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 and it still says ‘MILK’ on the front, but instead of coming from a cloven footed bovine, it now comes from one of your own species.

This is the story of three coworkers at one such dairy, only this is no ordinary dairy, it’s called Mrs. Lillie’s Organic dairy farm. When it comes to business, the more you produce, the more you make, unfortunately many commercial dairies of the day follow the same business practices. Half a century ago cows were given them, now it is the women who are administered the special hormones and growth accelerates needed to achieve maximum milk production, unfortunately this has led to a gross loss in product quality. Mrs. Lillie’s organic dairy farm went against the grain and was established with an all-natural, organic mindset. There are no mandatory living facilities, no artificial additives, hormones, or specially formulated meals, just rich, whole milk, as nature intended. The women who work at Mrs. Lilies can come and go as the please and milk when they feel good and full.

Because of Mrs. Lillie’s high standards any girl that is to be a milk carrier must maintain a moderate level of fitness, be of only the largest *natural* bust size, zero silicone, and between the ages of 18 and 30. Matched with a rigorous background check, only the very most qualified applicants were accepted. Jen (Jennifer) Gwen and Sarah are just three of the 127 women who work fulltime for Mrs. Lilli’s dairy. Jen has been with Lillie’s for almost 3 years, Gwen has been here for 1, and Sarah is a recent hire. All three shared a fairly athletic build. Sarah the new recruit stands at 6ft tall and 140lbs. Sporting an impressive pair of Triple DDDs, even her larger than average frame looks disproportionate to her boobs. On top of all that, her long blonde hair and near perfect complexion has made several girls quite envious. For Sarah as soon as she had 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. The first person Sarah really got to know was Gwen, by far the shortest of the group of three, Gwen just reaches 5’1 and 112lbs, but what she lacks in size she makes up for it with her charisma and beautiful wavy auburn 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, comes right to 5’6 and 124lbs. With her flowing raven black hair and dazzling smile she looks like she belongs on the silver screen, instead of making a living having her rich milk pumped out twice a day by large commercial pumps. Even so, Jen never had much interest in being an actress.

After a year of applying Sarah finally got the call she had been waiting for. After two brief meetings with the manager it was decided that she would be hired. A few days later Sarah showed up for her first day on the job and was greeted by a pleasant yet purposeful nurse who showed her exactly what to do and where to go. As soon as Sarah walked through the big sliding glass doors she was wisked away to begin her new life as a milk girl.

After a short walk the nurse finally came to a stop at one of the many doors that lined the halls above it read “Milking Station 001”. The nurse opened the door and motioned for Sarah to enter in front of her. Once inside Sarah could see it was a decent size room about 20ft wide and 50ft deep with booths on each side, each booth had a comfy looking chair, a table built into the wall and two large holes in the wall directly in front of each chair. The nurse directed Sarah to choose a booth and remove her top and bra. Doing as told Sarah pulled her white cotton blouse over her head and unsnapped her triple DDD floral bra. Sliding her slender arms out of her bra and pulling it forward her breasts were finally relieved of their stuffy confines. Now in full view, Sarah’s breasts looked as if they had been molded by the hands of the gods themselves’. Drooping ever so slightly it was misleading as to their true heft. Her soft pale skin, smooth as silk and a supple as a baby’s cheek. Capped with rosy pink nipples, they truly were one of the most beautiful pair of breasts the nurse had ever seen. Just managing to keep her hands to herself the nurse then asked Sarah to gently slide her magnificent breasts through the awaiting holes and let them rest on the foam cradle on the other side.

The nurse began talking about some kind of clean room and sanitation procedure, but Sarah was too busy watching the black rubber irises slowly close in around her breasts making for tight, yet not uncomfortable seal that hid three quarters of her breasts on the other side of the wall.

On the other side of the wall a dairy worker washed the exposed portions of her breasts with antibacterial soap and warm water preparing them for what was to be the first of many conditioning “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 delicate nipples. The suction cups each made a quiet yet audible *Sssssuump, ssssssuump* as they latched onand with that both suction cups where seated and gently sucking away on Sarah’s large supple breasts. Rhythmically tugging on her nipples, delicately massaging her areolas, working to trick Sarah’s body into thinking there was a new baby attached to each of her plump white breasts hungry for milk.

