys. Wise up, sweetie, otherwise you’ll be done with this in a year with no place to go.”

She nodded and left the room, her new nipple pads adhered to her tits by the water tension. Pam watched as her ass waggled back and forth as she walked to the locker room.

“Don’t pay her any mind,” Sally said from her position at the front reception desk.

“What?”

“Betty’s been here a long time. She’s a long-term employee and as a result likes things a certain way. New women are a threat to her. Changes are a threat. You can’t do this job forever. She knows that and she’s looking out for herself. You

do that as well. What you do is your choice, though. You need to learn to live with the consequences.”

Pam nodded and smiled. “Gina says you’ve never worked in the rooms, only out here. Ever been tempted?” She didn’t know why she asked Sally the question here and now. It was the only time they every had anything close to a real conversation.

Sally nodded slowly. “Money’s better back there. And it looks like a lot more fun. But some things I can’t make myself do. Tempting but...no.”

A thought flashed through Pam’s mind but she pushed it aside. This wasn’t the time or place. She came at it sideways. “I’ve only ever had male clients. Do we ever get women in here?”

To Pam’s surprise, Sally nodded. “Rarely, but it happens. And not the way you’re thinking of it. Usually the woman comes in with a man—her boyfriend or husband—and watches. She doesn’t usually nurse. At least not from what I’ve seen and heard. I don’t know if a woman who was into women would pay for this. Or if it’s even a kink a lesbian would have. Anyway, it would be easy for her to get her own supply if she really wanted, right?”

“Yeah, right, I guess.”

“So I’ve never heard of a woman coming here to pay for it unless she’s accompanied by her boyfriend. And even that’s rare. Women don’t pay for it. They supply it. Men are the kinky perverts. They’ll fetishize anything and then be willing to pay for it.”

“I understand.”

“Maybe not yet,” Sally said. “But you will, eventually.”

Often it was Mr. Smith who seemed to have an endless supply of money for his fetish and an endless need for fresh breast milk. Pam learned from everyone else that he was in almost every day. Most of the other clients were usually once a week.

“He likes to sample,” Winnow told her as they were discussing clients as they changed back into street clothes at the end of their shift. “He’s had every woman

who has ever worked here.

“He’s had sex with all of us?!” Pam was amazed.

Winnow laughed. She was one of the easygoing employees. She had average sized breasts that didn’t drip constantly, but had extraordinarily large nipples and areolas. Her black hair was always held back in a ponytail. She had never explained her odd name and Pam had never asked. “No, he’s had all of our milk at one time or another.” Her look told Pam she was being judged. “You had sex with him then?”

Pam nodded, a little ashamed at herself. “Yes.”

“Don’t worry. I did once too. It’s okay. No one openly judges you. Just be careful.”

“I will.”

“And make sure he pays you for every privilege.”

“Right.”

Pam had sex with Mr. Smith every time he paid for her milk. She liked having sex with him. She would have liked having sex with him more, but he wasn’t the type of man who wanted to have just one woman.

She, too, wasn’t faithful to him, but that was mostly by necessity. Mr. Barnes was a regular once a week appointment. Letting her hand casually rest on his crotch was appreciated, but he never got hard.

“It’s not going to happen, darling,” he told her.

“If anything changes...” she told him.

Then there was the never-ending carousel of strangers who came in out of curiosity or need or other motivations well beyond her.

There were the two college boys who wanted to share her milk at the same time. That was strange. It was enjoyable to have both her breasts suckled at once, but she didn’t want to have sex with either one of them. She didn’t recognize them

from her college, but they claimed to be seniors and one looked vaguely familiar. When they were done she almost asked if there was anything else she could help them with. They both declined claiming a lack of funds—but she suspected they had an attraction to each other that she couldn't help with. Maybe her nursing them simultaneously was enough to push them beyond their shyness with each other.

There was also Doug who seemed to be a nice enough guy in the reception area...until she got him alone in her room. “Just take off your panties,” he told her. “I just want to fuck you.”

“That’s not a service that we offer here,” she told him flatly.

