



MILKER'S PARADISE

Crimson Rose



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Though they tried keeping it from her, Ashley discovered her mothers were into some seriously kinky shit when she discovered her adoptive mother Dr. Nadine Holt invented a revolutionary drug designed to not only kick start the production of breast milk in women, but to increase the associated hormones as well. Like any reasonably intelligent young woman she was skeptical of its effectiveness when she first found the bottle in the back Nadine's closet one night while attempting to find something sexy to wear on her first date. That skepticism grew when she could find no trace of it on the internet. But, like any curious, hormonally charged young woman she threw caution to the wind and downed a couple.

After a week of downing two pills a day, her breasts were a cup fuller but she was not producing milk. Curiosity piqued, she continued downing them every night just before bed. Seventeen days after she found them in the back of the closet she woke to a wet tee shirt, sheet and blanket at the milk seemingly endlessly poured from her huge full breasts. Freaking out, she threw everything to the floor with a startled shriek that drew the attention of her mothers who immediately came running to see what was wrong.

The bedroom door flew open. Dr. Nadine Holt and her six month pregnant wife Cynthia stared at their topless and distraught daughter and giggled. "So, it's finally happened," Nadine grinned.

"W-What happening mom?" Ashley stammered. "I don't...I've never...I'm not even pregnant!"

"You don't have to be when you're taking my pills sweetie. Or do you think your mother and I have completely missed the fact that your breasts have grown two or three cup sizes in the last two and a half weeks?"

"I'm sorry! I didn't think they would actually work. I mean, I saw they were making my tits bigger but it won't stop leaking out of me! How do I make it stop?"

“Calm down,” her biological mother Cynthia said as she sat on the foot of the bed. “You have two choices. One, you can use a pump. Or two, you can call someone you trust to drain them the way god intended.”

“I don’t have a pump!”

“Don’t worry,” Nadine said. “We have a few extras so sit tight and I’ll be right back while your mother explains what’s going to happen from here on out.”

“You’re a milker now sweetie,” Cynthia stated bluntly. “When you get pregnant...”

“I’M NOT PREGNANT!” Ashley shouted. “I’ve never even had sex before.”

“Good to know, but please let me finish.”

“Sorry.”

“It’s okay. Believe me, I understand exactly what you’re going through because your mother fed them to me without my knowledge when she was testing them. Like I was saying, when you produce milk through pregnancy or induced lactation the supply will eventually dry up. The same is not true with the pills you’ve been taking which is why they were never approved by the FDA. Even after nineteen years she has not figured out why they work the way they do or how to shut it off but you’ll continue producing milk for, well, probably the rest of your life. I mean, we’ve been producing non-stop for the last nineteen years with no signs of slowing down so who knows?”

“This’ll become a regular part of your life now,” Nadine said as she returned to her adopted daughter’s bedroom with a brand new pump still in the packaging. “You’ll want to start getting up early to drain those big puppies dry before heading out and then again when you get home and probably a third time before bed. You can use the pump but believe me there’s nothing like doing it the old fashioned way. To that end, I suppose you’re old enough to know what else your mother and I have been up to for the last nineteen years.”

“In case you’ve never heard the term, and frankly I’d be shocked if you have, I’m what’s known as a breeding cow,” Cynthia said. “That is a woman that has sex with the hopes of being knocked up as many times as humanly possible.”

“Which is why she’s pregnant with her seventh and I’ve only had two,” Nadine cut back in. “We’re also very much into all thing bdsm related and just sex in general. Which is why we started our own club after moving here fifteen years ago called the Milker’s Paradise. Normally there’s a membership fee and lengthy application process to get in but seeing as you’re our daughter I think we can skip a few steps and let you in right now for free if you would like to pay it a visit that is.”

“Um, I can guess what sort of club it is by the name but, um, can you tell me what kind of club it is?”

“You’re just going to have to find out for yourself,” her adoptive mother grinned.

“Or I could just Google it.”

“You could, but why spoil the surprise?”

“It’s a bdsm club, sweetie,” Cynthia said. “And while it caters to all aspects of the lifestyle it specializes in all things breast milk. In fact, every woman working there has taken Milker’s Paradise, which is the name of the drug your mother created and the club is named after, and are lactating non-stop just like you so you don’t have to be ashamed. Also, if you’re feeling brave you can earn some nice tips by letting people drink their fill or you can be publicly drained and it put in our store for sale.”

“I’m betting the milk of the owners’ daughter will fly off the shelves,” Nadine’s grin widened. “And at fifty bucks an ounce you’ll be able to afford that new car in no time flat.”

“I can’t believe this conversation is happening,” Ashley said as her face turned bright red. “Um, can I get some privacy please?” she asked as she opened the box containing her very first breast pump.

“You’re the one that snuck into my closet and stole my pills,” Nadine said. “You can have privacy if you want it, but it’s nothing we haven’t seen a million times and I’m sure you still have a lot of questions.”

Ashley did her best to ignore her mother as she removed the pump from the box. Needing to clean it before use, she looked down at the milk flowing from each nipple in a steady stream and did something impulsive. Putting her hand under

her left breast, she brought it to her mouth and latched on. She could feel her entire body heating up even as the sweet nectar coated her tongue and without looking up knew her mothers were watching her drink her own milk.

“That’s certainly one way to do it,” Cynthia said. “Honey, why don’t we do her a favor and wash the pump while she drinks?”

“Good idea. We’ll be right back sweetie so just keep drinking and thinking about paying our club a visit,” Nadine said as she picked the device up off her daughter’s bed.

After thirty seconds on the left Ashley switched to the right. Then the left. Right. Left. Right. And left again before her mother’s returned with a freshly cleaned wearable breast pumping system that she could wear under her clothing. Her breasts still painfully full even after several minutes of drinking, she gladly put them on and held them in place with a much too small bra.

“We’ll have to get you something a bit bigger I think,” her biological mother said. Make sure to put those in the wash,” she said with a nod towards her daughter’s bed. “When you’re finished pumping you may drink it or give it to us to put in the shop for sale but please don’t waste it by throwing it away. So, do you have any other questions for us?”

“Just one and I want an honest answer.”

“That’s all you’ll ever get from us Ashley,” Nadine replied.

Ashley hung her head and nervously bit her lower lip for a long minute before saying anything. “Um, so, I was in my room after a shower last week and when I bent over to dry my legs Goliath tried screwing me. D-Do you...do you have sex with them?”

“We absolutely do,” Cynthia answered honestly. “And before you go off about how disgusting it is, you need to know two things. One, it’s completely legal to do it in this state which is why we moved here in the first place, and two, it’s the best sex you’ll ever have in your life.”

“Amen,” Nadine added. “Did he penetrate you sweetie?”

“NO!”

“Don’t lie to your mothers.”

“He didn’t. And I don’t ever want him or any other dog to.”

“Then I strongly suggest not bending over naked around them because you might not be so lucky next time. Is there anything else you want to ask before we go make breakfast?”

“Is there anything the two of you won’t do or haven’t done?”

“We’ll never have sex with you if that’s what you’re afraid of,” Cynthia answered. Other than that, we have no limits.”

“That being said, if you’re planning on going to the club stay out of the black room,” Nadine offered.

“The black room?”

“Due to the rules governing the place I’m not at liberty to say anything more.”

“Whatever.”

“It’s true,” Cynthia said. “Even as owners we’re not permitted to tell anyone what’s behind the various doors to the specialty rooms without being disciplined.”

“Like anyone would know. Come on, you want me to go to your club then you can tell me.”

“No, we really can’t sweetie. Now, do you have any other questions before we leave you to your pumping?”

“Just one. If the drug you made hasn’t be approved for use by the FDA then why do you still have it and why would you let me take it every day for nearly two damn weeks knowing what it would do to me?”

