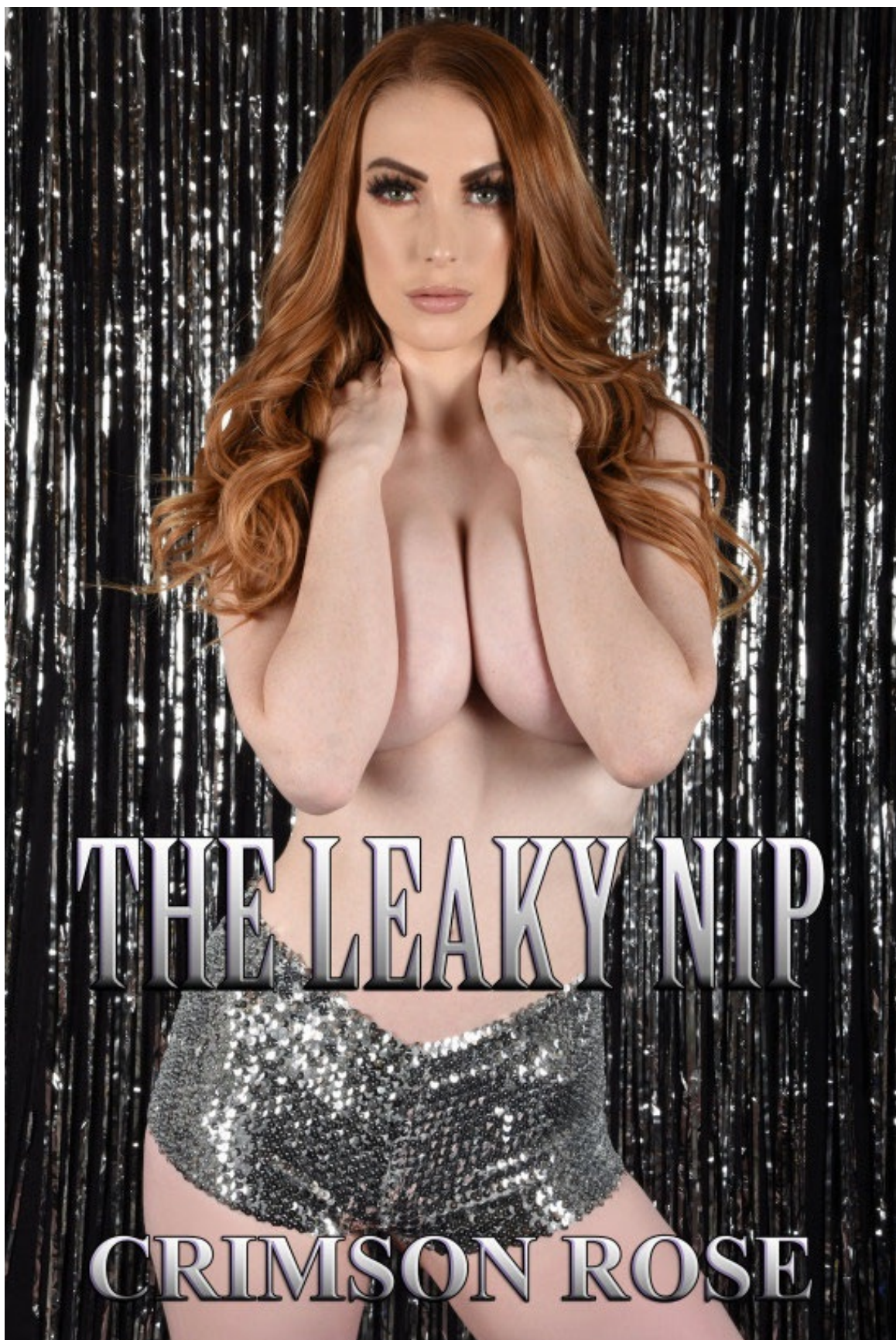
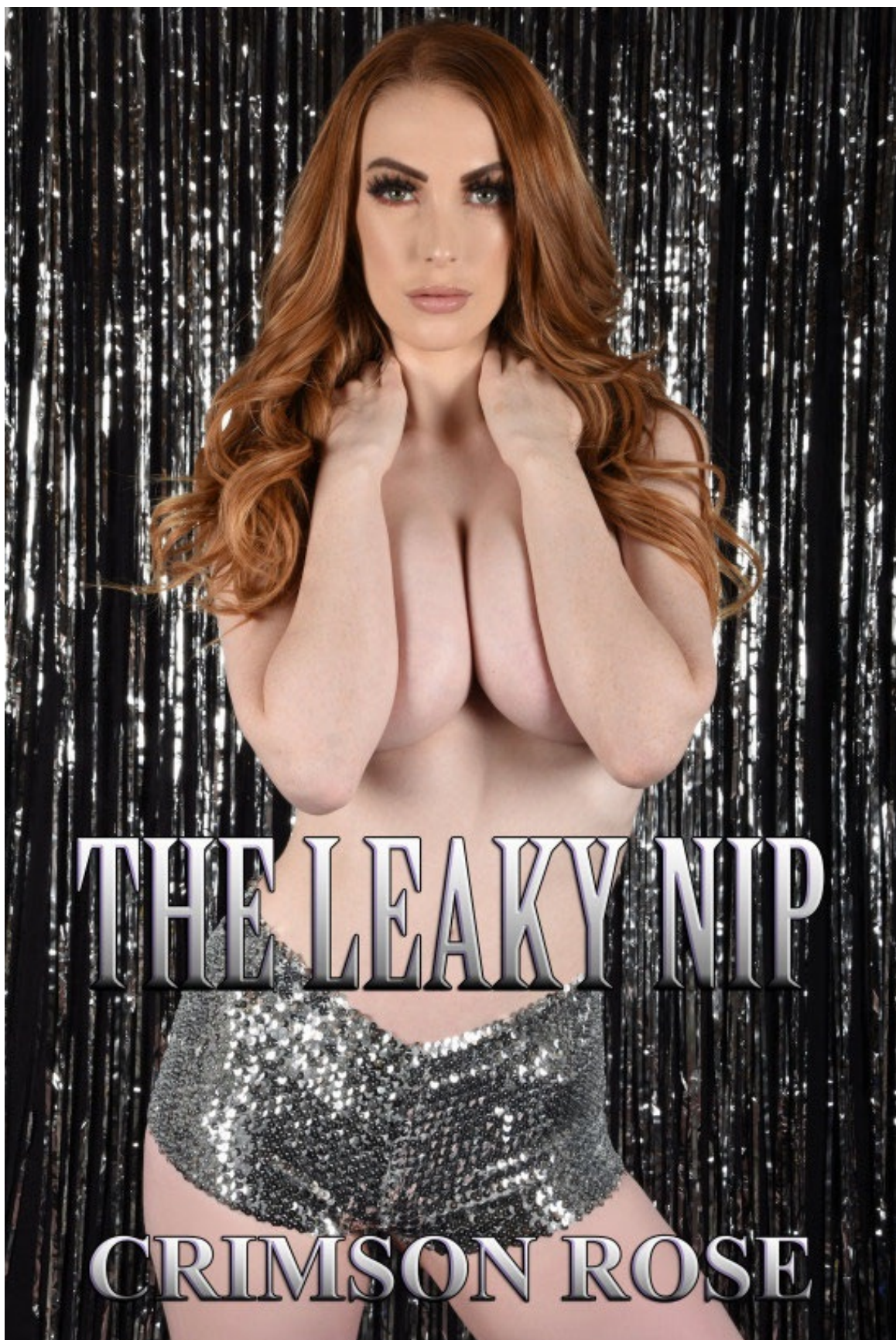




THE LEAKY NIP

CRIMSON ROSE



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Walking into her best friend's house, Krista immediately lowered her eyes to the floor as anxiety threatened to overwhelm her. "There's no easy way for me to say this so I'm just going to say it and then you can tell me off," she said, unable to look her friend in the face. "I can't repay you, Haley. At least not for the foreseeable future. With my car being wrecked and having to get a new one, the house flooding last month and my hours being cut as of last week I'm barely staying afloat."