He shook his head. “That’s not what I’ve been told.” He grinned. “Would you like me to suck on your titties to make you feel good about showing them off?”

Pam’s face soured and she hit the panic button next to the door. She was amazed at the speed of the response and the speed with which he was hustled out of the room, office, and building. The final bit of amazement was how strong Sally proved to be.

“I’ve done this before,” Sally explained.

“Here?”

“No, at my previous job. You’d be surprised at how easily some people are physically controlled.”

That actually would not have surprised Pam. “What about his threats to call the cops on us?” She was suddenly frightened about losing her job and going to jail.

Gina, who had helped with the extract, laughed at the concept. “In doing so he’ll make himself complicit in a crime. We aren’t doing anything illegal here. Besides...I’m on good terms with the local cops.”

“What does that mean?” Pam asked. It didn’t sound right. Were some of her clients police officers?

“I make a generous donation to the police benevolent society every month.”

“Bribery?”

“To use an ugly term. Yes. And I’m sorry about him. That’s not supposed to happen. We use a very good screening system. It usually works.”

“Usually?”

“Usually.”

One man came in, said nothing, when Pam asked him if he wanted to nurse, he just nodded his head. Fifteen minutes later he was done and she never heard from him again.

Sally nodded when Pam mentioned that. “It happens. Some guys try it out once, find it’s not for them, and we never hear from them again.”

“Oh.”

“They’re better than the guys who can’t pay for a second session and whine about deserving a freebie.”

“Does that happen a lot?”

“More than you’d think.”

Then there were the infrequent fliers. Men she saw no more than a handful of times. They were all types, but almost exceedingly polite, almost to a fault. They all eagerly nursed from her heavy breasts and were more than happy to leave quickly. Pam found herself—much to her own surprise—asking them to stay and have sex with her. She was always so turned on by the experience that if they didn’t ask to have sex, she always asked. And she was always disappointed when they said no. often they said yes, which thrilled her to no end, especially when it was an older, refined gentleman. They were always good lovers.

Though there was no typical client though most of the men were middle-aged. Very few were of Mr. Barnes era, and there were almost none who were younger than thirty. It was a thrill when a young man came in and asked for Pam by name. She happily nursed him, letting him get every drop of her precious milk, and even encouraged him to take his time. He didn’t mind her resting her hands all over his body—it was firm with his youthful muscles—and she even went so

far as to place his hand on her hip as he nursed.

When he was done she was so turned on she didn't even ask, she simply pushed her hand down into his jeans, feeling for his hard cock. She knew it was hard, she had felt it against her leg while he was nursing.

"No." The word was flat and Pam was a little offended. What twenty five year old guy said no to the woman giving him her tits?

"What?"

"I'd like to have sex with you, but I can't," he said as he pulled back a bit, but he didn't get out of bed either.

"I think you can," she said as she used her other hand to open up his jeans giving her easier access to his cock. Her dominant hand slid around the taut flesh and smooth skin. It felt perfect in her hand and she stroked it a few times. He responded with a shiver and neither pulled her away or encouraged her to continue. "See," she pointed out. "Your cock works just like any other man's. I'd be happy to show you how."

"I can't," he repeated. "I promised my girlfriend I wouldn't."

This was the first tacit admission from one of her clients that he had an active, ongoing relationship with a woman outside of the Collective. She knew most of her clients had to be in some type of relationship, but she pushed that from her mind at every turn.

"She knows you're here?" Pam asked.

"Yes."

"That's odd...why don't you get her to lactate for you," Pam suggested. It was a stupid suggestion because she was taking money away from the Collective and everyone who worked there.

"She doesn't want to."

That was odd to Pam as well. Even though no man had ever asked her specifically to lactate for him, she couldn't imagine getting involved with

someone now who didn't like to nurse from her. It had become part of her sexuality.

"That's...so sad. I'm sure she wouldn't mind you helping out a girl in need, would she?" Pam had been holding onto his cock and slowly stroking it. He hadn't protested so she hadn't stopped.

"I promised her," he said.