“It may not be approved but it is completely safe for human consumption,” Nadine answered. “As for why we didn’t stop you taking it, I’ll counter with why would you keep taking something you knew nothing about?”

“Curiosity.”

“And that is what curiosity got you. Now, to make up for sneaking into our room and going through my things I want you to continue taking the pills every night before bed until that entire bottle is gone. Is that understood?”

“I’m already lactating so why take more?”

“Because that’s what I want you to do. And sweetie, the recommended dose is one pill, not two. That bottle contains a ninety day supply.”

“How did you know I was taking more than one at a time?”

“Because that’s the only way you could’ve gained that much size so quickly. Also, it was a new bottle and I’ve been counting the remaining pills on a daily basis. Now I have a question for you. Have you told anyone how your breasts grew so large so fast?”

“No. I just told anyone asking that it must be an insane growth spurt. Maggie thinks I’ve induced like her cousin did and I just let her believe it,” Ashley said referring to her best friend since the third grade.

“That’s good. And for the sake of my career and everything it has gotten us the last two decades you need to keep it that way. No one outside of this house can know I’m still experimenting. Is that understood?”

“Yes Ma’am.” It was then the pumps attached to her breasts dinged indicating the bags were full. “Um, I think I’m going to need a few more bags. How much damn milk am I going to produce?”

“A lot,” her biological mother answered. “If other test subjects, myself included are any indication then I’d put it between seventy and a hundred ounces a day.”

“A hundred...ounces? Fucking hell!” Ashly cursed. “That’s nearly a freaking gallon.”

“Three quarts four ounces to be exact. Which is what makes you qualified to work at Milker’s Paradise. “Unless thirty-five thousand a year plus tips doesn’t interest you.”

“Thirty-five grand to let random people drink my milk? Um, yeah, no that’s not even remotely enough to make me want to be a whore.”

“Offense aside, thirty-five grand is just the base pay,” Nadine replied. “The average milker can earn upwards of five grand per shift depending on what she’s willing to do in the public room and there are set bonuses for the specialty rooms. Is that enough to make you want to be a whore?” she asked, spitting the last word like venom.

“Sorry mom. I didn’t mean...”

“You meant exactly what you said.”

“That’s enough you two,” Cynthia stepped in. “Just so we’re all on the same page what your mother explained is the absolute best case scenario. The average milker makes a hundred thousand a year while only one makes the maximum.”

“One of how many?”

“We have seventy five milkers across three shifts.”

“Jesus Christ!”

“There’s a lot of money in milk,” Cynthia smiled. “Anyways, there should be extra bags in the box. Remember, drink it or save it but don’t throw it away.”

“You really want to sell my milk?”

“Do you really not want to make fifty dollars an ounce?” her mother countered.

“Fair enough. Fine, I’ll give it to you to sell but I’m not sure I want to go to this club of yours.”

“That’s your decision to make sweetie. We’ll be downstairs when you’re ready for breakfast.”

“I’ll be down once I’m completely drained.”

Although embarrassed by the idea of random men and women drinking her milk, the twelve hundred bucks she would make for selling the six four ounce bags was worth it. After breakfast Ashley took a shower where she drank several more ounces before finally feeling drained enough she didn't fear accidentally springing another leak. Back in her bedroom she picked up the bottle of small lavender colored pills and wondered why her mother was so insistent she take the whole bottle while thinking about their conversation, the club they owned, the fact they have virtually no limits whatsoever.

By lunch Ashley was resigned to spending the entirety of the day pumping. Her mother assured her it would even out once her body adjusted to the rapid production but when she had pumped sixty-eight ounces by dinner had trouble believing any of it. "How long is it going to take for it to slow down or even out or whatever is going to happen?" She asked as she absent-mindedly moved her spoon through mashed potatoes.

"You have done with a few pills and a couple of weeks what it takes nature months, if not years to achieve," Nadine answered. "Your body has to adjust to the changes and if experience has taught me anything it'll take about a month to equalize. Until then you'll need to continue pumping several times a day. Which is why we strongly suggest working at the club even if only temporarily."

"You'll of course need to be tested regularly but seeing as how we have our own private doctors on call twenty-four-seven that shouldn't be a problem," Cynthia said. "And even though you're our daughter you'll still have to go through the application process."

"But I thought you said I wouldn't."

"We still need a record of hiring you for tax purposes and then there's the mountain of waivers and consent forms you'll need to fill out just to work there. The good news is as our daughter we can start you off at a slightly high pay. How's fifty thousand a year plus tips sound?"

“Like more than slightly higher pay which tells me you really want me to get a job at your club so to that end, what exactly will I have to do to earn it, mom?”

“Like we said, you’d feed your milk to anyone wishing to sip. For that you’ll earn fifty grand a year before taxes of course. And if you want to earn more, then make sure to mark everything you’re willing to do on the fetish list when going over the paperwork and that’s what you’ll be expected to do for tips. The question is: do you want a job?”

“At a fetish club where untold strangers will use me as their personal fucktoy? Not even slightly. But I need to do something until the factories are back in working order so to speak so I’ll do it. But I don’t want my first time to be with a stranger so...”

“It doesn’t have to be with a complete stranger sweetie, but just so you know, the last virgin to auction off her virginity earned nearly a quarter million dollars and she was nowhere nearly as gorgeous as you are and I’m not just saying that because you’re my daughter.”

“It’s true,” Nadine said. “You’re absolutely stunning and if you want to earn yourself a hefty payday then auction yourself to the highest bidder.”

“Jesus, moms! I can’t believe you’re actually suggesting...you know what? Nevermind, after the day I’ve been having there’s very little I won’t believe at this point. Fuck it, I’ll do it. I’ll auction off my virginity.”

“You’ll need to pay a visit to Doctor Miranda Kellerman so that she can give you a thorough examination and to certify you really are intact. Once that’s done I’ll set the auction up,” Cynthia said. “Honey, do you want to get the paperwork or should I?”

“I’ll get it if you’ll do the dishes.”

“Deal.”

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When her mother said there was a mountain of paperwork she was not kidding. After three hours Ashley was barely halfway through and on top of a headache from reading several volumes of fine print, her hand was cramping from all the

initialing and signatures. Stopping to pump thirty-eight more ounces, she finished up the last of the pages shortly before midnight and was ready to call it a night but there was the matter of Doctor Miranda Kellerman – one of the few physicians still making house calls.

Showered and wearing only a pair of panties, Ashley opened her bedroom door to find herself staring at a stunning forty-something beauty with long black hair pulled back in a French braid wearing a very undoctoer like green latex dress with silver trim and accents. “D-Doctor Kellerman?”

“The pleasure is all mine,” Miranda smiled. “May I come in?”

“Y-You’re going to examine me here?”

“I didn’t come all this way just to sample your milk. You will let me sample it, right?”

“I...um...I’ve never...”

“Calm down. I’m not asking to have sex with you. Just drink some milk. But we can talk about that after the examination. So, can I come in or would you prefer to do it out here in the hallway?”

“P-Please come in.”

“Thank you. I’m going to ask you some incredibly personal questions and I need you to be honest no matter how embarrassing you think they are. Is that understood?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“You may start by taking the panties off and standing with shoulders shoulder width apart and hands clasped behind your head. So, your mother tells me you’re a virgin. Is that true?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“In every sense of the word? Have you taken it up that sexy ass of yours or sucked cock?”

“No Ma’am. I mean, yes, I’m a virgin in every sense of the word. I’ve never taken cock of any kind in any hole. I don’t own any toys and I’ve never even masturbated,” Ashley said as Doctor Kellerman slowly circled around her.

“How big are your breasts now?”

“Double Dee, Ma’am.”

“And nice big nipples too. May I?”

“Do I have a choice?”

“If you didn’t have a choice then I wouldn’t have asked. So, May I have a taste?”