For the first three weeks Sarah’s breasts showed little change, but as the 4th week rolled around Sarah began to notice a growing fullness in her chest as well as a dramatic increase in sensitivity and by the end of her 5th week Sarah started producing milk, albeit only a slight amount, but with each passing day she saw improvement.

By the end of Sarah’s second month her breasts were filling out and *up* nicely, each morning Sarah would wake up to find her breasts a little heavier and a little more full, continuing to swell in order to accommodate her steadily growing supply of milk. It seemed like each time she went in to be milked; more of the rich liquid would flow out. It had almost been two and a half months and according to Sarah’s most recent milking she was producing one full gallon of milk a day and was well on her way to reaching full production volume.

2 weeks later, Sarah and her friend Gwen are sitting together waiting for the milking stations to open. Ooh, will they always feel SOO full in the morning? Sarah pulls one portion of her top up to visually inspect her milk laden breasts. Taking a napkin she wipes up a tiny stream of milk that has escaped her nipple and ran down the front of her heavily engorged breasts. Gwen tries to comfort her friend reassuring her that the milking stations will open very soon. Don’t worry honey it shouldn’t be too much longer. They should be calling any minute now.

After a few more tense minutes pass the moment Sarah has been waiting for finally comes. The soft *bing-bong* of the intercom signals what is to come. A young feminine AI comes over the intercom; her voice is calm and plain spoken, with just a hint of cherry. “Good morning, the time is 8:00 o’clock; milking stations are now open, thank you for your patience and have a wonderful afternoon, *click.*

Uttering a quick prayer of thanks Sarah stands up and begins to quickly make her way to the nearest milking station, her immense breasts bobbing underneath her loose fitting shirt, engorged from a whole nights worth of milk.Right behind you Sarah, Jen are you coming? No thanks, I think I can hold it till lunch time, it’s funny ya know even after all this time I think they are still getting bigger *(pulling her blouse forward Jen peers into the immense gap that is her cleavage to try and confirm her suspicions)* Not wasting another moment Gwen bids her friend farewell and heads off with Sarah to the nearest milking station.

Sarah and Gwen entered the milking station to find the it deserted. All 20 of the stations in this particular section were vacant, as very few women need to come in this early, usually only new hires that are experiencing heavy milk engorgement. Gwen was only planning to come as company, but it seemed her breasts were also a little more full than usual. The stations were fairly simple. Each one had a comfortable chair facing the wall; on the wall were two large holes that were currently sealed over with a rubber iris. The holes were close together and placed right where someone’s chest would be if they were to be sitting. Each station also had a small privacy wall that extended out from the wall on each side. Within each privacy wall there was a small cubby hole that connected to the stations on either side. This cubby could be used to exchange material between friends during milking. Also on the wall was a large clear jug with two incoming hoses ay the top, a large outgoing tube near the bottom, and a spout on the bottom with a valve, same as the ones found on water coolers in offices. This container was where all their milk was to be collected before it was to be sent off to the main tank for pasteurization. Its purpose was so that the milk being collected could be tasted by the one it was coming from, a kind of self-quality assurance. Many girls try various methods to improve their milk, so it is quite common for cereal, cups, and boxes of cookies to be found in the cubbies.

