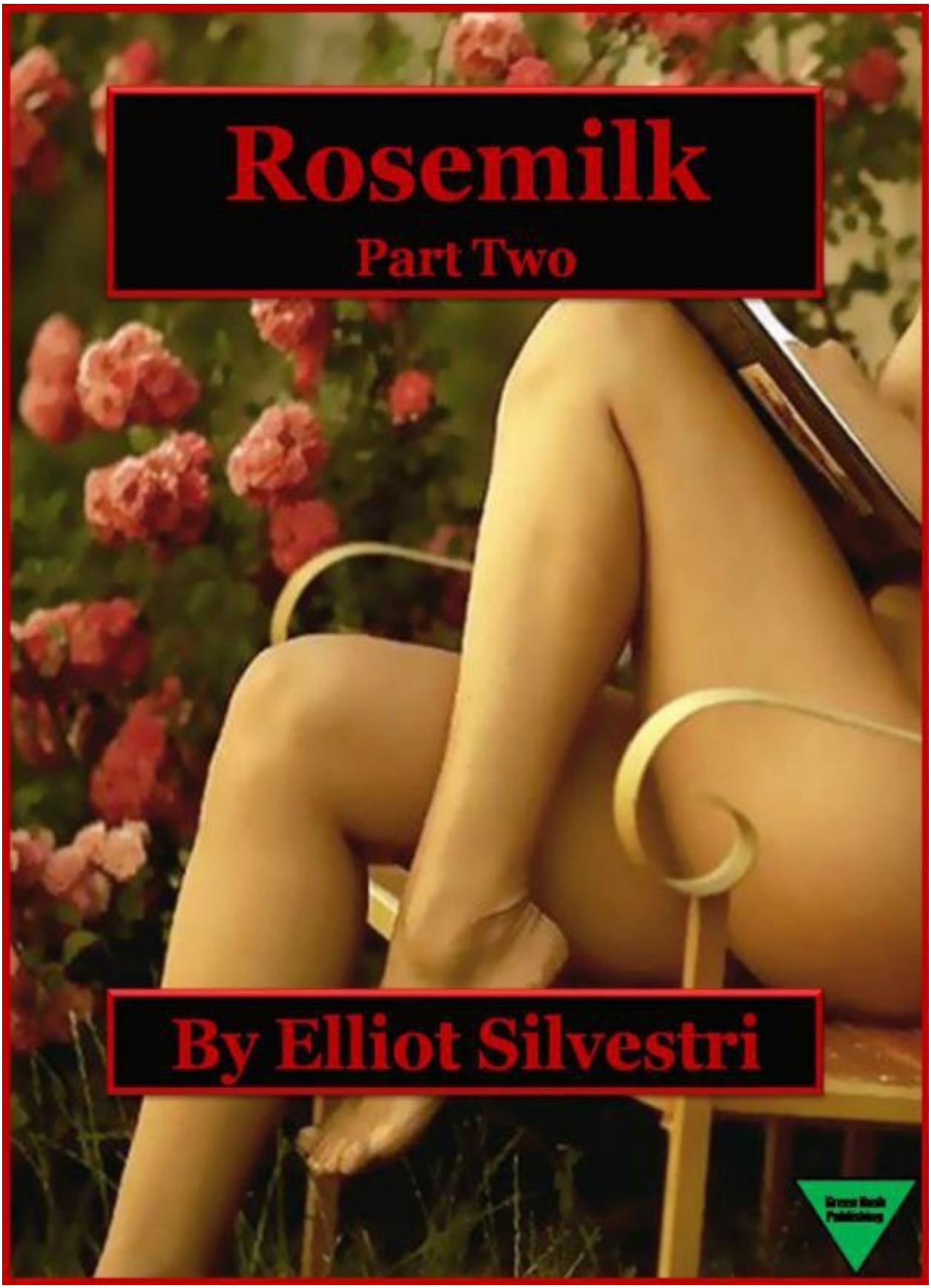
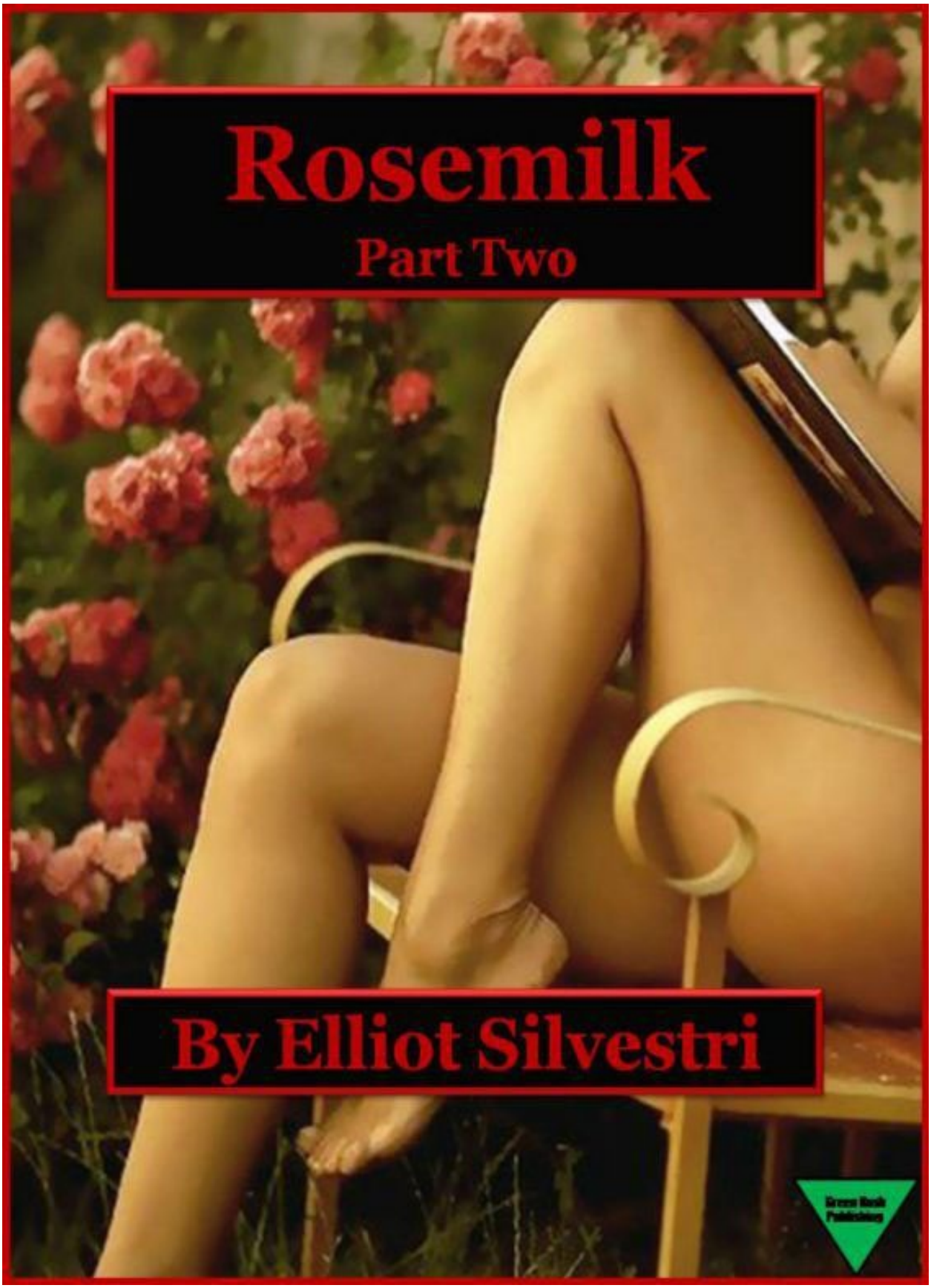

Rosemilk
Part Two
By Elliot Silvestri


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Smashwords Edition

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Part Two

Chapter Four

The next day began much as the previous. Mistress Kim woke her up. Mistress looked haggard and barely awake, Rose noted. Kim was carrying a coffee cup and allowed Rose to pee before she was hooked up to the milker again. When she was brought inside to eat a breakfast of the high protein mix she had been given the previous day Kim put the full bottle of Rose's milk in the refrigerator. Rose was certain the ground food mix was to be her only food for the foreseeable future. She wondered where the bottle from the previous day had gone.

"Have her work out in the garden today," Kim instructed Analise, the other maid that Rose had come to recognize. "Weeding and cleaning. Most of the flowers are already blown, do what you think is best."

"I'm no gardener," Analise commented.

