

Claimed by Eli

Crimson Rose

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Dishes done, floors swept and laundry in the wash, I was just about to get started on the dusting when my phone chimed letting me know I had a text. Welcoming the break, I dropped the rag on the coffee table and picked up the phone. Opening the text, I read a message from a number I did not recognize.

Do not forget your presence is requested tonight at 7 at the Hamilton Estate. Dress in the outfit provided and prepare for a wild night.

Um, I think you've got the wrong number. I replied back.

This is Natasha Kirby, right?

It is, but I don't know you or anything about any outfit or the Hamilton estate.

If this is a joke it isn't funny. The next thing you're going to tell me is you're not producing large quantities of the most delicious milk in the tristate area. Seriously...Hamilton Estates at 7 and don't be late.

Okay, now I was really confused. There were only a handful of people that knew I was lactating and this person definitely was not one of them. *Seriously... I have no fucking idea who you are, what you've got planned at the Hamilton Estate or how you know I'm lactating but you've got the wrong damn person.*

Tell me if I get anything wrong. Natasha Kirby. 22, 5'8", 132lbs. grey eyes and blonde hair with lingering hints of red from when you dyed it. And who could forget those perfect 38D's and never-ending supply of milk? And if that isn't enough to convince you that I've got the right person you once let a woman fist your ass at a party for \$3,000.

The list of people that knew all of that information about me dropped from a handful to exactly one and since I did not recognize the phone number I did not think it was my best friend Monica, though I would not put it by her to play such a trick on me just to see how I would react. *Very funny Monica, but I'm not falling for your tricks this time.*

My name is not Monica and this is no joke. Your presence has been requested at the Hamilton Estate tonight at 7. Wear the outfit provided and don't be late. Also, your milk is in high demand so no draining until the party.

I still don't know what you mean by the outfit provided and I am not going to some party to have my milk drained.

Did you not get a package today?

I actually did, but in my rush to do some much needed house cleaning it remained unopened on the kitchen table. *Yes, but I did not open it.*

Do so. It is all you are permitted to wear tonight. See you there.

Phone in hand, I walked to the kitchen and stared at the cardboard box sitting on the table. The address was actually from a company called DF Productions in Rome, Wisconsin which, best guestimate was about eighteen-hundred miles away. Grabbing a knife from the junk drawer, I sliced through the tape and pulled the flaps back. Laying on a piece of cardboard covering the contents below was an envelope with OPEN FIRST written across it. Shrugging, I cut the tape keeping it affixed and withdrew the contents – a folded piece of paper and a check made out to me for a whopping ten grand.

“HOLY FUCK! There's no way in hell this is real!” I exclaimed as I turned my attention to the letter I held in my now trembling left hand.

Natasha,

Even if a fraction of the things I've heard about you are true then I can't wait to meet you this evening for what shall hopefully be one hell of a party. Enclosed is a check for \$10,000 and the outfit I would like for you to wear. Consider the first a down payment for your services and the latter my gift to you. Should you decide not to attend the check will be canceled but you may keep the outfit for your trouble. I sincerely hope you do not back out as I for one am dying to taste the milk I've heard so much about.

- G. Hamilton

Sitting the letter and check on the table, I lifted the cardboard cover and looked down at what appeared to be latex garments with a distinct cow pattern. Removing the first – which were a pair of long opera gloves, I sat them on the table and pulled out a pair of thigh-high boots and a matching latex peek-a-boo corset with attached garters. Next was a headband with horns and cow ears attached and a black collar with magnetic clasp and small cow bell attached to the front o-ring. The last item – a new in the box butt plug with attached cow tail caused me to gasp in shock. If not for the fact some random stranger sent it to me then for its huge size.

I opened the box and looked at my outfit. There's no way in hell I'm wearing that to a party even for \$10,000.

That is but a down payment. Arrive at 7 in full costume, perform your duties as a dairy cow and you'll make far more than that.

You don't have enough money to pay me to do that.

No, but the Hamiltons do and from what I understand, the going rate for dairy cows these days is a quarter million dollars. More if they wear their outfits and perform their duties as instructed.

"FUCKING HELL!" I exclaimed. How do I know they'll actually pay me that much money? What are these duties you speak of?

They are the Hamiltons. A quarter million is a drop in the bucket. Plus, I've been their middle-man for the better part of a decade and they have never cheated anyone. I would think the duties of a dairy cow were self-evident. Guests get thirsty and you provide the thirst-quenching deliciousness that is your breast milk.

I've only ever been fisted once and there's no way in hell that plug is going to fit.

Make it fit because it will be checked to ensure you did not switch it out for a smaller one.

I'm still not comfortable with the idea of strangers drinking my milk even for that kind of money.

I am authorized to offer half a million, but you'll have to obey every command without hesitation or complaint or you lose it all.

How long is this party going to last? How many guests?

Until the sun comes up and close to one hundred. Don't worry, you're not the only dairy cow invited. I need to know right now if you're in or if I'm going to need to find a last minute replacement.

Half a million?

If, and only if, you obey every command without hesitation or complaint. In or out?

I have no idea what I'm getting myself into and I'll probably regret it, but I'm in. I'll be there at 7.

Glad to hear it. If I were you I'd get started on stretching that sexy ass of yours to accommodate the tail and I look forward to seeing you tonight. Oh, and one final thing. These parties are invite and need to know only so no telling anyone about it. There will be waivers and other forms to sign before the party so please arrive on time.

Sitting my phone on the table, I picked the box containing the plug and tail up and turned it over in my hands. It has been nearly two years since I was fisted and had done anal only a few times since. Opening the box, I withdrew the items. The tail was surprisingly high quality and very flexible. The plug was heavy and made of smoothly polished metal. According to the box it measured an impressive nine inches long and three and a half at the thickest. With no other toys in the house that even came close, the only choice I had was to work it in a little as a time until my asshole remembered the fisting it once took and gaped open to swallow the behemoth.

Forgetting the dusting and other chores, I thoroughly cleaned the massive butt plug and took it to my bedroom. Going to the closet I grabbed the bottle of lube from the back shelf. *I must be out of my fucking mind*, I thought as I sat both on the dresser and stripped out of my clothes. *It's for half a million dollars*, I reminded myself. While far from retirement money, it was enough to pay off my house, buy a new car and still have plenty left over that I would not have to worry about money again.

Getting on the floor, I squirt lube on my asshole and used the tip of the plug to rub it around and to work it in deeper. Continuously adding more, I fucked the huge toy in a little more with every thrust until I was really starting to feel the burn. Relaxing every muscle in my body except those needed to move my arm, I slowed my pace and reached to rub my clit with my free hand. Pushing the plug in until it hurt, I applied more pressure and held it until I felt my asshole give allowing it to penetrate even deeper.

Minutes turned into an hour, two and three. My body covered in a sheen of sweat, each breath rapid and heavy, I gave the plug one final shove. My sphincter stretched. The toy slid in. I fell flat on the floor as four fingers pushed into my pussy causing me to gush in orgasm. Using my now free hand, I bit my left nipple and sucked the milk out as the pain in my ass slowly subsided.

“Ooohhhhh god damn! I can't believe I did it. I actually fit the fat fucker in my ass. Now I just have to shower, dress like a cow and attend a party where a bunch of strangers are going to drink my milk. Yeah, this is how I planned my day,” I said as I got to my feet. With nearly four hours remaining before the party started and three before I had to leave, I remained naked and went about doing the rest of the cleaning while getting used to wearing the mammoth plug long-term.