

A FAMILY BUSINESS

By Susan M. Scott



ILLUSTRATED BY C. PITTS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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PART I The Hasting Contract

“Thank Goodness,” Molly O’Rielly said to herself as she stared at the thin piece of paper. *“Not pregnant. What a relief!”*

Her mother, Kathleen O’Rielly, and her grandmother, Mary O’Rielly and both her sisters, Grace and June had warned her about the Conrad Hasting. Molly had been sure of her own ability to do her job, even in the unusual circumstances that Hasting presented, without unusual precautions. Reflecting on her failure, she knew she must tell her mother soon. The family business was potentially at risk and she now was as much a failure at dealing with Conrad Hasting as her older sisters, June and Grace had been. She was due back at the Hasting house the next morning. Molly could not avoid the uncomfortable task of talking to her mother.

Molly found her mother alone in their compact home's small but well—loved garden.

Kathleen was taking advantage of one of Portland's rare sunny spring days to enjoy working in the garden. The older women smiled as she saw her youngest daughter coming toward her. She stood up, letting the task of planting the spring primroses wait. Kathleen stretched as her daughter walked over to her.

“She certainly has the family looks,” Kathleen thought to herself.

She observed her daughter's thick red hair, long legs, rounding hips, and full breasts. The girl's five feet five inch frame had probably finished growing now that she was eighteen years old. Her body would still fill out as she matured into womanhood. Molly's weight was still under 110 pounds. Her shape was almost boyish except for her prominent breasts. Her light skin had just enough freckles to make her cute, rather than glamorous. An impression that was generally reinforced by the pixie like smile Molly habitually offered the world. Kathleen realized that Molly was not smiling.

“Molly dear? What is the matter my love?” the girl's mother greeted as she took her daughter in her arms. Kathleen herself was still a very attractive woman whom Molly greatly resembled. Their acquaintances in their community, Portland, Oregon, often commented on the striking resemblance all the family members bore to each other. Even Patrick, Molly's twin brother, had the same coloring, fair skin, thin frame, and height as his sister's and mother.

“Oh mother! I have failed you. Last week while I was working with Conrad he, he, he got me aroused and then had his way with me!” Molly cried, her body shaking with sobs.

“Oh my baby! Are you pregnant? That beast! Why weren't you on your guard. We all warned you. Didn't you recognize his actions for what they were?”

“He had them bring dinner for me before I fed him, and then he just kept pouring wine and when it was time to feed him he took advantage of me!”

“Its the same story again. I'm sorry this has happened to you my dear but the man is a devil. He has done the same with me and with both your sisters. Why I would break the contract if I could but his lawyers are too sharp. Tell me, how you are doing? Did he take your maidenhead?”

“Yes mother! I was saving myself for that special someone but now I'm no better than those girls who did it all through high school.”

“Of course you are my dear. You slipped in a circumstance that few could stand in. Any man worthy of the name will still see your love and your person as a great treasure you have saved for him. What are we to do? Your scheduled to go back in the morning.”

“I just can't mother! I can't face him! You know that he will be even more insistent now that I have given in once.”

“Molly your right, but under the contract one of the family must be there to nurse him. Even if we could break the contract the whole family is depending on it. That's why we took it to start with. Hasting pays us more than ten times what all our other clients do combined, and it's permanent. Everyone else only needs us for a few months, a year at most. The money for your college, Patrick's college, June and Grace's graduate school, and our medical coverage all comes from the Hasting contract.”

“I know mother but wouldn't we all rather starve than continue this degradation. Why the only ones he hasn't seduced are grandmother and Patrick!”

“As I said before dear, we can't break the contract. He has seduced each of us. My attorney told me that if it had been rape we could get out of it. Since, at the time there was consent, we are stuck. Unless we are no longer physically able to nurse him.”

“Then I guess I must go back there in the morning,” Molly concluded with resignation in her voice.

“No, it was wrong of me to let you girls try to deal with him. We will go talk to my client, Dr. Sonya Payton. She expressly wanted me to nurse her baby, but given the circumstances I think she might find you an acceptable alternative.”