Rose wanted to tell them gardening was one of her hobbies that she didn't get enough time to do at home. Speaking didn't seem necessary at the moment. Besides, neither had addressed her.

"I don't care," Kim mumbled. "Just get the gardens cleaned up the best you can. It's supposed to be nice today but maybe not the rest of the week. She can work outside without clothes. And when she's done get her cleaned up."

Analise sighed and grabbed Rose's chain when the slave was done eating leading her outside to the back garden where the remaining plants from a beautiful summer garden were slowly fading away. There was a long metal leash that Analise swapped for the short one she had lead Rose on. The long leash was locked to one of the many rings Rose noted were scattered throughout the garden. Among the traditional chairs and garden lattices Rose saw a variety of implements and structures that could only be used for sex games. Around the corner was a storage shed with everything she needed. Rose happily got to work. Analise watched her for a moment and then went inside.

From inside the house Kim observed her slave working in the garden via the network of cameras set in and around the property. They were all hooked into the small computer network that had been set up so she could work at the Farm as well as at her office in the city. Kim had every intention of working through the day and then get ready for the small private party this evening. Instead she found herself staring at Rose as she worked. The woman was overweight—not by much—but her ass was too large and her breasts hung a little low on her chest.

Kim wondered if Rose's tits hung so low because she had been lactating for more than four years. Were they so big because they were always full of milk or because the girl was a little chubby? Her stomach wasn't bad at all. She wasn't a lesbian, but Kim found herself mesmerized by the woman's body.

Mark slipped into the office and noticed his partner was staring at the closed video feed. "Aren't you supposed to be working and not watching porn?" he asked jokingly. He had been making some modifications to the St. Andrew's cross they kept in the basement dungeon but had gotten done much quicker than he had planned for. His job was construction and maintenance around the Farm; Kim's job was the front office.

"I'm tired," she complained. Her chin was in her hand and her elbow was propped on the desk to keep her head from falling to her chest.

"You work too hard," he told her.

"I have to in order to keep this little enterprise going." The words hung between them. They both were well-aware of what they needed to do to keep KNM Holdings a viable company. It was work, but work they enjoyed because of the outcomes. Kim handled the office work and Mark took care of the physical requirements of the Farm. Even so, it would have been impossible to get their company established if not for their semi-silent partners who were frequent guests at the Farm.

He watched the screen for a moment before saying anything else. "I didn't know you were into chubby lesbian action."

"I'm not," she replied, annoyed. "She's my slave and I'm responsible for her welfare."

"You were drooling over her."

“I’m fascinated by her.”

“Going over to the Sapphic side?” he asked. He had seen Kim have sex with many different women. She wasn’t a lesbian. If anything she was straight, only playing with women when the mood struck her—which was rare—or if she was indulging one of Mark’s fantasies—which wasn’t so rare—or if she needed to do so to fulfill a guest’s wish—which happened irregularly. She didn’t even consider herself bi; sex with women was just something she did when needed.

“No,” she mumbled.

Mark watched her a moment. Kim’s eyes stayed closed longer than a blink.

“Go upstairs and take a nap,” he ordered her.

“No.”

“You’re just sitting there half staring at the screen. I’ll keep an eye on Rose. Go sleep. There’s nothing you need to do right now.”

“Are you going to fuck her?”

“No.”

“Are you going to come fuck me and wake me up?”

“No.”

“Fine.” Kim stood and stumbled out the door and up the stairs, collapsing into the bed of the room just cleaned by Steffie. The maid was in the next room and looked at her boss with a huff.

When Rose was done with the garden it was late in the afternoon. The weeds were pulled. The beds had been cleaned up. It looked a hundred times better than it had in the morning. Rose was pleasantly worn-out and covered in a fine layer of sweat. When Analise came outside to free her, she nodded in approval and brought the girl inside to the employee’s locker room. Her cuffs and collar were unlocked and removed before she showered. Rose luxuriated in the warm water

under Analise's watchful eye. After she was cleaned up Analise stepped forward and pressed her fingers to Rose's pussy.

"Stubble," she said disgustedly. "Do you shave or wax?"

"Shave."

Analise sighed, opened a locker and pulled out a can of shaving cream and a razor. "Get to work. Legs, armpits, pussy. Everything must go."

There was a plastic and wood bench in the shower space where Rose could sit down and shave herself. After all her hair was removed, she felt even better. Being a milk cow slave for the Farm wasn't so bad, she reflected. Rose was looking forward to the evening wondering what new games Mistress Kim had in store for her. She shivered with fear and anticipation. Analise watched her clean and shave herself. When she was done Analise said, "Put your cuffs back on. I'll lock you up."

She slowly obeyed and formed her question carefully. "What will I be doing tonight, if I may ask?"

"You shouldn't ask," Analise said quietly. There was an unspoken menace in her answer. There was a crop hanging from her belt. She was wearing leather pants and a bustier much like Mistress Kim wore giving her the appearance of a dominatrix. "But I'll tell you. You're going to be part of the buffet tonight. You'll be supply fresh milk to whoever wants it." She pulled the crop from her belt and, holding it in her right hand, tapped it on her left.

Rose wanted to ask more questions, but she didn't dare risk it. She allowed Analise to clip the lash to her collar. She was taken aback for a moment when her trainer presented a ball gag but she opened her mouth and accepted the gag. Analise buckled the device behind her neck, handed her a small red flag, and led the slave upstairs. In the large common room a buffet table had been set up next to the small bar that was always in place. On the buffet table was food—but it was arranged on the naked body of a very pretty girl who was lying perfectly still.

Rose had heard of and seen picture of nude sushi, but it was something else entirely to see it in person. It was hard to determine the girls' ethnicity, she had long dark hair and skin that was slightly olivine, but she could have been half-

Greek and half-Japanese, or something else entirely. The girl didn't seem at all disturbed that all sorts of food was being placed on her body with the understanding the guests would be eating it from her. Rose noted the girl's large breasts were coated with some sticky sauce and the chef arranging the food covered her from knees to chin in all manner of edibles. He didn't spare her shaved vulva or the entrance to her pussy. Rose couldn't identify what half the foods were but what looked like carrots had been carefully inserted between her labia. The Farm went for all natural in this particular fetish—the girl didn't have a barrier of plastic wrap between her and the food. When the model saw Rose staring at her she smiled but said nothing.

It was the object right next to the bar that worried her. There had been several St. Andrew's crosses out in the garden. This one wasn't from the garden, but it was just as big and just as scary. Worse, instead of being perfectly vertical or slightly reclined, this one was leaning forward. It was carefully bolted to the floor and ceiling, but that did not make Rose set aside her apprehension. She desperately wanted to ask Analise what was going to happen, but with the gag in that was impossible.

With a tug to her collar Analise led her over to the cross and quickly latched her wrists to the two uprights. She knew she could drop the flag at any point, but Rose wanted to see what would happen next. This wasn't just scary; it was an adventure she could find nowhere else. A belt was looped and tightened around her waist, and then a second one was added just below her breasts and one just above them. These were tightened and attached to bolts in the wall behind her. She wasn't immobilized, but when her legs were pulled back by Analise and the ankles chained to the cross, her weight was held largely by the belts. She managed to partly stay on her toes and hold herself slightly with her arms.

She didn't wonder why they had done this to her. Her breasts hung heavy and free as she was suspended from the cross. A table was brought over and placed next to the bar where she hung and then a bowl was placed on the table. It was precisely positioned under her hanging teats. The sushi chef finished with his girl and bartender in leather fetish gear walked behind the bar. He grinned at her predicament but said nothing.

A moment later the main doors to the common room opened and Mistress Kim swept in a group that numbered perhaps a dozen people. Rose cast her eyes down. She couldn't face these strangers when she was bound in such a

humiliating position. She did glance up as they filled the room. All were nicely attired and looked to be happy and pleasant. No one mocked her. A few commented on the pretty girls laid out for them, but the jokes were mild and mostly in admiration of the display.

Kim called for attention and made a short announcement. “We’re still waiting for a few guests to show up, so while you wait, please have some sushi—no full meal tonight, I’m afraid—and the bar is open for your pleasure. As always, drink in moderation. This is a social club, not a frat party.” There were a few chuckles. “The sushi has been prepared in the new traditional nyotaimori style. It’s customary to eat directly from the server’s body, our chef can instruct you if you need assistance. And next to our traditional bar we have the Farm’s newest slave, Rose, who is providing fresh breast milk to those who would like to try it directly from the source. Our bartender Ashe is also ready to serve specialty drinks made with Rose’s milk that we harvested from her earlier. Enjoy!” There was a small round of cheers as the party started.

