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Milking

By

Satyr
(address withheld)

The unnamed narrator is invited to the Doctor's research station where he sees some of the unusual experiments carried out there. (Mf bd nc _dom lac)

I settled myself into the big leather armchair. A small table to my side carried decanters of whisky, brandy, and sherries; together with a collection of the finest crystal glasses from which to drink it. A handsome humidor and heavy silver lighter completed the accessories. I poured myself a healthy measure of brandy into one of the large snifters and waited.

It was an odd room, long and, at one end, sumptuously furnished: thick, richly patterned carpets; deeply buttoned, leather, club armchairs; and handsome, well polished, dark-wood tables and cabinets. The lighting was subdued, and magnificent paintings hung on the walls. The opposite end was in complete contrast. The carpeting ended suddenly at a brass strip, beyond which the floor was of stone flags. The walls were tiled in plain white and a long wooden bench ran along the rear wall. Two metal rails ran across the room, one at ankle level and the other, about three feet high, was about 18 inches in front of the low bar. A long metal trough ran along in front of the bars, and a series of inverted glass bottles peeped over the top of it.

We had met on the train from Copenhagen the previous night, the Doctor and I. My secretary had booked the trip, and it had seemed sensible to take the late train after one meeting to be positioned for my next meeting the following day. It hadn't quite worked though. The train had been running for about fifteen minutes when my 'phone rang. It was the man I was travelling to see. He was apologetic: a death in the family. He was sure I'd understand... I did, of course, but it left me with a free day in the wilds of a Scandinavian mid-winter, before my onward booking for my next meeting.

I'd just put the 'phone away when the train jerked to a halt. We sat silently, waiting. After an age, the loudspeaker coughed and an apologetic voice spoke. After a few moments, the guard spoke again, this time in English. 'I am sorry that we have stopped,' he said. 'There is a fault with the engine and we work to mend. Sorry for delay.'

We sat quietly, the snow brushing against the darkened windows. I fell into a casual conversation with the man seated opposite—the Doctor—and soon discovered that we had similar interests, and

an invitation to visit his research facility swiftly followed.

We'd finally got in just after midnight after the State Railway had sent a further locomotive to pull the train to its destination, so it was mid-morning when the Doctor's car swept up to my hotel to collect me.

The research facility was a low cluster of buildings set around a courtyard which was attached to a large house. It looked like an old farm complex, which was exactly what the Doctor told me it had been. The research station was set into a pine forest and was surrounded by a high chain-link fence topped by razor wire.

The Doctor had met me at the door as his man, Kurt, had put the car away. We drank coffee in his study before touring the facility. He was proud of it, and we spent ten minutes or so watching the reception procedures for a new batch of research specimens, before moving through the labs and watching various experiments in progress.

Finally, we had returned to the main house and this strangely furnished and appointed room. 'This,' explained the Doctor, 'is the only lab in the main house. Everything else happens in the Research Complex.' He gestured me towards a chair, 'Let me show you my favourite experiment. I've been running it for a few years now, and it's starting to show good results.'

He lifted the wall-mounted telephone and spoke a few words, listened for a few moments, and spoke again.'

'Kurt,' he explained briefly. 'A good idea from him, but we will have to prepare the specimen ...' as he said it, the door opened and Kurt, dressed now in green surgical scrubs, entered. He was accompanied by a blonde, hard faced, woman, who was also dressed in greens. They both carried short, leather cased, whips, and dragged a young naked female. It was one of the new inductees who I'd seen earlier, brought in overnight with her mother.

The girl's wrists were fastened behind her back by black leather cuffs, and her long blonde hair swung loose about her tear-stained face. She was about fourteen, but was well developed for her age. Her magnificent titties swung either side of her slender ribs as she struggled with Kurt and the other attendant. Suddenly, without warning, the hard-faced woman cuffed the girl hard about the head, knocking her to her knees. Silently, working as a team, Kurt and the woman hoisted the stunned girl onto the bench. Straps over her chest, waist, knees, and ankles, secured her open-legged onto the bench top. Kurt took up a large cut-throat razor, and began to scrape the thin blonde fuzz off the girl's pubic mound, then down—gently, it seemed—between her thighs to clear the hairs around her slit.

