

Stable Submission

Faye Valentine

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I had been caring for animals all my life and four years professionally at an amazing clinic when I was made an offer I could not refuse. I sincerely hated leaving the wonderful and compassionate veterinarians but Briarwood was one of those places that made careers so I gave my two weeks and left in a teary-eyed mess. Hired to start that night, I tried to get in an afternoon nap so I did not fall asleep my first day on the job.

Reluctantly waking from a sound sleep, I took a shower and drove out to the country, arriving at Briarwood an hour before my eleven o'clock shift to finalize paperwork and get a tour of the place before officially starting. Pulling into the driveway leading towards the parking lot, I came to a stop at a closed gate about halfway to my destination. No sooner was my window down then I was greeted by a cheery female voice.

"I'm sorry, but we're closed until nine."

"My name is Ashley Minick and I'm actually due to start working here tonight," I replied. There was a brief pause and then I heard a buzzing as the gate slowly slid open.

"Welcome to Briarwood, Miss Minick. I see here there are a few more forms you need to sign so once you park please come to the office and we'll get that taken care of."

"Of course," I said though I had absolutely no idea what forms she was talking about. Continuing up the driveway I parked, grabbed my purse from the passenger seat and walked towards the office while taking in the serene beauty all around me. I could only imagine what it looked like during the daylight hours. Keeping with the natural appeal, the office was located in a modern one story log cabin style building. Pulling a heavy wooden door open I stepped inside a large open lobby with a glass top desk to the right and comfortable seating ahead and to the left.

"You must be Miss Minick," the petite brunette sitting behind the desk said. "Please, come on over and I'll get you the paperwork you need to fill out and then I'll buzz Randy to give you the tour and go over your job duties."

"Thanks. Though I'm a little confused. I was under the impression I had filled everything out last week."

"These are the non-disclosure forms Paul forgot to have you read and sign as well as some waiver forms all employees must sign."

"Non-disclosure forms? To work at a ranch? That seems a bit much," I said as I took the thin stack of forms. "You got some sort of proprietary stallions here or something?" I mostly joked.

"Something like that," she smiled.

After reading through the forms I was taken aback by their blunt and to the point wording stating in no uncertain terms that fraternization between employees was not only permitted, but encouraged. The non-disclosure agreement now made perfect sense. I thought about inquiring further, but did not want to risk losing the job before I started so I just signed and handed them back. "So, how many employees actually run around butt naked screwing each other?"

"Fair question." Standing, she stared me in the eyes, reached back, unzipped the form-fitting burgundy dress she was wearing and then pulled it off over head. As if they had a mind of their own my eyes darted all over her tanned, naked body and stopped at what appeared to be a puppy paw set inside a horseshoe branded on her right hip. As I stood there completely stunned despite what I had just moments ago read, she walked over and gently caressed my left cheek. "It happens more often than not. May I?"

"Huh?"

“I want to kiss you.” Her hand hooked behind my neck and I found myself suddenly staring at her large breasts. “Actually, I’m a bit full at the moment so if you don’t mind...”

My lips touched her right nipple and when I opened my mouth to say something she pushed it in and with a motion of her hand I tasted breast milk for the first time in my life. I think she took my complete frozen shock as consent to continue feeding me as my mouth continued to fill. I instinctively swallowed and it quickly filled again. I swallowed. Fill. Swallow. Fill. Swallow. Fill Swallow. After eight or so gulps of the warm, watery nectar three things became readily apparent. First, she was no longer expressing the milk into my mouth. Second, I was latched on and sucking all on my own. And third, my blouse was now hanging wide open, bra pushed up and she was tweaking my nipples.

Humiliation setting in, I jerked upright and stumbled back half a dozen steps. Staring at her I could only imagine the look of horror on my face as she just smiled back at me. “Oh my god! I can’t believe...you...I drank...” I stammered as I stood there with my breasts on full display.

“First time drinking breast milk?”

“I’ve never done anything with another woman! You didn’t even ask!”

“And you didn’t say no. You read the waivers, Ashley, so you know everything that takes place on the ranch is recorded including you letting me guide you to my breast and you drinking long after I stopped expressing. Anyways, there’s nothing to be embarrassed about and my breasts are still full so will you please finish drinking before I call Randy? I mean, you still have about forty minutes before start of shift so...”

“I’d ask if you were being serious but I can see by the look on your face that you are. I’m going to ask you a question and I want an honest answer. Is this some sort of sex farm?”