Rose’s face flamed red. Was she merely to be part of the drink dispensing part of the party? She wasn’t even being used as a waitress, she was nothing but a cow.

Several of the attendees came immediately to the sushi girl and sampled a bit of the Asian cuisine right off her body. Rose watched it from the corner of her eyes. It was erotic watching the whole process and for a minute she wished she was the one with food on her body. The girl wasn’t Japanese or any Asian ethnicity that Rose could tell. Did that make a difference? Drinks were served and hardly anyone took notice of Rose—she was happy for that.

“How hard do you need to suck to get her milk?” a tall bald man asked Ashe the bartender.

“I’m told she’s an easy milker. Maybe a little bit harder than if you were drinking from a straw. It’s always a bit difficult to get breast milk flowing, once it starts though, it comes easy.”

The bald man reached out and ran a finger up and down Rose’s left tit. She didn’t flinch away, but she felt terribly exposed and worthless. “They’re warm and heavy,” he commented. There was more than just common lust in his eyes. He was the sort of man who liked to try a different fetish every once in a while to see if it was something he wanted to add to his repertoire.

Ashe nodded. “They get that way when she’s ready to give milk. Want to give it a try?”

He shook his head. “No. I’m more interested in the drinks you’re mixing with her milk. How does that work?”

“Simple. For the most part I just exchange plain milk or cream with breast milk. Some minor modifications are needed in certain drinks. Care to try a White Russian?”

“Sure.”

Rose kept a close eye on Ashe’s bar work. The mixing of the cocktail progressed as she normally expected. When it was time to add the cream Ashe pulled a bottle out of the refrigerator beneath the bar, shook it violently, and poured a measure of the thin white liquid over the liquor and ice. The bald man tried the drink and nodded his approval.

As he walked away, Rose felt a part of herself die. Was she nothing but a source of milk, a bit of amusement and decoration for those around her?

More drinks were poured and sushi eating continued until a man playful glint in his eye asked Ashe if he could try some fresh milk.

“Have at it,” Ashe replied gesturing toward Rose’s full, heavy breasts. “Just don’t suck too hard or bite her nipples. And leave some for the other guests. Fresh is really the best if you’re looking for flavor.”

“I’ve never tried tit milk before, fresh or otherwise,” he commented. It was lust in his eye, Rose decided. It was okay because her breasts were getting heavier as the evening progressed. And she had grown a bit jealous of the sushi model who had her skin licked and sucked multiple times already. One couple had even removed the carrot sticks from her pussy and consumed them. Rose was getting no love at all.

He ducked his head down a bit and when the playful man’s lips touched her nipple, Rose immediately felt her body relaxing. He sucked firmly, at little too hard at first, but then he adjusted his technique after a few hard pulls at her tit. It didn’t take much to get her going. The jokester was quickly rewarded with a flood of sweet milk in his mouth. He raised his eyes in surprise and appreciation.

He wasn’t greedy, though he wanted to be. After a minute he released her tit. She looked down happily at him and he nodded back at her.

“Delicious,” he complimented her. Rose could say nothing from behind her gag. She couldn’t even smile at him. Then he noticed that her free left breast was dripping ever so slightly. The beads of milk had quickly collected into drops that were falling into the bowl beneath her. He dipped his head again and licked the milk that was escaping her tit. “Still tasty,” he said. His grin didn’t go away. “Amy, Jimmy, come over here and try the fresh milk. Best you’ve ever had!”

The couple he called over were a bit hesitant at first, but at his constant urging Jimmy finally gave Rose’s wet breast a lick. “Very sweet,” he said.

“Keep going,” his friend encouraged him.

Jimmy bent his head down again and sucked eagerly, audibly swallowing the best of Rose’s milk. When he pulled back his partner gave a shrug and leaned forward to sample from Rose as well. Her lips were warm and soft on Rose’s nipple. She noticed that women showed more care in using and touching Rose’s breasts; they were better at sucking the milk she felt.

Once the first three had sampled Rose’s milk, the dam all but broke and the partiers started to line up to taste her. She brought her head up and showed some pride in what she was producing for them. She was making them happy with her body’s milk and that alone was a source for celebration. When someone wasn’t sucking on her tits, Rose’s milk still continued to flow, albeit more slowly, dripping into the bowl beneath her. Soon it had collected a sizable amount and she was starting to see the same faces suckling from her a second or third time. Not all the guests tried her milk, but most did.

She was happy to serve them; that was her role. She knew she was a slave and a cow and that to try and defy her role would only upset herself. Her head picked up and she started scanning the crowd, wondering what portion of the group had suckled from her. And then she saw Justin at the back of the room talking to a pretty redhead and a very short Japanese woman. He didn’t see her look up. He didn’t see her notice him. He assuredly knew she was there—he had sent her to the Farm. Had he come to humiliate her? Had he come to bring her home? Instantly she dropped he head back down and pondered his appearance.

There wasn’t long to think about it. As her breasts dripped steadily into the bowl

Kim stood up and made another announcement. “Now that we’re all here and have time to mingle, let’s start pairing off,” she said. The crowed quieted and two jars with slips of paper were placed on the table in front of her. “As always, if your name is called along with the person you came here with or your regular partner, new names will be drawn. The idea is to have a new partner tonight. Explore the possibilities. All couples will be male-female, if you wish to make a foursome, that’s fine, but again not with your regular partner.”

It’s a modern key party, Rose realized, with naked sushi and breast milk. What the hell am I doing?

“Suzette and Jerry,” Kim called out. The new partners quickly found each other and headed out the door hand-in-hand.

“Joanne and Roy,” Kim said drawing two new slips of paper. Laughter burst out. Kim looked up. “Married are you?” she asked. “Didn’t I draw your names together last time?”

Joanne nodded. “ Must be we’re meant to be.”

Kim dropped one slip and pulled out another. “Joanne and Rick.” There were a few claps and Joanne kissed her husband on the cheek before walking off with rick.

Roy was quickly partnered with Theresa, Josh and Valerie left together. When half the names were gone Rose wondered if Justin had come here to take her home.

“Justin and Midori,” Kim announced.

Without a backward look Justin circled his arm around the Japanese girl and walked out the door with her. Rose dropped her head and let a tear slide from her eye.

She missed the rest of the pairings as Kim called out the names. No one else drank from her breasts. Normally that would have disappointed her, but she was too distracted by Justin’s appearance at the Farm and his quick disappearance with Midori. Ashe and the sushi chef started cleaning up and the nude model removed what little food remained on her body. The model took a towel from Ashe and started wiping herself down. Not one guest noticed Rose as her breasts

slowly stopped dripping.

Eventually Mistress Kim came back to the common room to release her slave. She immediately noticed that Rose was crying, but said nothing, only unclipped her feet, then loosened and released the belts around her torso, eventually unhooking her wrist cuffs as well. Shortly Rose was free, wearing her cuffs and collar, but stood quietly before Kim with her head bowed.

“It was hard seeing Justin leave with another woman, wasn’t it?” she asked her milk cow.

Rose just nodded yes. She wished that Kim would remove her gag, but she didn’t dare indicate her desire or touch the gag.

“He’s doing it because he loves you. Did you know that?” She lightly patted Rose’s cheek, trying to reassure her.

Rose shook her head no, not understanding.

“Let me show you.” The leash was snapped back onto Rose’s collar and Kim led her through the house. Upstairs Rose could hear the sounds of sex—moans, groans, flesh slapping on flesh, the crack of floggers, the buzz of vibrators—but Kim brought her through the kitchen and into the small office. Kim took the chair in front of the laptop and quickly cycled through the many video feeds until she found the one she wanted. “Here we are,” she announced, tilting the screen so that Rose could see.

The image wasn’t very good. It wasn’t centered and the focus was slightly off. It was more like a security camera than a voyeur’s tool, but it communicated the idea. Midori was sprawled on a bed, naked. Justin was on the bed between her legs eating her pussy. The woman was obviously enjoying what he was doing to her body and was twisting her nipples between her thumbs and forefingers. She had tiny tits and Rose was immediately jealous—she was unsure why, if it was because Justin was eating another woman’s pussy or the other woman had smaller, firmer tits than her.

“Oh, look, he’s about to mount her,” Kim exclaimed. Her eyes were shining with excitement. Rose had seen enough porn in her time to not be disgusted by the scene nor was she particularly aroused. In fact, she was just plain jealous. She and Justin had played fantasy games where they talked about swingers clubs or

bringing another woman or couple into their bed, but that was just talk. That was just fantasy that maybe someday they would make reality. She never considered that Justin would cheat on her with another woman. And he was cheating on her while knowing that she had seen him and knew what he was doing with the other woman.

