

Lactopia

Faye Valentine

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Shutting the door behind her, Danica gave her older sister a sympathetic yet hopeful smile. "I heard you, sis, and I have just one question. What are you willing to do to give your kids the lives they deserve?"

"You know damn well I'd do anything to put a roof over their heads and give them everything they deserve which is why I need to get another job. With five here and two more on the way I just can't... I can't..." Alexis shot back and stammered as tears formed in the corners of her eyes.

"It's okay, sis, I'm here to help. But before I do I need you to read and sign something," Danica said as she held out a manilla envelope. "Take it and read every word. If you agree then sign and we'll continue. If not, then all I can say is good luck on the job search."

"W-What is it?" Alexis asked as she took the folder. Opening it before her younger sister could explain, she saw an NDA. "An NDA? You want me to sign an NDA?"

"I do. And family or not, if you break it I won't hesitate suing you to the fullest extent of the law so you better make damn sure you can keep a secret before signing."

"I don't understand why you need me to sign it in the first place."

"Because it's mandatory and that's all I'll say until you put pen to paper. Now, you can read and sign, or give it back and go one trying to work yourself to death at two jobs. The choice is yours."

Looking from her sister to the document, Alexis slowly read it line by line. Reaching the bottom without seeing anything overtly sinister about it other than the fine for breaking it, she signed her name and dated it. "There, I signed it. Now what's this all about, Danica?"

Taking the folder from her older sister, Danica noted the signature and smiled. "You can make a copy for your own records after I'm done. Are you still lactating?"

"Excuse me?"

"Are you lactating?"

"I don't see what..."

"Okay, if we're going to get anywhere I need to you answer my questions as honestly as possible no matter how strange they may be. Now, for the last time..."

"Yes, I'm lactating."

"Perfect. How many ounces do you produce in an average day?"

"Around ninety to a hundred," Alexis said to her sister's surprise.

"I said in an average day, not week."

"Yeah, I produce ninety to a hundred ounces a day. I never told anyone this because it's none of their business, but I have hypergalactia, meaning I produce an incredibly amount of milk far in excess of what my babies need. Now, what does my milk production have to do with whatever you're offering?"

"It means everything! You're not the only one with secrets, sis. Everyone thinks I work in sales, which is technically true, but instead of selling normal goods, I sell breastmilk. My own included. Ever hear of Lactopia?"

"That fetish club across town?"

"That's the one. I'm the day manager and one word from me and you'll have a job tonight making more in one shift than two weeks at your current job."

"Selling the milk my babies need to survive?"

“You said it yourself, sis, you produce far more than they require so pump what they need and sell the rest to those willing to pay top dollar for it. That being said, it isn’t just about selling milk. I mean, it is a fetish club after all.”

“Meaning what exactly?”

“Meaning you’ll be required to, um, perform whatever legal fetish customers desire of you without hesitation or complaint. From my own personal experience you’ll be a fairly well-trained submissive inside of a year and sex slave in three.”

“Submissive? Sex slave? What the actual fuck, Danica? I want a job that’ll allow me to support my growing family, not to sell myself like a...”

“Like a what? Like a common whore?”

“You said it, not me.”

“Is that what you think I am?”

“If what you’re saying is true then I don’t know what you are.”

“I’m a woman doing everything and anything necessary to provide for my family. Look, you don’t have to take the offer if you don’t want it, but don’t you dare stand there pretending like you’re somehow better than me because I work at a fetish club!”

“I never said I was better than you, sis...”

“No, just that I’m a fucking whore for selling myself! You know what, forget I even offered. You can work ten jobs for all I fucking care, but you’ll never...”

“Good lord, Danica, are you pregnant as well, or are you always this damn hormonal? I never called you a whore. You’re the one that cut me off by saying it, not the other way around! Now, not saying I’ll take the job, but if I did what would I have to do and what would I be paid?”

“Like I said, you’d be required to sell your breastmilk and perform sexual fetishes for whomever wishes to use you. As far as the milk is concerned, it sells for one-fifty as shot or approximately a hundred dollars an ounce. That’s on top of the two hundred an hour you’ll be paid to be submissive.”

“Two hundred? Dollars? An hour?” A shocked Alexis stammered.

“Correct. Plus tips and however much you make selling milk which you can calculate yourself.”

“That’s another five to six grand! There’s no way in hell this is real!”

“As someone that has regularly been selling twenty-five ounces a day for the last three years I can assure you it’s very real or I wouldn’t tell you about it in the first place. So, are you willing to test your limits and allow yourself to be trained in all things submissive for what I’m assuming is way more than you’re currently making, or do you run yourself ragged working two or maybe even three jobs?”

“Won’t it be kind of weird working at a fetish club with your sister?”

“Not at all. Seeing as how you’re already working night shift you can do the same at Lactopia which, frankly speaking, is the best shift for maximizing income and you’ll begin earning immediately as all milk purchases and tips are paid in cash only. I can’t force you to take the job, but if you want to make more money doing something you may just discover you enjoy, then head on over tonight and tell whomever is in the booth that you’re there on behalf of Mistress Danica Rose to see Mistress Zoe Cummings. Once Mistress Zoe introduces herself do the same and then ask to speak privately in her office. That’s when you tell her I sent you there for a job as a stage seven milker.”