“I guess I’ll need to get used to the idea of others drinking my milk sooner or later. Yes, you can have a taste.”

“Thank you.”

When Miranda latched onto her right nipple Ashley inhaled sharply as her knees went a little weak. “Ooohhhhh god!” Putting a hand on the back of the doctor’s head, she took three steps back and fell sat on the bed. “That feels so much better than the pumps and doing it myself. P-Please don’t stop.”

And Miranda didn’t as she gulped down several mouthfuls. But as much as she wanted to drink all night long she eventually pulled away. “Sorry babe, I need to ask you some questions and examine the rest of your stunning body but I’ll definitely drink some more when we’re finished if you want me to.”

“I do.”

“Let’s get through this as quickly as possible then shall we? How old are you?”

“I’m eighteen.”

“Height and weight?”

“I’m five-nine and around a hundred-twenty-five pounds.”

“And you’re all natural?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Perfect. Have you ever sucked cock whether real or fake, or taken one in your pussy or asshole?”

“No Ma’am.”

“Have you fingered yourself or used any other objects to pleasure yourself?”

“No Ma’am.”

“Have you ever been with a man?”

“I had a boyfriend a couple of weeks ago but I broke up with him when my breasts started growing and the only thing we ever did was kiss.”

“Have you ever been with another woman?”

“No Ma’am.”

“Do you still have your hymen?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“I’m going to take a very close look Ashley and if you’re lying you’ll be disciplined.”

“Disciplined?”

“I’ll borrow one of your mother’s canes and use it on your tits and ass. So I’ll ask again, are you lying to me?”

“I’m not lying.”

“Then lay on the bed with legs bent at the knees and feet wide apart.”

Embarrassment setting in, Ashley hung her head and nervously chewed her lip as she did as commanded. Closing her eyes, she clenched them tighter when she felt the fingers slowly spreading her open. Her naturally long inner labia were pulled and stretched to the sides. “Uuhnnnn...”

“You like that?”

“I don’t want to but yes.”

“No shame in that babe. Shame I won’t be there to bid on you. I see your hymen and it is indeed intact. Now roll over so I can check out your ass.”

“C-Can you pull my labia again?”

“I don’t want to get you too excited, Ashley, or you might not be a virgin come morning.”

“I’m okay with that.”

“Are you okay with losing hundreds of thousands of dollars? Because I’m not okay taking that from you.”

“You said you’d bid on me if you were there, right? How much would you bid to take my virginity?”

“Are you asking me to buy your sexy ass outside of the club?”

“Maybe.”

“Well, the lowest bid for a certified virgin is a hundred thousand dollars so I’ll offer two-fifty.”

“That’s it?”

“Where else are you going to make a quarter million dollars for a week of service? Tell you what, for two-fifty I’ll honor all of your limits. If you want five hundred you’ll have to stay in my service for a full months without any limits whatsoever. You’ll effectively be my sex slave to do with as I please. Or you can be auctioned off at Milker’s Paradise for potentially a lot less.”

“Or a lot more.”

“It’s your choice. Either way I need you to roll over so I can examine your asshole.”

“What will you make me do if I say yes?” Ashley asked as she rolled onto all

fours and put her head down on her overstuffed pillow.

“Whatever I want. That’s the point of being a sex slave, Ashley. You’ll have no say or control over your body. For a full month you’ll cease to be human and live life as an object whose sole purpose is to satisfy my every command and desire.” But since you’re so sexy and let me drink your milk I’ll say you’ll definitely be marked as my slave.”

“Marked?”

“That’s all you’re getting unless you agree to be my slave,” Miranda said as she spread Ashley’s ass open. Getting in close, she resisted licking as she inspected for any signs of tearing or use that may have healed.

“How do I know you have the money and will let me go after a month?”

“I wouldn’t offer if I couldn’t pay and I’m not into keeping people against their will. Especially the gorgeous daughter of the woman that sends so much business my way. And in case you didn’t know I’m also one of your mothers’ oldest test subjects. In that I’ve been taking her drug since she invented it. That being said, I’m satisfied you’re a virgin in at least two holes. There isn’t much I can do to test your mouth other than shoving something down your throat but to be honest most bidders only care about your pussy and asshole anyways so I’m not going to bother.”

“Is there room for negotiation or are you set on a month of slavery?”

“I’m actually letting you off easy. Most at the club are going to want several months if not a year or more for that kind of money.”

“Really?”

“Ask your mothers.”

“Then why would you offer only one?”

“Because I owe your mothers a lot and I’m all for paying it forward. So, do we have a deal?”

“Yes Ma’am,” Ashley said, the words coming out before she could stop them.

“Great. Then get on all fours and follow me downstairs so we can take care of the contract and then you’ll be going home with me.”

“Um, if I’m on all fours the dogs will attempt to mount me.”

“You’re a slave now, Ashley, so get used to doing things you’d otherwise never imagine.”

“To be fair I’m not a slave until you actually pay me.”

“That’s fair. You may stand and follow.”

“Thank you. Um, so I guess this means I won’t be working at the club after all,” Ashley said as she got up off her bed.

“Who told you that lie? Now let’s go sign a contract.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

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“Well?” Nadine asked her best friend. “Is she a virgin?”

“One hundred percent. But don’t arrange any auctions because she has agreed to be my slave for the next month,” Miranda answered.

“REALLY?” Cynthia exclaimed.

“Ask her yourself.”

“It’s true,” Ashley admitted. “She said she’d pay me half a million dollars for a month of slavery and my brain apparently thought it was a good idea because it agreed before I could say otherwise.”

“That’s a really good deal,” her biological mother replied. “Most women would have to serve twelve to eighteen months for that level of money.”

“And since we’re not going through the club you get to keep one hundred percent of the money,” Miranda said to her new slave. “So, the question is, do you have any contracts lying around or will I need to get one from home?”

“We have plenty of copies in the office,” Nadine replied. “I’ll go get one and then once your payment has cleared she’s all yours for the agreed upon period of time.”

“Speaking of which, how exactly will you be paying me?”

“We’ll drop by the bank in the morning and I’ll get you a cashier’s check. Now to be clear I’m paying you half a million dollars but you’ll need to pay your own taxes out of that. If you want enough to cover taxes and still have half a million dollars when all is said and done you’ll need to be my slave for six months.”

“In case you’re wondering you’ll bring home approximately two-hundred-eighty-eight grand after taxes on half a million,” Cynthia said. “So six months to make that clear is a really good deal. Not that we’re trying to get you out of the house or anything but half a million dollars will go a long way towards paying tuition, buying that new car and a house as well.”

“I have a feeling I’m going to regret it, but okay, I’ll be your slave for six months but only if you agree to pay me enough to clear six-fifty.”

“Done,” Miranda quickly replied, knowing she could very easily recoup her losses by renting her young slave to perverts throughout her contract.

The next morning Ashley earned her first million dollars – one-point-one million to be exact, and even though she would be losing nearly half of it in less than a year, until then she was a millionaire. And since she would be required to do everything without limit for half a year she decided then and there that she would do the same at the club if only to earn top dollar. “Thank you Mistress. I’ll do my best not to disappoint.”

“As long as you continue to obey without question I think you’ll make a fine slave. Now, let’s get home so I can mark you as promised.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Forty-five minutes later Ashley was looking at her new home at least for the next six months – a massive two story modern colonial with three single car attached garages on the right side set back a full football field from the street and completely surrounded by an eight foot woodgrain vinyl privacy fence. “You live here alone, Mistress?”

“No. My daughter Megan and sons Mike and Allyn live here as do my three other slaves.”

“Will I be required to have sex with your sons and daughter, Mistress? Also, how old are they?”