"No worries," Haley replied.

"R-Really?"

"Really. I've actually been expecting something like this to happen ever since you were hit with the bad luck hammer and have come up with a way for you to get back in the green and pay me off in a few weeks instead of years."

"H-How? What do you need me to do?"

"Tell me, are you still breastfeeding Marlee?"

"Yes, but what does that have to do with being up to my nose in debt?"

"Everything. You still owe me fourteen thousand dollars and I'm willing to forgive a thousand of that right now today if you agree to spend the next few hours in my play room."

"Play room?"

"You'll see if you agree to join me."

"Are you asking me to have sex with you Haley, because you know I'm straight, right?"

"Yes and yes. That being said, do you want to join me in the play room for a thousand dollars off your loan?" Seeing her best friend's hesitation and flushed

face, she continued. “Tell you what, agree to join me in the play room and do everything I ask and I’ll knock four grand off what you owe me.”

“Four grand? I’m not a lesbian or even bisexual but I’d be stupid to pass up that kind of money. Is this how you want me to repay my loan?”

“Just this part of it. Once I confirm you’re still lactating and test your limits I’ll tell you what I have in mind to help pay off the remaining ten thousand.”

“If I’m going to spend several hours here I’ll need to call my parents and make sure they can watch Marlee that long.”

“Go ahead and make the call and assuming they can watch her overnight we’ll go to the play room and have some fun.”

Five minutes later Kristen followed her best friend out of the living room and through the kitchen and out into the attached three car garage. On the other side Haley opened a door and led her best friend upstairs. At the top, she opened another door and motioned Kristen into the approximately seven hundred square foot room. Sex toys lined shelves set into walls painted stone grey. Gags, clamps, paddles, floggers, crops, whips and canes hung on hooks just waiting to dole out pleasure and pain. Straight ahead, a sex machine sat on either side of a queen-sized bondage bed while a spanking bench, kneelers, Saint Andrews, stockades, pillories and other pieced of furniture and equipment were strategically spread out for ease of access and use.

“Holy shit!” Krista gasped as she took it all in.

“Welcome to my play room. There are a few things to go over before we begin. First and most importantly, this room is wired with cameras that will record everything we do. You are entitled to a free copy of every video we do together but are forbidden from uploading it to the internet or selling it in any format without the written permission of all parties involved. Second, you will never be forced to do anything against your will be me or anyone else that may join us tonight or in the future. If you are asked to do something you’re not comfortable with, politely use one of the safewords. Which brings me to rule three. If things are going okay but you need to take a break or address an issue that does not require the scene to come to an immediate end then use the safeword yellow. And if there’s a serious issue or you just want to stop entirely then use the safeword red. That being said, I will forgive five hundred dollars per hour you

allow tonight's scene to continue to a maximum of four thousand dollars so the longer you go without stopping, the more money you'll save. Any questions before I continue?"

"What the actual fuck, Haley? When did you become such a pervert?"

"Many, many years ago. Any other questions?"

"What exactly are you going to do to me?"

"Like I said, I'm going to make sure you're still lactating and then I'm going to test your limits. And by that I mean I'm going to ask you to try out a number of fetishes. Some of them you might like, others not so much. All I ask is that you give everything a genuine attempt before saying you don't like something. Anything else?"

"So, I'm guessing the plan is to dominate me so does that mean I should be calling you Mistress?"

"Yes. And that brings me to the next rule. Discipline. If you're going to learn from your mistakes you need incentive to do so. And while good behavior and obedience will be rewarded, disobedience and disrespect will be punished. Every infraction will earn you ten swats but if you break position, fail to count and give thanks or say anything other than the count and thank and I'll add three more swats until you get through to the end. An important note to remember, safewords cannot be used to get out of being disciplined and if you refuse discipline the deal is off and you'll go back to owing me the full fourteen grand. Now, do you understand the rules as I have explained them and agree to follow them for the remainder of the night?"

"Yes Mistress."

"I need to hear you say the words Kristen."

"I understand the rules as you've explained them and agree to follow them for the remainder of the night, Mistress."

"Very well. I would like you to strip naked and then place yourself in the pillory," Haley said, pointing to a very modern looking pillory with rubber padded neck and wrist holes. "I will then sample your milk straight from the

source before hooking you up to a milking machine to see how much you're capable of producing. While that's happening I'll test a few other limits before letting you free. Any questions?"

"No Mistress, but you don't need to hook me up to a machine for me to tell you I can produce sixty-five to seventy ounces a day."

"With those huge milk bags I don't doubt it, but I still need to see it for myself," Haley said with a nod at her best friend's natural e-cup breasts made even larger thanks to her huge milk supply. "Now start stripping or I'll have to discipline you."

"Y-Yes Mistress." Krista had never been with another woman before, let alone submit to one but four thousand dollars was a lot of money to be knocked off her loan and while she had no sexual attraction to her best friend, she was more than willing to play the part for the savings so with a deep breath she pulled her shirt off and let it drop to the tiled floor revealing the latex bra she had started wearing a few years ago to support her massive mummies – this one in her favorite color; purple.

"Nice," Haley said as she watched her best friend stripping. "I didn't know you wore latex."

"Only bra and panties," Krista said as she pulled her pants down to reveal matching latex panties. "The form-fitting material offers some of the best support for my milk bags as you called them, Mistress."

"Fair enough. How big are they now?"

"When I wear a normal bra which is very rarely, Mistress, I have to wear an f-cup, but normally I wear an e-cup."

"I have to admit, I've always been a little jealous of your huge tits."

"You shouldn't be, Mistress. Big breasts kind of suck. Sure, they're fun to play with and I do love having them played with, but they're a literal pain in the back." Standing there in only her bra and panties, Krista stopped as her face felt as if it had been stuck in a heated over.

"Don't stop now," Haley said. "I want to see everything I have to work with."

“I...this is...oh god this is so humiliating,” Krista stammered. Nervously chewing the left side of her lower lip she hooked her fingers in the waistband of the latex panties she wore and slowly peeled them down. It was not until she went below her vulva that the reason for her embarrassment became apparent. Tugging out of her with some resistance were two hugely inflated dildos that was attached to the inside of the panties. One inch. Two. Four. Seven incredibly thick inches eventually pulled free.

“Sweet fucking Jesus that’s hot!” Haley exclaimed. “I don’t know exactly how thick those things are but they certainly look big enough to ensure you can take at least a small fist. Am I right?”

