

# **Dairy Cow Debbie**

**Crimson Rose**

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Sitting in the living room enjoying her morning mug of coffee with her best friend Sasha, Debbie had just brought the steaming hot cup to her lips when the front door slammed open with such force she thought she was being raided. Jumping to her feet, black drink flying everywhere, she spun around to see her husband of nine years looking as if he was about to blow a gasket. “What the actual fuck?” she exclaimed, eyes darting from her husband to the mess all over the carpet and then back to her husband. “You trying to give us a damn heart attack?”

“Must be nice sitting around doing nothing all damn day,” Greg huffed.

“I don’t know what crawled up your ass, but...”

“What crawled up my ass is a lazy gold-digger of a wife spending me into poverty! I’m sick of it! You want to buy a bunch of useless crap then get a damn job and waste your own money!”

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me. I don’t give a damn who’s dick you’ve got to suck but you’ve got one month to get a job or else!”

“What about pussy?” Sasha smirked.

“What?” Greg and Debbie said in unison. “Whose side are you on?” Debbie added.

“Yours of course. You said you don’t care whose dick she had to suck to get a job thinking her boss will be a man, but what if it’s a woman? Does she have permission to eat pussy too? Or do you realize what a dipshit you’re being?”

“I don’t give a damn what you do, so long as you get off your lazy ass and stop wasting my money on bullshit!”

“First of all, I wanted to work from day one but you insisted it would be better for me to stay home and take care of the kids so that’s what I did. Second, I wanted to work when they were old enough for school but you insisted you made enough to support us. Third, I don’t waste money on anything we don’t need and I never buy the best of anything unless it’s for you. While you walk around in five-thousand-dollar tailored suits the kids and I wear clothes from Walmart and Amazon. You eat steak while we get burgers and hot dogs. You drive a car worth more than some people’s homes while I drive a twenty-five-thousand-dollar Nissan. You take trips with your friends all the damn time while I haven’t had a vacation in the ten years we’ve been together so don’t you dare come barging in here acting like I’m the one wasting money on frivolous crap!” Debbie seethed.

Sitting her mug on the coaster on the coffee table, Sasha calmly stood up, walked over and got right in Greg’s face. “I voiced my opinion of you in the beginning. I warned Debbie that you’re nothing more than a manipulative asshole that would use her for your own gain but no one believed it. ‘Not Greg’ they would say. ‘Greg’s the best. He would never do anything to hurt me. He’s the kindest, most caring and generous man I’ve ever met.’ Seeing how much she loved you and not wanting to ruin our friendship, I kept my feelings to myself but that didn’t mean I’ve turned a blind eye to the way you treat her and the kids.”

“Get out of my house or I’ll throw you out!” Greg angrily shot back.

“It’s not your house and even if it was I’m Debbie’s guest, not yours so I’m not going anywhere unless she tells me to leave.”

Reaching out, Greg grabbed Sasha’s arm with the intent of dragging her to the door only to loudly wince as his family jewels were being crushed in a death grip. He immediately let go, but Sasha did not.

Glaring at the man she had spent a decade pretending to like while loathing his very existence in secret, Sasha squeezed just a little tighter. "If you ever touch me again I'll rip your fucking balls off and feed them to you." And then, with a twist of the wrist she let go and grinned as he stumbled several feet back. "Like I said, I haven't turned a blind eye. This isn't your house. Or did you forget that you put it in Debbie's name alone? You spent the last ten years using her as a damn breeding cow – impregnating her over and over and over again just so you'd have a bunch of kids to write off on your taxes. I've heard you refusing to let her work on numerous occasions, saying it was her place to take care of the kids while you put food on the table. Now you come marching in like you own the place and demand she get a job or else? Or else what? You'll divorce her? She'd be far better off without you, but that's just my opinion. And what's with telling her to go out and suck dick to get a job? Do you really want her to do that? Do you want her to screw her way into a career?"

"Like anyone would want to screw her used up twat," Greg harshly replied. THWAP! The hand slapped so hard and fast he did not have time to defend himself.

"I think you're the one that needs to get the fuck out!" Sasha seethed. "NOW! Get out before I rip your dick off and beat you to death with it!"

"You don't..."

"NO! You don't. You don't get to say a fucking word! Get out or so help me you'll be carried out on a gurney!"

Knowing Sasha had about twenty years of various martial arts training and could probably do serious damage before he could knock her mouthy ass out, Greg glared at her several tense seconds before turning and storming out of the house he hadn't owned since the day he and Debbie married. A moment later the two women heard his overpriced car peeling out of the driveway and down the road.

"God, what an entitled asshole!" Sasha seethed. "What the hell's wrong with him?"

