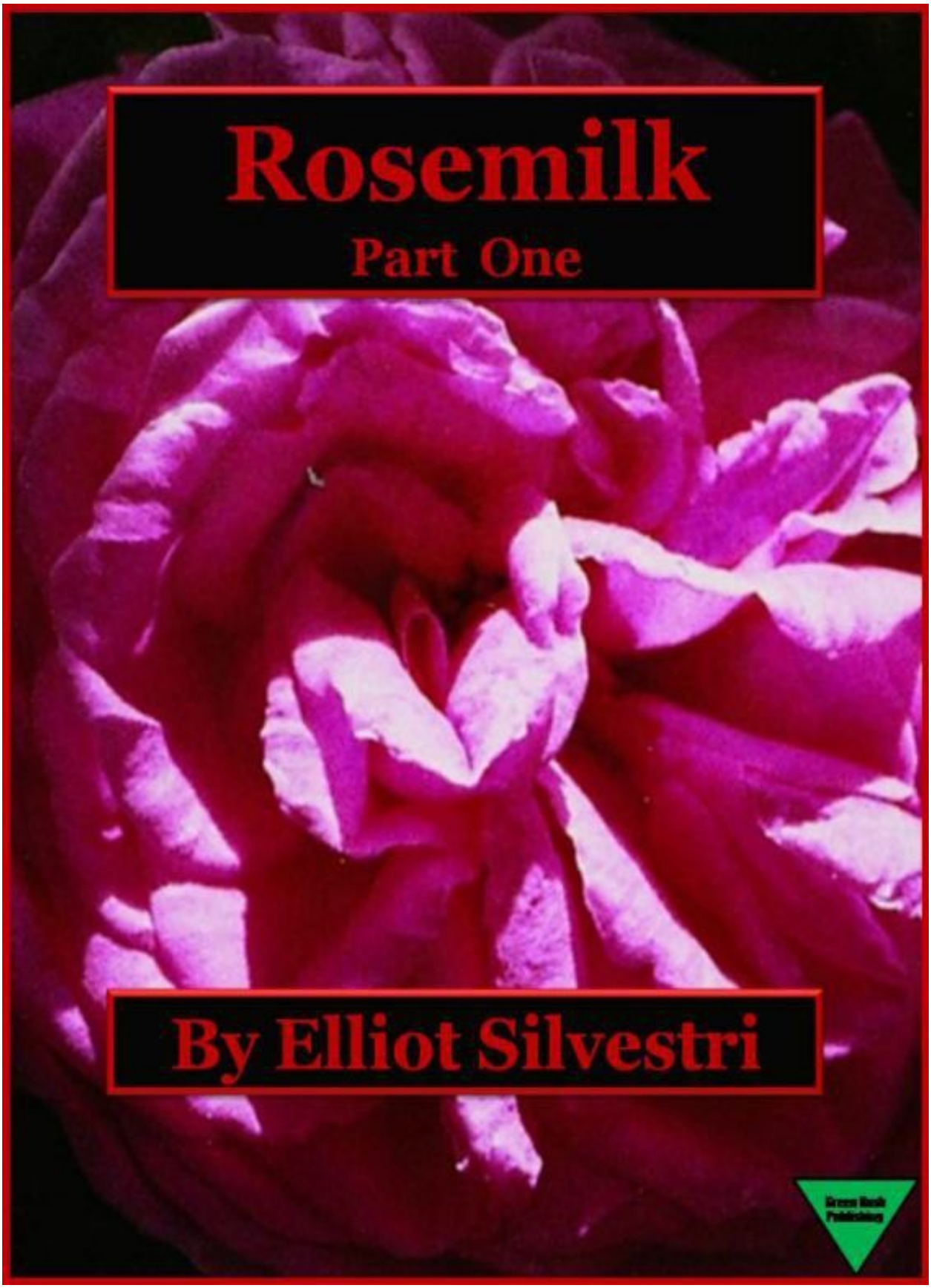
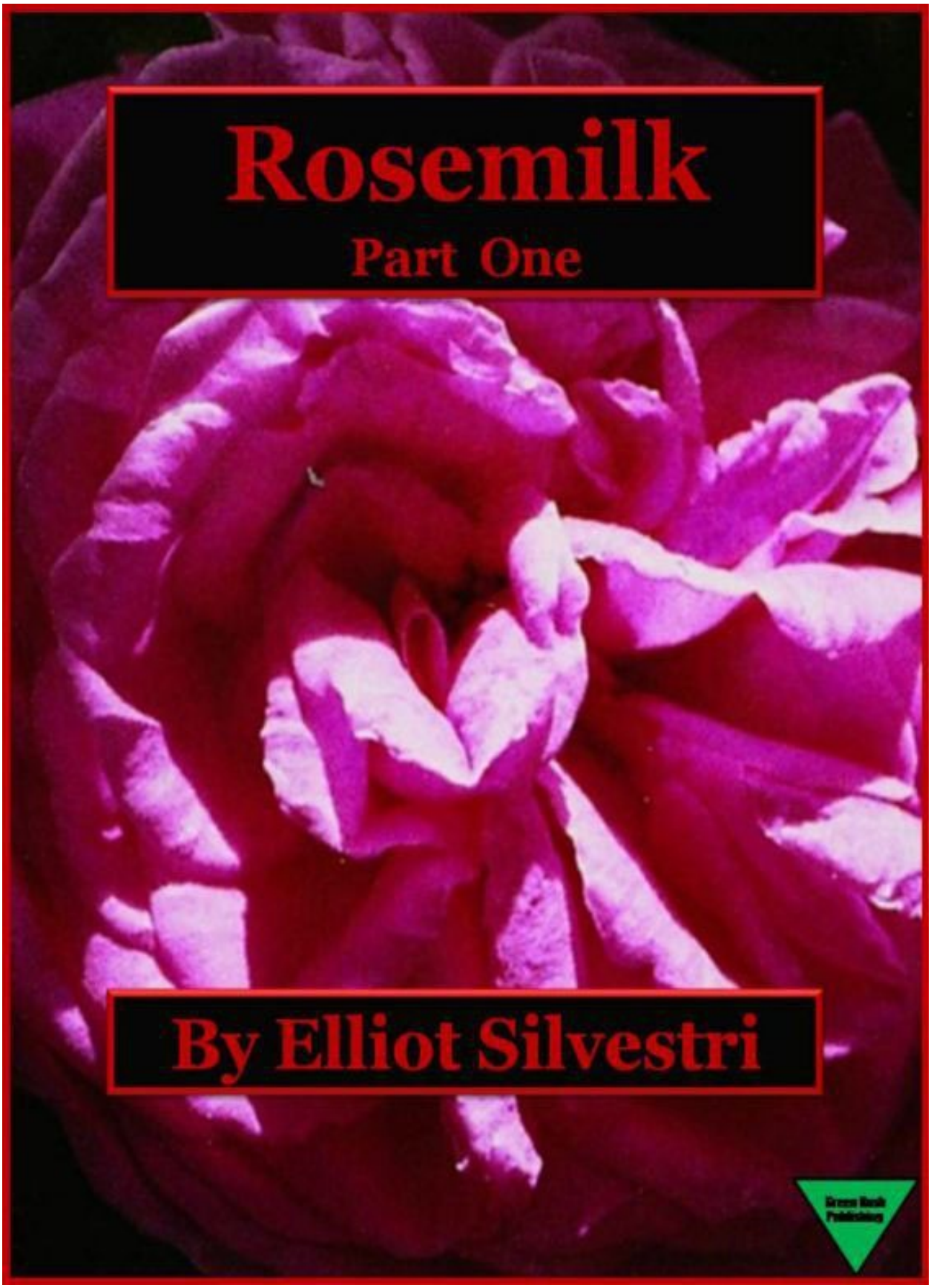

Rosemilk
Part One
By Elliot Silvestri


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# Rosemilk

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Smashwords Edition

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# Part One

# Chapter One

Maia was ready for the car when it pulled into the driveway. She had just an overnight bag with her which the drive placed in the trunk and ushered her into the backseat. Officially the car was a limo, in reality it was just a nice Mercedes. In her excitement over the trip her husband had promised her she didn't notice the other woman in the back of the car until she was already seated. The door slammed and locked. A moment later they were underway.

"Who are you?" Maia asked her voice half puzzled, half angry. Why was there someone else in her chauffeured car? "Why are you in my car?"

The woman smiled warmly not upset at Maia's tone. She was almost middle-aged, had ash-blond hair with bangs that just barely hung into her eyes. A smattered of faded freckles covered her cheeks and nose. The smart business suit she wore made Maia feel a little bit frumpy and awkwardly casual in her jeans and polo shirt. "My name is Kim. Your husband sent the car and me. He's had a change of plans for you."

"What are you talking about?"

The car was moving quickly now. They sped out of dull suburbia and quickly found their way onto the interstate.

"Perhaps you'd like to hear it directly from your husband?" Kim said and offered her a sealed envelope. On the outside was her name scrawled in Justin's hand. Maia's brow furrowed as she broke the seal and pulled out the short letter. It too was in Justin's hand. Was this his idea of some practical joke and she being taken to the airport to meet him in an overly elaborate scheme?