“Yes Mistress. I never intended to inflate them so damn big but I started experimenting and the next thing I knew a few weeks had past and I was stretching my pussy and asshole to nearly three inches wide and keeping them that way for my entire ten hour shift.”

“Nice. Have you fisted yourself?”

“I stopped keeping track after a hundred, Mistress.”

“Then you’ll have no problem with me ramming my hands in both holes at the same time?”

“Well, to be perfectly honest Mistress, I’m not entirely sold on having sex with another woman even if she is my best friend, but if you want to fist me while I’m locked in the pillory I won’t stop you. And don’t worry, I take regular enemas so I’m always cleaned out and ready.”

“Good to know. What other fetishes are you into or have tried?”

“None really, Mistress. I only started fisting myself about a year ago. Other than that, I don’t know if you consider it a fetish or not but I’ve let every guy I’ve dated drink my milk straight from the source.”

“That is definitely a fetish. How about women?”

“You’re the first woman I’ve ever done anything with, Mistress.”

“Then go ahead and take your bra off so I can taste it for myself.”

“Yes Mistress.” Peeling the form-fitting bra off, Kristen held it firmly in her left hand as her best friend moved closer and latched onto her right nipple. A moment later the milk was flowing and despite her growing embarrassment a soft moan of pleasure escaped her slightly parted lips.

Gulping down the sweet nectar as quickly as it filled her mouth, Haley drank for a full minute before switching to the left and drinking some more. Sucking, she got her mouth as full as possible and then spit it out on her right hand. Giving her best friend a wicked grin, she latched back on. Reaching back, she scrunched her milk covered fingers into a tight cone and pushed them into Krista’s ass. They easily slid in up to the knuckles and with a little push her hand was in wrist deep. She then pushed her left hand into her best friend’s pussy.

Krista made no secret of the fact she loved a good fisting. Every man she dated or brought home for a night of sex knew it right off the bat. She confessed to her best friend turned Mistress only minutes ago that she had fisted herself at least a hundred times. What she did not say, however, was just how intense her orgasms were from doing it. As Haley’s hand slid deeper and the knuckles pressed against her g-spot she immediately gushed in orgasm. Her knees went weak and with two hands still buried wrist deep she continued squirting as she hit the floor writhing in euphoria.

“Wow!” Haley exclaimed. “I certainly wasn’t expecting that.”

“S-Sorry Mistress, I can’t help it when I’m getting fisted.”

“No need to apologize. There’s a reason the floor is tiled and not carpeted.” Pulling her hands out of her best friend turned submissive, Haley punched the left one back into Krista’s pussy. Krista immediately squirt in orgasm. Out. In. Orgasm. Out. In Orgasm. Deeper. Harder. It did not seem to matter how many times her balled up fist plunged in, Krista had an intense orgasm every time it went in. “I think we’re going to have a lot of fun together,” Haley said as she pulled her hand out again. “I doubt you can walk with those shaky legs so go ahead and crawl over to the pillory.”

“Mmmm...yes Mistress.”

A few moments later Krista placed her neck and wrists in the lower half of the pillory. Haley lowered the top half and as it automatically locked Krista flinched and knew she was now at her Mistress’ mercy. As promised, Haley rolled over a

small machine with two long clear hoses ending in pulse tubes. She turned the machine on and then carefully placed the mouthpiece of each tube over Krista's nipples which were immediately sucked into it. The milk began to flow but locked in the pillory as she was she could not watch it traveling through the tubing and into the large bottle concealed within the back of the machine.

"You ready for the real fun to begin?" Haley asked as she eyed her many toys.

"Yes Mistress," Krista purred as the pleasure of having her milk drained made her clit throb with excitement.

The first thing Haley grabbed was a pair of leather cuffs. Removing the connecting chain, she placed one around each of Krista's ankles and then secured them to small d-rings set into the floor to keep her legs spread wide and to prevent her kicking should she not like what was coming. She then took her shirt and bra off and moved to stand in front of her submissive. "I'm going to let you in on a secret only two other people in the world knows so if it gets out I'll know who talked." Leaning down, she placed her right nipple against Krista's lips. Krista latched on and started sucking only to be rewarded with a mouthful of sweet breast milk. Haley put a hand on the back of her submissive's head. "Don't stop," she commanded. "Yes, I'm lactating. No, I don't have any children. I induced long before we even met."

Since the two women met when they were sixteen that gave Krista cause to raise a brow. "Um, what Mistress?"

"Here's the secret I've been keeping for more than a decade," Haley said as she guided her submissive's mouth back to her right nipple. "And that's ten swats of the cane for disobeying a direct order. As you know, Mark and Luke were born when I was fourteen. What you don't know is that my mother went through an incredibly complicated pregnancy that nearly took her life. As a result of that and the drugs she was forced to take for months she would be unable to breastfeed. I stayed up many nights listening to my parents talking and I knew how devastated my mother was over it so I went to the internet looking for any way I could help. After a week or so I stumbled upon the answer and that night, following the directions to the letter I began the long process of inducing. I began producing breast milk when my mother was about six months along and told them what I had done when she was about eight months only after I was certain I'd have enough milk to feed both of my brothers.

"My parents could not believe what I had done for them and after some hesitation and consulting with their doctor I spent the next year and a half nursing them. Once they were weaned off I could have stopped but I actually liked the feeling so instead I continued pumping and sucking it out myself. I didn't want my secret getting out for fear people would think I was a freak so

that's why I never dated anyone during high school and the biggest reason I started experimenting heavily during college where every man and woman I dated drank their fill and loved it. For the record, my brothers don't know I'm the one that breast fed them and for the sake of the family we'd like to keep it that way so please never mention it in their presence." Pulling her right nipple from Krista's sucking mouth, she replaced it with the left.

"Mistress that was a wonderful and caring thing you did for your parents and your brothers. You should be proud of it, not ashamed," Krista said between switching nipples.

"I never said I was ashamed. I am incredibly proud for what I did as are my parents, but we all agree that it's best to keep it from my brothers to avoid things getting weird. Now, since you've earned yourself ten swats I'll go ahead and explain discipline in more detail. After every swat you'll count and give thanks. On odd numbered swats including the first you say: thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson. After even numbered swats you'll say: I promise to use it to become a better submissive. If you fail to count or give thanks, or say anything other than the count and thanks including yelling and crying I'll add three swats for every infraction. Do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress."

"I should also remind you that under normal circumstances you won't be locked in a pillory when being disciplined so to that end if you move to avoid being caned or thrash about after being swatted I'll add three swats every time you do. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Good girl. Just know that I take no pleasure in causing you pain," Haley said as she plucked a bamboo cane from its hook and swooshed it through the air on her way back and behind her bound submissive. Aiming, she flicked her wrist. The thing length of wood made contact with flesh and the reaction was not what she expected.

Closing her eyes, Krista bit back the pain. "One. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson," she said, her voice mostly calm.

THWACK!

“Two. I promise to use it to become a better submissive.”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK! Aiming a little lower, Hayley struck the sensitive area where ass met legs.

“Four. I promise to use it to become a better submissive.

THWACK! Haley put all her strength behind the swat expecting her submissive to cry out and move as much as her bindings would allow, but Krista barely flinched as the cane bit into her ass.

“Five. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK! Another swat at full power. Again, Krista did not move or utter a sound she was not supposed to.

“Six. I promise to use it to become a better submissive.”

THWACK!