Justin pulled back from Midori's pussy and slid up her body. Rose watched as the other woman put a hand between their legs to help Justin find the right angle into her cunt. They kissed and Rose saw Justin's buttocks clench and his hips rock back and forth as he began fucking her. Midori wrapped her legs and arms around her lover.

Rose turned away, unable to watch the scene any further. Her body started shaking with sobs. Tears flowed down her face.

"Oh, no, poor dear," Kim said. The words were oddly formal, but Kim wasn't mocking her. "Haven't you ever seen your husband make love with another woman?"

Rose shook her head.

"Oh." Kim stepped close and reached behind Rose's head, unbuckling her gag. After she removed it Kim gave her and oddly intimate kiss on her lips that lingered more than would ever be considered appropriated. "Poor dear. It can be a magical thing to watch your partner have sex with someone else. There's no best way, it's all highly individualized. But you've had sex with how many men since you got here? Eight? Ten? The only difference is that it wasn't in front of Justin. Don't worry. I took care of that. I sent him some videos of what you've been doing. He was quite pleased."

Rose gasped. "How could you!" she blurted out.

Kim's hand moved faster than she could see. The slap across her face stung and snapped her head halfway around. Kim moved quickly to bind Rose's hand behind her back. In another moment a chain was attached between her ankle cuffs.

"Never question me," she told Rose calmly. There was a large comfortable sitting chair in the corner of the office. Kim pushed the restrained Rose over the back, forcing her ass up and out. It never occurred to Rose to resist. The hard

strikes of Kim's crop across her ass stung like white fire. She screamed with pain. "Ten strokes," Kim announced when she was done. "One for each man who had his cock inside of you since you came to the Farm. Do you need more?"

"No, Mistress Kim."

"Good." She yanked the collar chain and before she knew it Rose was following Kim out of the house and across the lawn to the barn. She was summarily locked in her cage with a small bowl of food and her water bottle.

"I'd suggest you masturbate to the thought of your husband fucking that pretty little Japanese girl. He looked like he was having a good time. You might as well too." She snapped the lights off and left.

To Rose's great shame she did exactly as Kim told her. Her orgasm was the hardest when she pictured Justin cumming inside Midori.

Chapter Five

Kim walked into the barn carrying her coffee cup. When she snapped on the lights the smell of urine was in the air. That was not correct. Had Rose already failed at controlling the simplest base needs of her body? She looked angrily at Rose's cage where her slave was sitting up and looking humiliated.

"What did you do?" she demanded of the girl

"I'm sorry, Mistress Kim, but I couldn't hold it in any longer." Tear were already streaking down her face. Kim strode over to the cage and saw that Rose had been very smart about dealing with her little accident. The girl had finished everything in her food bowl and when she could no longer hold in her pee, she had used it as a chamber pot. Kim sighed and wondered what time it was. It seemed like early in the morning but she wasn't wearing her watch, wasn't carrying her cell phone, and the barn had been created without any clocks. Had the slave been waiting far longer than necessary for her to come and free her so she could pee?

But she couldn't let Rose see that she was anything other than dominant in every aspect of the Farm, especially when dealing with a misbehaving slave. "I'm pleased to see you didn't make a mess. If you can get out of your cage without spilling, there will be no further punishment."

She unlocked the cage and watched as Rose carefully climbed out, then reached back in to retrieve her bowl of urine. They walked out to the toilet and disposed of the yellow liquid. "Put the bowl down on the ground," Kim instructed, "and put your hands on the barn wall." They were still outside and the mist from the early morning was still burning off in the weak sunlight.

Rose did as instructed and screamed twice as Kim's paddle struck each ass cheek twice.

When Rose looked questioningly back at her mistress she said, "I said there would be no further punishment. There is always punishment for misbehavior. Peeing is for outside or on a toilet, not in your food dish. Take it inside, clean the

kitchen. Steffie will have breakfast for you. Then you will be cleaning the play rooms upstairs today." Rose scampered off to the back entrance to the house.

When she arrived back at the house, Mark was waiting for her on the porch with a bagel. "That was uncommonly cruel of you. If a slave had done that a month ago, you would have reached between her legs and given her a nice little orgasm as a present."

"She should be happy I didn't smack her pussy with the crop instead of her ass," Kim grumped.

Mark's eyes narrowed. "What's the matter? When was the last time you had sex?"

"I masturbated last night," she said.

"When was the last time you had sex?" he repeated.

"Masturbation is sex."

"When was the last time you had sex with someone besides yourself?"

"I don't know," she said. It was hard to think straight in the morning when her mind was still fuzzy. "A while."

"I had sex three times this weekend, not once with you. We need to set a little time aside for ourselves."

"We can when we're done with the slave," Kim told him. "I need to shower and get to the city office. There's a lot I need to do today. You're working in the barn?"

"Yes."

"See that Rose is taken care of."

Kim pushed by him and headed straight for the shower.

The day-to-day financial and planning operations of the Farm were a giant pain

in the ass. Analise helped out the best she could but Kim kept much of the office work for herself. When she got back to the Farm she had a headache but took the time to inspect the upstairs before she came to the dining room table. Rose once again had done an excellent job cleaning the rooms. Everything was perfect and in place. Steffie was gone. Analise was with her submissive boyfriend back in the city. Mark and Kim had the Farm to themselves…along with Rose.

When she got back to the dining room she found Mark waiting for her…along with Rose who was sitting at the table ready to eat the same meal intended for Mark and Kim. True, she was naked and wearing her collar, but that was hardly the correct role for a slave.

“She shouldn’t be at the table,” she said testily to Mark.

“I’ve given her permission to eat with us,” he said.

“She’s a slave,” Kim pointed out.

“She’s still a human being.”

“No,” Kim contradicted him. “She’s a slave, less than human.”

Mark regarded her calmly. “I invited her to dinner. She had no special status here. She is still your slave. She’s wearing her collar and cuffs. I intend to take you to bed tonight and have sex with you. I’m going to have Rose there was well. She’s not my slave, she’s my sex partner.” He took a drink of wine. “Not everything is about you, Kim.”

His partner angrily took her seat across from him and started eating. Mark and Rose joined in. He made small talk while they ate, carrying the conversation. Kim gave him curt answers because she was angry with him. Rose gave him short answers because she was afraid of Kim.

When they were done Kim ordered Rose to clear the table and wash the dishes.

“Meet us back in our bedroom when you’re done,” Mark told Rose. Their small bedroom on the Farm was on the ground floor away from the playrooms upstairs giving them some measure of privacy when they had guests.

“You’re not going to get me to have sex,” Kim informed him.

“You can have angry sex with me,” he said, “or you can go back to the city and sleep there alone.”

“Fine,” she gave in just to be obnoxious. “But I won’t like it.”

“Whatever it takes,” he agreed. Kim allowed him to strip her and they got into bed. Their sex life wasn’t that much different from most traditional couples, except they often included sex games with other people. Mark laid her down, kissing her lips and neck. His hands wandered and eventually one found its way between her legs. She parted her thighs and allowed him access to her pussy.

“You’re dry,” he said with some surprise when he felt he labia.

“I told you I wasn’t in the mood.”

“You said you’d have sex,” he reminded her.

“We’ve got lube.”

“Fine.” Mark turned to the nightstand to get the lube when there was a tentative knock at the door. “Ah. Come in, Rose.”

The young woman opened the door and stepped inside the small bedroom. She was unsure what to do, Mark wanted her in bed and Kim obviously was angry with her. She stood stock still, wearing only her bindings, eyes downcast.

“She’s a bit plump, isn’t she?” Kim said grouchily.

“Quiet, dear,” Mark told her. “Get on the bed between us, Rose. I bet your breasts are starting to feel full and heavy, aren’t they?”

“Yes, sir,” she replied.

“Don’t take my authority away from me,” Kim told him.

“I’m not. Get on the bed, girl,” he repeated. Kim and Mark moved apart letting her fit on the mattress between them. She laid down on her back. Her breasts didn’t sag over to the sides but stood upright on her chest.

“At least now I have a little space from you,” Kim said sharply to Mark.

“Nurse from her,” Mark told her. He leaned down, took Rose’s fat nipple into his mouth and sucked. Rose sighed with surprise and relief. Her milk started flowing immediately. Mark savored the thin, creamy liquid on his tongue and swallowed, then sucked some more. Rose hadn’t moved at all. He looked up at his partner and then released Rose’s tit to her disappointment. “Why aren’t you nursing?”

“She’s my slave,” Kim pointed out. “I’m not going to nurse from her. That would be…debasing.”

Mark sighed with frustration. “Yes, she’s your slave. And she’s offering you a part of herself, she’s making a sacrifice for you.”