"I... I d-don't... he's never..." Debbie stammered as the teared rolled down her cheeks.

"Do you think he's cheating on you?"

"I don't know."

"Do you want a job, Debbie?"

"Yes, but I don't have any skills to speak of. I'm twenty-eight and haven't worked a day in my life. I wanted to go to college but he refused to let me, saying I needed to be here for the kids. I..."

"It's okay." Eyes going to her best friend's ample bosom, Sasha felt her clit tingle with excitement. "Can I ask you a very personal question?"

"Y-Yes."

"Two things, actually. First, what did he mean by your used us twat?"

"He... I... I've had seven children, Sasha."

"And I've had four but that doesn't mean either of us is used up. And things have a tendency of snapping back into shape down there so..."

"HE FISTS ME!" Debbie blurted out.

"I see. Does he fist you a lot?"

"Define a lot."

"More than once or twice a week?"

"He's fisted me three times a day for the last eight years. He... oh god! He double fists me, Sasha. Pussy and ass, but also both hands in my pussy at the same time. I've done tons of

kegel exercises but... but I'm pretty loose and very easily stretched. God! I can't believe I just told you that!"

"I'm glad you did. Second, I can't help but notice that your breasts are so much larger than they've ever been and seem to be getting bigger all the time. Are you still lactating?"

"Y-Yes."

"Fuck that's hot! Me too. Now, I don't know what's going on with Greg, but something tells me it isn't good so I'm going to make you an offer. Feel free to refuse, but I genuinely believe it's the only way you'll ever know for sure."

"W-What do you have in mind?"

"As you know, Noah is a PI. He can follow him around, see if he can get some dirt on him."

"I can't afford a PI."

"No worries. If you're willing to do as your husband demands, I'm sure something can be worked out."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning, I'm sure he's willing to do this one for trade. Say, a few sexual favors in lieu of cash payment?"

"I..."

"Greg did say he didn't care who's dick you had to suck."

"I've never... Greg's the only... I've never been with anyone else."

"Look me in the eye and tell me you think things are great and can be salvaged between the two of you and I'll drop it. But if you can't then let me at least call and ask if my brother is willing to do this one for you."

"W-Why did you want to know if I'm lactating?"

"Because I have a job that's right up your alley. But we can discuss that later. Should I call my brother or not?"

Knowing deep down that things have been getting worse by the day, that her husband barely touched her anymore and when he did it was only to humiliate and degrade her, Debbie sighed. "Call him."

"How far are you willing to go with him, Debs?"

"A-All the way if I have to."

"Say the words."

"I'll have sex with him if that's what it takes."

"Once, twice, a hundred times? How much is this worth to you, Debs?"

"I don't..."

"He's probably going to want to fuck you more than once."

"He can have me ten times."

"I'll start with that and see what he has to say but please be prepared to negotiate."

"I'm already way outside my comfort zone agreeing to ten, Sasha."

"I understand, but PI work doesn't come cheap. Besides, if it makes you so uncomfortable then why offer to do it ten times?"

"Because... because I know Greg's been cheating on me for years. I mean, how can't he be? He's gone all hours of the day and night. He takes long business trips last minute. He comes home smelling of cheap perfume and whiskey which he blames on the bar atmosphere. His sexy young secretary openly flirts with him even if I'm in the same damn room. I never said anything because he's always given me and the kids everything we need, but... but I don't deserve this,

Sasha. I deserve a man that still thinks I'm beautiful and the kids deserve a father that'll be there for them."

"You're gorgeous, Debs, and don't you dare let anyone tell you otherwise. And I'm not just saying that because you're my best friend. You're hands down the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my life. And not just for your stunning looks and body. You're kind. Caring. Compassionate. Have an amazing sense of humor and can seemingly hold a conversation no matter the topic. You are the most selfless person I've ever known and... well, to be perfectly honest, if you were into women I'd be all over you in an instant. Not going to lie, Debs, I'd love to double fist you while drinking your milk."

"This job, what does it have to do with me lactating, Sasha?"

"You know how I said your husband has treated you like a breeding cow all these years? Well, at this place you'll be treated as a dairy cow. Clients will pay good money to suckle your amazing breasts and drain you dry on a daily basis. Of course, they'll definitely want to do more with a stunningly beautiful woman such as yourself, but that just means more money in your pockets, money Greg can't hold over you. Money you can use to buy you and the kids more than the bare necessities. Besides, if the shit hits the fan and divorce is on the horizon you'll need a means of providing for them or they'll end up with him and I think that's the last thing anyone needs."

"I don't think the courts will see dairy cow as a viable career, Sasha."