

Lactopia 2

Faye Valentine

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Sitting in her office next to her wife of nine years overlooking the club floor, Alexis slowly exhaled. "Tomorrow's the day and I'm not sure if I really want to go through with it or not."

Taking her wife's left hand into her right," Mollie also slowly exhaled. "Despite spending the last decade as sex slaves performing every act of perversion under the sun I'm quite confident in saying this is going to be the most humiliating and embarrassing thing you've ever done, but we both agreed long ago that we'd be as open and honest with ourselves, each other, and our children and that we'd tell them everything the day they turned eighteen. For Amelia and Emily that day is tomorrow and no matter what happens I'll be there every step of the way."

"What if they want to come to the club? What if they engage in what this place has to offer? God! What if they want to work here?"

"As hard as it is to accept, your little girls are all grown up, hun, and the more you try holding them back, the more resentful they'll become and is that really what you want? Don't get me wrong, I'm dreading the day I have to have this conversation with Harley in three years, but I'll have it nonetheless. As for them visiting and engaging in club activities, all I can say is they're adults now and if lactation and bdsm are what they're into then, well, I guess the apple didn't fall far from the tree. And if they get jobs here then good on them. Thanks to a genetic abnormality that apparently runs in your side of the family they've been lactating since hitting puberty and have been drinking every last drop so why not let them earn some damn good money selling it to those that would drink it for them?"

"What if they hate me for what I do for a living? What if they think we're a couple of freaks?"

"First, we're definitely freaks," Mollie joked. "And second, I think we both know we both know that we've raised twenty of the best kids in the world. They're kind, compassionate, funny, headstrong, and confident to a tee. They might not like that we're sex slaves or that you're the night manager of a fetish club catering to bdsm and lactation, but they're never going to hate us."

"I know they're all good kids, but this is one hell of a bombshell we're going to drop on them. I mean, we've been lying to them for the last decade to the point we don't even engage in bdsm at home unless we're alone which, with twenty kids between us is pretty much never and we're just going to drop everything on them at once?"

"I have to ask; would you be having this change of heart if it was my kids we were telling?"

"I... what... you... that isn't fair!"

"Sure it is. Would you be panicking if we were telling my oldest tomorrow instead of yours, or would you tell me we agreed to do this long ago no matter how embarrassing?"

"Fine, you win, but if this comes back to bite us in the ass I'm blaming you! That being said, I haven't been milked in far too long so I'm going to go make a few sales."

"I suppose I can head down and see what sort of trouble I can get myself in," Mollie said, giving her wife a wicked grin.

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Look, I'm telling you there's really a club where we can sell our milk," Amelia said to her identical twin sister. "We've been lactating and drinking our own milk for years thanks to the

genetic defect we inherited from mom. We're producing more than eighty ounces a freaking day, why not make money from it?"

"First, you call it a genetic defect, I prefer to call it a genetic boon. I mean, how many other young women can lactate like us without being pregnant? And second, how do you know there's a club where we can sell our milk?" her identical twin sister Emily replied

"You know my friend Jenna? She told me about it. It's a fetish club called Lactopia and..."

"Whoa! Hold up, what do you mean by fetish club?"

"I mean, it's a club that caters to a breastmilk fetish. From what Jenna said, lactating women can visit and sell their milk to paying customers for a pretty penny."

"Did she say how much a pretty penny was?"

"Twenty bucks a shot."

"Damn! Seriously?"

"That's what she said. She said she's makes like eight-hundred a trip and only produces forty ounces. "If we went in completely full we could make eighteen hundred each."

"You said per shot. Do we express it into a shot glass or do we have to let them drink from the source?"

"That's also an option that pays more. I guess it all depends on whether you want a bunch of men and women sucking on your nipples all night."

"Moms will kill us if they ever found out."

"Then we just wont tell them. They're working all night so what better time to pay the place a visit? We can check it out and if we like it we can stay and make some money and if not then we can leave. Either way we can be back long before moms get home."

"And all we have to do is sell our milk? No other kinky shit?"

"There is one other thing, but we only have to do it if we sell more than fifty ounces in a day."

"Here it is. What do we have to do?"

"I said another thing, but it's actually three. First, all women there to sell their milk must dress up in some sort of latex cow outfit. Second, any woman selling fifty or more ounces in a single day must agree to have a cow's head with dairy cow written around it on her right breast, and third any woman selling their milk no matter what quantity must have their hood pierced and belled."

"Belled?"

"I saw Jenna's and it's a ring with a tiny bell hanging from the captive bead It doesn't make a lot of noise, but it does make some sound when up close and personal. I know what you're going to say and, no, we don't have sex. Like you I'm still one-hundred percent virgin. So, what do you say? Want to check the club out and maybe make a shit ton of money selling our milk?"

"I think this is the worst idea you've ever had, but I'd be lying if I didn't say it was also the best. I mean we can both use the money even if it's just to help out our moms for everything they've given us," Emily answered. "God! This is so stupid, but fine, let's do it."

"Sweet. From what Jenna said it doesn't matter what we wear as we'll be placed in the cow outfit. Also, when we get there we'll have to prove we're lactating before being allowed to sign up as, um, cows."