While he worked, the female attendant produced and fastened leather ankle cuffs and a collar about the girl's neck and ankles. Then, acting together, the attendants they released the now shaven girl and dragged her to her feet before pulling her to the metal rails. Liberated from her bonds, she tried to shoulder charge the woman, but a hefty slice across her flank from Kurt's whip rendered her suddenly docile. She was forced to bend and her collar was fastened, by way of a large metal clip, to the upper bar. The threat of Kurt's whip on her bare ass persuaded the girl to position her feet against the lower bar, to which the woman clipped the ankle cuffs, just far enough apart to keep the girl's legs about a shoulder width apart. Her big titties swung forwards invitingly, and I could see her cuntgash now revealed at the juncture of her thighs.

We waited for a few moments while Kurt and the woman went outside. When they returned, it was with a group of four naked young women. Judging by their physiques: young firm titties and the last traces of puppy fat, none was much over eighteen and indeed, they were probably younger. They were a mix of races, two Europeans; a short, slender, Japanese; and a black girl. All were naked, and all were shaved clean below. They shared one other thing in common: they all had large titties for their ages.

Without instruction, the girls approached the bars and stood behind them, awaiting instructions. At Kurt's approach, the first girl, a freckled-redhead, leant forwards at the waist and let him secure her collar to the bar. At her feet, the woman fastened her ankles to the lower bar.

Working quickly as a team, Kurt and his assistant quickly fastened the four newcomers. As he finished, Kurt stepped back, giving me the opportunity to admire his handiwork. From left to right, I saw the redhead, the black girl, the smooth olive skin of the oriental, the brunette (a rather swarthy Greek-looking) girl, and the new blonde.

The female attendant moved to the edge of the trough, where she fiddled with something which was out of sight. Almost immediately, a rhythmic hissing filled the air. Kurt bent down and removed a long hose from the trough. Towards its end, it split into two, each terminating in a pair of long, narrow, clear plastic tubes. He approached the redhead and gently stroked her hanging titties, before placing the open end of the tubes over her nipples. The hissing noise lessened slightly, and the tubes stayed in place held, apparently, by suction. Swiftly, Kurt moved to the black girl and repeated the process. Soon, each girl had the tubes fastened to her swaying tits, and the hissing noise had almost abated to nothing.

Kurt gestured to his female partner, who made a twisting motion with her wrist at a control on the out-of-sight panel. Immediately, the hissing sound deepened again, and I could see their nipples starting to rhythmically tug into the tubes.

Suddenly, white fluid splashed into the redhead's tubes. Quickly, the flow got faster, and soon the tubes were filled with her milk, which began to collect in the large glass bottle before her. It wasn't long before the other girls—except for the blonde newcomer—had milk flowing too.

I could feel my cock starting to stir and swell to hardness.

The Doctor settled himself into the chair beside me. 'Hucows,' he began, then stopped. 'Human cows,' he continued, 'do not need to have produced a child to lactate. This can be stimulated by breast massage and by some drugs. Each of these hucows has been stimulated to produce milk, and my research is into the relationship between body mass index, and cultures, on the quality and quantity of milk produced. Previous research has shown that on average, a hucow will produce about 50ml of milk by two days after she begins lactation, to about 500ml on the fourth day. Eventually, she'll produce about 850ml per day by about three months, each udder producing about 400ml. For those hucows in the wild, who are allowed to go clothed, they will increase by one or two bra cup-sizes while lactating. The size of the udder will decrease rapidly, and dramatically, once milking ceases. We know that the volume of milk produced is a function of demand, and that the common view is that this is not affected by nutrition or age of the producing hucow. Milk production will drop off unless suckling—artificial, as here; or natural—is frequent and consistent. It seems that the milk contains an inhibitor of milk production which builds up if the milk remains in the udder for a prolonged time, thus adequate milk removal is necessary for continued production.' He paused for a moment and sipped his whisky before continuing. 'I aim to pump each hucow for ten to fifteen minutes per udder every two-to-three hours, day and night. We find that less frequent stimulation, say less than once every five to eight hours, will result in less milk production; but some milk will be produced as long as the hucow is stimulated at least twice a day. Less than that results in the loss of milk between one and three weeks later. But, I find, that with sufficient and regular stimulation it is possible to maintain a hucow's milk production for months. I even have some who are producing lactate years after taking their place in the experimental programme.'