Walking briskly, Gwen and Sarah went to the very back of the hall and took their seats next to one another. Before Gwen could even get comfortable Sarah had already stripped of her loose fitting top and was working on her bra. Sarah’s breasts were practically spilling out as it was, so when Sarah finally unsnapped her bra, her breasts came down in a cascade of silky smooth tit flesh. Her areolas were slightly puffed up and her nipples were erect and about as thick as her pinky. With droplets of milk already forming at her nipples, Sarah could have grabbed either of her swollen breasts, squeezed but a few times, and sent multiply warm streams of milk six feet in any direction, but she knew better than to waste her precious load. With the both of them now having successfully removed their bras they each gently guided their breasts full of milk through the holes in the wall. Once their breasts were fully inserted and resting comfortably in the cradles, the holes in the wall softly closed in around them making for a soft yet air tight seal. On the other side of the wall was the clean room where the pumps where kept and where their milk was to be pumped. Now out of sight the only thing the girls had to go by was feel. Sarah and Gwen could feel warm water being poured all over their breasts, then hands gently rubbing and cleaning them, making sure they were free of germs and preparing them for milking. After a few moments cleaning and drying was done with. Now instead of washing, the hands began to delicately massage. Gently kneading their swollen breasts promoting better milk flow. Then a worker gently gripped each of Sarah’s nipples at their base and slid their fingers forward causing a few streams of milk to squirt out. As the hands went about their work Sarah could feel her milk begin to gurgle inside of her. It was time, just a few moments before her immense reservoirs of milk began to let down two large suctions cup were brought down from above and attached to each of her fat nipples. Sssssssump, Sssssssssssssump, went each suction cup. Sucking hard and rhythmically, the commercial grade machine began to empty her breasts, drawing out every last drop of her rich milk and pumping it to the clear holding tank placed in each of their booths. For the first few minutes of let down even the commercial grade pumps could not keep up the volume of milk being released by Sarah’s overfilled tits. The large suction cups were completely filled with milk, allowing a few dribbles of milk to escape from their seal and run down, sopping the bottoms of her breasts and the foam cradle where they rested with her warm milk. Finally the volume of milk was simply too great for the suction cup on Sarah’s right breast, as it finally lost its vacuum hold and simply fell off, spilling milk all over the floor below. No longer attached to a pump Sarah’s breast continued to spurt milk, still in rhythm with the machine, sending a torrent of warm milk everywhere. In a flash, the workers where on the scene and had the situation back under control. As for Sarah, she was completely clueless that anything had transpired.

Oh GOD that feels good, I swear they felt like they were going to burst! (*Sarah closes her eyes clearly enjoying having the immense pressure of her milk finally relieved)* I’m right there with you, mine seem to be filling up much quicker than I remember.After a few moments of silence, both girls heard the same familiar sound and looked to their collection tanks to watch as their milk began to pour in. A slight trickle at first which progressed to large rhythmic gurgling surges.

With each tug of the pumps, each breast would spurt out a gurgling gush of hot milk, eventually sending it through one of the incoming two tubes. After a few seconds it began to sound just like a water hose being kinked and unkinked every other second, but instead of water it was Gwen and Sarah’s rich milk. Sarah marvels watching the large clear container fill still perplexed as to how so much milk could come from just one person. Now that I am at production level I produce nearly *3* full gallons of milk each day *(Gwen said almost boastfully patting the side of her exposed breast)* Gwen begins to relax a little more knowing that her milk will flow a little easier if she does, she continues to rub and massage the exposed portion of her breasts as a thought crosses her mind.

Hey Sarah, have you tried some yet?   
Some of what?   
  
Some of your milk silly.   
  
Come to think of it, no, I haven’t.   
  
Well, you don’t know what you’re missing, Here, try some of mine, and tell me what you think.

Before Sarah could impose, a small glass was in her cubby hole, with about 1in of milk in the bottom, just enough for a quick swallow. Sarah picked up the cup in her hands and even for as little milk as was in it she could still feel its warmth. She swirled it around several times and smelled it, it smelled wonderful, she just hoped it tasted as good as it smelled. With one “Gulp” Sarah downed the milk.

Well?

Wow, that’s really great! It’s soo rich and creamy! Do you think I could get some more? Like, a lot more?

Certainly, there is a lot more where that came from

Gwen quickly glanced around and spied a 32oz Big Chug, put it under the nozzle of her collection tank, opened the valve and let it fill to the very brim with fresh milk. Being careful, letting only a little spill out over the top, to run down her elegant fingers, and drip onto the counter, Gwen placed the overflowing mug in the cubby.

Sarah gingerly picked up the overflowing cup, brought it to her full lips, tilted it up and drank as greedily as she could without choking.

Gulp\* Gulp\* . . . Gulp\*... Gulp\* her adams apple bobbing up and down wildly as her throat funneled the sweet milk down and into her empty stomach.

Wow, that is really yummy! I can’t believe I have never tired it before. The milk that had escaped Sarah’s ravenous gullet streamed down her chin and into the deep crevice of her cleavage.

I’m glad you like it so much, I’ve been eating lots of sweet fruits, so I think that helps with the flavor.

Ya no kidding, hay, I wonder what *my* milk tastes like?

Sarah, not bothering to use a cup presses her lips already wet with milk onto the nozzle and opens up the valve to her own collection tank. With her lips firmly wrapped around the nozzle, she begins to chug down her own fresh milk, straight from the collection tank.