"I won't tell her," Pam replied as she climbed on top of him and pulled aside her panties. She didn't like to fuck with her panties on, but she didn't want to lose him in the heat of the moment either.

Just as she was lowering her hips onto him, her lips had opened up beautifully and had started engulfing his cock head, he found his courage and physically pushed her back. She rolled away and he quickly zipped up. "I'm sorry," he said and bolted for the door.

"Not even for free?" she asked as the door closed behind him.

"Never give it away for free," Gina warned her. "Justin is a nice guy, he's sampled the other girls before and wanted to try you. But don't give it away for free, honey, okay?"

Pam nodded at the other woman's sage advice. She would have happily fucked him. Only afterwards did she realize it was a bad idea. She was about to mount him without a condom and that seemed the stupidest thing in the world.

It was a week later and she was laying on her side, looking down at the top of Mr. Smith's head as he eagerly nursed from her. She was so used to seeing him on a regular basis that just the sight of him made her milk let down. By the time they got to her working room, her nipples were already dripping with milk.

Today Pam let him take his time nursing. She let him suck and savor every drop from her tits. She pressed her leg against his hard cock, still hidden by his pants, and slowly moved her thigh up and down, encouraging him to grow bigger and harder for her. It was a thoroughly enjoyable session.

By mutual unspoken agreement she pulled off her panties and rolled to her back while he rolled a condom onto his cock. Mr. Smith never fucked with all his clothes off. She didn't mind that. Today he kept on his shirt and tie, pushing down his pants far enough to get everything important out and on display.

Their fucking was intense. Pam had little to do other than offer her body. Mr. Smith used it in the way that he enjoyed and consequently she enjoyed the session as well.

As he was putting his clothes back into place he asked, "Next Tuesday for our regular session?"

This was the hard part. The part she had been dreading. "No. I can't."

At first he wasn't upset or disturbed. "Oh. Do you have some other obligation? Is there a better time, or should we just push back to Thursday?"

She shook her head. "No. It's not going to happen."

That puzzled Mr. Smith. "What?"

"I've got another obligation. A new job. It doesn't pay as well as this but...it's what I actually want to be doing with my life."

"Oh." Strangely, he wasn't angry at all. That relieved Pam a bit. "Well, I'm sorry to hear you won't be working here any longer, though it's nice to hear you have a job that you want to be doing." He paused. "You know, a lot of the women here work part time. I'm happy to shift our sessions if you want a little extra income on the side."

It was tempting, so tempting for so many reasons. Money. Pleasure. Sex. Her new need to feel male lips on her tits. But Pam had resolved to leave this job behind. It had been perfect for her needs when she started, but life changed and she didn't want to be a lactating prostitute for the rest of her life. She wanted something else.

"No. I can't. I don't want to be doing this any longer. I won't be coming back. Ever." She sighed and ran a finger under one eye, hiding the tear that had been creeping out. "I'll miss it, but I can't do it forever."

Mr. Smith nodded and made a non-committal noise. "Some of the women have been here more than ten years, as far as I know."

"I'm not them."

"Obviously,." Mr. Smith pulled out his wallet and opened it up.

"No, no. No extra tips. Just go to the front desk as usual," Pam found herself saying. It was the same spiel she would deliver to any over-appreciative client.

He looked up with a grin and instead of pulling money out, he produced a business card and handed it to her. "This is my card. Give me a call sometime, would you?"

Pam took the card but didn't read it. She didn't want to know his true name. "I won't be doing private sessions either," she said, though it killed her to say the words. She had already planned ahead and was going to taper off her milk supply with slowly decreasing sessions using a breast pump. "Sorry."

He shook his head. "No. Give me a call if you want to go out on a date sometime. I'm available." With that he nodded to her once and was out the door, leaving Pam alone in the middle of the room. She felt her breasts wanting to well up with a little more milk for him, but they were exhausted for the moment.

The card was clenched in her hand. She was afraid to look at it but she knew she would.

Eventually.

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.

He can be reached at elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com. He posts to his blog at elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com. Follow on Twitter @GreenBushPub.

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Odette Odalisque

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

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 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

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