“Mother he needs more milk than you have!”

“He will just have to get by on what I have until we can find another solution.”

Kathleen quickly called her friend Dr. Sonya Payton who agreed to let her bring Molly with her that evening when Kathleen came over to nurse the doctor's new baby. An hour later they were in their car driving across the Willamette River to the West Hills home Sonya shared with her life mate, Jill Lovejoy, a prominent corporate attorney.

As they drove Kathleen thought about the strange occupation she, and her mother, had lead her family into. When they arrived Kathleen was so upset that she almost blurted out her request in a sea of tears.

Sonya brought out herb tea and slowly calmed her friend.

She also brought out her infant, little Sandy. Putting the baby to her breast helped Kathleen present her request more calmly.

“Let me see if I get this right dear,” Sonya said to Molly. “You have been nursing a grown man who has, not surprisingly taken advantage of the situation and you. You wish to take over nursing my Sandy so that your mother will be free to take over responsibility for this man. Before I agree to anything I think I need the whole story.”

“Of course Sonya. To tell you the whole story I must go back a long way,” Kathleen replied.

“Don't worry about that dear. You have raised my curiosity and I really must hear it all. We have all afternoon if need be.”

“My mother, Mary was an Irish immigrant who arrived in Portland at the start of World War II with her husband James. Mary and her husband, fell in love with the Willamette Valley. Its rolling green hills and fertile valley reminded them so much of Ireland. James enlisted in the Navy soon after they arrived. He was killed when his ship, the aircraft carrier *Enterprise*, was sunk by the Japanese. Mary gratefully accepted a job as a live in maid with a wealthy family, the Alexanders, who then lived in Portland Heights. Mary was still nursing her daughter when Mrs. Alexander gave birth to twins.

“The Alexander family was thrilled but it soon became clear that Jennifer Alexander would not be able to give enough milk to feed her two newborns. The society matron was fully convinced of the superiority of breast feeding and was very unhappy at the thought of risking her young ones health by raising them on a bottle and using formula. With great trepidation, but also with conviction, she approached my mother and asked her to share the responsibility of suckling her children.

“Mary O'Rielly didn't have to think about it for a moment. In her village many nursing mothers acted as wet nurses for the children of the rich, or for those poor women whose breasts were not equal to the challenge.

“She had comforted her employer and assured her that her breasts were producing much more milk than was need by 'Her little Kathleen'. In fact she was planning to start weaning me soon and would be able to be of even more assistance to Jennifer than the society matron had thought.

“That night when John Alexander returned home he was met at the door by his young wife. She seemed much happier than she had since the day the pervious week when he had brought her and their new babies home from the hospital. Jennifer explained that Mary had agreed to act as wet nurse and promptly escorted the gentleman into the nursery where Mary was busy with a babe at each of her breasts. After a minutes embarrassment John excused himself and left the women to attend the children.

“After the Alexander babies were weaned there was never any question of mother going back to work as a maid. Jennifer knew many women who either disliked the task of nursing their children or were, like Jennifer herself, not able to produce enough milk. Mary continued to work as a wet nurse and nanny for the next thirty five years when she had finally retired at age 65 a couple of years ago.

“I had grown up around mother who nursed first one baby then the next and the next. I was fascinated by the process. After graduating from Lincoln High School I entered the University of Oregon. I was planning on studying nursing. It was the early sixties and soon my life was as wild as my red hair, which I wore in natural back then. I experimented with drugs and sex and soon lost sight of my academic ambitions as my life settled into the University town's counter culture. Later I joined a commune.

“I really liked living in the commune. Having been raised as the only child of a single mother the sense of extended family was exciting to me. I had always been half way around the world from my aunts, uncles and cousins. In the next ten years I became pregnant three times by three different men. The women in the commune working together to raise our collective children. When one of my 'sisters' gave birth but could not nurse, I was pleased to offer the newborn my breasts. I found that like mother, I enjoyed nursing and my large breasts were always at work satisfying the needs of either my own children or those of her other women in the 'family'. I was just thinking about weaning Molly and Patrick when the commune broke up. The farm had never taken in more money than it cost to run and the families of the two boys who had founded the commune got tired of supporting 'those hippies', in 'Bluegene' Oregon.