"Let's just go before I change my mind."

"I'll drive," an excited Amelia exclaimed as she took her twin by the hand before rushing out of the bedroom and through the enormous house they shared with their mothers and eighteen other siblings – 11 biological and 7 step brothers and sisters.

Jumping in her car, Amelia backed out of the driveway and onto the street where she resisted every urge to put pedal to metal. Driving with purpose, she took the route she had committed to memory weeks in advance even if she had never been to the club in person, or come close to getting close to it in the previous two years of driving. Pulling into a driveway going along the right side of a three-story building with a neon white sign of CLUB LACTOPIA written around an anthropomorphic cow's head hanging on the front, she parked in the first empty space she came to and no sooner was the engine off, then she was out of the car.

"You got here awfully fast without using GPS. You sure this is your first time coming here?" Emily asked as she joined her twin sister.

"I've been thinking about this day for weeks and now that it's after midnight and we're finally eighteen here we are. Please promise you'll give it an honest chance."

"I promise to give it an honest chance." Now let's get inside before I chicken out."

Walking up to the back of the building the two young women were greeted by a tall, attractive but stern-looking woman that carried herself in such manner that gave little doubt she knew how to handle herself.

Taking out her ID, Amelia held it out before even being asked.

"Evening ladies," the bouncer said as she took the ID. "You here to offer or partake?"

"Um, what do you mean?" Emily asked.

"She's asking if we're here to sell or buy. And the answer is we're here to offer," Amelia said.

"I see you just turned eighteen. Are you actually producing?"

"Yes, yes we are. Would you like to see for yourself?" Amelia said as she popped her left breast from the top of the summer dress she was wearing.

"I mean, if you're offering..." And with that, the bouncer leaned down, latched onto Amelia's nipple and began sucking down what had to be the most intoxicatingly addictive milk she had ever tasted. Stopping after several mouthfuls, she licked his lips and smiled. "That was by far the best breast milk I've ever tasted in my life!"

"I'm sure you say that to every cow you drink from," Amelia teased.

"No, I really don't."

"Well, before you go and make such bold statements you should probably try mine," Emily said as she pulled her right breast from the top of her dress.

Latching on, the bouncer sucked down several mouthfuls before standing back. "Identical in every way I see. I really can't tell a difference between you or the taste of your milk. I hope you have plenty more where that came from as you're about to be the two most popular cows in there. Tell Zaria in the booth that you're here to be cows for the night and she'll direct you from there," he said as he handed Amelia her ID.

"Thanks."

"Um, before we head in, is it true we'll have to dress up like cows, have our hoods pierced, and be marked as dairy cows?" Emily asked.

"Only if you're here to offer."

"Told you so," Amelia said as she stepped into the building ahead of her sister where they were immediately met with a line of about thirty men and women that thankfully moved with the efficiency of a well-oiled machine. When it came their turn, they were greeted by a tired

but pretty green-eyed brunette wearing a white latex top with black spots resembling the markings of a cow.

“Evening, ladies. Are you here to offer or partake?”

“We’re here to offer,” Amelia answered.

“And how much are you producing?”

“Around ninety ounces a day,” Emily answered.

“Sweet fucking Jesus! And here I thought I was doing great at fifty! Before you can go in as cows there’s some paperwork and a few other things you’ll need to do, but thankfully once it’s done you never have to do it again. “Give me a moment to call the manager and she’ll make sure you’re taken care of.”

“Is everyone working here female?” Amelia asked.

“They are. Give me a sec,” Zaria said as she activated the club’s PA system. “Mistress Daisy to the ticket booth for two new cows. Mistress Daisey to the ticket booth for two new cows please.” Deactivating the PA, Zaria continued. “She’ll be out momentarily. Until then. You can have a seat over there.”

“Thanks.”

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“Sorry ladies, but business calls,” Alexis said as she quickly expressed milk into a line of ten shot glasses. Once filled to the line, she stepped away from the table and made her way out to the ticket booth where her eyes went from the pretty brunette inside, to the two young, freckle-faced redheads sitting off to the right. “Amelia? Emily? What in God’s name are you doing here?”

“MOM!” the twins exclaimed in perfect unison. “W-What are you doing here? Zaria called for… wait, are you Mistress Daisey? Oh God! Tell me this is a nightmare!”

“Come with me,” their mother commanded with a tone neither of them had ever heard her invoke. Joined by her eldest daughter, she lead them through a doorway and halfway down a long hallway before speaking. “What in God’s name are the two of you doing here? How did you even know this place existed?”

“Jenna told me about it,” Amelia answered honestly. “I figured since we’re eighteen now and producing enough milk to feed a small army, we should give it a try to help out around the house if nothing else.”

“And as reluctant as I was, I agreed,” Emily added. “Now why are you here? I thought you were at work?”

“I am. This is where I work. Mollie too. I’m the night manager and have been for the last six years.”

“Well, we can’t be here then,” Amelia sighed.