“Seven. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“Eight. I promise to use it to become a better submissive.”

THACK!

“Nine. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK! The final swat struck across the backs of Krista’s thighs.

“TEN! I promise to use it to become a better submissive,” she panted, her first ever discipline over.

“Well done. I’m actually very impressed,” Haley said as she lowered the cane.

“Now be honest. Was that the first time you’ve been caned?”

“Caned? Yes Mistress. Disciplined? No. For the entire five years we dated Nate would paddle or take a belt to my ass and breasts every time I disobeyed him. He never made me count or give thanks, but it nevertheless taught me to accept it if only to save myself from getting more.”

“I guess that explains why you rarely wore bikinis when we went to the beach.”

“Yes Mistress. Thank you for stopping at ten like you said. Nate wouldn’t stop no matter how much I begged him to. It wasn’t unusual for him to give me fifty to a hundred swats at a time.”

“Then it’s a good thing he’s sitting in prison where he belongs, because that isn’t discipline Krista, that’s abuse. How are your breasts feeling?”

“Great Mistress. I love being milked. My back on the other hand is starting to ache a little but nothing I can’t handle for a while longer.”

“Well then let’s do something to take your mind off the pain in your back shall we?”

“I am yours to command, Mistress.”

“Good answer. So far I know you take regular enemas, can easily take fists in your pussy and ass which bring you to instant orgasm and have learned to accept being disciplined. Is there anything else you’re not telling me about your sexual perversions, Krista?”

“Yes Mistress. Nate didn’t just use the paddle and belt on me. He...he also...I was his toilet,” Krista confessed. “He made me drink his piss two or three times a day. Most days he went out of his way to drink as much as possible just to see me do it. And in the last year we were together when he really started getting heavily into drugs and needed money he would pimp me out to people he knew. I...most days I had sex with as many as ten people at a time. There’s one more thing Mistress. Please unhook my left foot and take a look at the sole and you’ll understand why I stopped going to the beach altogether and am never seen without at least socks on.”

Curious, Haley hung the cane back on its hook and then did as her submissive best friend asked. There, written in bold letters along the bottom of Krista’s left foot were the words SEX SLAVE. “Oh damn!”

“He put it there against my will, Mistress, to prove he could do whatever he wanted to me without consequence. He put it on the bottom of my foot because it would cause me a great deal of pain, his words not mine, and so that no one would see and question it or his hold over me. That’s all I wanted to show you Mistress so you can lock my foot up again.”

“I am so sorry you had to go through all of that, Krista, but why didn’t you ever tell anyone he was abusing you?”

“Because he threatened to kill me and my entire family, and I truly believed he had it in him to make good on it. Thankfully, he screwed over people that he couldn’t intimidate into silence and is where he belongs. Anyways, that’s in the past and I don’t want to bring down what has so far been an amazing session so please dominate me, Mistress.”

“Did he ever do any actual slave training? Did he ever teach you positions, etiquette or obedience that wasn’t at the end of a belt or paddle?”

“No Mistress.”

“Then while I explain my plan to get you out of debt that’s where we’ll start.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Haley unhooked Krista’s right leg and then raised into a kneeling position. She spread her submissive open and then let the tip of her tongue play over her exposed and engorged clit. They had known each other a decade and she had had this very fantasy just as long so was not about to waste a second of her friend’s willingness to please even if she was doing it out of a desperate attempt to save a few thousand dollars. As soon as the tongue touched her sensitive pleasure center Krista’s claims of no sexual attraction or desire went straight out the window. Pushing her hips back as far as her bound wrist and neck would allow, she moaned as another orgasm tore through her like a speeding bullet.

“OH MY MOTHER FUCKING GOD THAT FEELS GOOD!” Krista moaned as she covered Haley’s face in orgasm. “HARDER! UHN! UHN! OOOHHHHHHH FUCK YES! That’s it, Mistress! Bite me. Sink your teeth into me like you hate me!” Her inner labia were sucked into Haley’s mouth and as instructed bit hard. So hard, in fact, that she thought blood might have been drawn but she did not care. She loved being bitten and what her Mistress was doing was enough to

give her yet another orgasm. “MARRY ME MISTRESS!” she moaned her proposal.

“I know you don’t mean that but on the off chance it’s not the orgasm talking and you actually want to be my wife, the answer is a thousand times yes.”

Realizing what she had said, Krista felt her cheeks growing hotter by the second. “It might be the orgasms talking, Mistress, but on the off chance I really mean it ask me again when you’re not showering me with pleasure,” she said, the idea of spending the rest of her life with another woman suddenly not so far-fetched.

“Will do.” Giving her submissive’s inner labia another hard bite, Haley got to her feet and stood in front of her friend. “There’s something I would love to do to you but only if you honestly want me to do it.”

“Name it Mistress.”

“I would like to tattoo dairy cow on your left breast.”

Krista thought about it a moment before answering. “Only if you get the same thing, Mistress.”

“You know what? That’s fair. If you let me tattoo you right now we’ll go get mine done afterwards and then I’ll take you to a place where you can very easily make enough to repay all of your debts in no time flat. Assuming you’re willing to continue being such an amazing and willing submissive.”

“You’re not planning on whoring me out like Nate did are you Mistress?”

“I wouldn’t even do that to my worst enemy, Krista. No, the place I’m talking about is a fetish club called the Leaky Nip that caters mostly to a clientele that loves breast milk. And at fifty bucks an ounce a dairy cow like yourself can easily make three grand or more a day.”

“Jesus Christ! Seriously, Mistress?”

“How do you think I made my fortune? Anyways, I’ll take you there if you’re willing to nurse random men and women in a safe environment. And to answer your next question, all members must provide monthly medical records proving they are clean.”

“I’m in Mistress,” Krista said without the slightest hesitation.”

“I thought you might be. Now, are you sure you want me to tattoo you?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then for the record I need to hear you ask.”

“Mistress, will you please tattoo me as your personal dairy cow?”

“That would be two separate tattoos,” Haley explained. One that says dairy cow and another saying property of Mistress Haley.”

“I accept, Mistress. Please tattoo dairy cow on my left breast and property of Mistress Haley on my back right shoulder.”

“Are you asking me to do it because you sincerely want them or because you think it’s what I want from you, Krista?”

“I sincerely want you to tattoo me, Mistress. I also sincerely want to continue my training as your submissive even after tonight if you’re willing to train me. I’m also about ninety-seven-point-six-three percent certain it wasn’t the orgasms talking when I Proposed but we can talk about that when I’m not so horny.”

“That’s probably a good idea. Not that I wouldn’t marry you in a heartbeat, Krista, but I don’t want you making any decisions you’ll later regret.”

“And that’s why I love you so much Mistress. Well, that and everything you’ve done to me so far.”

“Tell you what I’m gonna do,” Haley said as she turned the milking machine off and carefully removed the pulse tubes to prevent a drop from spilling. “I’ll tattoo you as a dairy cow for now and I’ll go get the same done afterwards, but We’ll hold off on the other one until you decide one way or another whether we get married or not. If not, I’ll still train you as my submissive and if we do then we’ll get the tattoo together and spend the rest of our lives dominating and submitting to each other. How does that sound?”

“Like I want to marry you even more, Mistress,” Krista said as the top of the pillory was unlocked and raised she that she could finally stand. Wrapping her

right arm around her best friend's waist, she pulled her in for a kiss. "Mistress... Haley...will you marry me?"