*Maia—*

*I know you were expecting to go out of town with me for the weekend, but there's been a change of plans. I'm sure Kim will fill you in on all the details, but the short version is I've arranged for you a very special week by yourself at the Farm. It's a private retreat that caters to sexual fantasies of all sorts. In essence,*

*I've sold you into sexual slavery. Don't worry, I made sure that Kim will see to it that all of your needs are met and a few of those special fantasies we've talked about get fulfilled. It'll be fun for you.*

*If it gets too much, just say the safewords we use. But don't be too quick with them. This will be fun for you.*

*Love,*

*Justin*

"You've got to be kidding me," she said looking at Kim.

"Not at all. I think he loves you very much to be doing this for you. Justin said you have two safewords. One to stop play and one to encourage it. Give me the stop safeword now and we'll turn around and return you to your home where you can go with Justin to…a resort casino I think he mentioned. You'll lose most of the money he paid. Extensive preparations went into this gift for you. Give me the proceed safeword and you'll have week that you will never forget, even if you won't be able to tell anyone about it."

Maia tapped the folded letter on her fingers three times before making her decision. She was nervous and a little bit frightened, but did she really want to spend a week relaxing at a resort being pampered and living a life of leisure?

"Ceiling beige."

Kim smiled encouragingly. "Be aware you can stop this fantasy at any time with the other safeword, but you will be given no second chance to resume the game. By participating in the fantasy you agree to give up all personal rights and become property of the Farm. No permanent harm will come to you. You even lose your name. You're name is now Rose. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Rose said quietly. Automatically her eyes dropped from Kim's face to her lap.

"Very good, Rose. The first order of business is for you to strip off your clothes. Do so now."

“In the car?” she blurted out, not thinking. Although she liked to think of herself as a sexually adventurous in the bedroom, she was still abnormally shy in public.

Rose never saw Kim’s hand move. The slap across her face wasn’t hard, just enough to remind Rose of her new position in life. “Don’t ever question me,” Kim said harshly. “You are my property I will do with you as I like. Do you need to be reminded of that again?”

“No,” Rose said softly. Her fingers touched her cheek. She could feel small welts starting to rise up.

“The windows of the car are tinted. It is impossible for anyone to see inside and see what you are doing. The driver works for the Farm. Now strip and not another word.”

Getting naked in the back of car even one as roomy as this one was difficult if you weren’t a teenager. Pulling off her shirt was easy. Underneath she wore a plain white bra that fully covered her large breasts. Rose glanced quickly at Kim who was watching intently. Kicking off her shoes, she then unbuttoned her jeans and shimmied out of the garment, leaving it crumpled on the floorboards. The ankle socks were next and she was down to her plain white cotton panties.

Rose took a deep breath and looked over at Kim as she looked on impassively. Pulling the bra’s shoulder straps down she told herself she was just undressing for a doctor’s appointment and there was nothing to worry about. She had to lean forward a bit and spin the bra around her body to unhook it, but it too joined her jeans and shirt on the floor. Not wanting to disappoint or upset Kim, Rose quickly hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and yanked them down her legs, wiggling her body to get them all the way off. The car shook a bit as she jumped about and Rose was embarrassed that after ten years of marriage she had put on more than ten pounds over her ideal weight.

“Very good,” Kim complimented her and inspected her with sharp eyes. Rose kept her vision directed at her kneecaps. She couldn’t meet the other woman’s gaze. “Take off the jewelry.”

Rose wasn’t into ostentatious displays of wealth or flashy jewelry. On one wrist she wore a plain watch. This came off and Rose handed it over to Kim who dropped the item into a bag. Small sapphire earrings were removed and also given over. She hesitated at her wedding band and engagement ring.

“Remember, you are a slave now. You have no need for such simple and silly baubles.”

Rose slipped the rings off her finger and closed her eyes as she handed them over. Kim dropped them in a small bag and tied it shut before storing it away.

“Put these on. These two are for your ankles.”

Into Rose’s lap Kim dropped a pair of heavy leather cuffs that she pulled from the large purse at her side. They were dyed a dusky pink and the newly born slave realized they were rose-colored. Mechanically obeying she set one cuff on the seat and took up the other. The cuff was pliable and had been used before; it was worn but not old or worn out. The cuff buckled on to her ankle much like a dog’s collar designed to hold a leash. Rose knew that was exactly the intent. A large, heavy D-ring was affixed to the cuff opposite the buckle. She knew the purpose of that. It wasn’t like she and Justin hadn’t played simple bondage games before.

The other cuff buckled on just as easily and she looked down at her naked feet, ankles adorned with the heavy cuffs. They were almost pretty.

Another pair of cuffs were dropped into her lap. “These go on your wrist,” Rose instructed. “If you need help, just hold out your hand.”

Place the cuff on her wrist was a little more difficult because she could really only use one hand at a time, but Rose managed the task and discovered she was quite proud of herself for doing so. Kim inspected her handiwork and made no adjustments to the cuffs. “This goes around your neck, but you already knew that, didn’t you?”

Rose nodded and looked at the collar Kim had handed her. It was the same color, lightly padded on the inside, same buckle, same heavy D-ring. She and Justin had never used a collar in their bedroom games. Her fingers shook slightly as she put the heavy device around her throat. Kim watched and noted the trembling fingers, but did not say anything. After a few fumbling attempts Kim deigned to sweep aside Rose’s heavy brown hair so the slave could close the buckle. She sighed with relief and pride when it was done. Although her body was naked, Rose felt strangely fully dressed.

“You’ll note,” Kim said, “that the buckles are designed not to tighten. You don’t

need to worry about strangling yourself. One more small step in security," she said and handed Rose a set of four small padlocks. "Put these on the buckles. Yes, anyone with a good pair of heavy leather scissors can cut through the cuffs. That's not the point is it?"

Rose said nothing, just nodded, and did as she was bade. Each tiny padlock slipped into a ring on the buckle and she snapped each one closed with a satisfying click. All four cuffs were permanently—for the moment—attached to her body.

Kim displayed a small keep on a chain around her neck. "This is a master key to all the locks we use at the Farm. Don't worry, they'll come off when it's time. Chin up. I need to put the last one on your neck collar."

Up went her chin and Rose felt Kim pulling at the collar. There was another audible click and a shiver ran down her spine.

"Very good." The car was moving very quickly now. They were headed north Rose noted as she looked out the window. The air conditioning in the car made her shiver. Or was she just a bit scared at what was happening to her. "Two more items and we can relax for the rest of the trip." Out of the bag came a ball gag that Kim displayed in her right hand. The ball was black rubber and the leather bindings were also rose colored. Rose's eyes widened. She knew that the toy was designed to keep the victim silent, she had seen them before but had never wanted to use one. "Open your mouth and put the ball inside on top of your tongue. It'll take me a bit to get the adjustments correct. You'll have to have a bit of patience." In her left hand Kim held a red cloth square. "Safety is always important. Since you won't be able to talk with the gag you'll hold this in your hand. Instead of using a safeword you'll drop the cloth to indicate the scene should end. This is a good time to mention we use the universal safe word 'red'. Use it to stop the scene. Use your private safeword to end everything. Understand?"

Rose just nodded yet. Kim pressed the red flag into Rose's hand. Her fist curled tightly around it. When Kim help up the ball Rose opened her mouth and accepted the hard rubbed ball. It pushed apart her jaws and pressed on her tongue. Why was this even necessary? The bindings went across her cheeks and buckled behind her head. Some attachment was made to her neck collar.

“Comfortable?” Kim asked.

Not being able to speak now, Rose had to nod. Kim laughed. “I know you’re not. First time using the ball gag is the most difficult. You’ll become accustomed to it. We really only use it for special requests or if the slave is too verbal in her actions. Be a good girl and it won’t be used.”

It was easy for Kim to read the relief in Rose’s eyes.

“Now the blindfold,” Kim said pulling another item out of her bag. “It’s to keep you calm. Sometimes novice slaves panic when they see too much.” It was just a little sleeping mask, really. Though it was made of heavier fabric with sure straps to keep in place over her eyes. “But first,” Kim said dipping back into her bag. Out came a short chain. This was quickly clipped to the D-rings on her wrists, binding them together. A longer chain then came out. This one was clipped to her neck collar. The leash was then clipped to a bolt on the car’s floor. It was long enough that Rose didn’t have to bend forward.

Once more Kim’s hand went into her bag. Rose inhaled sharply, wondering what else she could possibly have in store for her. It was just a book. “You will sit there quietly. I’m going to read.” Kim then pulled the blindfold over Rose’s eyes and tied it in place.

For the rest of the hour long trip Rose sat on the warm leather seat, her naked skin exposed to the too cool air, her nipples erect, her pussy slowly oozing it juices. She hoped she wasn’t leaving a puddle for Kim to find. That would be deeply embarrassing. She heard Kim breathing, pages turning, the motor running, and the road moving beneath them. She knew when they left the interstate and when they were on county roads but without her eyes she was helplessly lost. She shivered a little bit every few minutes—partly from fear, partly from excitement.

When the car finally stopped she dreaded the next moment when the door would open. She heard Kim close her book and then, to her surprise, the blindfold was removed. “One last instruction, never touch your leash or bindings. Slaves aren’t afforded that right. Slaves have no rights. Understand?”

Rose nodded.

The door opened and Rose blinked and squinted against the early autumn

afternoon sunlight. Kim unhooked the leash from the bolt and handed it over to the chauffer. Rose was led out into the open air, fully naked except for her cuffs and collar. She wanted to cover her nudity, but there was no way for her to do that. She could only stand out in the open her body exposed, but there was no one to admire her simple beauty.

