

# **Milking Mandy**

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“House of the lord, God speaking,” Mandy answered the phone in the hopes whomever it was would think they had the wrong number and leave her alone. After the horrible day she had at work all she wanted to do was drink a few glasses of wine, relax in a hot bath and forget about everything else. But alas, it was not meant to be.

“Hey God, it’s the Devil, you busy?” her best friend Lucy replied.

“Just getting home from work. What’s up?”

“They still giving you the bare minimum hours?”

“Yeah. And it really sucks because my reserves are running low and I probably won’t be able to make mortgage next month. So, what can I do you for?”

“Actually, I may have a means for you to make that mortgage next month and the month after that and the month after that for as long as there are months you need to make extra cash.”

“Doing?”

“Nursing.”

“You’re forgetting one key factor. I’m not a nurse.”

“Not the kind of nursing I’m talking about. You’re still lactating, right?”

“Yeah. I was about to go pump when you called. Wait...you don’t mean?”

“I do. Look, I know you think what I do is degrading, but the money is fan-fucking-tastic and I just happened to hear through the grapevine that Madam Eliza is looking for a couple of milkers – her word, not mine, to fill an ever-increasing demand.”

“I’m not going to be an escort.”

“You don’t have to be. You can work in-house and let the clients come to you.”

“That’s all well and good, but I’m still not going to let a bunch of strange men fuck me even if I’m getting paid for it.”

“You don’t have to do that either. All you need to do is let them drink your milk right from the source. From what I hear Madam Eliza is even willing to let the new milkers bottle and sell it on the side if they want to.”

“And how much does it pay?”

“You did not hear this from me as I’m technically not supposed to talk about it, but milkers get \$150 per thirty minute session and can fetch as much as \$100 per bottle of milk they sell. If you only saw one client an hour you’d made \$1,200 a night before factoring in any milk you might sell. How’s that for extra cash?”

“Jesus Christ! And no sex involved whatsoever?”

“Nope, not unless you want to and that’s extra. So, you interested?”

“I don’t know.”

“Look, I know it seems like a terrible job, but why let all that delicious milk go to waste when you can get paid for it? And it’s not just men that’ll want to drink it. You’ll have your fair share of female clients as well. I’m not going to pressure you into it, but at least think about it. And if you ultimately decide to do it I’ll put in a good word for you and attest to how great your milk is. Speaking of which, do you mind if I drop by later for a drink?”

“Sure. I’ll leave the front door open in case I’m in the bath when you arrive.”

“Then I’ll see you later, God.”

“See ya, Devil.” Hanging up the phone, Mandy thought about the offer while stripping out of her business suit. Naked, she went to the bedroom, grabbed the breast pump from the closet and sat on the edge of the bed – her mind drifting back nursing her baby boy until he was

taken from her at the tender age of seventeen months thanks to an insidious infection that refused all manner of cures. And then her husband of five years up and left – leaving her all alone to deal with the tragic loss. Letting out a pitiful sigh, wondering why she even bothered keeping the flow of milk going with no one other than herself and Lucy to consume it, she turned the machine on, placed a pump over each large nipple and watched as the bottles began to fill one squirt at a time.

When the bottles were full, Mandy turned the machine off and sipped from the bottle in her left hand – savoring the sweet nectar before swallowing it down. After capping the bottle in her right hand, she took it to the refrigerator to keep until later while sipping at the other as she prepared for her hot bubble bath.

Lying back in the tub, holding the now half-empty bottle of milk in hand, she once again thought about the pros and cons of taking her best friend up on the job offer. In the pro column she placed making a shitload of money, having her breasts constantly drained and being able to pull herself out of the increasingly deepening hole she's been falling into for the past six months. And in the con column went being an escort and having complete strangers sucking on her nipples. Back on the pro side she added having her nipples sucked – something she thoroughly enjoyed when she knew whom was doing the sucking.

Telling herself over and over that being an escort was degrading and almost as low on her list of jobs as doing actual porn, she had herself convinced that she would not take the job no matter what financial troubles she found herself in. And her mind was still made up when she got out of the bath an hour later. And two hours after that when Lucy knocked at the front door.

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Opening the door, Mandy let her best friend in. “I’ve thought about the job offer and I’ve decided that I’ll take it,” she blurted out despite thinking the exact opposite.

“Really? Wow! I have to say that surprises the hell out of me.”

“Me too. I meant to say I wasn’t going to take it. Now sure why it came out that way.”

“Maybe your sub conscience is trying to tell you something. Before you go changing your mind, how about we put on a little test?”

“What sort of test?”

“Well, you love having your nipples sucked and the milk drained, right?”

“Yes.”

“At the House you’ll have to get used to the idea of nursing strangers so how about we give it a try tonight? I’ll call over say, five or ten people to drink your milk and you can see if it’s something you think you’ll be able to handle. If it’s too much then we can tell them to leave, however, if you think you can get over the weirded out factor then you should take the job. Deal?”

“You want me to nurse five or ten people tonight?”

“I do.”

“I’ve already drained a bottle’s worth from each breast three hours ago.”

“No problem. You forget who you’re talking to. I know you’ve got a whole lot more than that in those milk bags. What do you say?”

“And all they will do is suck my nipples?”

“Unless you give them permission to do more.”

“Alright, I’ll do it.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, but you had better get them here quickly before I change my mind.”

“I’ll start making the calls now. And just to make this as professional as possible, they’ll pay the House prices so you can make a little extra cash. Even though I’ll be charging them to drink your milk and fuck me, you’ll get all the money as I can get fired for going outside of the House to make money. Deal?”

“That’s hardly fair to you.”

“No biggie. Seeing you getting milked by nearly a dozen men and women is well worth it. Assuming ten is enough, that is.”

“I think that’s plenty. How many of these people do you know?”

“I can have about thirty of them here in under two hours, but they’ll want to do a lot more than drink your milk. Besides, I don’t think even you have enough to satisfy that many people in one go.”

“Probably not. Ten is more than enough for a trial run.”

“Give me a few minutes and I’ll set it all up.” After placing the calls, Lucy returned to her best friend. “There are a few rules you need to know before the party begins. First, you get to dictate how long this little test will run and how long each participant is allowed to drink. You also set the rules for what happens to you sexually, while I am in control over what I do. Second, if anyone tries to do anything beyond drinking your milk, immediately tell them to leave and let me know. They will be banned from the House for overstepping the bounds. And third, if you decide to go further and let them have sex with you, it’s an additional \$250 per person per hour. Understood?”

“Got it.”