"Nothing would make me happier."

"Then tattoo me, Mistress. Mark me as your property so everyone that sees it knows who I belong to."

"Are you sure, Krista? Don't get me wrong, I love that you're so willing to please me, but you need to be doing this for yourself above anyone else."

"I have never been surer about anything in my life, Mistress. I know I'm as new to being a lesbian as I am submissive but I know beyond all doubt that this was the life I was meant to live." And with that Krista got down on her knees, looked up into her best friend's eyes and licked pussy for the first time. There was no hesitation, no doubt and absolutely no shame as her tongue extended and licked along Haley's slit.

"Mmmm...I believe you babe. And the answer is yes. Go ahead and stand right there and I'll get the supplies."

"Yes Mistress." Watching her Mistress walk towards the back of the dungeon, Krista was suddenly overcome with humiliation as the most perverse thing her ex-boyfriend made her do on a daily basis consumed her thoughts. "Mistress, before you tattoo me and we officially announce our engagement to family and friends there's something I need to tell you. I'm sorry, but I lied to you earlier and I accept whatever discipline you deem necessary but I hope once you hear it you'll understand why I kept it to myself. There's something else Nate used to make me do that you deserve to know about before deciding to spend the rest of your life with me. Gizmo. Widget. Bandit." She said the names of the three black labs she used to own. "He made me...I had...I was their bitch every single day for more than three years."

"Did you like it?"

"Of course I didn't...yes, Mistress," Krista exhaled as she answered honestly. "Not at first but..."

"But the knot pressing against your g-spot, their big dicks and huge loads are addictive," Haley cut in."

“M-Mistress?”

“I used to have dogs of my own Krista. You’re not the only well-trained bitch in this relationship so you have nothing to be ashamed of.”

“Thank you Mistress. I swear that’s the last of the perverted things I’ve done.”

Entering Inkspired, Haley and Krista walked up to the counter where a petite, twenty-something brunette with a full right arm sleeve depicting very colorful flowers, thorny vines and butterflies sat. “Evening,” the woman greeted. “How can I help you ladies tonight?”

“I’d like a couple of tattoos,” Haley answered. “I’d like dairy cow on my left breast,” she said, watching the look on the woman’s face go from curious to mild shock. “I’d also like property of Mistress Krista written around a triskelion on my back right shoulder. Is that going to be an issue?”

“Not at all. Go ahead and take a seat and I’ll have Carmen come get you when she’s ready.”

“Thanks.”

Krista and Haley sat across the room and made idle chat while they waited. Fifteen minutes later, in the midst of a conversation about bdsm and marriage they were interrupted by a lanky purple-haired woman wearing a tank top and skirt showing a series of microdermal piercings topped with gold and silver gears along her left collarbone. “Evening ladies. I’m Carmen,” the woman said as she sat down across from them. “So, Molly told me what you wanted and it’s no problem. What I need to know is if you have a particular font or style in mind for the words and triskelion. Also, how big would you like them?”

“I’d like exactly what my fiancé has,” Haley answered. “If we can go to a more private area she can show you.”

“Of course. Follow me ladies.” Getting up, Carmen turned and led her clients through the shop. Her back turned to them, Haley and Krista saw the tops of what appeared to be pretty realistic mechanical wings tattooed on her back. Carmen opened a door and led the two women into a small work room. “Okay, what would you like to show me?” Without hesitation, Krista pulled her shirt off and then lifted her bra. Her massive f-cups popped free causing Carmen to gasp in surprise. “Sweet fucking Jesus!” Carmen exclaimed.

“If you can match it I’d like the same lettering as that,” Haley said. “Turn around and show her your back, babe.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“And that one except I want it to say property of Mistress Krista.”

“Easy enough. Do you mind if I take a few close-up to make sure I get it right?”

“Take as many as you like,” Krista answered. “And they don’t have to be close-ups,” she added with a wink.”

“Can I ask why you want to be tattooed with dairy cow?”

“Because that’s what we are.” Stepping to Krista’s right side, Haley placed her mouth about two inches in front of her fiancé’s nipple and then gave her breast a squeeze. The jet of milk hit the back of her throat and she thirstily swallowed. “I’m lactating as well so unless you want to get covered in it I’d be careful how much pressure you put on my breasts.”

“Um, good to know.” Go ahead and take a seat and I’ll get the camera and once I get the tattoos drawn out we can get to work.”

Thirty more minutes later Haley was topless sitting on a paper covered table with Carmen’s steady hand carefully tracing the template for the breeding cow tattoo and leaving behind thin black letters as she went. “I have to admit, Mistress, I didn’t think you would actually do it until she started tattooing you. Thank you for keeping your promise.”

“I’m a woman of my word, Mistress,” Haley replied.

“Um, if it’s not too much trouble do you think I could get three small watercolor puppy paw tattoos with Gizmo, Gadget and Bandit written under them?”

“Not a problem. Go ahead and put your shirt on and tell Molly what you want and as soon as you’re paid up come on back and I’ll take care of you.”

“Thanks” Getting up, Krista put her shirt on and left the room

Moving her hands and the tattoo gun over Haley’s left breast, Carmen inhaled

sharply as a jet of breast milk shot out and hit her in the chest. She tried acting as if it was no big deal but when the second stream went in her cleavage, she sat back and looked down at her now damp top. “Um...”

“Sorry, they’re pretty full right now. If you want to move to the back tattoo I’ll have Krista drain them when she gets back. Unless you want to do it,” she said with a sensuous smile. “I’m kidding. Unless you want to then by all means latch on and drink to your heart’s content.”

“Thanks for the offer but I like my job and that’s one surefire way to get me fired.”

“I’m not going to tell anyone, but the choice is yours. Anyways, it’s going to be an issue until drained so you can work through it or move to the back until Krista can drain them. I don’t know how much longer your shift is but unless you want to spend it covered in breast milk I’d move to the back or take your shirt off.”

“I’ll just have to deal with it as I can’t have the two of you doing anything sexual in here.” Moving back into position, Carmen resumed the tattoo. By the time Krista returned the front of her shirt and chest was soaking wet with breast milk and she was only finished with the first four letters.

“Oh my!” Krista exclaimed. “Leaking much, babe?”

“Hard to prevent when she’s pressing down on it. I told her she could drink it or at the very least take her shirt off but she opted out of each.”

“Do you want me to drink some so she’s not drenching you in breast milk?”

“A little late for that.” Sighing, Carmen put the tattoo gun down, got up and locked the door before pulling her wet shirt and bra off revealing nipples double pierced with vertical and horizontal barbells. “Please don’t tell Molly I took my top off.”

“Drink my milk for the next ten minutes and you have yourself a deal,” Haley grinned.

“That’s...I’m not...” Seeing Krista reach out for the doorknob, Carmen panicked. Leaning forward, she latched onto Haley’s left nipple and began sucking. Her mouth quickly filled and as the sweet nectar coated her tongue, she

was hooked. Swallowing, she continued sucking.

“That’s it,” Haley purred. “Drink as much as you like and once you’ve had your fill we can get back to work.” Looking up, she gave her fiancé a broad, knowing smile and then settled in for what she hoped would be a long feeding.