They were in the country of course. Rose looked around. There was a very nice old-style foursquare farmhouse at the end of a long driveway. Across the lawn was a well-maintained red barn. Several cars were parked in the spaces near the white house. All around were trees just starting to change color that shielded the small compound from prying eyes. Rose saw no one and heard nothing other than bird calls. The long curving driveway leading up to the house was enough to keep even the occasional traffic noise silenced. There was an ornamental white fence around the house and not much else.

“Take her to the barn, Mark, and ready her for the evening. Put her on the healthy diet, her husband won’t mind if she loses a few pounds while she’s here.” Kim handed the leash over to Mark the chauffer who looked down at Rose impassively. For just a moment she met his gaze then dropped her eyes. He was dressed in slacks and a blazer over a dress shirt. He was more than a foot taller than Rose and outweighed her by a hundred pounds, all of it muscle. She stood there and her cheeks flushed red with shame. Her tits were too big, her belly bulged out too far, and she was all but worthless in her own eyes.

“I’m glad to see you already shaved your pussy,” he said in a deep voice. “It’s a pain in the ass to do that for first timers. Let’s go.”

These small words of praise lifted Rose’s spirits a bit. Justin liked her pussy bare and she indulged him. In fact she had grown accustomed to keeping her pubes at bay with her razor that to let her bush grow out seemed unnatural now. Mark tugged on the leash and she trotted after him toward the barn. The grass felt good on her feet. The sun felt good on her skin. The cooling afternoon air kept her nipples erect. A small smile fixed itself on her lips. It was odd, but good, to feel the grass under her bare feet.

It was only when they approached the barn door did her sense of apprehension rise. It was dark inside the building and she felt like she was going to her doom. Instead, inside the barn it was clean and well-maintained. It had obviously been converted from its old purpose to serve as a playground for adults. Mark

marched her quickly across the wide wooden boards and down a wide corridor. Open doorways revealed semi-private rooms that were unoccupied. In the back of the barn was an open room. Light glared overhead. Along one wall were three large metal crates of the type used to transport and house dogs. They were modern day free standing kennels. Mark led her over to one and opened the door.

As soon as his intention became clear, Rose pulled back on her leash and scrambled to get away. He was too quick and too strong for her to escape his control. “Easy there, girl. Rose is it? Settle down. You know you want this. I know it’s scary, but it’s supposed to be scary.”

Her wrists were still bound together. She could barely lift up her hands. The leash attached to her collar prevented her escape—but escape to where? She was in the middle of nowhere, naked and lost. Mark looked into her frightened eyes and spoke to her calmly, soothingly. It was obvious he had done this before. One hand held the leash, the other circled her shoulders. There was nothing sexual about the gesture, it was all about control.

“You’re going to go in the cage and this will be your life for the next week. You’ll be safe; you’ll be well cared for, you’ll be happy. But you first must go in the cage. I can’t force you to do it; you must do it on your own, do you know why?”

She shook her head. She couldn’t have answered anyway with the ball gag in her mouth.

“Think about it for a minute, when you’re ready drop the red flag and I’ll take out the gag to hear your answer.”

He was calm and patient. Rose thought about it and then dropped the flag. As promised he removed the gag gently. Her jaws were sore and it took her a moment to speak. “Because I need to willingly give myself over to being a slave.”

Mark nodded. “That’s right. Now get in your cage.”

As she walked over to the three cages she noticed there were name tags on each one. Two were empty, one was labeled Rose. She had been expected. For just a moment she hesitated before stepping into the cage. It was spacious enough, about six feet long by four wide and maybe five feet high. There was no way she

would be able to stand normally inside it. That was the point, of course. There was a heavily padded bottom—a mattress really—with a pillow and a blanket in folded in the corner. The bars were heavy gauge wire—it must have been some converted animal pen. There was no way she could bend or damage the cage. It seemed safe enough—except for being a cage designed to hold her captive.

“Inside,” he encouraged her by grasping her upper right arm and slowly assisting her with the final step inside the cage. As she stepped through the door she ducked her head down, the opening couldn’t have been more than four feet tall. Mark unclipped her leash and released her into the confines of the cage. It was hard maintaining her balance with her hands fettered together so Rose sank down to her knees and caught her breath. She hadn’t realized she was holding it. Her heart stopped a moment later when Mark snapped a latch onto the door of the cage effectively locking her inside. She gasped and looked at the lock.

It wasn’t really a lock. There was no need for a key or combination to snap it open. It was merely a carabiner with a screw lock. She could release herself easily enough if she put her mind to it. Mark met her gaze after she finished inspecting the temporary lock. “Remember the rule: slaves never touch their leash or bindings. If you break that rule, the lock can easily be replaced with something more permanent.”

Rose nodded her understanding. Mark didn’t say anything but waited moment and then walked to the other side of the large open room. Rose wished he had released her hands while in the cage, that would have given her a bit of freedom. It was uncomfortable to have her hands locked in front of her body all the time…and then she realized that was hardly any level of discomfort she could expect to experience over the next week. She shivered and looked down at her big breasts. The nipples were erect but the air was warm in the barn. Was she aroused or was it…. She tried to get a good idea of the relative size of her boobs, but with her arms crossed in front of her chest this was almost impossible. They felt a little swollen, but that wasn’t unusual especially if she was aroused.

Was there a rule against touching yourself, she wondered. Mark was busy rooting through a storage locker. Quickly Rose dipped her hands between her legs and touched the moisture that was gathered there. How could she be so aroused when she was so frightened and nervous?

Pulling her hands back she wiped her pussy juice on tummy skin, wished she

didn’t have such an unsightly bulging stomach, and tried to keep calm and cool. Mark returned a minute later carrying what looked like two sawhorses and a heavy plastic carrying case. He first set down the case, and then the sawhorses, positioning them about two feet apart, opened the case and looked over to Rose. “Are you ready to get out?” he asked.

She opened her mouth to answer, then thought better of it and just nodded.

“Open the latch,” he said.

There was no need for her to hesitate. She wasn’t going to be taken in by such a simple trick. She shook her head no.

Mark laughed. “Oh, very smart.” He walked over to the cage, unhooked the carabiner and beckoned for her to come out. Stepping out of the cage, even after such a short amount of time was a relief. The moment her foot hit the finished wood of the barn floor Mark snapped the leash back on her collar. Oddly, this didn’t bother her any longer. She was already thinking of it as normal, like her lack of clothes.

There was a tug on the leash and she obediently followed him over to the sawhorses which she saw now were padded on top and had several small platforms attached to them. It was obvious what they were for. “Mount up,” Mark ordered, gesturing to the sawhorses. It was surprisingly easy for Rose to find how to position her body on the horses. Mark helped in adjusting the height and showing her where to place her hands and feet. Shortly Rose’s upper chest was resting on the first horse, while her hips were on the second with her breasts hanging between the two. Her ass was up in the air with both legs spread apart. Mark quickly chained both ankles to rings bolted to the sawhorse legs. She didn’t feel the need to resist at all. He followed this by chaining her wrist to the front horse effectively immobilizing her.

When he stepped back to study his handiwork Rose looked up at him expectantly. “Are you comfortable?” he asked. “Please speak because this isn’t just about your comfort, we have guests to consider as well.”

She cleared her throat and spoke quietly. “The hand rests are a little high.” He grunted and adjusted them on the sliding rail that followed the horse’s leg.

“Better?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“The horse legs bolt to the floor in the central barn room. You don’t need to worry about them falling over.” He attached her neck leash to a ring on the front horse. “Let your head dangle if you get tired. It’s expected. Now let’s see to your breasts.”

Watching Rose couldn’t say anything as he unpacked a small motorized unit from the plastic case, a pair of soft plastic funnels, tubing, and catch bottle. There was an extension cord that he plugged the pump into. Mark flicked the switch to make sure it ran and turned it off after a moment. Working like he had done this before Mark connected the funnels, tubes and catch bottle.

“Ready?” he asked her.

Rose shook her head. “No. Not really.”

His reaction was what she had expected. “Too bad. This is part of the agreement. You’ve been pumped before?”

“Yes. It hurt.”

“It probably did.” Mark was unmoved by her slightly pleading tone. He flicked the pump switch back on and pressed one of the long funnels to her hanging breast. It quickly grabbed hold of the soft flesh and stayed in place. He did the same to the second breast and nodded with satisfaction as they stayed in place. The pump went through a series of cycles, sucking hard, then releasing the tension just enough to let the breast relax a moment before starting the suction again. She whimpered slightly at the pain. It wasn’t much but it wasn’t what she was used to.

“Hurts?” he asked.

“A little.”

“You’ll get used to it.”

She nodded.

“How long before you start to flow?” he asked.

“It’s be a while since I’ve used a pump,” she said. “A few minutes maybe.”

He nodded again, inspected the connections, and stood back. “We’ll go five minutes and see what happens.” Mark busied himself in the storage cabinet again while he waited. Rose hated the way the pump pulled at her tits. It was uncomfortable and not at all like a human mouth drawing the essence of her body out. She felt like an animal being abused simply because she wasn’t fully human. But there was no point in complaining. Rose took several deep breaths and forced herself to relax.

She had laughed at her position and the ridiculousness of forcing relaxation over her body, but it worked. A few drops of precious milk formed at the nips of her nipples and then the drops were drawn out into a weak stream. Mark was back and watching the process unfold. After a few bare tablespoons of the thin milk collected in the bottle he turned off the pump and removed the funnels from her tits. Rose whimpered a bit when they came free, but was grateful their rough pull was now gone. She glanced down and saw the pump had turned her tits red with pain. She would have to endure.