“When a slave makes a sacrifice for me, it involves them enduring pain or foregoing sex because the slave loves me and with only have sex with me. Me nursing from her relieves her of pain and gives her sexual pleasure. That is not my role as mistress.”

“She’s giving you a part of herself, her milk. Before coming to the Farm she only shared her milk with her husband and children. At the Farm, she gives it to whomever you order her to. This is her most precious gift. I can’t believe you’d refuse that from her.”

Rose was uncomfortable between the couple as they argued. She laid stock still not wanting to call additional attention to herself.

“I should give her a good paddling is what I should do,” Kim complained.

“You can do that. But first, take her milk. She only happily offers it to those she loves.”

“Please, mistress,” Rose pleaded. She put her hand under her right breast and lifted it slightly toward Kim. “You’d do me the greatest honor. For an owner to drink from a slave is taking a part of her away forever.” Rose had tears brimming in her eyes. Kim had seen the same look in other slaves who were about to break. She didn’t feel like dealing with a weeping, hysterical slave tonight.

She acquiesced. “Fine.” Mistress Kim lowered her mouth to Rose’s breast and tentatively suckled. Mark had already primed the girl so it was very easy to get a mouthful of milk. Rose was startled at how sweet the milk was. It was warm and tasty; it took her no effort at all to keep nursing and drinking. Mark lowered his

head back down to Rose's other breast and they drank together. It didn't take them terribly long to drain both of Rose's tits. The milk warmed Kim's tummy and soothed her mood.

Without realizing it Kim hand relaxed and when the breast she had been suckling stopped giving milk she ran her tongue lazily around the nipple, feeling the bumps of the Montgomery glands on the girl's areola.

"Feel between her legs," Mark said to Kim when they were done feasting on their slave. Kim checked the girl's pussy and found it sopping wet. Apparently breastfeeding turned on the poor thing. As a dominant and the slave's owner Kim couldn't decide if she was amused or angered and enthralled. As always she kept control of her emotions and directly addressed the situation.

"A slave should always be wet and ready for her master," Kim said. "Are you going to fuck her?"

"No, I want to fuck you," he told her.

"Well, get on board," Kim said rolling to her back and spreading her legs. Mark felt her pussy. It was still dry. Normally when Kim was excited her pussy was sopping wet. She couldn't hide her arousal to save her life.

"You aren't ready yet," he declared. "Rose, go down on her. Get her pussy good and wet, get her excited."

Rose had never before been told to have sex with a woman. She had never had the desire, but as a slave she couldn't refuse. Oddly, even though Kim treated her harshly, she had quickly developed great affection for her mistress. Did she love Kim? Rose was unsure, but the opportunity to lick and kiss the other woman's pussy would certainly make her mistress happier with her and maybe that would make Kim love her.

It was a bit of a struggle to actually force herself to move down between Kim's legs. The older woman neither helped nor hindered her slave's progress. Rose was aroused, but she had been expecting to suck Mark's cock or receive a good fucking from him while Kim watched. She knew she could do this, it was getting started that was the hard part.

Kim's scent wasn't strong. Her dark blond pubic hair had been shaped into a neat

rectangle that started above her slit and extended upward three inches. Her labia and other parts of her sex were completely hairless. There was no razor stubble so Rose surmised the Kim must have waxed it off or used another permanent removal method. Kim shifted her hips and lifted her knees a bit as Rose moved between her legs. Her pussy delicately opened revealing a bright pink vag that was only slightly moist. Rose closed her eyes and leaned down, kissing Kim on the rectangle of hair, then slowly moving down to her pussy.

I don't want to be a lesbian, Rose thought at first when her lips and tongue made contact with Kim's sex. I want her to enjoy this, was her second thought.

Not knowing exactly what to do and never having performed cunnilingus before, Rose resorted to doing what she liked Justin to do to her when he at her pussy. Apparently that was what Kim enjoyed. It didn't take long as all before Kim started breathing heavily and twisting her hips under Rose's face.

Rose slipped her hands under Kim's thighs and held her mistress down. She didn't dare look up at either Kim or Mark. That wasn't her place. Soon Kim was leaking her natural juices and Rose found she had to swallow a bit to prevent herself from choking.

"Put a finger in her pussy," Mark told her softly.

Doing as he instructed Rose slipped her forefinger inside Kim, curling it upwards, searching for her mistress's g-spot. Between her tongue teasing the clit and her finger stroking the inner walls of the pussy, Kim started to lose herself. The orgasm came quickly and unexpectedly with a small gush of liquid that covered Rose's hand and Kim's legs clamped on her head.

"Very good," Mark said when Kim's legs fell back down. Rose looked up. He had been stroking his cock; it was big and red. "Move," he told her. Rose retreated and Mark sank his cock into his best friend and partner. She immediately wrapped arms and legs around him.

"Up here," Kim ordered.

Rose was unsure what Kim wanted but moved up the bed. Kim's hand found its way between Rose's legs and two fingers penetrated into her pussy. While Mark fucked Kim she played with Rose's pussy. It wasn't enough to get Rose off, but it was just enough to keep her distracted and wanting more. Both Mark and Kim

were already keyed up; it didn't take him long to get up, emptying his balls into her pussy. Rose knew from the sounds Kim made that her mistress was experiencing a satisfying orgasm.

They rested together a minute but Kim never stopped moving her fingers in Rose's pussy. Rose desperately wanted to cum, but didn't know if it was appropriate or not. She kept silent and let Kim do as she pleased.

Eventually Mark levered himself off his partner. "Do you want her to clean your cock?" Kim asked him.

"What?"

"Clean your cock. Suck off the cum and everything," Kim said giving him a weird look.

"Oh. I thought you said clean my clock. I wasn't sure why you wanted her to hit me and knocked me out." He chuckled.

Kim closed her eyes and endured his pathetic joke. "Go to the bathroom and clean yourself. My slave is too good for you." Laughing all the way Mark got off the bed and staggered to the bathroom. Kim turned to her slave. "Would you like to get off?"

"Yes, mistress," Rose said softly, lowering her eyes, not daring to gaze at the other woman.

"Stay on your hands and knees," Kim instructed as she stood up on the floor and walked around behind Rose. She reached between the slave's legs where her pussy was exposed, wet, and open. It felt odd to Rose that a woman was masturbating her, but once the oddness had passed, she could only concentrate on Kim's busy fingers that played with her clit and ever-so-slightly penetrated her asshole.

The touch of Kim's fingers against her anus was all Rose needed. She fairly shook at the orgasm that took over her body provided as Kim's boon to her slave. When she was done Rose had the presence of mind to ask, "Can I lay down now, mistress?"

Kim couldn't help but smile. Rose was facing the wall and couldn't see her. "Of

course you may, dear." Rose slid forward onto her belly and half turned to embrace a pillow that had been knocked askew. Kim admired her wide, firm ass. The girl needed to lose a few pounds, certainly, but there was something nice to be said about young women who were full of curves and neither emaciated waifs nor Wal-Mart shopping fat slobs.

"That was very pretty," Mark said from the across the room. He was leaning against the doorjamb admiring what his partner had done to her slave.

"Jealous?" Kim asked him.

"Not at all."

She wanted to run to the bathroom as well. Mark didn't cum in copious amounts, but he had filled up her pussy and now she could feel it start to slide out of her body. Instead she got back into the bed and curled up next to Rose, feeling the softness of her flesh and the smoothness of her skin. "I think I'll allow my slave to spend the night with us," she announced. "If you're good I'll allow you to stay," she told Mark. "And if you're very good I'll let you fuck her in the morning."

Although Rose was being given a great honor in sharing her mistress's bed, she was barely aware of it for she had already drifted to the twilight land between waking and sleeping. Mark got in the bed. Rose lay between him and his partner. Kim allowed him to lean across her slave and kiss her on the lips before they turned off the light. She lay there a while listening to the other two lightly snore, letting Mark's cum drip from her pussy.

Rose awoke because of a kiss from Mistress Kim. Her mistress was delighted to see she was awake. "Do you have to pee?" she asked, having slipped out of the bed and gone herself already. It was always Kim's most urgent need first thing in the morning and she didn't want Rose uncomfortable right away. She had plans.

"Yes, mistress."

"Go." She pointed to the bathroom and slid out from between the sheets. Rose practically ran to obey. Only when sitting on the toilet did she feel a little odd because she was still wearing her cuffs and collar. It was strange, almost wrong.

But she brushed those feelings aside and trotted back to the bed when she was done. Mark hadn't stirred yet and Kim was on her back awaiting her toy's return.

