

# **The Milk Maids**

**By: Crimson Rose**

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## Chapter 1: The Experiment

Dr. Nadine Holt stepped back from the lab table and smiled. She turned to her associate, Dr. Gregory Malcolm, and gave him a pat on the back. "If this new drug works on humans as well as it does the lab mice we are going to be rolling in the dough," she exclaimed.

The two doctors have been working on an experimental drug to induce, and increase, lactic fluid in females. In short, they were working on a drug that would cause non-pregnant women to produce large quantities of breast milk.

Although induced lactation was a viable method, it took drugs, hormone treatments, and a long time to produce the quantities necessary to feed a newborn. All tests indicate that with their method the patient could see results in as little as a week, with full production in about a month.

"Now all we need is a few women to test the drug on," Nadine said.

"The board has given us clearance for human trials," Gregory said. "I suggest a small sample base to start. I think ten women is a good place to start."

"Sounds good to me," Dr. Hold replied. "We'll get everything set up in the morning." She helped her partner clean up the lab. He didn't see the small bottle she put in the pocket of her lab coat.

Dr. Nadine Holt had a little experiment of her own to run. She drove home, thinking of her plan along the way. It was rather simple really. She would hire a cute, young woman to work as her live-in maid. She would place a little bit of the drug into the maid's drink and watch her reactions to her new milk-filled breasts. With all good luck she might even get to drink from them.

Nadine was a bisexual woman. She loved the female form as much or more than most men did. She also happened to love breast milk. She had secretly been taking the experimental drug for the last six months to wondrous results. Her breasts went from a paltry 34b to a nice firm 34d. She produced enough milk now to feed ten babies a day, or several hungry adults. She loved nursing. One might even say she was borderline obsessed with it. Nothing seemed to get her off more than a man or woman sucking on her large nipples, drawing out the nourishing liquid inside except maybe a man and woman sucking on her milk-filled breasts at the same time. The thought sent a shiver of excitement through the young doctor's body.

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Cynthia Hargrove walked dejectedly out of yet another business. Since losing her job as a tax consultant last month, she was finding it difficult to land another job. She was either over qualified, or had no relevant skills for the job she was interviewed for. She had tried everything from fast food to another consultant job with no luck. She was running low on funds and had to find something fast or else she would find herself living in her car.

She did get a job at a local strip club, but that lasted all of one night. She was sexy enough. She was twenty-seven, but didn't look a day over twenty. She kept in great shape by doing palates and a two mile morning run every day. She had long reddish-blonde hair, blue-green eyes, and a smile that could charm the hate out of the devil.

She was very likable, and could also dance. That wasn't the problem. The problem with stripping is you never know who will see you butt naked at any given time. Her first night on the job started out great. She danced and stripped to a few numbers before everything went to embarrassment hell. It was during her second routine, after her lunch break that her worst nightmare happened. She was twirling around the dance pole, her large firm breasts bouncing

enticingly when she spotted him. Sitting at a table with three of his friends was Mike Hargrove... her father. She ran off the stage in humiliation and never looked back.

Cynthia grabbed a newspaper and headed home. She searched the wanted ads for anything. T this point she was becoming desperate. She was about to toss the paper away in frustration when a small ad caught her eye.

*Live-in maid needed. GREAT pay and benefits. Please contact Dr. Nadine Holt at...*

Cynthia circled the ad and got up. She was about to call the number when she had second thoughts. She soon found herself pacing across the living room floor. She did this a lot of late. "Do I really want to be a maid?" she said to her cat Bella. "The ad is for a live-in maid. Would the doctor allow me to bring you along? I'm about to lose the damn house anyways. Maybe this is the break I need." She picked up the adorable grey tabby cat and gave her a few pets before depositing her on the stand. She picked up the phone and called the number.

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Cynthia pulled into the driveway of a massive home. It wasn't quite a mansion, but it was damn close. It was certainly much larger than her own two-bedroom home. An attractive woman opened the door. "You must be Cynthia," the woman said. "Please, come in. I am Doctor Nadine Holt. You can call me Nadine." Nadine led Cynthia into the living room.

"Please have a seat," Nadine said sitting in a large, plush recliner. Cynthia took a seat on the couch. "So Cynthia, are you married?"

"No, ma'am," Cynthia replied. "I am single." She missed the slight smile Nadine gave at the response.

"Are you able to up and move in order to work as a live-in maid?"

"I don't think that will be an issue. I do have a cat though. I could never leave her behind. She is declawed and spade. She is very friendly and lovable."

"A cat is no problem. I have plenty of room for her to run around. Now, have you ever worked as a maid before?"

"Only so far as keeping my own home spotlessly clean. I have never done it as an actual job for someone else though.

The conversation went on for more than two hours. By the time it was over doctor Nadine Holt knew everything she needed to know about Cynthia, from her work to medical history. Cynthia got the job and both women couldn't be happier.

All Nadine could think about the entire time was how much larger Cynthia's already large breasts were going to get on the drug. She lost her train of thought more than once thinking of burying her face in the young woman's massive knockers. She imagined sucking on large nipples and drinking the sweet nectar within. She felt herself getting wet more than once. She was going to hire the woman at any cost. If not for the experiment, at least for the view and the hope Cynthia was bisexual as well.

Cynthia was beyond excited at her turn of luck. Not only did she finally land a job, but it was going to allow her to save quite a lot of money and all she had to do was keep house for a rich doctor.