Mark was inspecting the bottle. “I’ve never had breast milk,” he commented. Rose looked at him expectantly not knowing what to say. “We just needed to be sure you would actually give milk,” he said as he swirled the tiny bit of fluid in the bottle. “Wait for tonight.”

She dreaded those words.

It took Mark little time to free her from the horses and lead her back to her cage. Without thinking about it, she went in willingly and sat down to watch him. He packed up the pump, setting aside the funnels and tubing to be cleaned, and folded the horses in half after carefully tightening all the supports for the correct positions. Each horse was carried out of the stall room and up to the front of the barn. When he was done Mark came back to the stall room and hung a water bottle on the side of her cage. A straw angled inside the cage so she could drink.

“Do you have to pee?” he asked her.

Rose’s first instinct was to say no, she was too nervous to empty her bladder, but then Mark added: “It’ll be at least four hours before you get another chance. If I were you, I’d go now.”

After hearing that, she nodded. “Yes, please.”

Once again he opened the cage for her, hooked on the leash on her collar, and brought her out of the barn through a small back door. She wasn’t sure what to expect and when they stopped she wasn’t sure if she would be able to last the full week at the farm.

“Squat and take care of business,” he ordered. The facilities were nothing more than a simple porcelain bowl on the ground with attached pipes, one for a water supply in, one for waste to be taken presumably to an underground tank. The worst part was that it was out in the open with no privacy. The toilet, such as it was, abutted the back of the barn, but that was it. Rose couldn’t stand it when her husband came in the bathroom when she was trying to use the toilet. This wouldn’t do at all. “I’d suggest you go now,” Mark repeated. “You don’t want to pee on your mattress and blanket, do you?”

Rose nodded and squatted over the bowl. It took a few minutes but Mark was patiently standing holding her leash and eventually Rose got a stream of urine to flow. It was unbearably noisy and she looked away from Mark while peeing. She knew the treatment was to humiliate and debase her. It was working.

When she was done she realized there was no toilet paper. “Wipe yourself with your hand,” Mark instructed, “and then wash your hands over there.” Attached to the side of the barn where she hadn’t notice it was a spigot over a tin sink. She did as instructed, blinking back the tears through the entire process, and allowed mark to lead her back to her cage. Getting back inside the kennel she was grateful to have it separating her from the rest of the world.

Pointing up to the ceiling Mark said, “We have security cameras and microphones. You’ll be perfectly safe. They’re designed for low light. Nothing to worry about. I’d suggest you get some sleep. You’re going to be worked hard tonight.”

With that Mark turned and left her. On his way out he turned off all but one of the lights and Rose was left in a dreary twilight state. She looked up at the cameras that watched her and only her. The barn was quiet. There was nothing to do but curl up under the blanket, put her head on the pillow, and wait for the night.

# Chapter Two

The noise of the main barn door opening woke her. Rose sat up, letting the blanket slip from her body. The lights came on in the front of the barn and she heard people talking but couldn't make out the words. It was a smallish group, no more than six people. They moved some large objects around and made a lot of noise. If they knew or care that Rose was in the back, they didn't give any indication. She knew that calling out of help would be a waste of breath. Eventually their noise diminished and they talked quietly. The sun had gone done while Rose had slept and she realized her throat was parched. The water bottle hung temptingly from the side of the cage. After waiting a minute, considering her options, Rose put her lips to the straw and greedily sucked the cool water. It wasn't bad when realized exactly who and what she was now.

The noise in the front of the barn suddenly increased and Rose knew that a large group had entered the building. It wouldn't be long now—but for what exactly. She knew she was going to be used and humiliated, but how exactly what was concerned her. She already had a taste from Mark of what was going to happen, but that couldn't be all…could it?

To her surprise it was Kim who came into the stall room. Kim had spent some time on her appearance. She wore shiny leather pants that were skin tight. Her blond hair was pulled back from her face. A leather bustier pushed up her tits to an impressive amount of cleavage. She wore red opera style gloves and carried a short riding crop in her left hand. The smile she gave when she saw Rose in her cage was open and honest.

"Are you ready?" she asked. "Do you need to pee again?"

Rose wanted to shake her head no, but there was no denying the pressure in her lower belly. "Yes," she said in a small voice.

With a single nod of her head Kim walked over, unlocked Rose's cage, drew the girl out, and clipped a metal leash to her collar as Rose stepped into the open room. Without a word Kim led her to the back door and the open air toilet. This time Rose had no trouble squatting and peeing. She seemed to take no special interest in Rose's activities, but Kim watched all the same. When she was done cleaning herself, Rose led her back to the stall room.

“Are you ready for this?” Kim asked her. Rose got the impression that the older woman was genuinely concerned for her well-being.

“Yes. I think so. What will happen to me?”

“Best not to ask that question,” Kim said and pressed a wadded up red square into Rose’s hand. “You know what this is for.” With those words Rose’s stomach dropped. She knew that Kim was going to force the ball gag into her mouth and she didn’t want that. Her look of panic must have been obvious for Kim held the leash tighter and stood close. She ran a firm, confident hand down Rose’s shoulder and back. “Shh. It’ll be fine. It’s supposed to be scary—but I promise you that you will love it. There’s nothing to fear. If things don’t go well, drop your flag.”

Rose nodded but her knees felt weak. She wanted to bolt and run, but she was naked and chained. What real option did she have? Did she want to drop the flag, say the safeword and be done with this exquisite torture?

“Open your mouth,” Kim ordered. From nowhere she had produced the ball gag and she pushed in between her jaws. It wasn’t painful or uncomfortable, but Rose hated it all the same because it humiliated her. The gag’s straps were buckled behind her head and then Rose was surprised when Kim draped a cap around her shoulders, hiding her nudity for the first time since she had stripped in the car. “It’s not for modesty, of course,” Kim explained. It did cover her body down to the tops of her thighs, obscuring breasts, buttocks, and her sex from easy view. “It’s for a more dramatic reveal when we bring you out to the party room. Are you ready?”

There was no way for Kim to speak so she simply nodded her head. It seemed the best way to communicate.

“We have a large number of guests tonight. You won’t be hurt. They want to see and admire you. Just react in whatever manner feels natural to you. Drop your flag if it becomes too much to endure. Remember that you are a slave and you are my possession. Any order from a guest or employee of the farm you must obey.”

She turned on her spiked heel and drew Rose along. The corridor seemed longer than she remembered and her heart started thumping in her chest. It drowned out the noise of the crowd and the music that was playing. As they emerged into the

large room the crowd took notice of her and Kim. There was a small bit of applause that gradually grew as Kim paraded Rose in a circle around the room once. After the circuit Kim handed off Rose's leash to Mark who led her over to the sawhorses he had arranged earlier in the day. Rose's mouth was dry but she realized to her embarrassment that her pussy was wet.

"Ladies and gentlemen, honored guests," Kim's voice came on loudly through the speakers that had until moments ago been playing music. "Thank you for coming tonight. We have a special entertainment for you that I hope all will enjoy or find amusing. This is Rose, our latest slave purchased by the Farm and she is open for your use this evening." Again there was applause that drastically increased when Mark pulled the cape from her shoulders. Rose dropped her eyes to the floor unable to look at any member of the audience.

Mark brought her forward and bent her over the first sawhorse. The crowd cheered again as Mark chained her to the horses. A pretty female assistant was helping him. She gave Rose a confident smile and must have said a few words of encouragement, but Rose couldn't hear her over the sound of the crowd and Kim's amplified voice.

"When we started the Farm lo these many years ago, I thought about getting some actual farm animals to enhance the look and function of my little establishment. Then I discovered what a giant pain in the ass farm animals are to care for. They stink. They're obstinate. There is no end to the problems. So I thought: what's the next best thing? Ah. I could just turn a few slaves into a farm animal for the weekend. So…tonight you will see our new cow give us some fresh milk."

The crowd laughed and cheered politely.

"Oh, I'm not kidding, folks," Kim continued. "Watch as Mark and Analise hook up her udders to our milking machine and see what she produces for us. As you are all well aware, human breast milk is the best food for babies, but adults do quite well on it also. When we are done milking Rose anyone who would like to try her tasty offerings is more than welcome. And anyone who would like to try the pleasures of her quim may do so as well."

In short order Rose was best over, her hands and ankles chained to the horses secured to the floor, her leash was also attached to a bolt in the floor. Her legs

were wide open and anyone sitting or standing behind her had a full view of her asshole and moist pussy. Her tits hung between the sawhorses and Analise knelt down with Mark to attach the funnels to the pump and her breasts. She closed her eyes as the cool plastic cones were pressed to her flesh. She heard the switch thrown and the buzz of the motor. The funnels grabbed on and sucked obscenely at her skin.

Rose was already primed for the ordeal. She opened her eyes and tried to look down at her hanging udders. The sawhorse blocked most of her view, but she could feel the pump doing its work and in less than a minute her body responded to the sucking. She felt her letdown reflex kick in. Knowing there were tiny dots of milk forming on her nipples was bad enough; she could feel it. Then her breasts let forth a little bit of spray with each two second long cycle of suction. Those in the crowd who were closest gasped and a few clapped with admiration.

“Chin up, dear,” Kim said. The end of her crop forced up Rose’s head where she had been letting it dangle. “Open your eyes.” Kim ordered. Rose did so and looked at the crowd that milled around her.

