

Milker's Paradise

Crimson Rose

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Though they tried keeping it from her, Ashley discovered her mothers were into some seriously kinky shit when she discovered her adoptive mother Dr. Nadine Holt invented a revolutionary drug designed to not only kick start the production of breast milk in women, but to increase the associated hormones as well. Like any reasonably intelligent young woman she was skeptical of its effectiveness when she first found the bottle in the back Nadine's closet one night while attempting to find something sexy to wear on her first date. That skepticism grew when she could find no trace of it on the internet. But, like any curious, hormonally charged young woman she threw caution to the wind and downed a couple.

After a week of downing two pills a day, her breasts were a cup fuller but she was not producing milk. Curiosity piqued, she continued downing them every night just before bed. Seventeen days after she found them in the back of the closet she woke to a wet tee shirt, sheet and blanket at the milk seemingly endlessly poured from her huge full breasts. Freaking out, she threw everything to the floor with a startled shriek that drew the attention of her mothers who immediately came running to see what was wrong.

The bedroom door flew open. Dr. Nadine Holt and her six month pregnant wife Cynthia stared at their topless and distraught daughter and giggled. "So, it's finally happened," Nadine grinned.

"W-What happening mom?" Ashley stammered. "I don't...I've never...I'm not even pregnant!"

"You don't have to be when you're taking my pills sweetie. Or do you think your mother and I have completely missed the fact that your breasts have grown two or three cup sizes in the last two and a half weeks?"

"I'm sorry! I didn't think they would actually work. I mean, I saw they were making my tits bigger but it won't stop leaking out of me! How do I make it stop?"

"Calm down," her biological mother Cynthia said as she sat on the foot of the bed. "You have two choices. One, you can use a pump. Or two, you can call someone you trust to drain them the way god intended."

"I don't have a pump!"

"Don't worry," Nadine said. "We have a few extras so sit tight and I'll be right back while your mother explains what's going to happen from here on out."

"You're a milker now sweetie," Cynthia stated bluntly. "When you get pregnant..."

"I'M NOT PREGNANT!" Ashley shouted. "I've never even had sex before."

"Good to know, but please let me finish."

"Sorry."

"It's okay. Believe me, I understand exactly what you're going through because your mother fed them to me without my knowledge when she was testing them. Like I was saying, when you produce milk through pregnancy or induced lactation the supply will eventually dry up. The same is not true with the pills you've been taking which is why they were never approved by the FDA. Even after nineteen years she has not figured out why they work the way they do or how to shut it off but you'll continue producing milk for, well, probably the rest of your life. I mean, we've been producing non-stop for the last nineteen years with no signs of slowing down so who knows?"

"This'll become a regular part of your life now," Nadine said as she returned to her adopted daughter's bedroom with a brand new pump still in the packaging. "You'll want to start

getting up early to drain those big puppies dry before heading out and then again when you get home and probably a third time before bed. You can use the pump but believe me there's nothing like doing it the old fashioned way. To that end, I suppose you're old enough to know what else your mother and I have been up to for the last nineteen years."

"In case you've never heard the term, and frankly I'd be shocked if you have, I'm what's known as a breeding cow," Cynthia said. "That is a woman that has sex with the hopes of being knocked up as many times as humanly possible."

"Which is why she's pregnant with her seventh and I've only had two," Nadine cut back in. "We're also very much into all thing bdsm related and just sex in general. Which is why we started our own club after moving here fifteen years ago called the Milker's Paradise. Normally there's a membership fee and lengthy application process to get in but seeing as you're our daughter I think we can skip a few steps and let you in right now for free if you would like to pay it a visit that is."

"Um, I can guess what sort of club it is by the name but, um, can you tell me what kind of club it is?"

"You're just going to have to find out for yourself," her adoptive mother grinned.

"Or I could just Google it."

"You could, but why spoil the surprise?"

"It's a bdsm club, sweetie," Cynthia said. "And while it caters to all aspects of the lifestyle it specializes in all things breast milk. In fact, every woman working there has taken Milker's Paradise, which is the name of the drug your mother created and the club is named after, and are lactating non-stop just like you so you don't have to be ashamed. Also, if you're feeling brave you can earn some nice tips by letting people drink their fill or you can be publicly drained and it put in our store for sale."