“Megan is nineteen, Mike is twenty-one and Allyn is twenty-two. And yes, with a few exceptions you’ll obey their every command as if it came from me.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“In fact, after I mark you as my slave I think I’ll let the boys take your virginity. Not at the same time obviously, but one will take your ass and the other your pussy.”

“You don’t want to take what you paid for Mistress?”

“There will be plenty of time for us to play but to be honest, my sons have been asking for another bitch to breed and you’re it. And I do mean bitch, Ashley, as from this second forward you’re in training to be a puppy slave. And just in case you don’t know what that means, you’ll spend the rest of your slavery learning to live life as a puppy from eating and drinking out of bowls on the floor and sleeping in a bed on the floor, to dressing like a dog and giving yourself to anyone and everything that wants to use you. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then as soon as you get out of the car I want you to strip naked and get on all fours. Oh, and Ashley, dogs don’t talk and neither will you unless asked a direct question that cannot be answered with a yes or no. Is that understood? One bark for yes, two for no.”

“Woof,” Ashley barked.

“Good girl. Now let’s go meet your new masters and Mistress.”

“I just have one more question before I’m no longer permitted to speak, Mistress. Are your sons going to fuck me at the same time or separately?”

“Incest is the only fetish not permitted in my house so they’ll fuck you separately. And to ensure everyone obeys the rules each room is equipped with multiple cameras recording everything twenty-four-seven and streaming it live to the internet for all the world to see so I hope you’re okay with millions of perverts masturbating as you are trained as a sex slave.”

Having little doubt she would be severely caned for disobeying a direct order, Ashley got out of her Mistress’ car and immediately began taking her clothes off. When she was butt naked she dropped onto all fours and then crawled to where the Mistress was waiting on the opposite side of the car. As they approached the front door it opened and she saw the first of Miranda’s other slaves – a gorgeous Mexican woman with naturally curly black hair down to her waist, piercing blue eyes, and a set of breasts to rival her own. And from the look of her belly she was entering her third trimester.

“Welcome home, Mistress,” the young woman said as she stepped aside.

“Thank you Julia. Be a good girl and gather everyone for me.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I saw your gears turning the second you saw her tits and the answer is yes. She too has taken Milker’s Paradise. As have every woman living here including my daughter. Speaking of which, while my sons have been trained to dominate, Megan has spent the last year and a half being trained as a sex slave. She also works at Milker’s Paradise so the two of you will be seeing a lot of each other.”

It was about then several individuals entered the spacious living room from different directions. From the kitchen emerged a stunning Chinese woman wearing only an apron that did nothing to hide the large breasts and swollen belly beneath. From the hallway straight ahead came Julia followed by a young pregnant brunette that bore a striking resemblance to Miranda and a young man with short cropped hair and neatly trimmed goatee. From another hallway came another young man with a pregnant, caramel skinned black woman hot on his heels.

“I was just about to blow my load so this had better be good mom,” the man standing slightly in front of the black woman said.

“This just means you get to screw Kimora a little longer,” Miranda said to her son. “Anyways, everyone, I’d like you to meet the newest member of the Kellerman harem, Ashley. You all know Nadine and Cynthia. Well, this is their daughter and for the next six months she is mine to do with as I please. Ashley, these are my sons Mike,” she said motioning to the man in front of the black woman “Allyn,” she said motioning to the man standing between Julia and the brunette woman. “And my daughter Megan,” she said confirming Ashley’s suspicions that the woman was indeed her Mistress’ daughter. “Standing behind Mike is Kimora. You’ve already met Julia and last but certainly not least is Jiang,” Miranda said with a motion towards the Chinese woman.

“A few things before I let you get back to whatever or whomever you were doing,” Miranda continued. “First, I’ve inspected her myself and Ashley is one hundred percent virgin. I was going to take it myself but on the way home thought I’d give her to my sons. But as I stand here I think I’d rather see her lose her virginity to Megan.”

“M-Me?” Megan said, completely shocked her mother would make such a statement.

“Yes you. You’ve more than proven your submissiveness so I think it’s time to show a little initiative and learn how to dominate. But let’s get one thing perfectly clear, you’re still a slave and will continue performing duties as such. That being said, you’ve always wanted a puppy so I’ve brought you one to train. Mike, Allyn, you will not touch her unless given permission by her owner which is me, or her trainer which is your sister. Is that understood?”

“Yes Ma’am,” the two young men replied with obvious annoyance.

“Megan, you have a year and a half training as a slave so you know what it means to be one. You will train her to the best of your abilities but remember the rules. I will not tolerate abuse in this house.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Good girl. Now come with me to the dungeon. The rest of you can get back to whatever it was you were doing.”

Her world flipped upside down and sideways, Ashley nevertheless crawled behind her Mistress through the living room, into a massive ultra-modern kitchen and down the basement stairs. It was slow going as she was not used to crawling down stairs, but she made it without hurting herself. A door to the left was unlocked and as she crawled into her very first dungeon butterflies swarmed her stomach as her eyes immediately took everything.

“Alright,” Miranda said as she shut the door behind them. “As I said before, I am your owner and you will now be marked as such, but your training will be Megan’s responsibility. Is that understood?”

“Arf,” Ashley barked in response.

“Good girl. Megan sweetie, is there anything you’d like me to do to mark her as your property as well?”

“Yes Ma’am. I would like you to tattoo Megan’s Mutt on her left breast please.”

“Will do. Also, nice touch. See, I knew you had it in you to be dominant.”

“Thank you Ma’am.”

“Alright slave, listen up because I’m only going to say this once. I am going to brand you my property. It’s going to hurt like hell but a good slave takes it with head held high and no complaints. If you scream or move you will be severely disciplined. Is that understood?”

“A-Arf,” Ashley nervously barked.

“Good girl. Once you’ve been branded you will stand in the wait position while I tattoo your breast. That’s with your legs shoulder width apart and arms behind back with hands clasping opposite elbows. Again, if you make a noise or move before I am finished you’ll be severely disciplined. Is that understood?”

Gulping back her fear, Ashley barked once to indicate she understood. Having little doubt she would soon experience her first punishment, she did everything possible to steel herself against the impending pain as she watched her owner fetch a branding gun from a cabinet and plug it in.

“What color would you like her tattoo to be?” Miranda asked her daughter.

“What’s your favorite color, slave?” Megan asked Ashley.

“P-Purple, Mistress,” Ashley nervously answered.

“Purple it is. And can you please add an outline of a small puppy paw in the same color on either end?”

“Absolutely.”

“I’d like to have her nipples pierced as well. Tells me, slave, are they real?”

“Arf.”

“Are you lactating?”

“Arf.”

“I figured as much. Forget the nipple rings then and give her microdermals along her collarbones that can spell out dairy cow.”

“I’ll add a few extra so you have options,” Miranda said as she gathered the

supplies.”

“Thank you Ma’am.”

Ten minutes later, right hip cleaned and freshly shaved Ashley tensed every muscle, locked every joint and bit hard into her lower lip as the searing pain of her flesh being permanently branded with a triskelion with OWNED BY MISTRESS MIRANDA written around it. To her credit the only sound she made was a soft whimper as the pain coursed throughout her trembling body.

“Good girl,” Miranda said as she sat the branding gun down on the metal cart. “Now assume the position so I can tattoo your fat tit.”

An hour later Ashley’s left breast was tattooed. Four more hours after that seven microdermal anchors had been carefully placed along her collarbones and topped with letters spelling out DAIRY COW with the rest of them filled with tops containing amethysts to compliment her freshly tattooed breast.

“I think that’s enough work for one day,” Miranda said as she peeled the nitrile gloves off her sweaty hands. She’s all yours sweetie. Just be careful not to disturb them too much.”

“Thank you Ma’am,” Megan replied. “So, you’re a complete virgin huh?”

“Arf.”