She went to slip between the sheets, but Kim stopped her. "No. Straddle my hips. I want to drink from your tits." It took a minute of choreography, but eventually Rose found the correct position by putting her hands on the wall above the bed and hanging her breasts in Kim's face while Kim reclined on her pillows. Her ass was jutting into the air, her pussy and asshole exposed to any who might view them—though they were in the privacy of the house and bedroom. Rose felt foolish and exposed in the position, but it was what her mistress wanted and so it was what she got.

Kim grasped Rose's heavy breast, brought it to her lips, sucked in the nipple and areola, and began drinking the fresh milk from her slave. It was an odd feeling. The situation was both subservient and sexual, two complimentary emotions Kim often used and inflicted on her guests, but it was rare for her to feel both of them. Rose was offering herself to Kim without condition. Kim was used to that obedience but she wasn't used to feeling the sexual component of their embrace. It was intimate beyond what Kim liked. Still, she enjoyed the game they were playing and Rose enjoyed the relief Kim's suckling provided her.

The rhythm of suck and release and suck again was vaguely reminiscent of intercourse and Kim lost herself in the pattern. It wasn't too long before she realized that the breast in her mouth had gone dry. She released it with a wet smack and went to take up the other one. Rose sighed and inhaled sharply was Kim took up the second nipple. It was harder than its twin but before she could begin nursing they were interrupted by Mark.

"Do you mind if I have some of that?" He was laying on his side watching the two women. Kim didn't know how long he had been awake and was distantly bothered by his request. She was being intimate with her slave and he was intruding. Certainly Mark had seen her fuck other men and a few women, it didn't bother her that he was watching—it bothered her that he was watching without her express permission, even though the feeding was taking place in his bed that was hers as well.

"No," she said greedily. "This is for me. You can fuck her when I'm done." And with that she went back to nursing from Rose. Her hard nipple softened after a few sucks from Kim and the two fell into their previous pattern. Mark got off the

bed, went to the bathroom, returned, watched them some more, masturbated as he watched. He desperately wanted to fuck either woman, but knew that Kim wouldn't allow it until she was ready.

It took her far too long in his opinion to finish nursing from Rose, but when she was done she instructed Rose to get off her. When Rose went to lie on the bed Mark stopped her. "No. I want to fuck you from behind. Rose briefly looked to Kim who nodded. The girl resumed her previous stance and Mark knelt behind her. His cock was already erect and her pussy was wet. Even so, Kim grabbed his cock as he was about to enter Rose and guided him into her. "Fuck that's good," he murmured as she accepted his manhood.

Kim watched them fuck for a minute and considered ordering Mark out of her and depositing his cum into her quim, but then stopped. No, that would be wrong. His cumming inside her last night had already changed her mood, a second dose wouldn't be immediately necessary, though she did desire it. Instead she left for the bathroom, stood under the shower's flowing water as she listened to Rose's yelps and moans of pleasure. Kim decided to cast aside propriety and masturbated in the shower to Rose's background music. No one would be the wiser, she laughed to herself when she turned off the shower and dried herself off.

Mark was still fucking the girl in the same position when Kim returned to dress herself. "For the sake of goodness fuck, finish the girl off and cum," she told him.

He was grasping her tits from behind forcing Rose to support both their weight. She was starting to strain from the exertion. "Her tits are soft and empty," Mark grunted as he continued to fuck her.

"Oh fucking hell," Kim complained and grabbed Mark's balls as they swayed back and forth between his legs as they continued their copulation. He startled slightly as she handled his most sensitive region. "Cum or I'll give them a twist," she threatened.

He redoubled his efforts but that wasn't enough for her. She gave his ballsack a half twist and he gasped from the pain—and then abruptly came. "Good," she said with satisfaction as the pair collapsed down to the mattress. She let them rest a minute while she pulled on her green thong and pink bra. "Mark, get in the

shower and get dressed. We have meetings this morning in the city. We don't have time to fool around."

"Fuck, give me a minute to recover," he mumbled into the pillow.

"Get moving or I'll slap your balls and you'll wish you had gotten up when I told you to."

"All right, all right," he complained and rolled off the bed.

Kim waited a moment until the bathroom door shut and the water started. "But you, Rose, we do have time to fool around." Rose said nothing as Kim rolled her over and spread her legs. Mark's semen was slowly leaking out of her. "Big secret I probably shouldn't tell you. I got started in high school giving blow jobs. I loved it. I realized I loved the feel and taste of spunk. Weird, I know. Just letting you know so you understand why I'm doing this."

Kim lowered her face between Rose's thighs and started eating her pussy. More precisely she started eating Mark's cum from Rose's pussy. Neither woman made a distinction between the two activities. Kim's busy tongue made Rose cum after she had cleaned up her slave's messy cunt. When she was done Rose wiped her face with the bed sheets and resume dressing. Rose watched her mistress put on conservative business clothes over the bright green thong and hot pink lace bra. The shower turned off as she pulled up her thigh high stockings. "Tell Mark I've gone downstairs for breakfast. You shower. Your instructions for the day will be in the kitchen. You've got a lot of work to do today, missy."

Mark and Kim had a quick breakfast and when Rose appeared in the kitchen Kim gave her an aggressively intimate kiss and pointed to the instructions on the counter. "Steffie will be here shortly. See that you don't disappoint her." With that Kim caressed her slave's nipple and let her standing in the middle of the kitchen alone and naked but for her cuffs and collar.

Rose had fed herself, cleaned the kitchen, cleaned Mistress Kim's bedroom, stripped and changed the bed sheets, started the laundry, and was mopping the front hall floorboards when Steffie finally appeared at the farmhouse.

"Come with me," she ordered Rose. When Rose stepped forward Steffie snapped a leather leash to the girl's collar and dragged her across the floor and out the front door to cross the lawn and into the bar. The confident dominatrix linked

Rose's cuffs together once they were inside the barn and ordered her to remain stock still. From one hip hung a paddle; from the other hung a short flexible switch. A thrill of fear went through Rose's body—but it wasn't tempered with a sexual thrill at all.

There were several hooks, pulleys, and ropes hanging from the bare beams of the barn's ceiling. Steffie lowered one of the hooks, clipped it to Rose's cuffs and quickly raised the girl's arms above her head. Suddenly she was all but immobilized. Rose couldn't stand flat; she was forced to stand on the balls of her feet. Steffie made a few minor adjustments to the rope that held up Rose's arms making her helpless.

"Have you ever been beaten, Rose?" Steffie asked her. Rose wished she was wearing her gag because then she wouldn't be able to answer her.

"No."

"Never had a boyfriend slap you around? Spank your ass? Slap your tits and pussy? Maybe use a paddle? Maybe hurt you a little because you liked it or because you asked for it? Never?"

Rose wanted to look down, but couldn't; she was afraid to look away from Steffie's fierce green eyes. "No, Mistress Kim."

"Never?" Steffie repeated.

Rose corrected herself. "I've been spanked a few times. Just playful fun. Nothing that hurt."

"Nothing like this?" Steffie lashed out with her paddle. Rose hadn't even seen her take it off her belt. The paddle struck her ass once and then twice. Rose screamed with each blow. The fair skin of her naked ass turned a bright pink. She tried to dance away from Steffie but that was impossible. Never had she felt so vulnerable, exposed and naked.

"Well? Answer me!" Steffie demanded.

"No, nothing like that," Rose cried out hoping that the pain would go away and Steffie would disappear. She knew it was a useless hope.

“Do you know why you’re out here in the barn?” Steffie asked her.

Rose’s eyes were watering and tears were starting slide out the corners. She tried to maintain her composure. This all had to be part of the game, she reasoned. “No, I don’t, ma’am,” she said adding the honorific showing that she respected Steffie for the power she held over her.

Steffie wasn’t impressed with her respect. “Kim ordered that I give you some very specific training. When I lived in New York City I worked maybe two or three days a week as an assistant to a dominatrix. I was a college student at the time. Easy money. Then I moved here. Kim hired me for my skills. I have a very special set of skills. Do you know what they are?”

“No, ma’am.” It struck Rose as odd she was calling a woman who was probably ten years her junior ‘ma’am’ but it seemed natural.

“I’m not going to tell you. You’re going to find out though. I’m pretty sure you can already imagine what my skills are.” Steffie laughed. She was having a good time even if Rose was not. She hooked the paddle back on her belt and removed the wooden switch as she started circling around Rose. “I love to hear cried of pain. Have you ever noticed they aren’t that much different from cries of passion?” She didn’t wait for an answer and simply struck the switch on the back of Rose’s thighs. The slave cried out again; she didn’t think her scream sounded anything like when she was having sex, but she refrained from saying so.