Kurt's cough drew our attention back to the tableau before us. The milking machine still hissed, but the milk had ceased to flow. 'Yes, yes,' said the Doctor, 'I've been remiss. Kurt, yes, please continue, but leave the new specimen for a while yet ... she'll benefit from the extra pumping if she's to produce.'

'It'll take about four-to-six weeks before she's in full flow, or maybe up to three months ...' explained the Doctor.

We watched as the woman attendant tugged the milking tubes off the girls' now engorged and reddened nipples, leaving angry red marks about their areola. Kurt produced a measuring jug and a clipboard and, together with his female partner, they moved along the line measuring the contents of the collecting bottles.

'Does, err, udder size have an effect?' I asked, wriggling slightly in my chair to relieve the pressure on my erection.

'Udders are classified by the "Tanner Scale", which goes from I to V. There is really no minimum degree of development in order to be able to lactate. There are well documented instances of even men with minimal Tanner I breasts producing some milk and breast feeding without using hormones. However, there is no doubt that the higher the development stage, the easier it will usually be to start lactation and the greater the likely quantity of milk produced. In general, well developed Tanner IV or V type udders are really required for successful milking ... or nursing for that matter.'

The Doctor paused as the female attendant offered him the clipboard. He perused the contents quietly before rising quietly and walking to the bar where he gently massaged the Japanese girl's now emptied titty. The girl wriggled uncomfortably at his touch, but made no sound. The Doctor returned to his seat. 'Number 728,' he explained, 'the Japanese hucow, has just produced 200ml at a single milking. That's a personal best for her, and close to the record.' He nodded towards the redhead. '746. She's got THE record: 210ml at a milking, and just over a litre of milk in a day.' He stopped suddenly, noticing my discomfort for the first time. 'My dear chap!' he exclaimed. 'I'm so sorry: I've been remiss in my duties as a host. Please, if you'd like to make use of one or more of the hucows ... Any orifice you'd like—they're all broken in ... they're all skilled fellatrices for that matter ...'

I rose from my seat and began to move towards the still tethered females.

'They often get quite wet during milking,' called the Doctor, 'they can get quite sexually aroused, but if they're not lubricated enough, there's gel on the counter ...'

The redhead looked good, very good in fact, and so did the Japanese girl, but she was just too short for me to penetrate at that angle. The newcomer though ... and this would be too good a chance to miss ...

I felt her cuntgash. As I'd surmised: dry as a bone. Without a word, Kurt handed me a tube of gel and I liberated my cock. A copious dollop on my knob, and more rubbed into her entrance, and I slid-in easily, hitting on almost the first thrust. The girl squealed and bounced forwards with the force of my entry, bringing-up short by her collar. She gurgled. I ignored her and began to slide in-and-out, revelling in the feel of her young, tight, pussy around my engorged dick. I wanted to reach below her chest and squeeze her titties but, out of respect for the Doctor's experiment, refrained: gripping the upper bar to which the girl was tethered instead.

From the corner of my eye, I saw the female attendant lead the brunette and black hucows from the room. A disengaged part of my brain seeing for the first time the number '722' tattooed in large digits across the small of the brunette's back, in the very place where—in the Western world—the so-called 'slut tag' is usually to be found. An irregular dark mark, in the same place, on the black girl told me that this was where the Doctor put his lab number.