They were mostly middle aged, middle class white couples. They were in all stages of dress and undress. When Rose saw some of the naked men and women, she relaxed a tiny bit. She was the entertainment of the night, but she was part of them as well. Her tits were in only the slightest bit of pain as the pump did its work. She could feel the milk flowing. Taking a chance and glancing down she spied the bottle that was slowly filling with her milk. Somehow this made Rose relived and satisfied.

“Does it hurt her?” a man from the audience called out.

“There’s some pressure involved,” Kim answered him, “but no pain.”

“How much will she produce?” a younger woman asked. Rose wished she could answer. There was no way for Kim to truly know.

“Anywhere from four to eight ounces.” Rose was surprised at the accuracy of her answer.

“So that’s what it looks like,” commented an older woman who was naked. Her body had seen better days, but she wasn’t the least bit shy with it. Rings adorned her nipples and there were tattoos across her hips and stomach.

“What looks like, honey?” Kim asked.

“I breast fed my two kids and I never really watched or studied it. Wished I had. But that’s what milking a human looks like.”

The comments and questions went on for some time, Kim answering them to the best of her knowledge. It was no surprise to her that the men were the ones most fascinated by the process. The women had either seen it before from their own breasts or had not interest in the fetish. Eventually the pump stopped drawing out her milk and Rose patiently waited for Mark to free her from the horses and funnels.

He and Analise unhooked Rose from the milking machine, but did not free her yet. The collection bottle was presented to Kim who raised it up to show the crowd that Rose had produced an impressive ten ounces. Small cheers went up to celebrate.

The thin liquid was decanted from the bottle to a pair of elegant wine glasses. Rose was a bit amazed and annoyed to see that the essence drawn from her tits was being passed around the group. Almost every man took a sip of the warm milk and a moderate number of women as well. Most complimented the sweetness and quality of the milk. This was not a crowd to stand on traditional taboos.

Before all her milk was consumed Kim went back to the microphone and once again addressed the crowd. “Does anyone here want to service Rose for her base needs before we put her away in her stall for the night?”

There were a few catcalls and bits of laughter as the crowd dispersed slightly—but Rose was alarmed to see that more than a handful of men gathered around Kim to discuss how they would use the freshly milked slave.

The group moved to where she could not see or hear them. The music was turned back on and the rest of the crowd resumed their partying: flirting, teasing, dancing, kissing, drinking, and pairing of in groups of two or three or more to slip back to the semi-private rooms in the barn. Rose turned her head this was and that, trying to locate Kim who was all but disappeared. Then a pair of hands suddenly gripped her hips—her ass really. She felt the presence of a man behind her and she froze, and then struggled again her restraints. From behind her gag she tried to call out but her voice was muffled and distorted.

Analise was abruptly in front of her kneeling down to her eye level. “Are you okay, dear?” she asked Rose as she brushed back Rose’s hair from her forehead. There was an unmistakable look of terror in her eyes. Analise had seen it before in first time slaves, but there was also a lust and a desire for adventure that she couldn’t admit to anyone, even the mistress who had taken control of her.

“Mistress Kim wants you to be happy,” Analise said. “If it’s too much, just drop your flag.” She indicated the balled up red cloth in Rose’s right hand. “But if it’s not, if you want to play and find out what happens, hold on another minute. Anything worth having, anything worth doing involves danger and struggle.”

Rose wanted desperately to drop the flag and be freed. But what was the point—to go back to her meek life where her husband worked hard and she worked at a job she didn’t care for to care for her children when they were home from school, and to nurse her husband when they went to bed every night. This…this was an adventure, a discovery of herself she wouldn’t find anywhere else.

She tightened her grip on the cloth and shook her head.

“Good girl,” Analise complimented her and gave her a kiss on the forehead. She looked up and behind Rose and nodded.

The hands on her hips gripped tighter and a cock presented itself at her pussy’s opening. She was wet. Rose didn’t know how that had happened but she welcomed it. The man behind the cock pressed against her and her pussy opened up to accept the first sex organ to enter her body since she had married her husband.

Though she didn’t want to admit it, Rose was delighted at the way it felt to be fucked and used like she was just a toy, something to amuse the partiers until something better came along. She couldn’t see him, but he knew what he was doing. The in and out thrusting was just what Rose needed to relax after the near torture of being milked by the painful pump. She was disappointed that the man who was fucking her came all too quickly. He had barely lasted two minutes before he dumped his load of jism in her pussy. It felt good to be filled by hot jism, but it wasn’t enough to bring her to orgasm.

She groaned as he pulled his semi-limp cock out of her. She was unsatisfied and needed something more. More quickly stepped up and penetrated her. Rose gasped. This second man had a substantially larger cock than his predecessor or

her husband. The crowd laughed at her surprise. Her second lover lasted much longer than the first. He even deigned to reach down between her legs, find her clit, and rub it while he fucked her. That was just what she needed to get off. Her moaning orgasm was muffled by her gag. Analise noticed this as her second mystery lover withdrew. She knelt back down in front of Rose.

“Would you like me to remove the gag?” she asked.

Rose nodded yes.

“If I do, you may not talk. Scream and cry and moan all you want, but no talking or the gag goes back in.”

Rose nodded again and was happy to realize that Analise was watching over her carefully.

When man number three walked up and slipped into her pussy she grunted out loud in satisfaction and moaned and groaned the entire time he fucked her. “She’s extra slick,” he called out to his friends. “She’s got too much cum inside her already.” There was some general laughter but Rose missed most of it. She was concentrating too much on her body and trying to make sure she could get off again before he came inside her pussy.

After that she all but lost track of what was happening. She knew she was penetrated too many times to count. Her pussy became a mess of her lube and all the men’s jism. She felt used and debauched. Her throat was raw from crying out her pleasure. It was wonderful.

Finally she realized she was just laying on the sawhorses and no one was fucking her. Her pussy felt used, raw, and empty but she could also feel all the men’s leavings leaking out of her abused sex. Analise was gone and Kim was unclipping the leash from the bolt in the floor. Rose realized her hand and ankles had been freed. She was still wearing the manacles, but they were no longer chained to the sawhorses.

“Time to get up,” Kim told her. The party was still going on. Rose saw small groups of people talking, drinking, and having sex but she had lost her power of amusement over them. She helped Rose to stand up and led the exhausted girl back to the stall room in the back of the barn. Instead of being taken directly to her cage, Kim brought her to a small shower area in the back corner. It was

really just a small shower basin and a hanging hose. Kim directed her into the shower. The leash was attached to a ring in the wall. Kim quickly removed the locks on the leather manacles and set them aside. The water was turned on her. It was warm and soothing. Kim was careful to direct the gentle flow of water over Rose's pussy, washing away the half-dried semen. When she was clean Kim dried her off with a soft towel.

"Put your cuffs back on. I'll lock them in place." Once again Rose obeyed. She was delighted to do it. She never felt more powerful or fulfilled in her life. The tiny locks were pressed into place by Kim and Rose stood proudly in front of her.

"You did well tonight. Did you enjoy yourself?"

The answer was easy to form. "Yes. It might have been the best night of my life."

Kim smiled softly. "I'm glad." She led Rose over to her cage, ushered the girl inside, but paused her for just a moment to kiss her lightly on the lips. Rose was surprised at this gesture of kindness but relished the kiss. The leash came off and she was locked inside. Without needed to be told she curled up under the blanket. Kim walked away without a word and turned off the lights on her way out. She wanted to tell Rose how proud she was of her new slave for it had been a trying and exhausting day for the girl, but she knew that too much praise too soon was terrible training for a slave. Rose would have to be satisfied with Kim's happiness.

# Chapter Three

“She performed well,” Mark commented as Kim crawled into bed next to him.

“Ugh. I hate having to do these specialty slave requests.”

“The money…” was all Mark said.

Kim nodded and pulled the soft sheets up around her body. Both of them were naked, not because of any erotic need, but because both were too exhausted to bother with putting any pajamas on after a grueling party night and stripping off their dominant gear. “I know, I know. We don’t especially need the money…”

“…but we really can’t turn it down right now either.” KNM Holdings was doing okay financially, but neither could allow the growing company fail now, they had too much of their personal financial future staked on it.

She sighed and pressed her head back against the pillow but knew she wouldn’t be able to sleep. There was Rose in the barn to think about and getting up early to deal with her all added to her body practically thrumming with desire. It was difficult to watch everyone at the Farm get a fantasy fulfilled or simply get off spectacularly while she had to hold back and rise above the fray. She was the owner; she was the dominatrix and mistress they all looked up to.

“You’re not going to be able to sleep, are you?” Mark asked as he turned off the light. Normally they spent their evenings together in their house just outside the city, but tonight too much had happened and too much was planned for the morning. It was just easier to sleep at the Farm.

“Nope.”

“Do you want me to get you off?” he asked. She knew that would most likely involved some very pleasant cunnilingus and vigorous masturbation. It usually worked for her, but sometimes Mark took too long when all she really wanted was a nice cum to help her sleep.

“Yes, but no.” Kim rolled to her side and pawed through the basket next to the bed. At home she had her two favorite vibrators stored in her nightstand drawer.

Here she had a basket that collected various bits and bobs that had no place else to go. Among two paperbacks, some pens, a dollar thirty seven in loose change, an earring without a mate were three vibrators. She didn't know where they came from or how they got there. Kim didn't care. She grabbed the one on top of the pile, switched it on, and heard the happy buzz as it worked, and rolled to her back, spreading her legs open. "Just watch me, okay."