In for a penny, Carmen continued drinking even when Krista walked over and latched onto her left nipple. In for a pound, Carmen softly moaned as the barbells in her nipple were gently tugged between Krista’s teeth. The hand on her thigh moved up and under her skirt. She tensed as fingers pushed behind her panties and into her. This had gone far outside her comfort zone, but the fear of losing her job prevented her from stopping. A third finger pushed into her. Raising slightly, she tugged her skirt up over her ass to give Krista easier access. Before she could sit her panties were pulled down. She gave no resistance as Krista fucked three fingers in and out while using her thumb to massage her throbbing clit.

After ten minutes of drinking and being fingered, Carmen could not keep her pleasure at bay. Bucking her hips to meet Krista’s thrusting fingers pussy juices gushed out of her like a broken waterline as she exploded in orgasm. Thankfully, her mouth was filled with nipple and breast milk so she did not alert those beyond the locked door that she was doing something she should not. Looking down, she saw four fingers of Krista’s right hand knuckles deep. It was the most she had ever taken and for the life of her she could not remember when Krista had added a fourth finger. She did know when she took her first fist, however, as she watched the rest of Krista’s hand push into her wrist deep. She came so hard she slid out of the chair. The hand pulling out sent her into a third orgasm.

“J-J-Jesus Christ! You...you fisted me!”

“I did,” Krista grinned. “I take it that was your first time?”

“Yes. Um, can we get back to the tattoos now please?”

“Of course. Honey, do you think you’re drained enough not to drench Carmen in milk?”

“Probably, but while she’s working on the back can you drain the right?”

“Absolutely.”

Getting up off the floor, Carmen pulled her panties back up and her skirt down. Leaving her tank top on the counter she washed her hands, put on a pair of latex gloves and got back to work. When she was finished with the breeding cow tattoo and moved to the back Krista moved in and latched onto her fiancé's right nipple, making sure to keep movements to a minimum so she was not the cause of ruining what she considered the most important of Haley's tattoos.

"Don't worry," Haley said "your secret is safe with us and if you ever want to play again we'll leave you our number and we can set something up."

"Thanks," Carmen said as her cheeks turned bright red.

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Their tattoos done, Krista and Haley exchanged information with Carmen and then left the shop for The Leaky Nip. "So, um, does that sort of thing happen to you a lot, Mistress? Because that was a first for me."

"I can't say it was my first time having sex with someone in a public place, Mistress, but it certainly doesn't happen every day."

"About calling me Mistress. I was thinking and to avoid confusion about which of us is the dominant one I volunteer to be the submissive until after we're married."

"Well that's no fun, Mistress. Don't get me wrong, I'm going to thoroughly love dominating you, but by your own admission you're already a trained sex slave so my work has been done for me. I also want to submit to you and don't want to wait months or possibly even years to do so. I'll counter with switching as the scene dictates."

"And I'll counter with switching every Three months, Mistress."

"Let's meet in the middle and make it a month, Mistress."

"Deal, Mistress. And since I'm in debt to you I'll be the submissive one until you're paid in full and then we'll start my month of submission after that."

"I can live with that."

“Thank you Mistress. So, about this club we’re going to. What did you call it?”

“The Leaky Nip.”

“Right, Mistress. What can you tell me about it? What can I expect?”

“Like I said before it caters to the lactation fetish but all legal fetishes are permitted. That being said, once we get there and go inside you’ll be required to fill out a shit ton of paperwork that is mostly consent and waiver forms. You’ll also be required to fill out a list of fetishes you’re willing to do and which ones are soft and hard limits. Make sure you’re absolutely certain how you decide because it will be posted at your station and you’ll be expected to do everything on your green list – that’s the list of things you’re willing to do without question. If you refuse once you’ll get fifty swats. Twice will get you one hundred, twenty of which will be on your tits and a third refusal in a shift will get you two hundred swats and a week ban. If you ever earn five bans in a year you’ll be permanently banned. Understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Once you’re hired you’ll be given a station where you’ll be on full display for all to see. Payments are automatic and added to your account before anything happens and you’ll be able to access the funds at the end of every shift. If you make enough, which most do in their first week you’ll be sent a ten-ninety-nine for tax purposes. But back to the rules. First and foremost, you are not allowed to refuse anything on the green list including breastfeeding without disciplinary actions being taken against you. Things on your yellow or soft limit list may be politely refused but if you agree to do it even one it will be immediately moved to your green list. And things on your red or hard limit list cannot even be requested. You’ll find most women have a green and red list and either no or very little of a yellow list. That’s about it as far as rules go. Just remember to be polite and inviting and you’ll do well. Especially with your huge tits.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

Going in through the back door, Haley led her fiancé to a small booth at the end of a hallway manned by a busty woman whose long blonde hair was pulled back in a braided bun. Haley recognized her from her many visits as Jenna – a former police officer that went undercover at the club a couple years back and learned she could make a hell of a lot more money being a pervert than a cop. “Hey Jenna, this is my fiancé Krista and she would like to get a job if there are any station available.”

“I can see you have a nice pair of bit breasts. Are you lactating, Krista?”

“Yes Ma’am. I produce sixty to seventy ounces a day.”

“Holy shit!”

“And it’s some of the most delicious milk I’ve ever tasted,” Haley added. “So, is Mistress Carla or Master Raymond in?”

“I believe they’re both in their offices. Let me give them a call and see if they’re available to take new applicants.”

“Thanks.”

Jenna picked up a telephone receiver and called up to the offices. It was answered by Mistress Carla and after a brief conversation she hung up and gave the two women the go ahead. Haley opened the door and led the way through. In the club proper, Krista looked around at what she would be getting herself into. Each station consisted of a fifteen by fifteen foot room made with clear glass walls so that everyone could see exactly what was going on in them at all times, a bondage bed, several racks of fetish clothing, racks and shelves of sex toys and the most important piece of equipment of all; a portable milking machine. To the right of every door was a computer screen built into the wall. “What’s with the screen next to the door?” she asked.

“The door remains locked from the outside until the client decides what they

want to do and payment has been made in full,” Haley answered. “Each station is set to the preferences of the woman within.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“No problem.”

Going up two floors, Haley walked about twenty or so feet down a hallway and knocked on a door. A woman called out from within and they stepped inside. Sitting at a large maple desk was an older woman in her mid to late thirties with hair dyed dark blue at the roots that faded to white at the tips and wearing a form-fitting navy blue latex dress that left little to the imagination. “Evening ladies,” she greeted her guests. “Haley, good to see you again.”

“Likewise Mistress. This is my fiancé Krista and she would like a job as a dairy cow if there are any stations available.”

“We have a few. I assume she’s lactating?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Great. Well, I can see what appears to be a very gorgeous body but I think I’d get a better look without all the clothes on.”

Knowing she was probably being tested, Krista immediately started stripping and did not stop until she was butt naked.

“Nice tattoo. It looks fresh.”

“My Mistress just gave it to me a few hours ago, Mistress,” Krista said with a slight nod of her head in Haley’s direction.

“Jenna said you could produce seventy ounces a day. Is that true or are you exaggerating in the hopes it’ll increase your chances of getting hired?”

“The most I’ve ever produced in a single day was eighty-three ounces but I normally average sixty-five to seventy, Mistress.”

“You’ll be tested so I hope you’re telling the truth.”

“I have no reason to lie, Mistress, so by all means put me through whatever tests you like.”

