Mrs. Lillie’s Dairy

It is the year 2062 and breast milk farms have become just another part of life, no more unusual than a chicken farm. Young people of the day sometimes joke about how their parents drank “cow’s” milk back when they were young. Now when you go into the grocery store and pick up a gallon, it’s still white, it still says ‘MILK’ on the front, but instead of coming from a cloven footed bovine, it now comes from one of your own kind.

This is the story of three coworkers at one such dairy, only this is no ordinary dairy, it’s called Mrs. Lillie’s all natural organic dairy farm. When it comes to business, the more you produce, the more you make, unfortunately many commercial dairies of the day hold the same ideals. Just like when cows were given them, now women are administered special hormones and growth accelerates to achieve maximum milk production, leading to a gross loss in quality. Mrs. Lillie’s organic dairy farm was established with an “organic” mindset. There are no mandatory living facilities, no artificial additives, hormones, or specially formulated meals, just rich, whole milk, just as nature intended. Amount

Because of Mrs. Lillie’s organic only policy, girls of only the largest natural bust size and between the ages of 18 and 30 are accepted. Jen (Jennifer) Gwen and Sarah are just three of the 107 women who work for Mrs. Lilli’s. Jen has been with Lillie’s for almost 5 years, Gwen has been here for 2, and Sarah a recent hire. All three were of a fairly athletic build. Sarah the new recruit just hits 6ft, 125lbs although her weight fluctuates throughout the day depending on the volume of milk within her breasts. With long blonde hair and fair skin it was obvious she was of some European decent. As soon as Sarah turned 18 she had started applying to work for Lillie’s, but it wasn’t until a week after her 19th birthday that she was finally given her seal of approval. Gwen, by far the shortest of the group, just reaches 5’1 and 101lbs, but what she lacked in size she made up for in charisma and her unmistakable wavy red hair. She was always the first to welcome a new member into the group and attempts to give everyone she sees a big hug. Jen, the veteran of the group, comes right to 5’6 and 112lbs. With her flowing light brown hair and dazzling smile she looks like she belongs on the silver screen, instead of making a living having her sweet milk pumped out of her breasts twice a day by large commercial pumps. Even so, Jen knew she was a country girl at heart and had no interest in Hollywood.

Mrs. Lillie’s CEO/employer: Congratulations Miss Banks and welcome to Mrs. Lillie’s

Sarah: ohh, thank you, thank you so very much! I can’t wait to start!

Employer: you are quite welcome Miss Banks; we’ll see you first thing Monday morning so we may begin with your preparation as soon as possible

Sarah: see you then, bye!

Employer: bye, and have a good weekend!

The following morning, 8a.m.

Nurse: Mrs. Banks if you would please take a seat here, we will begin shortly.  
*The young nurse politely gestures to a comfy looking chair in front of a wall with 2 large holes in front of it.*

Sarah: oh, yes, and you can call me Sarah.  
*Taking her seat slowly, Sarah is still looking around the room somewhat absentmindedly.*

Nurse: alrighty then, if you would please remove the top half of your gown and gently place your breasts through the openings directly in front of you  
*the nurse again gestures with her hand towards the holes in the wall*

Sarah: like this?  
*Sarah says as she slides her E cup breasts through the openings*

Nurse: that’s perfect, now just relax and the rest will be done automatically

Sarah watched as the holes slowly closed in around her large bosom making for a tight, yet not uncomfortable seal completely around her breasts.

On the other side of the wall a worker washed her exposed breasts with an antibacterial solution preparing them for their first round of many “dry” pumps. Once clean and dry, two tubular suction cups were brought down from above, turned onto their lowest setting and placed over each one of Sarah’s protruding nipples. *Sssssuump, ssssssuump* and with that both suction tubes where attached and gently sucking away on Sarah’s large supple breasts. Rhythmically tugging on her nipples, delicately massaging them tricking Sarah’s mind into thinking there was a hungry baby attached to each one of her plump white breasts.

Sarah: *inhales sharply.* Ooooooh mmmm that must be the suction cups the nurse mentioned. That sure does feel good.  
*Sarah closes her eyes and gently bites her lip in pleasure as the sucking continues unseen to her.*

Three times a day for 30min at a time, Sarah’s breasts were to be attached to the pump. On the Monday of Sarah’s third week of she began to lactate. Little by little her milk began to come in. She kept track of how much milk she was producing day by day, watching as her volume increased.

Day 15: Finally!! I saw my first drops of milk come through the lines today, Ya!!  
 Day 17: today I was able to pump 3 full ozs! It’s a good start, but I wish I made more☹

Day 23: 32 ozs in one day! My volume is starting to pick up, and now my breasts are actually swelling. I guess they are running out of room for all the extra milk I am carrying.

By the end of Sarah’s first month her breasts were plumping up nicely, each morning Sarah would wake up to find her breasts swollen and slightly tender, trying to hold back her growing abundance. It seemed like each time she went in for a milking more came out. Sarah figured she was giving at least a gallon of her milk each time and well on her way to reaching full production volume.

Day 65:

It was early morning, quarter till 7 to be exact.