It wasn't a particularly powerful or big vibe. Kim didn't care. She slipped it into her moist pussy, turned it up high, and rapidly thrusted it in and out of her body as Mark watched. He pressed his body against hers and kissed her on the cheek. That was more distracting than helpful, but he liked to feel like he was part of the action when Kim masturbated. She wasn't in the mood for games or teasing tonight. Kim pistoned the vibe in and out of her pussy as hard and fast as she could manage. The orgasm wasn't particularly powerful or memorable, but it was enough to relieve the sexual tension. Her small cries of pleasure leaked out of her mouth and she sighed with release when it was over. Before she fell asleep Kim managed to switch of the vibe and drop it over the side of the mattress.

The alarm came too early. Kim forced herself from the bed and stumbled to the shower. She didn't get to spend half the time she wanted under the water. After showering she pulled her hair back into a severe ponytail, put on what she considered her casual mistress outfit—tight knee length black skirt, black push up bra, and see-through white blouse. No jewelry, no makeup. She wished she could walk around in bare feet, but that was the privilege of a slave. From the meager collection in the closet she found a pair of red boots that nearly reached her knees. She zipped these up and headed for the kitchen as Mark started to stir from his side of the bed.

In the kitchen Steffie was making breakfast in the nude. "Hon, put some clothes on," Kim told her. Steffie was an exhibitionist who like to show off her body. She was pretty and sexy and the stuff of too many male fantasies for Kim to deal with this early in the morning. Steffie professed to be a naturalist who eschewed the wearing of clothes except for warmth or ornamentation. Kim knew that the girl just liked to show off her body.

"Don't make me do that," Steffie whined.

Kim grimaced and poured herself a cup of coffee. “Not this early in the morning,” she warned. “There’s no one to see your body except Mark and the slave. They won’t care. Put on a shirt or something.” She grabbed two blueberry muffins and headed outside to the barn where Rose was waiting for her carrying her coffee in one hand, the muffins in the other.

She crossed the dew covered lawn quickly, shouldered open the heavy wooden door, and snapped on the lights. The barn was quiet in the morning—but it was also a mess from the party. She set down her muffins and coffee on a table and walked with confidence to the back stall room where she found Rose sitting up waiting for her. Though her face was calm when Kim looked into her eyes, she knew the girl had woken up terrified at being in the cage. That would pass. She grabbed the short leash from the wall. “Do you need to pee?” she asked as she unlocked the cage and ushered Rose out, clipping the leash to her collar as she stepped into the barn. Rose nodded and was led outside to the open air toilet where once again she emptied her bladder in full view of her mistress. It was easier this time. The need was urgent and Rose had moved past simple shame. She was beginning to take a little pride in Kim’s ownership of her.

“Good girl,” Kim complimented her when Rose finished. Back in the barn Kim led her slave to the front room where the mess from the party was in evidence along with the sawhorses still bolted to the floor. From the bar that ran along one side of the barn Kim grabbed a water bottle and gave it to Rose. “Drink,” she ordered. When the bottle was placed into her hand Rose realized how thirsty she was and drank deeply as Kim talked. “You’re tits are swollen again. That’s good. We like them full of milk. But there’s a mess in the barn as well. You’ll have two duties this morning. Emptying your breasts and cleaning this mess.” When the bottle was empty Kim led her slave to the sawhorses. She was delighted that Rose needed no instruction or urging, she simply bent over the horses and let her tits dangle. Kim turned on the pump, hooking up the tubes and funnels helpfully cleaned and left there from the night before, and attached them to her slave’s udders. She wondered if Rose even realized she wasn’t chained onto the horses.

Kim perched herself elegantly on a stool and watched as Rose’s tits were milked. It was a fascinating process. She had considered using the device herself when the Farm acquired it, but couldn’t work up the nerve. It was a toy for cows, not a mistress of the Farm.

“Did you husband put you through a whole process to induce lactation?” Kim

asked conversationally as she ate her second muffin and sipped her coffee.

“No, ma’am,” Kim replied over the noise of the pump. “I had a baby, then another, and my husband started nursing from me when my second baby started weaning himself. He’s been nursing from me ever since.”

“Fascinating,” Kim said dismissively though she was intrigued. “How old are your children?”

“Seven and four.”

“You have almost no stretch marks. I thought the ones you do have were from getting fat.”

Rose wasn’t truly fat. She did need to lose a few pounds she always told herself, but at most she might be called pleasantly plump or chubby. Curvy was what she really was.

“No, ma’am,” Rose replied. She knew her place not to argue with her mistress. Kim had to hold back her smile. It wouldn’t do for the slave to see her mistress happy with her performance.

In short order the catch bottle in the milking machine was filled. Before releasing Rose from the pump Kim went to the storage closet and removed a very long leash. This she locked to Rose’s collar and to the bolt set in the floor. Then she turned off the pump and removed the funnels. “Your task now is to clean the barn. Make it spotless. I don’t want to be disappointed.” Kim left carrying the pump and Rose’s milk. The slave found cleaning supplies in the storage cabinet Kim had left open and set to work.

Inside the house Kim poured Rose’s milk into a storage bottle and put that in the refrigerator. Then she joined Mark at the dining table for a proper breakfast. She was happy to see that Steffie had found a t-shirt to wear around the house. True, it barely came down low enough to cover her ass. Actually, it didn’t. The bottoms of her cheeks were visible every time she moved. Kim sighed and planned her day.

A few hours later she went out to the barn and found that Rose had done an

excellent job cleaning the party room. Rose was patiently waiting in the middle of the room, kneeling with her head bowed. That wasn't a pose that Kim had ordered; obviously the girl knew more than a little about being a sex slave. Kim said nothing to her possession and unlocked the long leash, and brought her to the house. Inside the house she chained Rose's collar to a bolt in the kitchen wall. Steffie was waiting for them.

"Miss Steffie will be in charge of you for the rest of the day," Kim said. "You'll be cleaning the house as she supervises. There are also meals to be made for tonight. I hope you cook as well as you clean."

Kim looked at Steffie who had changed to her traditional maid costume. From her belt hung a paddle and a switch. "Don't spare her punishment if she slacks off. I need her well-educated and I know you are the trainer to do it." Kim said, turned on her heel and left the kitchen. Kim only walked into the small office off to the side of the kitchen where she sat down at the desk and listened in on her slave.

"Put your hands on the counter," Steffie said. The girl had a sadistic streak in her that Kim admired. "Move your feet back. Further. Further. Good. You need to know what your punishment will be before you consider disobeying." The air filled with the swish of the switch and the crack of the flexible wood on tender flesh. Rose screamed in pain. The swish repeated three more times, each one punctuated by Rose's cry. When Steffie was done Kim could hear Rose's soft sobs. She wished she could see the girl's striped ass, but that was not possible at the moment. "Let's get to work," Steffie said. Kim shut the door to the office.

At the end of the day Kim had finished all the dull chores of running her business and she took a quick tour of her farm house. Rose was good. Everything was spotless and her slave was visibly exhausted. There were several red stripes on her ass and a few on the backs of her thighs, all of which Kim admired when Rose was presented to her when the tour was done.

"Apparently you didn't do everything to Steffie's instructions, did you, Rose?" Kim asked sharply.

"No, ma'am."

Kim held out her hand. "Your paddle, Steffie." Steffie handed over short handled punishment tool. "Bend over and grab your ankles, Rose," she ordered. There

was no resistance in her. Rose bent over and did the best she could, but couldn't reach much beyond her calves. Her rotund ass stood up nicely. Kim admired the pleasant curve of the girl's flesh and the way her asshole and pussy her exposed. Without any preliminaries Kim used the paddle to smartly swat the slave once on each cheek and then once more—hard—on her exposed pussy. The ass strokes were suffered with tiny whimpers. The pussy blow elicited a scream of pain.

"Take her to the bathroom, clean her up, and get her ready for tonight. We'll dine in half an hour."

Rose had made a delicious chicken dinner under Steffie's close supervision. Kim, Mark, and Steffie all sat down at the table to eat while Rose waited on them. The other employees of the Farm would be arriving shortly followed by the evening's guests. There was no time for a leisurely dinner for Rose. When the three were done, Steffie led Rose to the kitchen, pointed at a small table crammed into the corner with a simple wooden chair. From a cabinet Steffie pulled out a bag of high protein, low fat survival mix. From the bag she measured out a full serving and dumped it into a chrome bowl. A bottle of water was set on the table with the bowl.

"Eat," Steffie ordered. "You have ten minutes. Then clean up the dining room and kitchen and wait in the blue room upstairs." She walked out. Rose wasn't chained. Was there a need for that any longer? Her tits were slightly full and sore. The meal looked unappetizing, little more than nuts and seeds and dried fruits and vegetables. But she was starving. Rose hadn't been given a spoon to use. She either had to use her fingers or eat directly from the bowl. She did both. The mix was no worse than a breakfast cereal and some bits were quite tasty. Once the water was consumed she cleaned the kitchen and dining room—again—and went upstairs to the blue room where Steffie was angrily waiting for her.

"Oh, I should stripe your tits for taking so long, but we have a client who probably would be upset to see that," Steffie raged at her. "Turn around and put your hands on the wall." Rose did as she was ordered and Steffie gave her two quick cracks with the switch on her ass. Rose grunted with each blow but didn't cry out. She was a slave, she knew, and this was her role.