“Stage seven milker? What does that mean?”

“It means you produce in excess of fifty ounces of milk. If you don’t think you’ll be able to sell that much on a consistent basis then you can back it down a level or two but that that limits your pay as you’re required to stop selling once you reach your level max. Which, for level seven is sixty ounces.”

“The more I can pump the better so level seven sounds perfect.”

“There’s just one more thing I need to mention. Taking the job requires signing an employment contract. The minimum is one year while the maximum is ten so make sure you actually want to be trained as a sex slave as after your thirty-day probation period you’re locked in and there are few ways out that don’t require you to pay a substantial breach of contract fee.”

“I can’t believe I’m even entertaining this craziness, but if I can make as much as you’re claiming...”

“Not claiming, sis. I’ve worked there for three years. I’m the day shift manager. Everything I said was the absolute truth. In fact, I’ll go ahead and give Mistress Zoe a call right now so she knows to expect you. Assuming you want to take the job that is.”

“D-Do it,” Alexis stammered.

“What do you want me to do, sis?”

“C-Call... oh god... call Mistress Zoe and tell her to expect me.”

“Are you absolutely sure you want to sell your milk and spend a minimum of a year being trained as a sex slave?”

No, but with twins on the way I need to make way more money than I currently am so please call her before I change my mind,” Alexis answered.

Grabbing her phone from her purse, Danica swiped through her contacts and called Lactopia’s night manager.

“Hey Danica, you calling for business or pleasure?” Mistress Zoe answered the phone.

“Business. I have my sister Alexis here with me and she could really use a job. She has no training whatsoever, but is producing at level seven and is more than willing to sign on as a dairy cow sex slave.”

“Level seven? Damn! I have to ask, is she as hot as you?”

“Even hotter. Tall. Slender body. Huge milk-filled breasts. Trust me, customers are going to be all over her.”

“I have a new project in mind so if she’s willing to sign on for a minimum of five years I’ll hire her tonight. Otherwise I don’t think I’ll have the room or time to train another cow. Speaking of which, induced or natural?”

“She one hundred percent all natural. Just a sec, let me put you on speaker,” Danica said. A beat later she continued. “Okay, you’re on speaker now. Mistress Zoe, this is my sister Alexis. Alexis, you’re now on with Mistress Zoe.”

“Nice to meet you,” Alexis nervously replied.

“Likewise. Before I hire you I need to ask a few very personal questions. Is that alright?” Zoe asked.

“Sure.”

“Great. How old are you, Alexis?”

“I’m twenty-five.”

“Do you have kids?”

“Five with twins on the way.”

“Wow! Someone was a busy beaver. And you’re producing fifty to sixty ounces a day?”

“Actually, I’m producing ninety to a hundred ounces a day but at least forty of that goes to feeding my youngest so I’ll have fifty to sixty to spare.”

“I see. Are you currently in a relationship?”

“Unfortunately, I’m single.”

“Nothing to be ashamed of. As I was telling your sister, I’m working on a new project but it requires a five-year minimum commitment. Are you willing to sign on for that long? Wait, before you answer, you need to know there is no grace period. Once hired you’re full-time day one with pay to reflect it.”

“Can I ask what this project is?”

“She’s already signed an NDA,” Danica cut in.

“I’m taking five dairy cows with no experience whatsoever with bdsm under my wing and personally training them to be sex slaves by every definition of the words. The whole thing will be recorded and streamed live on our website for all the world to see. I’ll also say that if you sign on for the minimum of five years there’s a ten-thousand-dollar bonus and if you sign on for longer it’ll increase all the way to fifty thousand for a ten-year contract.”

“We can do better than that,” Danica said before her sister had a chance to answer one way or the other. “If she signs on for the full ten-year contract we’ll double the bonus to one hundred thousand. And instead of six percent yearly raises we’ll do ten.”

“I understand she’s your sister, Mistress Danica, but…”

“No buts about it, Mistress Zoe. You’ll put it in her contract authorized by me and signed off by you or there’ll be hell to pay. Assuming she takes the ten-year contract that is.”

“I don’t know why you’re pushing so hard for me to take the job, but I’m smart enough to do the quick math in my head and I’d be an idiot not to accept,” Alexis replied. “I’ll do it. I accept whatever project you wish to hire me for and I’ll sign a ten-year contract with the rates my sister just quoted.”

“Very well. I’ll need you to be here within the next hour to go over the contract or the deal is off. And from this point forward you’ll address me as Mistress, or Mistress Zoe when in the company of other dominants. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Great. Then when you get here skip any line and give Monica in the booth your name and she’ll have someone escort you to my office. One hour, Alexis, or I find someone else to train.”

“I’ll be there, Mistress.”

Hanging up her phone, Danica gave her older sister a shit-eating grin. “You probably don’t agree, but you just made the best decision of your life. That being said, you don’t have a lot of time so get your ass in gear and I’ll take care of getting the kids to mom and dad’s.”

“I really hope you’re right,” Alexis said as she grabbed her purse and keys.