“I’m going to enjoy breaking you in, my lovely pet,” Megan said as she moved in close. “But more than anything I’m going to enjoy having a friend and lover,” she whispered so that only Ashley could hear. If you obey you will be treated like a queen. But don’t let it go to your pretty little head because even one act of defiance will take it all away and I’ll use you like a worthless toy and throw you away when I’m done. Is that clear?”

“Arf.”

“Good girl. Now get on all fours like the puppy you’re in training to be. Your first lesson will be to learn the various positions. We’ll go over them one at a time and then I’m going to fuck your brains out. But before we get to that there are a few rules you need to learn and take to heart,” Megan said as she pointed to a poster hanging on the back of the dungeon door. “The first position you’ll learn

is called inspection. That's standing with your feet shoulder width apart and fingers locked together behind your head. Remember to keep your back straight and eyes forward. Assume it and start reading the rules while I get the flogger.

Recalling the position from the night before, Ashley turned to face the door, assumed it and started reading the rather lengthy list of rules. A minute later she felt the somewhat pleasurable thudding of the flogger slapping across her shoulders. The next landed quite a bit harder on her belly causing her to gasp and take half a step back.

"I'll let that one go because you're new to being a slave but the next time you break position you'll be disciplined," Megan said as she gave Ashley's back another swat. "That means I'll take the cane to that sexy ass of yours. Is that understood?"

"Arf," Ashley barked.

"Good girl. But while on your feet you may answer as a human. Got it?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Tell me slave, do you have a job?"

"She'll start working at Milker's Paradise just as soon as her brand and piercings permit," Miranda said as she put the last of the supplies away.

"If that's the case I would like you to tattoo black cock only on her mound with an arrow pointing down to her hooded clit." Turning to face her new slave, Megan smiled. "Like me you'll be bred only by black men. And to ensure you are only fucked by the men I deem worthy of breeding you you'll also be given chastity piercings."

"Ouch," Miranda said in reply. "You want me to pierce her now or after you've popped her cherries?"

"I think after, Ma'am."

"Then I'll leave you to training your slave."

"Thanks mom. I hope I do you proud."

“Of that I have no doubt,” Miranda replied.

Because this is your first day of slavery and the first time we're meeting I'm giving you permission to speak freely," Megan said as she brought the flogger up between Ashley's legs. "That means you may speak without asking permission so tell me what's on your mind."

"T-Thank you Mistress," Ashley winced as the tails of the flogger slapped against her vulva. "A lot is going on in my head right now and I'm just trying to process. I mean, I'm a virgin. I've never even masturbated and now I'm a sex slave. A branded, tattooed and pierced slave."

Flogger at her side, Megan stepped in front of her new slave and sucked her right nipple into her mouth. The first taste of Ashley's sweet milk made her clit throb with excitement. "How long have you been lactating and why did you start?"

"I've only been lactating since yesterday, Mistress. I found a bottle of pills in my mother's closet claiming to enlarge breasts and rapidly induce lactation. I didn't believe it but curiosity got the better of me so I started taking them. My breasts got big quick and I woke up yesterday with milk squirting from both nipples like geysers and it wouldn't stop until I pumped like a quart."

"Nice. So you've never had a boyfriend or girlfriend?"

"I had a boyfriend but all we ever did was kiss, Mistress. I broke up when my breasts started growing."

"Why?"

"Because I didn't want him thinking I was a whore, Mistress. The only people that knows about what really happened are my mothers and now everyone in this house. Um, speaking of my mothers and friends, am I allowed to have visitors?"

"If you thought telling them you took pills to induce lactation would make them see you as a whore how do you think they'll feel when you tell them you're a sex slave?"

“I’d rather not tell them, Mistress.”

“You have no choice Ashley. The only clothing you’ll be permitted to wear is pet gear which will definitely leave everything on display so even if you don’t want to tell them they’ll see your piercings, tattoos and brand the second they lay eyes on you. Besides, I’m a firm believer that if they can’t accept you for who you are then they’re not worth your time. But to answer your question, yes, you are permitted guests so long as their visits don’t interfere with your training and they agree to follow the rules.”

“Um, I don’t see anything on this list pertaining to guests, Mistress.”

“Because those are the rules for submissives and slaves. The rules for guests are simple. First and foremost they will remain on their best behavior at all times. Second, while under no obligation to do anything they don’t want to but if they agree then they are required to follow through during that visit or be disciplined. And three, if they are disrespectful or disobedient they will be disciplined or banned from our property. That’s it. Oh, and they’ll be required to sign waivers consenting to all of that and of course being recorded on their first visit.”

“Can I ask why you became a slave?”

“I have your mothers to thank for that. I was looking for a job when I turned eighteen and Mistress Nadine offered me one at Milker’s Paradise. She told me what it entailed and I immediately agreed to take the pills because I wanted bigger breasts. The milk was an added benefit. I started as a regular milker with so many limits I barely made more than the base salary. But after a month or so I started opening up and started experimenting. After six months I was doing it all.”

“So, you must be the one slave my mother said works there.”

“That’s me. Now I’ll ask you the same question. What made you want to become a slave?”

“I honestly don’t know, Mistress. You mother offered and my brain immediately said yes so that’s what came out and now here we are. I’m not going to lie, the money she paid me did a lot to sway my decision at the time, but I’m also curious about different types of sex. Speaking of which, do you have sex with animals?”

“Every single woman and half the men at Milker’s Paradise have been fucked by dogs including me, my mother, your mothers and eventually you. That doesn’t surprise you, slave?”

“No Mistress. My mother told me something similar yesterday. I almost lost my virginity to our mastiff Goliath which is why I asked them.”

“Almost?”

“He mounted but I got away before he could get his dick into me, Mistress.”

“Shame. Though, on second thought it was probably for the best as mastiffs are hung like ponies and that would’ve hurt like hell. Anyways, I think it’s time to bust a couple of cherries. I want full access to both of your holes so you’ll be on top. I can very easily take a fist in my pussy and ass at the same time but you may not use more than three. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“And don’t forget to put that tongue of yours to use.”

“Yes Mistress.” Getting on all fours, Ashley watched as her new Mistress plucked several dildos, butt plugs and a large bottle of lube from a shelf which she sat on a large metal tray. Presumably so they did not collect dirt from sitting on the floor. “Mistress, what are chastity piercings?”

“You’ll have tunnels placed in your outer labia which can be laced, ringed or otherwise locked shut preventing you from having vaginal sex.”

“OH MY GOD! Is that really necessary Mistress? I mean, command me to not have sex and I won’t.”

“That’s all well and good here at home but the same is not true at work. If you are locked tight when you start, however, there’s nothing they can do and there’s no risk of some horny man getting overly excited and pumping a load into you. When you are confirmed pregnant from a black man you’ll be free to have sex with anyone you want, but until then it is black cock only.”

“Yes Mistress. When are you going to start my breeding?” Ashley was far from excited by the prospect of being used as a breeding cow but knew enough not to

argue with the inevitable. And then there was the contract she signed giving her owner permission to use her however they saw fit.

“How does tonight sound, slave? In fact, I’m thinking I’ll invite thirty black men over so they can breed you in ten man shifts every day for the next week and have my mother pierce you afterwards. But don’t think for a second that your breeding ends there. They might not be able to fuck you for a few months but they can still pump their loads into you. So, do you want pierced tonight or bred like a fucking animal?”

“Bred like a fucking animal, Mistress.”

“Good girl. While you’ll sleep in my room the breedings will take place in the party room out back.”

“Party room, Mistress?”

“It’s what we call an old barn mom renovated and turned into a room where as many as fifty people can engage in sexual activities at the same time. And while it isn’t as well stocked as this dungeon it still has a fair amount of toys. Now, it’s time to pop a couple of cherries so get on top of me and don’t forget; three fingers and use your tongue,” Megan said as she put the tray on the floor.