“I should state for the record Mistress that I’ve already drank and drained about twenty ounces from her in the last few hours so to make it a fair test you should wait until after she’s gotten a full night’s sleep.”

“I’ll gladly stay and take whatever test if you can watch Marlee.”

“Absolutely.”

“I think we’re getting a little ahead of ourselves,” Mistress Carla said. “First, you need to be tested for diseases and possible drug use. And after that there’s a mountain of paperwork to fill out. Once you’re hired you’ll be given a station and you can start seeing clients.”

“Um, she’s in a bit of dire straits right now, Mistress, so is there anything we can do to expedite her hiring?” Haley asked. “I mean, I’m willing to stake my reputation in her being completely clean. Not that she shouldn’t have to get tested, but I can vogue for her if that means anything.”

“It means a lot, Haley, but the rules are the rules and if I wouldn’t bend them for my own daughters I’m sure not going to for a stranger no matter who knows her. No offense,” Carla said to Krista.

“None taken. I completely understand your need to caution and commend your dedication to safety, Mistress,” Krista replied. “Well, unless there’s anything else I guess we should go now Mistress.”

“I suppose we should,” Haley said, giving the owner of the club a look of disapproval. “Sorry babe, I thought she would take my word that you were clean but apparently my word means nothing around here,” she added as she opened the office door and led her fiancé out.

“No worries Mistress. She’s just doing her job. I’ll get tested as quickly as possible and then I’ll come back and hopefully get hired. Until then, I am yours to command and by my accounting we still have a few hours remaining to pay off that four grand.”

“We’re engaged to be married, Krista, I forgive the entirety of your loan to me.”

“I appreciate that, Mistress, but I borrowed the money and one way or another, engaged or not I’ll pay back every penny of it. If you don’t want to dominate me anymore tonight I understand but if you do then I’m here to serve and obey.”

“I think we’ve been through enough for one night and I don’t want to risk infecting your new tattoos so I think we’ll call it quits for the night and the four grand paid in full. If not for what you’ve already done as my submissive then for getting tattooed.”

“If that is what you wish, Mistress but I for one am nowhere even remotely tired so if you don’t want to dominate me then what would you like to do?”

“Aftercare is a very important part of a long and healthy bdsm relationship so I think I would like to relax with you in a nice hot bubble bath with a bottle of wine and make sure you’re okay with everything that you’ve done so far.”

“That sounds nice, Mistress, but I don’t need a bath to tell you I’ve never felt better in my life. A little achy from the tattoos, but nothing I can’t handle. I’m assuming the aftercare goes both ways so what about you?”

“I’ve never been better. Are you okay with how quickly things are moving?”

“God yes, Mistress. I’m not gonna lie, I was a bit worried I was moving too fast when I asked you to marry me, but I have no doubt whatsoever that I made the right decision. So, unless they’re incredibly good at keeping secrets I assume none of our friends know about this side of you. What about family?”

“Actually, now that you know my secret I don’t mind telling you that Alyssa knows and has also been working at The Leaky Tap for the last seven or eight months.”

“Alyssa, Mistress? Holier-than-thou, everything is a sin and we’re all going to hell, Alyssa is lactating and working at a fetish club?”

“I know it’s hard to believe but it’s true. And just between the two of us, it’s all an act. She’s actually one of the most perverted people I know. In fact, she’s the one that talked me into doing dogs for the first, second and hundredth time.”

“Fucking hell! Seriously, Mistress?”

“Seriously. She has absolutely no limits whatsoever and has a sadistic streak deeper than the Grand Canyon. You didn’t hear this from me and if you say anything I’ll deny it and never talk to you again, but to show just how perverted she is, there’s a reason her son looks so much like her brother Ryan.”

“HOLY FUCK! Are you saying she...with her own brother, Mistress?”

“Like I said, no limits. Anyways, need it or not, I fancy a relaxing bath with my fiancé.”

“I’m not going to say no, Mistress.”

Two weeks later...

Clean bill of health in hand, Krista returned to The Leaky Tap to fill out the necessary paperwork to get a job at the fetish club. On her way through the club she looked around and saw Alyssa at station fourteen being gang banged by seven men. Smiling, she continued on her way up to the offices where she once again met with Mistress Carla. Three hours and forty-two pages of forms later her account was set up, her information put into the system and she was assigned to station nineteen. She wanted to start immediately, but would have to wait a few more hours for second shift. Until then, she was given free rein to walk around and familiarize herself with her new workplace and her fellow dairy cows.

Bypassing the second floor which was where private parties were held, Krista made her way back down to the main floor and took a long look around. The majority of the huge open room was taken up by eight rows of eight stations with a ten foot aisle separating them. Off to her right was the bar where she could order a wide variety of meals and non-alcoholic drinks. To the left were the bathrooms and employee lounge where she could freshen up between clients. Through double doors at the back a shop where patrons and employees alike could buy everything from sex toys and DVD's, to clothing and other equipment. Definitely not wearing the very specific work attire and not wanting to drive home only to come all the way back, she went to the shop where she was greeted by a petite brunette wearing a purple latex cupless spanking dress that left her full d-cups and heart-shaped ass on full display.

"Welcome to the Toy Box," the woman greeted Krista as she entered the shop. "I'm Teresa and it would be my pleasure to serve you this morning. Anything I can help you find?"

"I start working here this afternoon and need something appropriate so if you

could point me in the direction of your clothes that would be great.”

“Of course. You’ll find the clothes in aisles nine through fourteen in the back. Anything else I can help you with?”

“I think that’s all I need for right now. Thank you.”

“My pleasure. If you have any questions or need help finding something else please don’t hesitate to ask.”

“Will do.” Grabbing a cart, Krista made her way down an aisle with glass and metal dildos on the left and butt plugs in the same material on the right. It broke into another aisle running left and right and her eyes immediately went to row after row of footwear from heels to thigh-high boots and everything in-between. Shifting her gaze to the right, she saw racks of dresses. Turning her cart, she went down that aisle and spent the next half hour trying to decide what she wanted to wear for her first shift.

After forty-five minutes of going up and down the said aisle, Krista eventually decided on a corset dress that faded from black at the front-laced bodice to purple at the hem of the skirt, a pair of matching strappy heels and dildo panties that while not nearly as big as the inflatable ones she come to love wearing had dildos large and thick enough to keep her pleasantly stretched. Stopping off at the employee lounge, she took her second shower of the day and relaxed butt naked for another two hours before getting dressed and officially clocking in to her station for her first shift. To her surprise, she learned her neighbor on the left was none other than her fiancé while a stunning caramel skinned woman wearing a gorgeous deep green evening gown was on her right.

Nine minutes. That is how long Krista waited for her first client – an older handsome man starting to bulge in the middle but in otherwise good shape, selected several options from her green list and one from her yellow. She watched the various fetishes being selected in real time via the screen on her side and as soon as needle play was checked she felt her heart skip a beat. Being on her yellow list she had two options. She could politely decline and hope the man still wanted to do everything else with her, or she could accept and permanently add it to her green list. At fifty dollars per needle and his selection of a hundred needles she stood to earn five grand for that alone. On the other hand, she would have to let him put a hundred needles in her body however he liked. Her finger

hovered over the decline button for a full minute before she took a deep breath and pressed accept.

