

Lactating Linda

Victoria Brynn

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Only marginally hopeful that she would be considered, Linda pulled the door to the Bluefire Agency open and stepped inside. Before the door was even closed behind her, she felt those hopes dashed when she laid eyes on the dozen or so rail-thin women sitting to her right. Pausing, wondering if she should waste her time signing in, she let out a soft sigh.

A door across the room opened and a tall, lanky man with hair dyed dark blue emerged, took one look at Linda and walked her way. "You here to try your hand at modeling, sweetheart?"

"Yes, but I don't think I have much of a chance against them," Linda replied, nodding her head in the direction of the other hopefuls who fit the bill of the traditional size zero model.

Moving in closer, the man looked Linda up and down. "I have just the department for you if you're willing to give it a try."

"Really?"

"Really. We have a variety of clientele, each looking for something different. You have exactly what I've been looking for. Something those toothpicks are seriously lacking."

"Oh? And what would that be?"

"Big tits and a killer body with some meat on the bone. Don't look down, I'm not calling you fat. You're what a real woman should look like."

"Um, thank you."

"Are they natural?"

"Yes."

"Perfect. We don't like using models with fake tits." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than three of the other women got up and walked out, their faces beet red. "What size?"

"Normally 34D, but they're a bit bigger than that now because I'm breastfeeding my son."

"You get better by the second, doll. Please tell me you're willing to go fully nude and maybe get a little kinky."

"Nude? Sure. Kinky? What exactly do you mean by kinky?"

"Come with me and I'll show you. The name's Trevor. And you are?"

"Linda."

"Pleasure to meet you Linda. Judy, be a dear and get the paperwork rolling on this one. I think she's going to go far with us," he said to the receptionist. "I mean that, by the way."

Pulling the door open he came from only moments ago, he motioned Linda into a wide hallway.

"So, you're lactating, huh?"

"Yes. Is that going to be a problem?"

"Are you kidding me? I love lactating women. You willing to do it for a photo shoot?"

"Ummm..."

"I know it's out there, but there are a lot of people into lactation and you can make a killing doing nothing but that type of shoot. If that's too much, however, we can start off with modeling a few outfits. Would you prefer that?"

"I think so."

"Then that's what we'll do. And we'll get to the lactation when you're ready to squeeze out a little milk for the camera. I'm going to ask you some very personal and intimate questions and I need you to answer them all as honestly as possible. There's no need for you to lie, or be too shy to answer. Understand?"

“Yes.”

“Good. How many men have you had sex with in your entire life?”

“Hmmm...seven,” Linda answered after thinking about it a moment.”

“Have you ever had sex with more than one man at the same time?”

“No.”

“Have you ever had sex with another woman?”

“No.”

“Are you willing to have sex with women?”

“Is it required for the job?”

“No, but it will broaden the scope of shoots you’ll be available for. Nothing is required for the job except a pulse, good looks and a willingness to experiment. Are you willing to experiment?”

“Is that another way of asking if I’ll have sex with women?”

“Maybe, maybe not.”

“I’d rather not have sex with other women, but if it’ll get me more shoots then I’m willing to give it a try at least once.”

“Perfect. And what about men? Are you willing to have sex with more than one at a time? Are you willing to let them gang bang you?”

“Jesus Christ! I thought this was a modeling agency, not a porn studio.”

“Is there a reason it can’t be both? And I’m not looking to get you into porn unless that’s something you’re open to. I just need to know what sort of fetish related shoots I can set you up with. So, are you willing to do gang bangs?”

“I’m a married woman.”

“And?”

“No, I’d rather not do gang bangs.”

“What about simulated?”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning you’ll be surrounded by a bunch of men who will pretend to have sex with you for the camera. There’s no penetration and therefore not as popular, but it can still sell if you’re open to giving it a try.”

“You swear there’s no penetration?”

“Not unless you want the men to fuck you. What about bdsm? You into that sort of thing?”

“Not really.”

“Ok, how about this, tell me what forms of kinky sex you’ve had so far.”

“I’m afraid I haven’t done anything that could be considered kinky. Does that mean you can’t use me after all?”

“Nope, it means I want to use you even more now. Our clientele loves seeing fresh faces broken in for the first time and honey, you’re going to knock ‘em dead if you’re willing to go the fetish route. Why don’t we put you through a test shoot and then you can make up your mind. I have a scene in mind. Are you up for it?”

“What would I have to do?”

“You’ll take a job as a wet nurse only to discover that it’s the couple that wants to drink your milk. There will be some hesitation on your part, but you’ll eventually cave in and let them drink to their hearts content. Having your nipples sucked by a man and woman will turn you on like nothing else and one thing leading to another you’ll have sex with them both to completion.

At the end you'll fill up a bottle, more if you have the milk to spare and we'll call it a scene. So, does that sound like something you'd be interested in trying?"

"Honestly, I came here to try my hand at modeling, not being a porn star. Besides, my husband would kill me if he ever found out I had sex with another man."

"If you do everything I mentioned I'll pay you seven grand at the end."

"Holy shit! Seven thousand dollars?"

"Absolutely. There's a lot of money in kink."

"Then make it ten."

"Deal. But you've got to do everything asked of you. Understood?"

"Yes."

"Then let's go introduce you to your co-stars. Wait, first I need proof that you're lactating. Pull your shirt and bra up please."

Thinking he was going to ask her to express a little milk, Linda did as Trevor asked and no sooner were her large, milk-filled breasts on display than he leaned in and latched onto her left nipple. "W-What are you doing?" But he did not answer. Wrapping his arms around her back and pulling her close, he continued sucking down the sweet nectar for a full minute before switching to the right side and doing the same.

"God damn you've got amazing milk. I could drink you dry, but then there wouldn't be any left for the shoot. How much are you producing?"

"About forty ounces a day."

"Jesus! Let's get you on set before I drink you dry. Oh, and go ahead and strip naked before we resume our walk. It'll save time getting you into a new outfit for the scene."

"What about people seeing me?"

"You're about to do a scene with a man and woman, are you really that concerned with people seeing you naked? Or are you worried about what I might do once those panties are off?"

"Are you planning on doing something to me once my panties are off?"

"Only one way to find out."