“Yes Mistress.” Hornier than she could ever remember being, Ashley looked down as several drops of milk leaked from her hard nipples. “Um, Mistress, I’m leaking. Would you like to have a drink before we start?”

“Only if you drink my piss,” Megan countered.

“It would be my pleasure, Mistress.”

“Really?”

“No Mistress, but since I have no say or control over what you do to me I figured it’s best to just agree and get it over with.”

“And that right there, Ashley, is the first sign you’ll make an excellent slave. Kneel. I’m going to put my pussy against your lips and fill your mouth. You’ll drink it one mouthful at a time and when you’re done you’ll lick me clean. Afterwards I’ll drink your milk until you stop leaking and then we’ll pop those

pesky cherries.”

“Thank you Mistress. God, I wish I knew why this was making me so damn horny,” Ashley said as she got down on her knees.

“I’ll tell you why,” Megan said as she moved into position. “Milker’s Paradise.” Seeing the confused look on her slave’s face, she continued. “I take it no one told you that part? It doesn’t just induce lactation, Ashley, it’s also an aphrodisiac that’s about a hundred times more powerful than anything you’ll find. That’s one of the reasons it was not approved by the FDA. Now drink.”

Ashley’s mouth filled with warm bitter fluid and fighting against every urge to spit, she gulped it down. Her mouth filled. She swallowed. Though far from delicious, it was palatable enough she did not throw it back up. And when the stream trickled to a stop she did not hesitate to extend her tongue and lick. Once. Twice. Ten times. Sucking her Mistress’ inner labia, she felt her own clit throbbing. A hand on the back of her head told her not to stop so she continued licking and sucking until Megan’s hips bucked wildly and she was gulping down her Mistress’ orgasm.

“Damn, girl! I’ve never came so quickly in my life. You sure you’ve never done that before?”

“Yes Mistress. Yours is the first pussy I’ve ever licked and I have to say I really enjoyed it.”

“Glad to hear it because you’ll be doing it every day. Now, let’s go cuddle on the bed so I can drain you dry.”

“It will be my absolute pleasure, Mistress, and this time I mean it.” Cuddling together on the queen sized bondage bed, Ashley held her Mistress in her arms like a baby and placed her left nipple into her mouth. Megan latched on and Ashley once again felt a surge of excitement. “Mmmm...that feels nice, Mistress. Thank you for drinking my milk. I can’t wait to taste yours.”

Later that night...

Having spent most of the day having sex with her new Mistress, Ashley was glad to have a break even if for a few hours. “Mistress, Is there somewhere we can talk where we’re not being recorded?”

“You can speak your mind, slave.”

Leaning in, Ashley whispered in her Mistress’ ear. “It has to do with what you whispered to me earlier, Mistress.”

“I think now would be a good time to stretch our legs and get some fresh air. Come slave, let’s go for a walk.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Megan opened the sliding door leading out onto the back deck and stepped butt naked out into the cool night air. Shrugging, Ashley stepped out after and followed her Mistress down the stairs and along a paved trail in the direction of a large barn. “This is the party room where you’ll spend twelve hours a day for the next week being gang banged,” Megan explained. “You’ll get a full eight hours of sleep and the remaining four hours will be split between eating, showering and breaks.” Walking passed the barn, Megan led her slave towards the woods. Thirty or so feet beyond the building she spoke again. “We’re free of the cameras so say what it is you need to say.”

“Thank you Mistress. I’m just curious about what you told me earlier about needing a friend. I have to admit that tugged at my heartstrings quite a bit. Are you saying you have no friends at all?”

“I have a few acquaintances at work but no one I’d call friend. All those left the day I came out as a sex slave. The only people that really want anything to do

with me are the ones that want to dominate me and I'm frankly getting tired of being so alone."

"I am so sorry, Mistress, but like you said earlier they might not be worth your time."

"Which is why I have nothing to do with them outside of work. Look, I don't want your pity," Megan said as they reached a well-lit path leading into the woods. "If you simply want to be my slave for the next six months and move on then that's fine. But if we get along and you find we have more than slavery in common then who knows?"

"I like you already Mistress, and I'm not just saying that because I love eating your pussy and drinking your milk. God, if it wasn't such an insane idea I'd marry you right now today."

"Why's that such a crazy idea?"

"We've known each other all of what, eight hours? I don't know about you but I'd like to know my future significant a bit longer before proposing to them. But seriously, I do like you and absolutely love everything we've done so far except for being branded so who knows what the future will bring?"

You liked everything else? Drinking my piss? Being pierced and tattooed? That fat plug stuffing your sexy ass right now?"

"I'll admit the piercings and tattoo are humiliating, but I like the look of them. Drinking your pee was disgusting but made my clit throb with excitement. And I think I actually love the feeling of having my ass stuffed. And fisting you. My god! How long before you're doing that to me?"

"I can do it in a couple of hours but I think I'd rather take my time."

"I'm scared Mistress. I know I'll eventually have to tell my friends but I'm afraid they'll never talk to me again. I know you said they're not worth my time if they can't accept me for who I now am, but that's easier said than done."

"Believe me, Ashley, I know, but it's better to get it out and over with from the beginning than live a life of ever compounding lies. For example, unless you plan on wearing turtle necks for the rest of your life how will you explain away

the very obvious microdermals? Or the fact that you're going to be knocked up over and over and over again?"

"Um, well, first of all I'm only going to be a sex slave for the next six months, Mistress, so the chances of me being knocked up over and over and over again isn't possible. As for the microdermals I can just say I got drunk or something."

"And will anyone believe that?"

"Probably not," Ashley sighed.

"I didn't think so. I'm not going to command you to tell anyone but take it from me, it's better for them to hear it from you than discovering it on their own."

"I believe you Mistress but that doesn't make it any easier. So, I'm allowed to have guests but am I allowed to leave?"

"Of course you're allowed to leave Ashley. You're my slave, not my prisoner. That being said, this was my first time dominating anyone so any and all criticism is appreciated and won't be used against you."

"You were amazing, Mistress. Seriously, if I didn't hear it with my own ears from my owner I never would've believed it was your first time. May I ask how I'm doing as your slave?"

"Equally as amazing. Not everyone has it in them to step outside their sexual comfort zone or give up all control to another, let alone a virgin. That being said, I'm not always going to be so easy on you."

"Easy, Mistress? I've been flogged, tattooed, pierced and branded. By what definition of the word is that easy?"

"Let's not forget that you drank my milk, were double stuffed while eating my pussy and milked like a cow," Megan replied. "Don't worry, we'll find a limit and then you'll learn to accept it like all the rest."

"I have two limits that I know of Mistress. Incest and bestiality."

"Well, I can guarantee you'll do one of those before your training is complete and it isn't incest."

“I had a feeling, Mistress, and can say I’m not looking forward to it.”

“Few people ever are but nearly everyone is hooked within minutes. Seriously, it’s some of the best sex you’ll ever have.”

“I’ve heard that before Mistress.”

“I’ll make you a deal. If you don’t like it, if you don’t have at least three orgasms from it the first time I’ll not only never ask you to do it again, I’ll let you pick out a humiliating and degrading tattoo for me to get.”

“And if I like it Mistress?”

“Then you’ll do it daily.”

“Deal, Mistress.” Stopping, Ashley stared up at the night sky. “This is nice Mistress. Can we do it again?”

“I’d like that. I’d also like another drink of your sweet milk so get over here and feed your Mistress.”

“My pleasure, Mistress.”