Sarah: Ooh, will they always feel SOO full in the morning?  
*Sarah asked as she gently ran her hands over her enormous milk engorged breasts, as if waiting for one to spring a leak*

Gwen: Don’t worry honey it shouldn’t be too much longer. They should be calling us any minute now.

Intercom: *Buzz* static

Intercom: gooood morning, for those of you who are ready, you may now make your way to the milking stations, thank you for your patience and have a wonderful afternoon, *click*

Sarah: Thank heavens, I don’t know how much longer I can hold out  
*Sarah begins to make her way to the nearest milking station, her enormous breasts gently bobbing underneath her loose fitting shirt, heavy with fresh milk to be pumped*

Gwen: Right behind you, mine are getting a little too full for comfort as well. Jen are you coming?

*Gwen gently cups one of her full breasts to feel its weight as she quickens her pace in order to keep up with the taller Sarah*

Jen: no thanks, I had to empty mine earlier, even after all this time I think they are still getting bigger  
*Jen pulls her blouse forward and looks into the immense gap that is her cleavage to try and confirm her suspicions*

Gwen: alright, see you around, bye!

Jen: See ya!

As Sarah and Gwen entered the milking station, all the booths are empty, as very few women need to come in this early, usually only new hires who are experiencing heavy milk engorgement. Gwen was only planning to come as company, but her breasts had other plans. The booths were fairly simple; there was a wall from floor to ceiling. Each booth had two large holes, close together and placed right where someone’s chest would be if they were to be sitting. Each booth had a nice chair and a small privacy wall that extended out on each side. Within the right wall was a small cubby hole that connected to the booth to the right of you. Also on the wall was a large clear jug with two hoses going into it, one large one coming out, and a spout with a valve. This was where all their milk was to be collected before it was to be set off to the main tank. Its purpose was so that the milk being pumped could be tasted by the one it was coming from, a so called self-quality control.

Gwen and Sarah sat at the far end next to one another. The both of them removed their oversized tops and gently guided their swollen breasts through the holes in the wall. Once on the other side, the holes in the wall softly closed in around their breasts making for a soft yet air tight seal, for on the other side of the wall was the clean room where their milk was to pumped. Now out of sight the only thing the girls had to go by was feel. Sarah and Gwen could feel hands, rubbing all over their breasts, cleaning them, making sure they were free of germs and preparing them for milking. Once cleaning was over, the hands began to massage their milk swollen breasts encouraging them to let down. Just a few moments before the milk began to flow; each breast had a large suction tube attached at the nipple. Sucking rhythmically, pumping every last drop of their rich milk to a holding tank.

Sarah: oh GOD that feels good, I swear they felt like they were going to pop  
*Sarah closes her eyes and bites her lip, clearly enjoying have the immense pressure finally relieved*

Gwen: I’m right there with you, mine seem to be filling much quicker than I remember

After a few moments of silence, both girls looked at their collection tanks and watch as the milk starts to pour in. A slight trickle at first which progressed to large rhythmic gurgling surges.

With each pulse of the pumps on each breast there would be a gurgling gush through one of the two hoses. Almost like a hose being kinked and unkinked every other second, but instead of water it was the richest most creamy milk imaginable.

Sarah: man that is a Lot of milk.  
*Sarah said looking awestruck as her container continued to fill with her warm milk*

Gwen: almost 2 full gallons per breast  
*Gwen said almost boastfully patting the side of her exposed breast*

Gwen: Hay, have you tried some yet?

Sarah: Some of what?

Gwen: Some of the milk silly

Sarah: Come to think of it, no, I haven’t I guess it never really occurred to me

Gwen: Well here try so of mine

Before Sarah could respond, a small glass cup was in her cubby hole, with about 1in of Gwen’s milk in the bottom, just enough for a swallow

Sarah: Well ok,… thanks. Gulp. . .

Gwen: Well??

Sarah: Wow that’s really great! Its soo creamy! Do you think I can get some more? Like a lot more?

Gwen: Ya sure why not, I’ve got plenty

And just like that there was another glass in Sarah’s cubby, only this time it was larger and filled to the brim with Gwen’s warm rich milk.

Sarah grabbed at it and gulped it down

Sarah: Gulp\* Gulp\* . . . Gulp\*... Gulp\* Wow that is soo good! I can’t believe I have never tired it before  
*Sarah said with milk streaming down her chin and down into the deep crevice of her cleavage*.

Gwen: I’m glad you like it so much, I’m on an all fruit diet so I think that helps with the taste

Sarah: ya no kidding, hay, I wonder what mine tastes like?

Sarah, wanting to look for a cup presses her lips sticky with milk onto the valve and opened it up.

Sarah: Umm, Gurgle\*Gurlge\*gulp gulp gulp gulp

Sarah: (thinking) O my god! It’s so delicious! It’s just like Gwen’s only so much better!

Sarah guzzles down her own sweet milk as fast as she can go, with each surge of new milk coming from the top she swallows as much as she can handle, careless of the now steady stream running down her chin, creating a pool of milk on the floor.