"I'm betting the milk of the owners' daughter will fly off the shelves," Nadine's grin widened. "And at fifty bucks an ounce you'll be able to afford that new car in no time flat."

"I can't believe this conversation is happening," Ashley said as her face turned bright red. "Um, can I get some privacy please?" she asked as she opened the box containing her very first breast pump.

"You're the one that snuck into my closet and stole my pills," Nadine said. "You can have privacy if you want it, but it's nothing we haven't seen a million times and I'm sure you still have a lot of questions."

Ashley did her best to ignore her mother as she removed the pump from the box. Needing to clean it before use, she looked down at the milk flowing from each nipple in a steady stream and did something impulsive. Putting her hand under her left breast, she brought it to her mouth and latched on. She could feel her entire body heating up even as the sweet nectar coated her tongue and without looking up knew her mothers were watching her drink her own milk.

"That's certainly one way to do it," Cynthia said. "Honey, why don't we do her a favor and wash the pump while she drinks?"

"Good idea. We'll be right back sweetie so just keep drinking and thinking about paying our club a visit," Nadine said as she picked the device up off her daughter's bed.

After thirty seconds on the left Ashley switched to the right. Then the left. Right. Left. Right. And left again before her mother's returned with a freshly cleaned wearable breast pumping system that she could wear under her clothing. Her breasts still painfully full even after several minutes of drinking, she gladly put them on and held them in place with a much too small bra.

“We’ll have to get you something a bit bigger I think,” her biological mother said. Make sure to put those in the wash,” she said with a nod towards her daughter’s bed. “When you’re finished pumping you may drink it or give it to us to put in the shop for sale but please don’t waste it by throwing it away. So, do you have any other questions for us?”

“Just one and I want an honest answer.”

“That’s all you’ll ever get from us Ashley,” Nadine replied.

Ashley hung her head and nervously bit her lower lip for a long minute before saying anything. “Um, so, I was in my room after a shower last week and when I bent over to dry my legs Goliath tried screwing me. D-Do you...do you have sex with them?”

“We absolutely do,” Cynthia answered honestly. “And before you go off about how disgusting it is, you need to know two things. One, it’s completely legal to do it in this state which is why we moved here in the first place, and two, it’s the best sex you’ll ever have in your life.”

“Amen,” Nadine added. “Did he penetrate you sweetie?”

“NO!”

“Don’t lie to your mothers.”

“He didn’t. And I don’t ever want him or any other dog to.”

“Then I strongly suggest not bending over naked around them because you might not be so lucky next time. Is there anything else you want to ask before we go make breakfast?”

“Is there anything the two of you won’t do or haven’t done?”

“We’ll never have sex with you if that’s what you’re afraid of,” Cynthia answered. Other than that, we have no limits.”

“That being said, if you’re planning on going to the club stay out of the black room,” Nadine offered.

“The black room?”

“Due to the rules governing the place I’m not at liberty to say anything more.”

“Whatever.”

“It’s true,” Cynthia said. “Even as owners we’re not permitted to tell anyone what’s behind the various doors to the specialty rooms without being disciplined.”

“Like anyone would know. Come on, you want me to go to your club then you can tell me.”

“No, we really can’t sweetie. Now, do you have any other questions before we leave you to your pumping?”

“Just one. If the drug you made hasn’t be approved for use by the FDA then why do you still have it and why would you let me take it every day for nearly two damn weeks knowing what it would do to me?”

“It may not be approved but it is completely safe for human consumption,” Nadine answered. “As for why we didn’t stop you taking it, I’ll counter with why would you keep taking something you knew nothing about?”

“Curiosity.”

“And that is what curiosity got you. Now, to make up for sneaking into our room and going through my things I want you to continue taking the pills every night before bed until that entire bottle is gone. Is that understood?”

“I’m already lactating so why take more?”

“Because that’s what I want you to do. And sweetie, the recommended dose is one pill, not two. That bottle contains a ninety day supply.”