"Now I've got to put these on you. Spread your legs open and don't move." Rose placed her feet slightly wider than her shoulders. Taking a pair of heavy leather bindings from the table Steffie knelt down next to Rose. The bindings were the

same color as the manacles she already wore and were almost as long as a belt for a pair of pants. The first one went around her left thigh, high up where the leg met the hip. Steffie buckled it in place and repeated with the right, then she hooked Rose's wrists to the thigh belts preventing the slave from raising her hands more than a couple of inches and forcing her to walk carefully for fear of falling.

"Sit in that chair and don't move," Steffie ordered. It was a tall chair with a high back, made all of a heavy, dark wood but with a thin cushion on the seat. Rose walked over and gingerly sat down. It was difficult with the strange bindings, but she managed. There was a metal rod running up the back of the chair. A pair of heavy metal clamps were attached to rod. Steffie adjusted them and pushed Rose back, forcing her to sit up straight with her hands awkwardly placed at her hips, and locked the clamps to Rose's collar effective imprisoning her in the chair.

Taking a moment to indulge in her sadistic side Steffie abruptly twisted both of Rose's nipples at the same time. Rose hissed out her discomfort and hid the thrill of pleasure the torture caused her. "Make sure these udders are ready to give milk tonight," Steffie told her. "We have a special client who has rented your tits to nurse. He wants his milk fresh and warm. See that you indulge him however he wants. And you'd better do it well. Mistress Kim hasn't let me give a good whipping to a slave in a long time. I'd love to mark your skin with my love strikes. You'd look good covered in red stripes."

She turned around and left the blue room leaving Rose trapped and alone wondering what fresh, torturous pleasures she would be enduring tonight.

It wasn't long before there was a knock at the door. She didn't know what to do so she remained silent. There was another knock and then a moment later the door opened and a middle-aged man entered with a woman roughly the same age. "Oh, you are in here. I wasn't sure if Mistress Kim was telling me the truth or not. I'm Mr. Kretzler and this is my wife Miriam."

"Hello, dear," the woman said politely. They were dressed casually as if they were attending a wine tasting party. He wore a sports jacket, open necked dress shirt and tan slacks. She wore a plain blue skirt and a red blouse that showed some cleavage, but nothing that would be considered unseemly at the country club. It seemed perfectly normal to the couple that they would walk into a room with a naked girl chained to a wooden chair. Neither was disappointed with the

slave that Kim had provided them.

Rose couldn't move her head in the bondage chair and she didn't dare speak, so the bowed her head the slight bit afforded her and lowered her eyes.

Mr. Kretzler immediately noticed her predicament. "She can't move her head at all," he commented to his wife.

It was Mrs. Kretzler who found a quick solution. "We know you're here as a slave, dear. Don't let that bother you. When the door is closed what we do in private is just between the three of us. Don't worry about formalities here, Rose. You don't mind me calling you Rose, do you? It is your name, isn't it?" She waited expectantly but Rose said nothing, then she realized the error of her questions. "Oh, Rose, please speak. We don't need or want a silent slave. We don't really need a slave at all. You have our permission to speak."

"You can call me Rose," she said in a small, subservient voice.

"But it's not your real name, is it?" Mr. Kretzler asked.

"No, it's not."

"It is better that way," he declared. "Gives you a little more mystery. And when you're done serving your time here as a slave, you can go home to be your own person again."

"Yes," she agreed stiffly. "That sounds like a good plan."

"Well," he said and clapped his hands together. "We didn't come here to chat, did we?" Though he was certainly older than her—old enough to be her father?—he was polite and handsome with black hair graying at the temples and just a hint of wrinkles on his face. His wife was similarly well-persevered, and Rose realized with some embarrassment that the older woman might have a better figure than her. He removed his jacket and approached Rose. She tried to remain calm and not squirm away.

His hands gently grasped her tits, feeling and weighing them carefully. Rose let out a slow even breath. She glanced over at Mrs. Kretzler who was watching intently. "They're firm and heavy," he reported to his wife.

“She looks full,” Mrs. Kretzler agreed. Rose’s breasts were starting to get sore and achy. A little relief was welcome. “How long have you been lactating?” she asked as Mr. Kretzler continued to evaluate Rose’s breasts. He squeezed and played with them like a teenage boy on his first date. Rose didn’t mind. It was pleasant.

“Four years now,” Rose answered.

Mrs. Kretzler was impressed. “On your own or for your significant other?”

“I breastfed my kids and then my husband kept me lactating.”

“Very nice,” she complimented Rose. “I’ve been doing it for over twenty years now.”

“What?” Rose gasped, and then gasped again as Mr. Kretzler gave her right tit a strong squeeze. He didn’t immediately release her and forced a few beads of milk to the surface of her nipple. They both stopped talking and Mr. Kretzler leaned down and licked the spots of milk from her tit. Rose shivered at his warm tongue rasping on her sensitive skin.

“Sweet,” he complimented her and then repeated the same action with the left breast.

“When we saw you being milked last night, we knew we had to have you to ourselves for an evening,” Mrs. Kretzler said to her while speaking slowly, admiring her husband’s actions. “It’s always hard to find a willing cow. Although nowadays it’s easier than when I was in my prime. But George gets tired of my milk every day. And, sadly,” she sighed, “I don’t produce the way I used to.”

“Oh,” was all Rose had to say.

Mr. Kretzler kept on manually milking her as his wife spoke. He started up a small stream dribbling from Rose’s right breast and licked her clean again.

“Quit playing, George, and nurse the poor girl,” his wife instructed him.

“Right,” he agreed, knelt down and latched on to Rose’s full breast. Unconsciously she sighed and wanted to bring her hand up to cuddle his head to

her chest, but she was still bound and the Kretzlers didn't seem interested in freeing her. Then Rose realized how long it had been since a mouth and been attached to her nipple and she realized how badly she missed it. The pump, the milking machine, just wasn't the same. She closed her eyes and tilted her head back as far as she could resting it against the high backed chair and reveling in the sensations Mr. Kretzler was sending to her pussy via her nipple.

"You should taste her, dear," Mr. Kretzler said in a quick burst as he pulled off Rose's breast for just a moment. "Very sweet and an easy milker."

Rose knew she should have been offended at the way she was being discussed like a piece of meat, but instead she enjoyed it. Her body was freed and her mind had leave to live in the moment.

"You enjoy her, George. This is for you."

Rose tried to open her eyelids, but she found she couldn't. She wanted to spread her legs and masturbate. She felt her passion rising and wondered what was to come when Mr. Kretzler was done nursing. After a long few minutes she could feel his wife's eyes on her and she forced open her eyes. Mrs. Kretzler was watching her intently.

"You're very pretty," she said. "I'm sure you don't hear it enough. Women are more beautiful when they're naked, don't you think?"

"Uh-huh," Rose absently agreed. Mr. Kretzler's tongue and lips were teasing her teat now and she found she couldn't form complete thoughts.

Mrs. Kretzler stood and quickly unbuttoned her shirt and dropped her skirt. She was wearing a black pushup bra that accented her ample tits. Her panties were of a style that no woman over the age of forty should wear, but she wore them well and made them sexy. Rose wanted to gasp at the sight of the lusty woman, but found herself paralyzed under Mr. Kretzler's mouth. "I think I might go exploring to see who is open to a little company tonight. Do you mind, George?"

He released the suction on Rose's tit and looked at his wife with lust. "Not at all, Lanie. But you have to try her milk first. You can't believe how sweet it is."

She sighed. "Fine." She walked over and bent down to take Rose's left tit in her mouth. For a moment Rose wanted to back away and say not to another woman

suckling from her, but she had little choice in the matter. Mrs. Kretzler knew exactly what she was doing, taking the exact right amount of flesh into her mouth and sucking delicately but firmly. She was rewarded with a strong jet of milk that quickly filled her mouth forcing her to swallow audibly. She sucked again and received even more milk. Rose was flowing steadily now.

That was enough for the older woman. She let go and delicately wiped at her lips. “Very sweet. Very nice,” she said. “But I didn’t come here to nurse, I came here to get laid.” She smiled at her husband. “Enjoy Rose, George. Do with her however you like.” For a moment Mrs. Kretzler hesitated and then looked at the slave bound to the chair. “Have you ever had a woman suckle from you before, Rose?”

“No, ma’am. Just men.”

“I didn’t shock you or upset you, did I?”

“No, ma’am,” Rose lied smoothly.

“Have you ever suckled another woman’s milk?” she asked.

It was an uncomfortable question for Rose. The answer was easy, but the implication was harder to face. “No, I have not, ma’am.”

Mrs. Kretzler stepped forward and pulled one of her breasts free of her bra. It wasn’t sagging too much yet in her older years, but it wasn’t nearly as pert and smooth as Rose’s. She leaned in and put the nipple next to Rose’s lips. “Drink, Rose, see what it is like. See what you are missing.”

As a slave she knew she should obey, but the desire to nurse was not part of Rose’s psyche. But there was no way for her to resist. And if Mrs. Kretzler told Steffie that she had refused to indulge a guest….

Rose opened her mouth and accepted the breast. Automatically she suckled; there was no need for her to think about having to do it. She didn’t expect anything, but after only a few sucks milk flooded into her mouth. Mrs. Kretzler wasn’t lying about actively lactating. She still had milk in her tits and must be feeding her husband on a regular basis. The milk was thin and sweet, but not annoyingly so. As the milk started to flow, Rose found she wanted to drink more and more, but Mrs. Kretzler pulled away before the slave could drink her fill.