“One of the founders, Jackson offered to marry me and take the children and I back to the Mississippi to live with his family. Although I was pretty sure that Jackson was June's father I turned him down. I knew that I liked, but did not love him, and felt that living in a monogamous relationship with Jackson and his condescending family would be distasteful. So I called mother and was very excited when she told me that I could move back in with her.

“And be sure and bring all four of my grandchildren,' mother had kidded, knowing that separating me from the children would be impossible.

“I sadly packed our few possessions and the children into an old but serviceable VW bug and, after a tearful good—by and many promises to stay in touch drove the hundred and twenty miles north to Portland and mother's small bungalow near Sunnyside school. A few days later I was looking through the 'Help Wanted', adds as I nursed Patrick when her mother came home from tending her current infant charge.

“You know Kathleen, there is a much larger demand in this town for wet nurses than I can meet. Why the city is overflowing with young career women who want to work and have a family too and who need someone to leave their infant with during the day. Instead of looking for a job that will take you away from your children, why not offer day care as a wet nurse for infants here, where you can properly raise your little darlings?' mother asked.

“Well I loved the idea and with Mom's help soon had established myself as a conscientious wet nurse, good at child care, with ample milk for several children at a time.

Between us we made enough money and a little more than was needed. The children were well cared for and with the exception of Patrick were seen as models of behavior at school and in the neighborhood.

“Patrick is a good student but has been characterized as 'wild' by more than one of his teachers. Mother and I attribute it to his hot Irish temper and are sure that he means no harm. Yet he is spending an increasing amount of time with boys that I do not approve of. Boys who were disrespectful of women and ogle his sisters lustfully when they came over to visit. But I digress.

“In time mother and I began to worry about the cost of college for the children. Our lives were comfortable but our small savings were not adequate to put even one of the four through even a State University. I was also a little worried about sending my daughters off to live in a college town. I remembered my own disastrous freshman year at the University of Oregon. I wanted my children, particularly the girls to go to a good Catholic University, University of Portland here in town, if possible.

“Where would the money come from? Grace was a senior and June a sophomore at Cleveland High. The twins were going to enter junior high soon. Although the girls' grades were good they were not strong enough to earn any major scholarships, and none of the children showed any talent or even interest in sports.

“I worried increasingly about it,” as Kathleen continued Molly leaned over and hugged her mother sorry that she had been so troubled by concern for her, her sisters and Patrick. “Of course they could take out loans but I shuddered at the thought of the debt that each would face when they graduated. I even considered asking the children's fathers for help but rejected the idea. The men were all married now and had shown little interested in the children after the commune's breakup. My mother offered to mortgage the house but its modest value would be no where near enough and besides, we had just succeeded in paying of the mortgage, and I knew that Mary would have to retire soon.

“The human breast was not intended to be giving significant quantities of milk when a women is in her sixties,' I had recently reminded mother.

“Then the letter came. It was from one of the city's most prestigious law firms, and I remember it well, it said;

Dear Ms. O'Rielly:

If you would be so good as to come by my offices at 9:00 AM on March 17th we have a proposal that is much to your advantage for your consideration.

Sincerely,

Susan Child, JD

Child, Child, and Rayburn

Attorneys at Law

“I was both intrigued and amused. The letter was like something out of novel by Dickens. I knew of the firm and suspected that they were not planning to waste their,

or my time. I decided to go and at least satisfy my curiosity. At the appointed time I arrived at the firm's offices in the first Interstate Tower downtown and was promptly ushered in to Susan Child's office by a young blond secretary wearing a white business suit jacket with a white pleated skirt.

"An attractive mature women arose to greet her. She was about five foot six inches tall and had soft dark hair that framed her warm smile. She came out from behind her desk and extending her hand to me.

"It is very good of you to accept my invitation Ms. O'Rielly,' Susan greeted. 'Please have a seat and make yourself comfortable. Would you like a cup of coffee? Carol was about to fix some anyway. Or perhaps some tea?'