The man paid the enormous bill as if was nothing. The door clicked open and he stepped inside. “Thank you for selecting me as your dairy cow this afternoon, she seductively purred. “I’m Krista. And you are?”

“You may call me Master,” the well-dressed man said as he unbuttoned his suit jacket.

“Yes Master.”

“Don’t just sit there slut, get your ass up and take your clothes off or I’ll cane those fat tits of yours.”

“Y-Yes Master.” Immediately hating him for the attitude he seemingly shared with her ex-boyfriend Nate, she never the less smiled as she moved to the foot of the bed to remove her heels. Standing, she started unlacing the corset to make it loose enough to remove when she let out a painful yelp as the cane bit hard across her breasts. She wanted to tell him off but her training kicked in automatically and instead she found herself apologizing. “Sorry Master. I’m stripping as fast as I can.”

“You’re not moving fast enough, slut.”

THWACK! The cane once again struck Krista’s breasts. This time, she spoke up.

“Random canings are on my red list so you have to give me a chance to actually follow your command before disciplining me, Master. Please put the cane down and let me take my clothes off or I’ll have to report you for breaking the rules.”

“Bitch, you obviously have no idea who I am.” Drawing back for another swat, he was taken off guard when Krista caught the thin length of wood in her left hand – wincing as the pain shot up her arm.

“I don’t care who you are Master. The rules are the rules and if you want to play with me then you’re going to have to follow them to the letter.” To her surprise he smiled and let go of his end of the cane.

“Very good. I apologize for that but Mistress Carla asked me to test whether you

would let a client do whatever they wanted or follow the rules and politely ask them to stop. She'll be please you did the latter. Now," he said as he walked over to a shelf containing everything he needed for play piercing "please strip so I can turn you into my pin cushion."

"Yes Master." Making a mental note to ask Mistress Carla about his claim, she peeled her dress and panties off and assumed the waiting position. She heard his zipper going down and when he turned to once again face her she looked down at his semi-hard cock promising something much larger when at full mast.

"I need a toilet so kneel and take me down your throat, slave."

"Yes Master." After drinking piss and taking cocks down her throat for years, Krista had no gag reflex to speak of so had no trouble taking her temporary new Master down her throat and holding him there for a solid thirty seconds before he finally started peeing. When she was done drinking, she instinctively started sucking. He let her for a minute and then took a step back and put his dick back in his pants.

"Stand with your legs spread and hands locked behind your head, slave."

"Yes Master."

"Be honest, slave, have you ever been play pierced?"

"No Master. I actually hate needles which is why it's on the yellow list and I'm kind of scared what you're going to do with a hundred of them.

"Like I said, I'm going to turn you into my pin cushion." Pinching her large nipples, he pulled her close. He latched onto the right and took four or five drinks before squeezing her breast and biting hard into the inner side of it. Krista groaned but did not make him stop because biting was on her green list. He took several more drinks and then she yelped again – this time from the needle quickly pushing through her left nipple. The thin length of metal was far too thin for even the smallest jewelry to fit through but it still pinched quite a bit as it passed through her sensitive flesh. "Mistress Carla was right, your milk is quite delicious. I'm glad I paid for fifty ounces of it."

"FIFTY! Thank you Master, but that will take most of the day to produce."

“That’s okay. It’ll take most of the day to do everything I want to do to you so we’ll have plenty of time.” Pulling the needle out of her nipple, he rolled the milking machine over and hooked her up to it. “I’m going to enjoy breaking you until you’re begging me to brand you as my sex slave.”

“I’m already marked as a sex slave, Master,” Krista said, lifting her left foot to show him her tattooed sole. “But even if I wasn’t I would not let you brand me one.”

“You’re a worthless piece of meat here for my use and you’ll do as I command or you’ll be disciplined.

“As long as you keep it to within what you paid for than I’ll do just that, Master.”

“Good girl,” the man smiled. “As long as you don’t let assholes walk all over you you’ll do well here.”

“Does that include you Master?”

“Absolutely.” Going back to the shelf of needles, he threaded one with thick black thread and then knelt in front of his temporary submissive. “Tell me, slave, have you ever wondered what it would feel like to be sewn shut?”

“God no, Master.”

“Well, you’re about to find out.” And with that he pushed the needle through the top of her left outer labia. She yelped and jerked backward.

“That is definitely not on my green list Master.

“No, but it does fall within the realm of needle play which you accepted so get back in position or you’ll be disciplined.

Not wanting her first rules violation to happen an hour into her first shift, Krista reluctantly spread her legs and put her hands behind her head. The needle pushed into one side of her right outer labia and out the other. Dropping down a fraction of an inch, the man pushed the needle through the right and into the left. Alternating back and forth, he worked his way down until she was sewn completely and tightly shut. Throughout, Krista bit hard into her lower lip to

stifle the grunts, groans and screams of pain.

“Don’t worry, slave, as much as I’d love to see you permanently sewn shut I’ll be removing the thread when I’m ready to breed you in a couple of hours. Until then, I’m going to work on the rest of your sexy body.”

“Y-Yes Master.” Letting her eyes drift to her fiancé’s station, she saw Haley being double fisted by one man while nursing two more. Her Master pinched a bit of skin on her breast and pushed a needle through, bringing her attention back to her own reality. Looking down, she watched as another was pushed through half an inch lower at the top of her areola.

One by one a dozen needles were placed in each of Krista’s breasts. She was then commanded onto all fours. Thankful for the reprieve from any more needles she eagerly complied. Lube hit her asshole and with practiced ease it winked open and she felt the wetness slowly sliding deeper. Fisting was on the menu but instead of a hand she was fucked by her Master’s cock.

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Every passing hour brought with it more needles, more milking, more fucking and several orgasms without Krista touching her pussy even once. After four straight hours she was finally unhooked from the machine and permitted an hour break. Her pussy remained sewn shut. Meeting up with her fiancé in the employee lounge, she collapsed into her lover’s arms.

“Holy hell, babe,” Haley exclaimed. “I didn’t see everything that man did to you but I saw enough to know he put you through hell. I can’t believe he sewed you shut like that.”

“That makes two of us but like I he said, it is part of needle play and I accepted. I need to sit down Mistress.”

“Of course. But remember, we only have an hour to eat, relax and freshen up before going back to our station.”

“Yes Mistress. Master will be my only client today. He actually bought fifty ounces of milk so I’ll be here a while.”

“Nice. Not sure it’s worth being sewn shut, but nice.”

“Actually, now that I’ve been sewn shut several hours it’s not that bad. On the bright side I’m no longer quite as afraid of needles as I was before I started working here.”

“Good to know. I’ll pick Marlee up when I get off so you can concentrate on pleasing and meeting your client’s desires.”

“Thank you Mistress. This isn’t even remotely close to what I was expecting, but I like it. A lot. And can’t wait to see what limits are pushed next. Anyways, please tell me you remembered to bring lunch for me as well because after all of that I’m starving.”

Actually, I was running late and didn’t have time to pack anything for either of us but don’t worry, the food here is actually really good and we get one free meal per shift so why don’t you tell me what you want and I’ll put the order in while you relax.”

“Thank you Mistress. I’ll just take a burger. You know how I like it.” Exhaustion setting in, Krista leaned back on the couch next to her caramel skinned neighbor, closed her eyes and wondered how long it would take before her yellow list shrank to nothing.