“Seeing as how you’ve read and signed all the paperwork I have no problem telling you...yes and no. Remember, nothing you see, do or hear here may be spoken to non-employees. While it’s true that breeding world class stallions and show dogs is our primary source of income, it’s not the only one. For instance, there are a lot of perverted people in the world and one of the services I and many of the other women working here provides is breast milk. Tell me, are you lactating?” she asked as she cupped and gave my left breast a light squeeze.

“N-No.”

“Give it a couple of months and that’ll change,” she smirked. “Assuming you still want to work here that is.”

“I’ve already quit my previous job so I don’t have a choice, but can you please stop playing with my breast?” To my surprise her hand pulled away even if the look on her face was one of disappointment. “Thank you. Don’t get me wrong, it felt nice but I’m not a lesbian.”

“Neither am I. One thing you’ll learn working here is no means no. Which is why I ask if you would please finish drinking my milk before your shift started after you stopped the first time. I don’t know if you’ve ever lactated before but full breasts hurt and I could really use some relief so I ask again, will you please drink it?”

My eyes drifted from hers down to her large exposed breasts with a tiny bead of that succulent treat forming at each nipple and I just reacted. Leaning down, I latched onto her right nipple and began sucking.

“Mmmm, thank you. Let’s make ourselves a little more comfortable,” she said as she took me by the hand and led me to the couch sitting under a window at the other end of the lobby. Cradled in her arms I latched back on and drank – every gulp coming with the same question. *Why the hell am I doing this?* And the same answer. *It tastes fucking amazing, that’s*

why I'm doing it. She began playing with my nipples and it was then I realized I did not even know her name. Pulling back, I swallowed the mouthful of breast milk. "What's your name?"

My left nipple playfully rolled and pinched between finger and thumb, she smiled down at me. "My name is Laura." I gave her a smile and resumed sucking and drinking and she went back to playing with my nipples. After a few minutes her hand snaked its way up under my skirt and slowly rubbed my panty-covered clit. I froze, inhaled sharply and then closed my eyes as we both continued. A few moments later her fingers inched their way under my panties and slipped into me. This went on for I have no idea how long because I completely lost track of time, but she eventually stopped.

Standing in front of me she pushed my skirt up and pulled my panties down. Smiling, she knelt between my legs and kissed her way up my thighs. I knew it was coming and despite every fiber of my being screaming that I was not into women sexually, I did not stop even when her tongue slowly licked along my vulva.

"Ooohhhhhh fuck!" I moaned as she gently bit my hooded clit.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"NO!" I exclaimed. "I mean...uuhhnnn...n-no. God! I can't believe I'm saying this, but...but please don't stop."

"I won't stop until you tell me to." Concentrating on sucking my and licking my clit, she slid three fingers into me. I took them with ease. She looked up at me, the look in her eyes one of knowing as she added her pinky. Fucking them in to the knuckles, she gave me a raised brow and when all I did was bite into my lower lip she tucked her thumb into palm and her hand slid in to the wrist. Once in she curled her fingers into a fist and pushed deeper causing me to explode in orgasm. "God damn! It's been a long time since I saw someone take a fist so easily. You're going to love the horses." Lost in the mind-blowing euphoria of an intense orgasm my brain did not register what she just said and even if it had I probably would not have understood what she meant. "Can you take a fist that easily up your ass?"

"YES!" I purred as another orgasm ripped through me. Caught up in the moment I instinctively put my feet on the edge of the couch and scoot myself forward so she had full access to my ass. Her left hand pulled out of my pussy and slowly pushed into my ass. Once buried to the wrist she filled my pussy with the right.

"You're really going to love working here. That being said, I still have plenty of milk to drink and we still have about ten minutes together so will you?" Her hands slowly slid from my pussy and asshole. I sat up and for whatever reason leaned forward and kissed her. "Make yourself comfortable and I'll be right back. Giving me a quick peck, she got up and disappeared into a room to the left of the desk.

While she was in the bathroom the door opened and a tall, ruggedly handsome man in his late forties walked in, looked to his right at the desk, left at me and raised his brow. "Please tell me you're the new hire."

"Um, yeah, that would be me," I blushed. Suddenly aware of my nakedness, I clamped my legs together and used my arms to cover my breasts but at double D's that was a futile endeavor.

"Pleasure to meet you. Care to explain why you're half naked?"

"That would be my fault," Laura said as she returned to the lobby. "She kindly agreed to drain my full breasts and, well, you know how things work around here. Full disclosure, she easily took both of my hands at the same time so there will be no problem training her to be a mare in that regard."