"I sat down in a large overstuffed leather chair that the attorney had indicated.

"Please call me Kathleen,' I offered. 'I'm not a very formal kind of person really. I don't drink coffee, but if you have any herbal tea I would enjoy some.'

"Of course we do, and please call me Susan,' the women went to the door and asked her secretary to bring me a cup of herbal tea and herself a cup of espresso. She came back and sat in a similar chair next to me.

"I should have realized that in your line of work you would have to be careful about stimulants.'

"Yes Susan,' I agreed. 'In fact I must be careful about everything I eat and drink. Even over the counter medications can be a problem, and of course I can't ever have any alcohol. I do sometimes miss a glass of wine with dinner or small glass of sherry in the evening when I'm reading in bed.'



“Carol brought in the tea and coffee and then quietly left closing the door firmly behind her.

“We each took a sip and smiled.

“Then Susan spoke, 'We have a client who wishes to hire your services.'

“Why hasn't she contacted me herself?' I replied, 'I've never had anyone contact me through their attorney before. Nursing babies is a very friendly and quite informal kind of thing. Although, presently I am quite busy and have all the angels in my care that my poor body can handle.'

“Susan continued, 'My client has several aspects of his offer that are quite unusual and somewhat delicate.'

“His offer? You mean your client is a man?' I replied in amazement.

“Yes, is that unusual?' Susan answered.

“Well you know it was, and I told her so, 'I have met fathers before but its always been it has been the mother or her mother who hires me to nurse. It's somehow such a feminine thing that men seldom feel comfortable talking about it. Although that's really quite silly. Is that why you wrote to me? Has the poor man lost his wife and been left with a child and no one to nurse it. Of course I will try and help in such an emergency. At least until a more permanent arrangement can be reached.'

“Susan looked solemnly at me and explained, to my amazement, that her client was a grown man who has recently had surgery and lost significant parts of his digestive system. His doctors suggest that he should limit his diet now to liquids. In particular he should have only human milk and water for the rest of his life. He was a mature man and quite wealthy. He wishes me to nurse him and was prepared to make a very handsome offer to me for this very intimate service.

“Oh! Why me?' I asked, 'and why does he want to nurse. Human milk will keep with all its nutrients for several days if properly cared for. It can be purchased. It's not cheap, but it is available!'

“It seemed that this was the delicate part. Susan told me, and she was quite embarrassed about it, that he disliked the taste of milk. His doctors had advised him that he must consume more than he has been but he really was quite unhappy and in spite of his best efforts increasingly undernourished. It was only upon recently seeing his wasted body that Susan had agreed to contact me.

“Susan went on to explain that he was very much a man and loved women. He thought that he can consume more milk if he was enticed to it at its source. They had inquired into several women who might act as nurses and picked me because he thought I was the most attractive.

“I told Susan that it sounded like prostitution to me.

“She insisted that it was nothing like that. Her client had assured her that intimacy with my breast and the nourishment of my milk was all he desires. She understood my reaction and knew it was a very delicate matter to propose. Her partners thought it best that a woman present the idea to me. Susan stressed that it was, at least in part,

my reputation as caring member of the community that prompted them to seek my services for their client.

“I told Susan that this proposal was a little too strange for me. I saw no reason why he should have such intimate contact with me. If he needed milk I might supply it, within reason, and only after the needs of my young clients were met. If this man would rather die than drink the stuff from a glass, like an adult, then he would have to die.

“Susan was a little taken back by the strength of my refusal. 'Oh dear,' she said. 'We feared that might be your response. Knowing that your services are in demand, and knowing that his request is unprecedented, my client is prepared to offer you very significant compensation.' It was improper of them to do it, but being lawyers they cared little for my privacy, they had investigated my financial circumstances. They knew that my children's coming college expenses were a great worry to me.

“I sat in shock for a few minutes, appalled at their prying into my life. However, the O'Rielly's have always been practical. I asked, 'Just what kind of offer did you have in mind.'