Umph, Gurgle\*Gurlge\*gulp gulp\* Gurgle\* gulp gulp, finding that her milk is nearly as delicious as Gwen’s Sarah can’t stop herself and can think of nothing but the next mouthful of rich milk.

Sarah guzzles down her own sweet milk as fast as she can go. Drinking almost as much milk as is pouring out of the corners of her mouth. With each surge of new milk coming from the tubes, she swallows as much as she can handle, mindless of the water fall running down her chin, creating a pool of milk on the floor and in her lap. Before Sarah knew it there was no more milk in her container, and only a slight trickle coming out of the fill tubes. She had either drunk or spilt nearly every last drop of milk!

Well I guess you where thirsty?

Ya I guess so, Sarah wiped off her face and tried to regain her composure.

I guess I need to learn to control myself a little better; it was just so good I had no idea what I was doing.

Breasts now completely drained of their yield the morning milking session was over.

Once the seals on their breasts were broken Gwen and Sarah slid their breasts out of their cradles and gently let them hang down. A ring could be seen around their areolas where the suction cups where attached. For Sarah a few streams of milk still remained that had escaped and ran down during the milking process. Gwen had the same rings too, although her breasts were squeaky clean.

Temporarily emptied of milk Sarah’s breasts were nearly 12lbs lighter and noticeably smaller, once swollen and distended her breasts now hung down slightly and looked somewhat deflated.

Coming out of the milking station Sarah’s top and pants were totally soaked with milk, so she didn’t even bother to put her shirt or bra back on. Heading directly to take a shower and change her clothes Sarah excused herself and left Gwen by herself. Not able to think of anything to do Gwen decided to go and meet back up with Jen to see what she was doing and what her plans might be for later.

After a short walk, Gwen found Jen sitting at a picnic table reading a Better Home and Gardens magazine. Noticing Gwen’s approach Jen calls to her friend.

Hey Gwen, would you come over here I would like your opinion on something.

Sure Jen what is it? Gwen takes the seat directly across the table from Jen

I’ve been taking a special all natural supplement to try and improve my milk’s flavor and wanted to know what you thought of it before I go in for my next milking.

Sure thing, I loved to. Wanting to help her friend, Gwen gets up and walks around the end of the table and gets down on her knees and waits for Jen to unbutton her top.

Turning around Jen unbuttons her straining top, reaching in she pulls out one of her fat milk laden tits, large and round with a lovely nipple, half in’ long and as thick as a man’s ring finger it was just begging to be sucked.

Smiling down at Gwen, Jennifer gives her patiently awaiting friend the go ahead,

“Dig in, “dinner” is served. Jen said with a chuckle as she lifted up her heavy jug, pointing her perfect nipple directly at Gwen

Well I don’t mind if I do.

Moving in slowly and methodically Gwen smooshed her face into Jens supple breast and engulfed her beautiful nipple and areola using suction to pull it far back into her throat.

Pointing her nipple directly into her open gullet Gwen mashes Jennifer’s areola up against the roof of her mouth and begins to expertly tickle her nipple and areola with her tongue.

Gwen only had to suck once or twice before Jen’s delicious milk began to flow freely.

Gwen took her hands and held onto the sides of Jen’s enormous breast and squeezed them together forcing even more milk to flow. Her hands depressing in the sides of the enormous milk jug, she began to work them in and out literally pumping more milk out her already flowing nipple.

So much milk was now coming that Gwen would occasionally made a fluid choking sound unable to cope with such volume, forcing Jens milk out from around the seal that Gwen’s lips where making, spraying her breast with little white droplets of warm rich milk. A few droplets even made it all the way up to Jennifer’s lips which she quickly licked away with her tongue, she like many of the girls loved the taste of her own milk, but was careful not to drink to much.

Dehydrated and hungry from her own recent milking Gwen guzzled down the rich creamy milk readily. After several minutes of suckling, Gwen had become quite full. No longer hungry she released her hold on Jens fat nipple with a wet pop.

Well you must have been hungry; you nearly emptied my entire breast. Jen said as she wiped up what was left of her milk and gently covered her still bulging breast back up.

I guess I was, Gwen said looking at her now slightly protruding belly pondering just how much milk she had consumed.

It was delicious by the way.

Might be continued. . .