

Training Estate

Emily Sinclair

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Nestled at the Georgian tail of the Appalachian Mountains and surrounded by an ocean of forest, the nine-hundred-seventy acres of rolling hills and vast fields dotted with a spattering of buildings that was the Basingstoke Estate was the picturesque definition of tranquility for those of us that called it home. With a hundred acres of crops, livestock for meat and cows for dairy, we were completely self-sufficient which led many outsiders to think of us as a cult and in hindsight I could see their point as we did many things out of the norm starting with being nudists and ending with harsh punishments for breaking the rules.

Despite its name, the Basingstoke Estate was home to twenty-seven families – all of which worked the farm in one capacity or another, and while I had never been off the farm even once in my life, I was not without friends. Jasmine Harper – eldest daughter to the farm supervisor was my best and when not tending to our daily duties we loved spending hours riding, exploring the forest surrounding the property and lying out in the noonday sun.

Wearing only a pair of steel-toed boots I was on my way towards the milking barn to tend to the dairy cows when a pair of hands gripped my hands from behind. Stopping dead in my tracks I felt a naked body pressing against mine and from the scent of perfume knew it was my best friend. “Hey Jasmine,” I said without looking back.

“Sup, Eva? Ready to milk some cows?” the way the words purred past her lips gave the impression she was talking about something far more sexual than what we were on our way to do and it made me shiver.

“Do you always have to be so...lewd?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” she said. Arm around my waist, she held me tighter. Her lips teased my neck.

Inhaling sharply, I closed my eyes and then slowly exhaled just as my hooded clit was pinched between finger and thumb. “Uuhhnnn! Dammit, Jasmine, how many times do I have to tell you not to do that? I’m a...”

“Virgin and want to save yourself for the man you marry,” she dryly finished. “It’s not like I’m fucking you, Eva.”

“No, but we both know you would if I let you.”

“I don’t understand why you have such an issue with losing your virginity to a man when I can take it just as easily and far more pleurably.” Her index finger slid along my slit causing me to freeze. With a little more pressure she parted the folds of my womanhood and I felt her fingertip threatening to rip away the thin slit of skin of my innocence. She playfully nibbled my right earlobe. “Just a little push and it’ll be over. A fraction of an inch and we can have so much fun together.”

“Ooohhh god,” I gasped as I felt her adding a second finger. “P-Please stop.”

“I feel the goosebumps. I feel you trembling. Is it excitement? Fear? Perhaps a little bit of both? Do it,” she purred. “Just a quick buck of the hips is all it takes.” Kissing the nape of my neck, she moved to the left side. “I love you Eva.”

We had said the words to each other many times in the capacity of friendship, but this was different. This time there was an underlying hint of something more and it made me shiver involuntarily. “I love you too, Jasmine, but please, I don’t want...”

“FINE!” she huffed. Letting go of my body, she stomped off in the direction of the milking barn.

Knowing it was useless to talk to her when she was upset, I followed at a short distance and when I saw her going right inside the building I turned left. Shaking thoughts of Jasmine's fingers nearly ripping away my virginity, I went to the back left corner of the barn and began hooking up the first of many cows.

The machinery humming, I held the teatcups in my hands, I was suddenly taken back three years when curiosity got the better of me and I placed one of the teatcups on my own breast. I recalled my nipple, areola and a small portion of breast being sucked into the tube and gently massaged and the humiliation that entailed. And now here I was again at eighteen having the same thoughts.

Biting the right side of my lower lip, I let it slowly slide free as I looked from my breast to the cow's teat. As temptation was getting the better of me I heard a loud moan on the other side of the barn. Quickly hooking the machine to the cow, I ran across the building to see my best friend kneeling on the floor with a look of ecstasy on her pretty face. Eyes lowering, I saw the teatcups attached to her nipples. "WHAT THE HELL?"

Jasmine's head came forward. Our eyes met. Her cheeks flushed and she offered a nervous smile. "D-Don't tell me you haven't thought about doing the same." Getting to her feet, she walked to the next machine, grabbed the teatcups attached to long pulsating lines and while I stared at her in utter surprise, she placed them over my nipples. They were immediately sucked in and I let out a long gasp. "Mmmm...now that is hot!" Pulling me close, she kissed me. This is something we had done before and I gave no resistance until she dropped to her knees and kissed my vulva.