Rose tried to dance away from the torture, but her bound wrists gave her nowhere to go.

“You aren’t trying to escape, are you?” Steffie asked.

“No, Mistress Kim.”

Steffie stepped closer and laid her fingers on the side of Rose’s face. Rose noticed that her trainer was wearing thin leather gloves. They must have been driving gloves because they were smooth and almost delicate. Steffie had come prepared for playing with the slave. She wore a tight white sleeveless blouse thin enough to show the black lace bra beneath. Her pants were also tight and surprisingly made of some common fabric, not leather. She did wear leather knee-high boots with an impressive heel. The boots brought her up almost to Rose’s height. As she stroked Rose’s cheek, Steffie became pensive. “You are

pretty. You have a nice face. Your ass and stomach are a little fat. Some men like their women chubby. I don't. Your tits are big, bigger than mine. I don't like big tits, they get in the way too often. Of course they're big because they're full of milk. Do they hurt?" She paused for an answer.

"Only when I haven't been nursed for a long time."

"Uh-huh. Do you like your nipples bit when you're nursing someone?"

"No."

"Do you like them twisted?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you like them hurt or teased in any way?"

"No, ma'am," Rose repeated. Steffie smiled. Rose realized she was giving the other woman far too much information on how to abuse her.

"I don't like the fact you have stretch marks. That's just unsightly." Steffie's hand moved and came back quickly, smacking Rose across the face. Rose gasped at the blatant abuse. The pain was minor, but the shock of the blow stunned her.

"They are pretty tits, though, I'll give you that." She grabbed both of Rose's nipples between thumb and forefinger and twisted them halfway around. Rose tried to cry out, but the noise caught in her throat. She could do little more than gasp in pain.

"What's the matter, have you already lost your voice?"

"No-o-o-o," Rose moaned.

"Good, good." Steffie slowly and carefully removed one glove and held it as she groped between Rose's legs, feeling her pussy. "Smooth, I like that. When was the last time you shaved?"

"This morning, ma'am," Rose managed to force out. She had been expecting some torture from Steffie as the younger woman touched her sex, but Steffie

only seemed intent on exploring her cunt for the moment.

“You should wax, not shave,” said Steffie. “Lasts longer, much cleaner, less maintenance. Or just do electrolysis and have it permanently removed like I did.”

Rose said nothing. Then she realized that Steffie wasn’t just running her fingers over her labia, she was exploring her pussy. Steffie ran a finger down Rose’s slit and then pushed up inside her. Rose shifted uncomfortably but endured the penetration. Steffie’s finger came out and ran back up the slit to find her hidden clit. As soon as Steffie’s nimble fingers found her sensitive little nub, Rose jumped and Steffie laughed.

“Do you like that?”

Rose shook her head no, but her body was responding. Her pussy moistened and her breathing changed in anticipation of exquisite agony about to come.

“I can tell that you do. Have you ever made love with another woman?”

“No.” It was all Rose could do to get the one syllable out. Although she had been ordered down between Kim’s legs and performed cunnilingus on her mistress, she didn’t consider that truly making love. She was merely following her mistress’s orders to bring her to orgasm. At best that could be described as sex, not making love.

“I have. Lots of women. I’m truly bisexual, it doesn’t matter to me if my lover is male or female. I just want them to be good in bed. You’re married, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” Rose gasped. She hated how her body was responding to Steffie’s touch. She knew that eventually an orgasm was coming and there was little she could do to prevent it.

“And you haven’t given in to your husband’s fantasy of watching you fuck another woman? For shame.” She paused in her questions for a moment and concentrated on stroking Rose’s pussy. “Have you ever had another woman touch you so intimately like this?”

“Yes,” Rose blurted automatically.

Steffi stopped her masturbation. “Who? When?” Her hand moved away.

“Mistress Kim. This morning.”

“My boss gets the best of the slaves first again,” Steffie said ruefully. “Did you lie to me? You said you’ve never made love to another woman.”

“She fingered me and went down on me. I didn’t do anything to her.” Rose intentionally left out that Kim had eaten Mark’s cum out of her pussy. That detail didn’t need to be revealed. As much as she hated to admit it Rose wanted Steffie’s hand back on her pussy.

“I suppose that doesn’t count as making love to another woman.” She put her hand back on Rose’s pussy and slowly stroked her again. Rose moved her hips forward and sighed at the touch. “You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“I think you’ll like this then.” Steffie’s hand move away and then came back, slapping Rose’s open pussy. The slap was hard and wet. Rose yelped in pain and tried to jump away. Steffie grabbed her by the hip and held her steady. Rose stopped struggling and was rewarded with another strong slap to her pussy. She cried out again and then gave a ragged roar of anger, looking at Steffie she saw the trainer was nearly laughing at her pain.

“When a woman is aroused she can take much, much more pain than when she is at rest,” Steffie said and lashed out with her switch. Rose tried to avoid the strike but she was too slow. The flexible wood caught her along her slit, hitting her clit, open pussy, and even clipping her asshole. It was too much and she began to cry.

“Are you ready to cum?” Steffie asked.

Rose shook her head violently.

Steffie reached between her legs and rubbed Rose’s clit vigorously. To her great shame Rose lasted not even a minute before her body betrayed her and the orgasm that had been stalking her for so long finally took control.

With the calmness of a professional Steffie backed away and took a seat to study Rose as the slave recovered from her climax. As she watched she absently pulled

her glove back on as an afterthought. She opened a bottle of water and drank. It was a minute before Rose was able to stand steady and look at her tormentor. “Feeling better?”

“No.”

Steffie coolly studied the slave. Part of being a good trainer, a good dominant, and a good masochist was knowing when a slave was being petulant because she was playing a game and when she was being petulant because she truly felt that emotion. Steffie wasn’t able to make that distinction. She unclipped the paddle from her belt, walked slowly around Rose, and grabbed the chain holding up her arms to hold her steady. Without preliminaries or a warning she started paddling Rose’s ass. At first Rose stood there and took the abuse, her ass stung, she tried to move out of the way, but without success. Finally she started screaming and crying. Tears slid down her face and she started sobbing, choking on her own tears.

The blows were steady and fierce. Steffie liked paddling and abusing others. It delighted her to hear their cries and see them suffer. She viewed it as simply the release of a slave’s true nature, how she truly acts when under stress and that is beautiful. As quickly as it started the paddling stopped, Steffie backed away and clipped the paddle back on her belt.

It took Rose a minute to recover from the attack. The smooth skin of her ass was bright red and burned terribly. She wanted to scream insults at Steffie and attack her, but Rose knew her place.

“Has your husband ever taken naked pictures of you?” Steffie asked suddenly changing tactics. Rose closed her eyes. There was no way for Steffie to know the truth…except she was sure the woman could tell if she was lying. Everything about her way laid bare. “Yes. But he deleted them. He told me so.”

Steffie laughed. “Uh-huh. How many of them are on the internet right now? I’d love to see a few.” She waved her hand dismissively. “Doesn’t matter. I can fix that problem right now.” She pulled out a cell phone and activated its phone feature. Rose considered twisting away and trying to hide her nudity, but that was useless. There was no way she could escape. If she did try to hide her pussy and breasts, she was positive that Steffie would simply paddle her until she complied. Instead Rose took a different tack. She stood straight and tall and

looked directly at Steffie. What was the chance of anyone believing that the slave in leather cuffs and chains was really the quiet housewife who lived in the yellow house on the cul-de-sac?

She heard the phone click with each picture being taken. Steffie got up and circled her victim, making sure to get close up shots of her ass and pussy and breasts and the red stripes put on her skin by the switch. “Look over your shoulder at me,” she instructed. Rose complied. She tried to make her expression fierce and not submissive. If Steffie noticed or cared she gave no indication. When the short photo session was over she sat back down at the table and played with the phone for a few minutes. “Just posting them now. We’ll check back later to see what comments you’ve generated.” She smiled. “Are you embarrassed or humiliated?”

“No!” Rose said it more vehemently than she intended.

Steffie’s smile thinned and she strode quickly across the room. The switch moved quickly. Each time it landed on her ass Rose yelped. She could feel an artificial fire burning on her sensitive skin and imaged her ass was a crosshatching of red lines. When she was done with the beating Steffie pulled out the phone and took a few more pictures of her slave’s ass.

“Did you know the gluteus maximus is the largest and strongest muscle in the body?” she asked Rose.

“No,” Rose said softly. Tears were dripping from her cheeks. She hadn’t even realized she was crying.