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The barn door opened shortly after nine and a line of black men walked in and stood with their backs mostly against the walls. The last one shut the door behind him and Megan called for their attention. “You’re all going to be just as shocked as I was to hear this but I am not a Mistress and Ashley here is my slave. She is also the cow you’ll be breeding for the next two weeks. You’ll notice she has gauze on her right hip, left breast and along her collarbones. She was tattooed, pierced and branded this morning so as much as you’ll want to be rough with her I need you to be careful around those areas. Normal rules for breeding parties apply with the following changes. You will breed her between the hours of noon and midnight. The rest of the day will be dedicated to eating, sleeping and taking breaks. If you constantly disturb the gauzed areas you’ll be permanently banned from this property. Now, I know we’re getting a late start and you only have three hours to fuck her brains out which is why tonight is just a sampling of the next two weeks. Any questions?”

“Yes Mistress,” Ashley replied.

“Go ahead.”

“Thank you Mistress. What exactly are the normal rules for breeding parties and shouldn’t you tell them I just lost my virginity to you today and I’m not yet used to taking anything too big?”

“You just told them yourself, slave. As for the normal rules of breeding parties, they may fuck whatever hole they desire but may only cum in your pussy. Of course, once you’ve been given your chastity piercings you’ll suck them until they’re ready to blow their loads at which time they’ll gently push into your pussy and make a deposit. When you’re fully healed we’ll resume breeding until you’re pregnant. Anything else?”

“No Mistress.”

“Then let the breeding begin. And remember guys, I don’t want the jewelry to get fucked up so take it as easy as possible.”

“We fucking you too?” One of the black men asked.

“As you are well aware, Damien, I’m already pregnant with one of your babies so there’s no need to waste your seed on me.”

“Fair enough. Alright, slut, don’t just stand there. Get on your fucking knees and get us ready to breed you,” Damien said to Ashley.

“Yes Master. Um, just so you know I’ve never sucked a dick before,” Ashley said as she got down on her knees.

“Well, you’re about to get plenty of practice.” Placing a hand on the back of her head, Damien slammed his big black cock to the back of Ashley’s throat and grinned as her eyes went wide. A beat later she was gagging and he was laughing. When he was standing at his full nine inches he lay on the tiled barn floor and pulled her on top of him. It was hard not grabbing her by the branded hip, but he managed and a moment later he was balls deep in her tight pussy and she threw her head back as a long, pleasure filled moan escaped her slightly parted lips.

Three months later...

On the third anniversary of the day she became a sex slave several things happened all at once in Ashley's life. That morning she positively tested pregnant for the ninth time confirming beyond all doubt that she was now with child. By mid-morning her chastity piercings were deemed healed enough for her to have all the sex she wanted. That afternoon, after months of ignoring all of her friends she finally returned their calls and text by inviting them to her mothers' home for a much needed meeting to discuss what she had been doing since disappearing. That evening, she stood in front of sixteen young men and women. Some she had only known a few months before her life took a roan no one could have predicted. Others she had known nearly all her life. And while she did not want to lose any of them she knew that was a pipe dream.

"First, I want to apologize for ignoring all of you but once you hear the reason I think you'll understand. There's no good or easy way to say it so I'll just blurt it out. I'm a sex slave." Her words were met with dead stares. "Well, a sex slave in training," she corrected.

"Right," her best friend Maggie replied. "And I'm the queen of Mars."

"Pleasure to meet you your Majesty. But seriously, I've spent the last three months being trained as a sex slave and I have thousands of hours of video as proof. But I think this'll do for now." Reaching back, Ashley unzipped her dress and let it fall down her large breasts to the soft swell of her belly and then down her well-toned legs. She then stepped off of the back deck and stood face-to-face with her best friend. Raising her left hand she motioned to the microdermals along her collarbones that now spelled out OWNED BITCH. "And if that isn't enough then read what's written on my breast, mound and right hip. I know it's a lot to take in, believe me, I do, but I'm a sex slave now and will continue to be for the rest of my life. If you can't accept that then it's been nice knowing you

but I have no room in my life for bigoted, close-minded people so you're free to leave and never talk to me again."

"Okay, so who's this Mistress Miranda and how did she ever convince you, a complete virgin three months ago, to become her sex slave?"

"She's a friend of my mothers and I'm not at liberty to say how she convinced me only that it was completely consensual. That being said, I've actually been trained by her daughter Megan," Ashley said, pointing to the tattoo on her left breast. The list of perversions I've been trained to perform is quite lengthy but I'll sum it up by saying there's very little I won't do to please the woman I love and serve."

"Love?" her friend Carrie scoffed. "How the hell can you love someone that treats you like a piece of fucking meat?"

"That's the sort of close-mindedness I don't need in my life. And she doesn't treat me like anything short of a human being deserving of the same love and kindness as anyone else. Mistress Megan is smart, beautiful and has a sense of humor that keeps me laughing. Sure, she trains me as a sex slave and she knows what she's doing because she has spent the last two years as on herself, but we also cuddle together in bed, go on long walks through the woods where we discuss everything from our feelings to what the future holds in store for us. Sure, she might cane me when I'm disobedient, but she always checks to make sure she didn't strike too hard and break the skin and apologizes when she does. And when our sessions are finished she doesn't leave my side until she knows I'm okay."

"Right. And all we have is your word on that which you've probably spent the last three months rehearsing," Carrie countered.

"Like I said before, I have thousands of hours of video to prove otherwise. Also like I said before, if you can't accept me for who I now am then you're free to walk right out of my life. Anyone else have any questions?"

"Only about a million," Maggie replied. "For starters, what the actual fuck Ashley? What in the hell did she do to your pussy?"

"Actually, it was her mother that did all the work and it's called a chastity piercing because when ringed shut as it currently is it prevents me from having

sex. Actually, the rings are tight enough I can't even finger myself," Ashley freely admitted – something she never would have done before becoming a sex slave.

"And you're okay with all of this?" Maggie asked as she motioned with her right hand up and down her best friend's naked body.

"Every single bit of it."

"And you only have sex with black men?" her friend Jeremy asked.

"Now that I'm pregnant by one I'm free to have sex with whomever I want so long as they provide a clean medical record."

"Seriously?"

"Just because I'm a sex slave doesn't mean I'll have sex with anyone that wants me. I also don't want to catch an STD so anyone that wants to fuck me must provide recent test results that are no more than two weeks old."

"And what about you giving someone else a disease?" Jeremy countered.

"I'm tested every two weeks and only have sex with clean men whether or not they wear condoms."

"Yeah, well, that's all well and good for you but not everyone has the money to get tested every two damn weeks."

"There are free clinics and if you can't take the time to get tested then you'll never have sex with me and that's all I'll say on the matter."

"You're here now but are you allowed to have visitors?" Maggie asked. "I'd like to meet this Mistress Miranda and Megan."

"I am but there are rules that must be followed."

"Here we go," Carrie huffed. "Let me guess, in order to see you we'll need to be their sex slaves first."

"Not even close. There are four rules and they're simple and straightforward."

First, you must be on your best behavior at all times. If you see something you don't like then don't watch. If you're asked to do something you're not into politely decline. Second, while under no obligation to do anything, if you agree then you'll be required to do it at least for that visit. Three, if you are disobedient or disrespectful you'll be disciplined or banned from their home. And four, to ensure there is absolutely no doubt whatsoever you are required to sign waiver and consent forms agreeing to all of that as well as being recorded. That's it. Those are the rules all visitors must obey.

"Yeah, recorded so they can sell it on the internet," Carrie continued to complain.

"Actually, no. Anything containing someone that isn't one of their slaves is kept as proof of consent and that's it unless you give written and verbal consent for them to sell it."

"So they say but what proof..."

"ENOUGH!" Ashley shouted. If all you can do is bitch and make accusations then please leave."

Realizing all eyes were on her and the looks on her friends' faces telling her none of them were on her side, Carrie huffed and then stormed off around the house in the direction of the driveway.

"So, what exactly do you mean by disobedient, disrespectful and discipline?" her friend Brianna asked.