“Susan was relieved that I was at least a little curious. She explained that her client would pay all my children's college expenses if I agreed to nurse him at least twice each day. That the offer was for the college of their choice, even graduate school if they wish. Ms. Childs went on to explain that her client was not an old man and his doctors expected him to live for another thirty or more years, at best. The offer included four weeks per year off for vacations, and a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year for my services. My whole family was to be covered by her clients businesses group health plan. He was even willing to wait for my complete attention until I had weaned the two infants I was currently nursing. If for some reason I was unable to continue at some point another member of the family was to assume the job, with no change in compensation.

“I had to admit that it was a most attractive offer. Particularly the aspect of the salary, health care, and support for my children's college continuing for many years.

“Susan went on to explain that her client desired a dependable and stable arrangement. She offered me a signed contract making the offer to me and my family for the duration of her clients life or for as long as I or a family member was able to nurse him at least twice each day except for vacations. They even offered to allow me or a substitute family member to live in his home in my own small living suite of rooms and full time use of one of his cars, so that I might go and come as I pleased. I was still driving the same VW that had gotten me back to Portland over ten years before. The vacations were to be entirely at her clients expense. Anywhere I wanted to go, nothing but first class, including a guest, or my entire family if I wanted.

“The real clincher was the retirement program. Each year of nursing her client was compensated by an investment of twenty thousand dollars in a stock portfolio that I or any family member who nursed him for two or more years could draw on after age fifty five. Knowing the financial difficulty my mother was having retiring made that sound most enticing.

“Susan saw that she had my attention and explained that by the time I was fifty—five they expected the income from the portfolio would be greater than the salary they were offering. She also said there would be a thousand dollars a week bonus if another family member would nurse her client while I was on my vacations.

“After another half hour's discussion and another cup of tea I signed the contract. It was strange but as I reflected on it I had once awakened at the commune to find a two men in my bed both sucking on my nipples. I was nursing Grace at the time and my breasts were quite productive, even then. One of the men I knew well, and the other I had been introduced to only the night before. I let both men do much more that morning than kiss and nurse at my breasts and chalked it up to a pleasant youthful adventure. *'Was this so very different?'* I asked myself. And there was so much more at stake.”

“So you accepted the contract?” Sonya asked a hint of disbelief in her voice.

“Might as well have signed it in blood,” Kathleen replied. “It was after I had signed that Susan told me that my new client was Conrad Hasting. I had seen his picture in the paper of course but never met the man. Susan drove me over to introduce me. He was still quite a good looking man, only about fifty then.

“As Susan had told me his appearance was quite gaunt and disturbing, he looked like he was starving to death. After we were introduced he asked Susan to leave promising to have his driver take me home later. I could see the hunger in his eyes and knew that he wanted me to start right then. I felt a strange combination of excitement and depression. It was wonderful to feel that all my worries about the children's education, mine and my mother's health, and my own financial future were resolved. Yet I knew in a way I was whoring and felt deeply ashamed. Even in the sixties and seventies when I would go to bed with a man, just because I thought he was cute, I had never even considered trading sex for money.

“He just waited patiently sitting back on a huge black leather couch and watching me. I turned my back to him and opened my blouse and then unclasped the nursing bra I was wearing and removed both blouse and bra letting them fall to the floor. Touching my breasts I knew that they were full enough to at least feed a pair of lusty infants. I turned facing him and my nipples grew hard. It had been over a year since I had been with a man and I found his presence stimulating.

“He beckoned to me and I went over and stood in front of him. *'Where?'* I asked. Conrad reached out and taking my hands pulled me onto his lap my thighs straddling his, my breasts even with his mouth. He leaned forward and lightly kissed each hard nipple, then began to suck on my right breast. I tensed for a moment and there was no milk. Then I relaxed and felt the milk start to flow freely from me to his mouth. My skirt was bunched up around my thighs and my panties were against his crotch. As he sucked, first my right breast, then my left dry I felt his manhood stiffen inside his pants and press against my own dampening sex. I was determined to resist. As soon as my breasts were empty I pulled quickly away and standing up retrieved my clothing.