“Don’t get greedy, little girl,” Mrs. Kretzler said as she tucked her boob back into her bra. “Keep him happy.” She pivoted on her heel and walked proudly to the door. Rose couldn’t take her eyes off the older woman as she left the room. The thong she wore was racy and Rose was surprised to see a small tattoo on her left buttock. She couldn’t make out the design beyond a simple flower. She was surprised. The Kretzlers didn’t seem to type to participate in tattooing, piercing, or any body modification.

Mr. Kretzler didn’t comment on his wife leaving and simply moved over to the tit she had been feeding from. The right was empty and he wasn’t going to let good milk go to waste. Rose so wanted to embrace this older man who was giving her such pleasure, but there was no way to do that. She could only sit and endure his tongue and concentrate on her pussy as it slowly leaked her excitement into the soft cushion under her ass.

All too soon—and not soon enough—both breasts were empty and Mr. Kretzler pulled back, satisfied but disappointed. He looked down at her as he stood up. “This chair is usually used to hold the unwilling—or those pretending to be unwilling—in place to force them to give a blowjob. Did you know that?”

“No, sir,” she replied.

“I’m not particularly enamored of that practice.” He took a step back. His erection was apparent under his pants. “I would like some relief however.” He removed his shirt and she noted he was in very good shape for a man his age. “I would be delighted if you would be willing to have sex with me.”

“Yes,” she replied automatically.

“You don’t have to say yes just because you’re a slave. I want your consent.”

“Yes, I want you to fuck me,” she said and couldn’t believe the words coming out of her mouth. Yesterday she had a half a dozen—more?—men fuck her without her consent or knowing who they were. Now she was saying yes to a man she had known twenty minutes. What had happened to her? Had she forgotten she was married? Rose glanced at her empty left hand and wondered if it didn’t count when her wedding band wasn’t worn.

“Happy to oblige,” he said and busied himself freeing her from the neck restraint. When she was free she stood up and he saw the wet spot on the

cushion. “I guess you weren’t lying to me then. Get on the bed.”

Rose tried to walk casually from the chair to the bed. It was difficult with her wrists still bound to the straps around her upper thighs. “Stop,” he ordered and unclipped the restraints just before she reached the bed. “As pretty as you are with your hands held down there, I want to fuck a girl who can move around a bit.”

She could feel his eyes on her body. The cuffs and collar she wore screamed her subservient position to him and she was happy to oblige him in sating his desires. Sucking on her tits always got her worked up and she needed some real release now.

Mr. Kretzler stripped himself as Rose watched from the bed where she laid on her side. His cock was already erect. It wasn’t huge, but it was nice. As he approached the bed she changed her position and met him halfway taking his shaft into her mouth and sucking on it. He groaned a little bit. “Careful,” he warned her. “I may be getting old, but a good blowjob from a sweet young thing like you is enough to get me to pop off too soon. And I want to cum in your pussy, not your mouth.”

Reluctantly she let his cock slip from her mouth and he pushed her down on the bed. There was no reason to get her warmed up—Rose was already wet with anticipation. It took them a moment to position their bodies and he easily entered her tight, but well lubricated, pussy. “Ohh, that’s nice,” he said as he sank all the way into her depths. Before a proper fucking could get underway he gave her a deep kiss, pressing his tongue into her mouth and exploring as much as he could. She kissed him back, happy to be seen as a sexual object worth desiring and possessing.

If there was one advantage to fucking an older man, Rose reflected after fifteen minutes and three orgasms, it was his staying time. He wasn’t huge, he wasn’t fast, but he could keep fucking her until night turned to day and she was happy. He knew how to twist his hips and move her body to stimulate her clit and make her cum when he wanted to. She realized she was just a toy for him to have sex with. She liked being a toy. It wasn’t a burden.

When he decided he was done play, he suddenly fucked her hard and fast for thirty seconds and jetted his hot cum into her cunt. She grunted and moaned

happily as he hyperventilated with release.

It was pleasant having Mr. Kretzler's weight pressing down on her, but eventually he rolled over and pulled his cock from inside Rose. "You're a good fuck," he complimented her. "Don't let anyone tell you differently."

"Thank you," she said politely. She didn't know the protocol of post-coital sex in this particular situation, so she waited for his lead.

Mr. Kretzler was flat on his back with his eyes closed. His slowly shrinking cock laid to the side, resting on his thigh. "How many men have you fucked since you became a slave on the farm?" he asked. It seemed that Mr. Kretzler was feeling conversational.

"The six or so last night and you."

"Heh. I had you last night too. So just six then."

"Yes."

"How many men have you fucked since you got married?"

"Six," she said in a small voice.

He laughed again. "Jumping in with both feet, huh? Wise choice. How many woman?"

"How many women what?"

"How many women have you had sex with?"

She hesitated on her answer. "None."

His eyes snapped open. "None?"

"No sir."

"Huh. Not even before you were married."

"No."

“Do you want to have sex with a woman? I can make it happen.”

She thought it over before answering. “I wouldn’t mind it, I guess. I never had the urge to, but my husband talks about having a three-way all the time with me and another woman.”

“This is the place to make that fantasy come true, you know.” He paused and thought a second. “But you’re just a slave right now. You’ll have to do as Mistress Kim commands. Maybe you’ll get lucky. Maybe my Lanie will want to get it on with you before we leave tonight.”

“If she wants,” Rose replied.

He let out another little chuckle. “You are a good slave. That’s the right answer to that question.”

She didn’t immediately reply and he didn’t ask another question. Then when he snored lightly she realized he had fallen asleep. Rose wasn’t sure what to do. She could go out in the hall and ask one of the Farm’s employees for help. But help for what? She wasn’t chained and restrained at the moment, but that didn’t mean she had free rein of the house. Instead, Rose curled up next to Mr. Kretzler and slowly went to sleep herself.

The door opening woke the pair. Rose could barely rouse herself but for some reason Mr. Kretzler was instantly awake and sitting up. “Hello, dear,” he said to his wife as Mrs. Kretzler walked in. When Rose realized what was happening, she momentarily tried to hide herself and her naked sex, but there was no need, she realized. His wife undoubtedly knew that Mr. Kretzler was going to fuck her. The evidence slowly leaking out of her pussy was hardly damning or even a problem.

“I see you two had a good time,” Mrs. Kretzler said upon seeing the slumbering pair.

“She wore me out,” he complained to his wife with a rueful laugh. “She’s a great fuck.”

Mrs. Kretzler was carrying her bra in one hand but was still wearing her panties. Or were they simply back on for the moment? wondered Rose. “Did you wear the poor thing out?” she asked.

“No, she wore me out,” he said. “Hey, do you want to fuck her too? She’s a lesbian virgin. Have you ever had one of those?”

His eyes were shining with anticipation and Rose saw his cock slightly harden at the idea of his wife having sex with another woman. But she turned him down. “As much as I would like to pluck her Sapphic cherry, we have other plans for tonight,” she told him.

“Oh. Right.” His eyes dropped down to the crotch of her panties. There was a visible wet spot. The spot was far too large for it to have formed from Mrs. Kretzler’s own lubrication. He licked his lips. “Shall we tie her up?” he asked.

The older woman shook her head. Rose noticed her tits bobbled slightly. They were definitely smaller than when she had left the room. Had someone else in the house suckled her, draining her milk? “No, some things should only be between a husband and wife.” She pressed a doorbell button that was mounted next to the blue room’s heavy wooden door. A few seconds later a maidservant dressed in a traditional French maid costume with a pushup bustier, flouncy skirt, and visible garters holding up her fishnet stockings walked in.

“How may I be of service?” she asked politely. Rose didn’t recognize the maid, but she wore the red collar that she had noticed on other Farm employees.

“Take the slave away,” Mrs. Kretzler said. “We’re done with her for the night.”

“Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Kretzler,” the pretty maid said. She walked to the wardrobe in the corner of the room, removed a leash, attached it to Rose’s collar, and pulled her from the room. The last image of the Kretzlers Rose had was of him falling to his knees in front of her and slowly pulling down her panties while she smiled down at him.

Right after closing the door to the blue room the maid clipped Rose’s wrist cuffs back to her thigh belts. “They shouldn’t have released you like that,” she muttered under her breath. “Come on,” the maid said. Her tone changed from respectful to a combination of boredom and annoyance. “Let’s get you back in your cage.”

She tugged on Rose’s collar and brought her down the long hallway. Most of the doors to the upstairs pleasure rooms were closed but from behind each one she could hear the moans of pleasure, the slaps and stinging blows of pain, and other

noises that told of kinky lovemaking. Rose said nothing and followed the maid down the stairs. She had to walk slowly and carefully since her hands were restrained to her thighs again. There were people coming and going. Most of them were servants in the traditional costumes, but there were plenty of guests as well in all manner of dress and sexual excitement. Rose kept her eyes downcast and concentrated on walking.

Before she knew it they were out the door and were walking across the wet grass. Her nipples shriveled up in the cool air and Rose shivered slightly. It felt oddly freeing to be outside and nearly naked though still in bondage. In the barn the maid ushered her into her cage, removed her chain and freed her wrists. The rude maid locked the cage and didn’t give a look back as she left the barn. Oddly, Rose felt sated and happy.

# About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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