Eyes drifting to the tall, busty brunette standing a dozen feet to her right, Ashley smiled. "Disobedience means breaking the rules. Disrespect is, well, disrespecting anyone at the property. And discipline is what will happen if you do either. The first infraction is ten swats of the cane on the ass. The second is twenty on the ass and five on the breasts. The third is forty on the ass and ten on the breasts. The fourth and more are eighty swats on the ass and twenty on the breasts. If you effuse you'll be banned until you agree to take double your punishment. Alternatively, if you reach one hundred or more swats in a single punishment you may instead ask Mistress Miranda to label you rebellious with a tattoo. Earn five such marks and it'll become a brand. Earn five brands and you'll be permanently banned from her property. So, as you can see it pays to obey that first rule."

“What about your breasts?” Jeremy asked.

“What about them?”

“You going to tell us how they really got so damn big so quickly?”

Knowing she could never be completely honest she offered the next best alternative. “Due to increased production of prolactin – which is the breast milk producing hormone, I have what’s called hyperlactation. Basically, I produce a vast, nearly endless supply of breast milk and have to pump multiple times a day just to keep up.”

“Okay, that’s fucking hot,” Jeremy replied. “So, when you say nearly endless?”

“I mean I produce ninety to a hundred and ten ounces of milk per day,” Ashley answered. The fact that her supply continued to increase as she took Milkers Paradise every single day for the last three months did not escape her notice.

“Jesus Christ! What the hell do you do with it?”

“That brings me to the last bit of news I have for all of you tonight. My new job. Anyone here ever hear of a club called Milkers Paradise?”

“I have,” Maggie answered. That’s the place my cousin Shannon induced lactation to work at. It’s a fetish club where all the women lactate.”

“Right you are. It’s also where I’ll be working starting Friday. And believe it or not it’s actually owned by my mothers.”

“Are they slaves too?” Maggie asked.

“Yes and no. They’re both fully trained slaves and Mistresses. They’re actually what’s called switches meaning they switch roles depending on the situation. But this meeting isn’t about them. What I need to know is who still wishes to remain friends with me and who doesn’t?” To her surprise no one else argued or left. After five tense minutes she finally continued. “Thank you. Now, who wants to go meet my owner and Mistress?”

“I’ll go,” Maggie answered.

“Me too,” Brianna said.

“Me three,” Jeremy offered.

When no one else spoke up Ashley continued. “Then I think we’ll call it a night there and those that want to may follow me to Mistress Miranda’s home.”

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An hour later Ashley and her three friends pulled into Miranda’s driveway. No sooner were their cars stopped then the front door opened and they watched as two women emerged – one older wearing a loose navy blue summer dress holding a manila folder in her right hand and the other, a younger woman wearing a form-fitting corset dress and strappy heels. Walking up to Ashley, Megan kissed her slave turned girlfriend on the lips. “I take it these are the friends you spoke of?”

“Yes Mistress. These are my friends Maggie, Jeremy and Brianna.”

“Nice to meet you all,” Megan said. “My name is Megan and this is my mother Miranda. Has my slave explained the rules to you?”

“Her name is Ashley,” Maggie shot back.

“What did I say about being on your best behavior?” Ashley said to her best friend.

“Sorry.”

“Apology accepted,” Megan smiled. Mom, would you like to give them the forms? When she does please read them in their entirety and if you have any questions don’t hesitate to ask.”

“Can we go somewhere a little less dark?” Jeremy asked as he took the forms Miranda offered.

“Of course,” Megan replied “but first I need to use the toilet.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth then Ashley was kneeling at her feet. Megan hiked her dress up over her hips and pressed her vulva to her slave’s mouth. Eyes going from Jeremy to Maggie to Brianna, she started pissing and like the well-

trained toilet she was, Ashley gulped down every drop.

“HOLY SHIT!” Brianna exclaimed. “Are you doing what I think you’re doing?”

“If you think she’s drinking my pee then, yes, she’s doing exactly what you think she’s doing,” Megan answered. Before I finish would any of you like to give it a try?”

“No thank you,” Brianna answered.

“Not even a little bit,” Jeremy added.

Maggie remained silent.

“And you, Maggie?”

“I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t at least a little curious but I don’t think I could actually do it.”

“Sure you can. Just get on your knees, put your mouth over my vulva and swallow. But you had better hurry before I finish.”

“N-No thank you,” Maggie said, suddenly realizing she just admitted to being curious about drinking piss – a fact that did not escape the notice of the friends standing to her left.

“If you want to do it don’t let us stop you,” Brianna said.

“I’m not going to be able to hold it back much longer so you had better make up your mind pretty quickly,” Megan said.

“Ashley said if we agree to do something then we’re required to do it for however long we stay. Does that mean I’ll have to drink your pee every time you need to go?”

“No,” Miranda answered “it means you’ll have to drink the piss of everyone on the property that wishes to use you as their urinal.”

“Whether I like it or not?”

“Correct.”

“God, I hope I don’t regret this.” Gulping back her humiliation, Maggie got down on her knees next to her best friend. Megan stepped in front of her and smiled.

“I’m going to fill your mouth and you’ll swallow. Rinse and repeat until I’m done. You will then spend no less than ten seconds licking me clean. Is that understood?”

“I’ve never licked another woman before and what does that have to do with drinking your pee?”

“Absolutely everything. And if you don’t believe me then ask your friend.”

“It’s true, Maggie,” Ashley said. “It’s only polite to clean up when you’re done.”

“Alright, fine, let’s get it over with,” Maggie said, now a lot less certain she actually wanted to go through with it.” Her lips parted. Megan’s pussy was pressed against them. A moment later her mouth filled and she instinctively swallowed. And swallowed. And swallowed some more. What felt like an hour passed before the stream slowed and finally stopped. Extending her tongue, Maggie slowly lapped up the last remaining drop and got her first taste of pussy. Suddenly, ten seconds passed in an instant but she did not stop licking. And no one commanded her to so she continued pushing her tongue in as deep as it would go while alternating between flicking the tip over Megan’s hooded clit and nibbling her inner labia. Five full minutes passed and she suddenly found herself gulping down a much better tasting liquid.

“Mmmm...that’s it,” Megan purred. “Drink every drop like a good puppy.”

“Lapping up the last drops of orgasm, Maggie fell back onto her ass. “Oh my god! Y-You said ten seconds. Why didn’t you stop me?”

“Why didn’t you stop yourself?” Megan countered. Just so you fully understand the rules, you are now required to drink pee and lick the pussy of whomever asks. Now, let’s move into the light so you can see to read the forms.”

“Question,” Jeremy said as they walked towards the house “Does that rule apply to guests as well? For example, if I needed to pee can I ask Maggie to drink it?”

“You’re on the property so yes,” Miranda answered.

“Cool. So, um, Maggie, I need to pee.”

“I haven’t signed any papers agreeing to do it so technically I’m not actually required to do it for anyone,” Maggie countered. “Or were we lied to about the rules?”

“You are technically correct,” Miranda answered.

“So, if I left and came back I wouldn’t be required to do it at all even if I sign the forms, right?”

“Technically.”

“Just wanted to make sure.” Shimmying her way in front of her friend, Maggie reached up and unbuttoned Jeremy’s pants. “I’m only doing this here so don’t get any ideas.”

“If you drink my piss I’ll gladly drink yours if it means eating your pussy,” Jeremy replied as he watched his cock disappearing down his friend’s throat.

“That constitutes an agreement,” Miranda said “so if you don’t drink her pee while here you’ll be disciplined.”

“Mmmm...I like your friends,” Megan purred as she absent-mindedly ran her fingers through her slave’s long red hair.

“They’re pretty awesome Mistress and I for one can’t wait to see what else they’re willing to do.”