"Dammit, Jasmine, why do you...uuhhnnn!" I gasped when her tongue pushed into me.

"I love you, Eva, and all I want is to pleasure you. Please, give me a chance to make you feel good." She gave me a kiss right on my clit and then each inner thigh. She looked up at me with such love and desperation it nearly broke my heart.

"This isn't how I imagined losing my virginity."

"Fine, I'll never lay another...wait, what?"

Caressing her cheek, I smiled. "I love you too, Jasmine. Maybe not in the same way you love me, but enough to let you be my first."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously."

"You know I only tease because I love watching you squirm, Right?"

"I'm well aware."

"Honestly, I love that you love me enough to let me be your first, but I don't want you doing anything you might regret so if you don't..."

I knew exactly how that sentence finished and appreciated her giving me the chance to back out with some grace and dignity, but my parents taught me I was only as good as my word and to be honest, between the machine sucking my nipples and her teasing, I was getting incredibly horny so for the first time in my life I took her by surprise by initiating the kiss. When it broke several seconds later a soft sigh escaped my lips. "I'm doing this as much for myself as for you. And if that isn't enough then, Jasmine, will you please have sex with me?"

"Yes, yes, a million times yes!"

"So, as the one with the most experience, how do you want to do it?"

"Hmm...I'd suggest doing a sixty-nine so that we can pleasure each other, but I think these things would get in the way," she said motioning to the teatcups steadily massaging our

nipples “so why don’t you get on all fours and I’ll pleasure you from behind and if you feel like it you can do the same to me afterward?”

“Why don’t we just take the teatcups off?”

“Because I think you look really sexy with them hanging from your fat udders,” she crudely replied. “Wouldn’t it be cool if we started lactating just by wearing them long enough?”

“Um...it’s entirely possible,” I said even as my cheeks blushed.

“And how would you know that?”

Turning away from her, I got on all fours and lowered down onto my elbows. “You were right. I have thought about it. And to that end I did some internet searches. Ever hear of induced lactation? Long story short, if we wear them long enough we’ll start producing.”

“I think you know what I’m going to say next so I won’t bother.” Starting at my calves, she kissed her way up my legs to my vulva. I hesitated for a long moment before slowly parting my knees to give her easier access and she did not waste a second in licking me. Spending a solid minute on my clit, she pushed her index finger in to the first knuckle. When I did not pull away she pushed a little deeper – stopping only when she reached my hymen. “Are you ready?”

Taking a deep breath, I slowly let it out and rocked my hips back. Her finger slid all the way in and my fears of losing my virginity being painful were summarily squashed. “YES!” I exclaimed. Pulling her finger back, I was stretched open a little more as this time she fucked two fingers into me. “Uuhhnnn! Oh my god that feels good!” Fingers of one hand thrusting in and out of me. Thumb of the other hand vigorously rubbing my clit. The machine making every possibly attempt to drain my unfortunately empty breasts.

It all became overwhelming in the best possible sense of the word. Fists pounding the concrete floor, I rocked my hips back hard and fast as I experienced my first orgasm. When it eventually subsided I turned, pushed her back onto the floor, crawled between her legs and licked. I have no idea where the enthusiasm came from, but hot damn was I glad something convinced me to do it because she tasted like heaven. Rubbing her clit, I hooked two fingers and was just about to slam them into her when her legs snapped shut.

“WAIT!”

“Um, okay.”

“There’s something you need to know. I, um, I’m a virgin so please go a little slower.”

“You and Greg have both told me you screw like rabbits, so don’t give me that bullshit.”

“We lied.” Her face flushed and I knew she was telling the truth. “I’m sorry we lied, but the truth is all I’ve ever done with him is suck his cock so that he would keep the secret to himself. Seriously. Spread me open and take a look for yourself.”

And that’s exactly what I did. Peeling back her inner labia, I spread her open and to my astonishment there it was. “I’m seeing it and I still don’t believe it.”

“While you’ve been saving yourself for the perfect man I’ve been saving myself for you. Please, all I ask is that you take it slow so it doesn’t hurt.”

“Do you want to pop your own cherry like I did?”

“No. I want you to take my virginity. Pretty sure you’ve already figured this out, but in case you haven’t, I love you Eva and if our families are okay with it I’d like the honor of being your wife.”