“Why not? Mollie and I will be in my office and the club is plenty large enough for the two of you to sell your milk without ever coming into contact with one another. That being said, there’s some paperwork you’ll need to fill out as well as a few other things you’ll need to take care of before you’re authorized to sell. Speaking of which, are you here for the night or do you want a job?”

“A job? Seriously?” Emily asked.

“If you want to help around the house or make enough money to move out on your own I can guarantee you’ll make it here. But not on the night or day shifts. Your aunt Danica is the day manager so you’ll have to work the afternoon shift. You won’t make as much overall, but there also won’t be any conflicts of interest.”

“Conflicts of interest? What are you talking about, mom? You said it yourself; the club is plenty large enough for us to work without ever running into each other. Besides, you know we’re night owls like you so if we’re going to work here, and not saying that we are, but if we do then it’ll have to be the night shift,” Emily replied.

“There’s more to Lactopia than simply selling you milk, young ladies,” Alexis said as she led her daughters up two flights of stairs and down another hallway. “This is a fetish club. Do you know what that means?”

“Apparently not,” Emily said as she glared at the back of her twin’s head.

“There’s no easy way of putting it so I’ll just be as blunt and to the point as possible. A fetish club caters to the bdsm lifestyle. You know, bondage, discipline, domination, submission and all that. And all of our employees and temporary cows are treated and trained as sex slaves. That means no isn’t in their vocabulary. The customer commands and they obey. Within the confines of the law and our rules that is. If you work here for even a shift you’ll be required to have sex with and perform and all acts of sexual perversion for whomever is willing to pay for it. Gang bangs. Golden showers. Lesbian sex. Fisting. Needle play. Canings and floggings. Nothing legal is off limits.”

“Jesus Christ, mom! D-Did you...”

“Mollie and I were both contracted for ten years and are as well-trained as two sex slaves can be. And no, we don’t regret it for a second as this is what allowed us to give the two of you and the rest of your brothers and sisters the lives you all deserve. That nice big house sitting on thirty-five acres? Fridges, freezers, and cupboards always full of food so no one ever goes without? Those month-long family vacations we take every year? All of that is possible because your mother and I have spent the last decade of our lives working here and being trained as sex slaves.”

“Then the least we can do is be slaves too,” Amelia said. “Sign us up.”

“Whoa! Hold on a sec! I came here to sell milk, not become a sex slave,” Emily countered. “Not that there’s anything wrong with it, but if I’m going to do something that extreme I’m going to need to know a heck of a lot more.”

“All of this can get very personal so I’m going to hand you off to a very close friend and my and Mollie’s former owner, Mistress Riley to do your interview and paperwork.”

“Owner?”

“Submissive serve Masters and Mistresses. Sex slaves have owners. Granted, they’re also Masters and Mistresses, but unlike submissives, sex slaves are owned property and this have owners to train and care for them. If you opt to work here she’ll make sure you’re paired with Mistresses that suit you perfectly.”

“I thought you said Masters *and* Mistresses,” Emily said.

“I did, but we only employ women so if you work here you’ll serve a Mistress for the duration of your contract,” their mother said as she stopped in front of a closed heavy wooden door. Knocking, she waited.

“Enter,” a woman called out.

Opening the door, Alexis ushered her daughters into a large office decorated with tasteful bdsm artwork and where a stunning woman of 40 with long, jet-black hair pulled back in a high tight braid sat at a huge dark cherry desk. “Sorry to bother you, Mistress, but we have a situation that needs your firm and knowledgeable hand. Mistress Riley, these are my daughters Amelia and Emily. Girls, this is my dear friend and former owner, Mistress Riley.”

“Nice to meet you, Ma’am,” Emily was first to reply.

“Likewise.

“Nice to meet you, Ma’am,” Amelia said in greeting.

“The pleasure is mine. Your daughters, huh? So you finally told them where you work and here they are.”

“No, Mistress. I was planning on telling them tomorrow, but they beat me to it.

Apparently, Amelia has a friend that told her about the club and here they are. Anyway, as their mother putting them through the interview process would be... problematic, so if you have the time could you take care of it for me?”

“Of course.”

“Just to be clear, we only came here to check the place out and maybe sell some milk,” Emily said. “We didn’t know it was a bdsm club or that we’d have to be treated and trained as sex slaves to do it.”

“Unfortunately, or fortunately depending on how you look at it, that’s exactly what you’ll need to do even if all you wish to do is sell your milk,” Mistress Riley replied. “Go ahead and take a seat and we’ll discuss everything in great detail before you ever step foot on the club floor.”

“You’re in very good hands, girls. Listen to what Mistress Riley has to say and don’t be afraid to ask questions no matter how embarrassing they may be,” Alexis said. “I’m going to go find Mollie and then head back to my office for the rest of the night. If you need anything you know where to find me.”

“Um, we actually have no idea where your office is, mom,” Amelia replied.

“I was talking to Mistress Riley. But you’re right. From here head down the hall, take the first left, and my office is the only door on the right. Whether you decide to stay or not, please be the polite girls I raised you to be.” And with that, Alexis walked out of her former owner’s office heart thumping so hard and loud it was making her feel lightheaded.