At the position next to me, the Doctor (somewhat shorter than me) carefully balanced his ash-tray on the Japanese girl's back, before liberating his prick, slid into her wet cleft and began to fuck her. At the end of the line, Kurt positioned himself behind 746, the redhead, whose sighs soon began to join those of her sisters.

'This is one of life's little luxuries,' the Doctor announced, taking a long pull on his cigar before balancing it carefully back on the ashtray. These oriental women have marvellous self-control, you know. 728's milking me with her cunt muscles but keeping perfectly still. She doesn't want a hot cigar, or hot ash, on her back!'

The Doctor reached under his hucow and squeezed her titties. The tit-flesh squeezed between his fingers. The girl winced and wriggled, ever so slightly. The Doctor smiled in triumph, and resumed fucking the girl.

I continued to pump at the blonde's hips, my cock sliding in-and-out of her now greasy fuck-tube easily. I could see her titties bouncing at my thrusts, and the milking tubes began to clack together

in rhythm with my thrusts.

'Quite a bit of suction on those milking tubes,' called the Doctor. 'Feel free to fuck her as hard as you like, the tubes'll stay on—they're getting enough suction to milk ALL of a real cow's udders at the same time after all!'

I began to 'long-cock' the girl, sliding my shaft in to the hilt then withdrawing until just the *glans* remained inside. I could feel the sensation building in my cock, and the spunk boiling in my bollocks. I wasn't going to last much longer!

In the event, it was Kurt who finished first, shouting his joy loudly and thrusting hard into his huCow, almost overbalancing her as he embedded his cock in her slick hole. As the female attendant led her away, Kurt thrust his diminishing prick back into his greens, and a thread of thick spunk glistened down the inside of the redhead's thigh.

The sight was too much for me, and I jammed my cock deep into the moaning huCow and shot my load, jerk after jerk and spurt after spurt of hot cum jetting deep into the girl's belly.

I pulled out, hearing my knob disengage with a loud 'plop.' An even louder rasping noise, the so-called 'fanny fart' followed, as the excess air escaped from her cunt.

Next to me, the Doctor had finished too it seemed. Quietly though, and with little fuss, he withdrew his cock. Absently, he massaged the oriental girl's cuntlips and, sure enough, a thick dollop of fuck-cream began to trickle out and trickle down her leg.

The Doctor adjusted his fly and nodded to Kurt and the woman. 'Take 746 and 728 back to their stalls. Further milking in two hours for them. Leave the new huCow, number err ...'

'763, Doktor,' offered Kurt.

'Yes, 763. Leave her until the conclusion of the next scheduled milking for these four then she'll join their usual rota until her milk comes and will be part of their experiment group in the future.'

He turned back to me. 'Now, my dear chap. We must get you some dinner then away to the train.'

As we spoke, I watched the attendants unfasten the two girls and hurry them from the room, their now emptied titties noticeably less swollen than when they'd arrived only thirty minutes or so before. The milking machine continued to throb and hiss as it continued to suckle the new girl's sore titties.

As I settled back in the car after a magnificent meal served by the indefatigable Kurt, I mused over the Doctor's kind offer of a return visit and a part of his new research project, the effect on quantity and quality of milk produced by huCows who were fucked while milking Now THAT was a research project ...!

THE END

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The author does not condone child abuse or underage sex, nor is torture and/or other abuse of women. This story is meant as an erotic fantasy not real life. Anyone acting out such scenarios in reality can look forward to many unproductive years getting it up the ass by a fellow convict in their local prison.

It's okay to READ stories about unprotected sex with others outside a monogamous relationship. But it isn't okay to HAVE unprotected sex with people other than a trusted partner. There are a number of very unpleasant diseases, some incurable, some fatal, some both incurable and fatal, which can be contracted that way. Genital herpes is still a fact of life! HIV/AIDS is still a real threat.

You only have one body per lifetime, so take good care of it!

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