“If my parents say no I’ll tell them to shove the farm up their ass and we’ll elope,” I replied without hesitation – the words out of my mouth before my brain to mouth filter could kick in and stop them.

“Y-You’d...you’d give all this up for me?”

“In a heartbeat,” I replied, my index and middle fingers slowly pushing deeper. Her ass came up off the ground and she let out a long, pleasure-filled moan. Fingers fucking in and out, I lowered my head and resumed sucking her clit.

I licked, sucked and fingered her two one orgasm and was in the process of giving her another when a throat cleared behind us. Like a startled cat I jumped about two feet in the air. Spinning around at the same time Jasmine sat up, we stared at my father.

“Aren’t the two of you supposed to be working? You don’t have a single cow hooked to the... actually, I guess you do have two,” he corrected himself once he realized we were hooked up to the machines.

“Hey, we’re not cows,” I pouted in reply.”

“That’s not what the teatcups are telling me. You’ve got exactly ten seconds to start explaining and then you’ll be disciplined.”

“Sorry Mr. Basingstoke,” Jasmine apologized. “It’s my fault. I was teasing Eva on our way in. We went our separate ways and I was honestly about to start hooking them up when I got curious and wondered how they would feel. The answer is really freaking good. Anyways, I moaned and when Eva came to see what was going on I attached the spare cups to her and then one thing led to another and, well, we just took each other’s virginity and I proposed and she said yes and...”

“Take a breath,” my father said. “Eva?”

“Every word of what she says is true. I’m going to ask this one time and one time only. Is there going to be a problem with me and Jasmine getting married?”

“Your mother and I will give our blessing on one condition.”

“I’m listening.”

“You know how long this farm has been in our family and what it means to us that it remain that way so if you want to marry Jasmine you’ll have to agree to have at least one child. And I don’t mean by adoption. Refuse and she and her family will be banished.”

“I accept on condition I get to choose the man to impregnate me.”

“I’ll agree as long as it’s someone living on the estate as I know them all to be clean.”

“Jasmine? Is this something you’ll be able to live with?”

“That all depends. Are you willing and able to live with the same man impregnating me?”

“You don’t have to...”

“I know I don’t have to, Eva, but I love you and I’ve always wanted to have a family so it’s a win/win.”

Turning back to my father I smiled and continued. “I accept your condition.”

“Then you have our blessing to marry once you are pregnant.”

“Thank you daddy.”

“You’re welcome. Now get your asses to work and the next time you feel like being hucows do so on your own time.”

“Um, hucows?”

“Hooking yourself up to the milkers,” my father explained. “You know, if you do it long enough you’ll start lactating before you’re ever with child.”

“Yep,” Jasmine beamed. “It’s called induced lactation.”

Though she had just learned the term from me, I let her have it. Walking over to the milker, I grabbed the pulsating lines and turned the machine off. Thanks to suction, however, the teatcups did not immediately come free so I pressed just below the left to release the pressure

and then did the same to the right. Jasmine followed suit and I handed her my set. "Since you got us into this mess you can be the one to clean up."

"Small price to pay for the best day of my life. Turning to my father, she continued. "Thank you, Mr. Basingstoke, for permitting me to marry your daughter."

"You're quite welcome. But remember one thing. If you ever do anything to harm my baby I have nearly a thousand acres."

The meaning of his words abundantly clear, she gulped and then smiled. "I've loved Eva for as long as we've known each other, Mr. Basingstoke, and I'd rather feed myself to the pigs than cause her any pain."

"Okay, this is getting dark. For playing when we should have been working Jasmine and I will work an extra two hours tonight."

"Fair enough. But don't let me catch you playing again during working hours or you'll both be disciplined. Is that clear?"

"Crystal," I answered.

"Perfectly," Jasmine replied

Where younger kids might be grounded, lose their electronics for a few days or get time outs, for those who have reached adulthood, discipline on the Basingstoke Estate was swift, severe and came in the form of a paddling, flogging or caning where we actually had to count each swat and give thanks for the lesson being taught. It was every bit as humiliating as it was degrading, but it usually worked in putting the rebellious in their place. I received my first on my eighteenth birthday as a rite of passage and a painful reminder that disobedience would not be tolerated even from the heir of the Basingstoke fortune.