“We beat it because it can withstand the most pain. And, of course, when a slave is correctly marked, it is impossible for her to sit down like a civilized person.” She paused and put down her phone. “Are you ready to be polite and remember your position as a slave?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Very good. Let’s move on.” Steffie walked across the room, opened a cabinet, removed a chain, and returned to Rose. For a moment Rose thought the trainer was going to chain her ankles but she dropped the chain to the floor and reached out to stroke her heavy breasts. “I like them. I like women with big tits, believe it or not. I mean, I like mine small, but there is something so sexy about a woman

with curves. Don’t give away my secret.” She smiled her wicked smile and Rose just nodded slightly.

By now Rose should have expected the sudden slap. She didn’t mostly because Steffie slapped both her breasts with both hands at the same time. The pain wasn’t bad Rose reflected. There was a touch of eroticism in the attack. She did remember to give a small scream just so Steffie wouldn’t become more vicious. Steffie slapped them again. Another yelp. She paused and waited expectantly. It only took a moment for Rose’s skin to turn bright pink from the slaps. “Pretty,” she commented. “I can tell you like pain like most women like pain. Not too much and never admit it, but it turns you on just enough that you are intrigued by it. Let’s try something new.”

She bent and picked up the chain. Rose noticed there were unusual clamps on each end of the chain. There was no reason to shy away. She stood strong and proud and let Steffie open the first clamp and attach it to her nipple. Rose whine a bit as the pressure steadily increased until it was securely in place. The process was repeated on her other nipple. Rose began breathing heavily to endure the pain. A tiny trickle of moisture started between her legs. Steffie let the chain fall free. It bounced off Rose’s tummy. The metal was cool in contrast to her hot skin and hotter breasts.

“You can endure this. I’ve never done it to a woman lactating before, but that makes to more exciting, don’t you think?”

The question didn’t need an answer. Rose looked down at her tits. The clamps were squeezing her nipples but not crushing them. She could feel a line of pain and pleasure running from her breasts to her pussy. It felt terrible and wonderful at the same time.

“These are clover clamps. I like to call them clever clamps. The harder you pull on them, the harder they squeeze. See?” She hooked her finger under the chain and pulled. The clamps tightened and reflexively Rose took a step forward. In her other hand Steffie held her paddle. She struck Rose on the thigh to force her back. The mix of pain caused her to sob in frustration.

“Exquisite, isn’t it. I love it when these are used on me. Now stand there and let’s see how much pain you can endure.” She started pulling on the chain and Rose started screaming. The clamps tightened and she forced herself not to

move. Steffie remained impassive through the ordeal. Her nipples, areola, and breasts were pulled forward, elongated until without warning the clamps slipped free.

The sudden absence of pain was almost worst than the tight clamps. Rose screamed in pain and relief. She didn't know how to react. There was more tears and she sobbed. Steffie dropped the chain and stepped forward to inspect her breasts. Her cool hands on her tits felt good. "No damage. That's good. They're probably extra tough after all those years of breast feeding, huh?"

Rose said nothing. She couldn't form words.

Steffie went back to the cabinet and grabbed another chain and some loose pieced of metal. "Now we'll see how you do with endurance. I think you'll like this." She adjusted the clamps and then went about attaching them to Rose's nipples again, but rotated the clamp ninety degrees so they were squeezing the soft flesh in the opposite direction. Rose realized that either she had become used to the pain or Steffie had changed the power of the clamp's grip.

It wasn't bad at all. Rose looked down and saw that her breasts actually looked good decorated with the chain and clamps. She could never consider actually piercing her nipples, but maybe this was something that would please her husband when her time as a slave was over.

Then Steffie knelt down and pushed apart her thighs. Once again she was playing with Rose's pussy, but this wasn't for Rose's pleasure. The first clamp went on her outer labia and Rose breathed a sigh of relief. For a moment she had been certain it was going on her clit. The other end was then attached to her other labia. The pain was bearable. Although she was being tortured, Rose felt proud of herself. She was enduring what Steffie was doing to her and she hadn't broken into a million pieces. She felt oddly pretty with the two chains hanging from her body.

And then Steffie began adding the metal weights. It wasn't much but it started to close the clamp tighter and Rose became uncomfortable. Happily, luckily, Steffie soon ran out of weights. Rose could feel the cool metal touching the skin of her tummy and bouncing back and forth between her thighs. She endured. She wanted Steffie to take another picture of her like this.

"Okay, good. Time for a break. I'm going to have some lunch. You wait here."

Steffie strode out of the barn leaving Rose alone with her thoughts.

Chapter Six

When she returned Rose was at the end of her endurance. Sweat was covering her body and she was barely able to stand. When she looked down she saw her nipples turning purple. She didn't dare to think what was happening to her sex lips. "Should I pull them off or unclamp them?" Steffie asked.

Rose couldn't answer.

"Unclamp I think. It's never a good idea to make a new slave push beyond unknown limits."

Rose screamed when the clamps came of her nipples. The blood rushed back and it felt like they were on fire. She barely noticed when her labia were freed, though there was a burning between her legs now too.

"Please," she begged.

"Please what, slave?"

"I need to pee, ma'am."

"Oh, of course." Steffie went to the cabinet and returned with a large metal pot and a large plastic sheet. The plastic went on the barn floor and the pot went on top of the plastic between Rose's legs. "Pee," she ordered. "Any you splash on the floor, you will have to lick up."

The pressure from her bladder was steady but not yet painful. Rose had anticipated being brought outside to pee under Steffie's watchful eye. That humiliation she could endure. But standing up to pee in a small metal pot with orders not to miss a drop of be punished in such a disgusting manner? Rose couldn't do that.

Steffie waited patiently for a minute for Rose to release her urine. She knew that the slave wouldn't. That was all part of the game. She opened a bottle of water and drank from it. "Want some?" she offered Rose. The slave just shook her

head. Steffie laughed. “I’m sorry. That was cruel. But you should drink some water. You don’t want to get dehydrated.”

Steffie walked up to Rose and pressed the water bottle to her lips. At first Rose resisted drinking, but realized she was extraordinarily thirsty. She gulped at the water. Some of it went down her throat, some went down her body, chilling her slightly. “Don’t gulp, swallow like you’re sucking cock,” Steffie instructed. She moderated the tilt of the bottle and the water flow slowed. Rose was able to drink everything that Steffie poured into her mouth. When the bottle was empty Steffie tossed it away. “I’m sure that didn’t help your bladder,” she said to Rose.

“No,” Rose admitted. She needed to pee, but she wasn’t going to be able to do it in front of Steffie the way the trainer wanted. Then Steffie ran her hand down from Rose’s throat, to her breast, down her tummy and stopping right above Rose’s shaved sex. She rested her fingertips on Rose’s skin. For just a moment it felt nice. And then Steffie pushed in on her bladder.

It was painful. Not like the pain of a paddling. She knew that if Steffie kept her fingers there she would wet herself, she would lose all control of her body. “Is this helping?” Steffie teased.

Rose had to reply honestly. “No. It hurts.”

Steffie briefly took her fingers away. “Then pee like a good girl and make your best effort. If I force you to do it…well, you’ll have little success.” She pressed her fingers into Rose’s abdomen again putting pressure on her bladder. She whined in complaint. “Want to try?” Steffie offered magnanimously.

Not knowing what else to do Rose said, “Yes,” and nodded her head eagerly.

Steffie repositioned the pot and took a few steps back. “I’m waiting,” she said expectantly.

Rose relaxed her body, carefully angled her hips, and straddled the pot as best she could. She wanted to close her eyes, but she needed to aim. Taking a deep breath she calmed herself and released her bladder’s control. The stream of urine arced out and Rose was relieved to see that she had hit the mark on her first try. The pee coursing out of her body was landing in the pot with a hollow ringing sound and Rose gasped in delight. It felt wonderful to relieve herself. She gave a half-laugh of triumph…and her stream bobbled around causing some of the pee

to fall on the plastic. She gasped in horror and immediately stopped peeing. She was caught and couldn't process the punishment that she would now have to endure.

"You're not done," Steffie said. "Do I need to come over there and force the rest out of you?" She lightly tapped her switch on the palm of her hand. Rose violently shook her head and concentrated again. She reasoned that if she had done it once, she could do it again.

One more time Rose released her urine. It landed in the pot but the stream wasn't as strong as her initial session and she had more trouble controlling it. She didn't dare stop peeing but couldn't deal with the consequences of what was to happen to her. Rose was embarrassed and started crying again, this time silently. Her tears just slipped out of her eyes. When her bladder was empty a few drops of pee clung to her pussy and then dripped to the plastic sheet beneath her feet.

Horrified at what she might see, Rose looked down and saw that almost all her urine had landed in the pot. There were a few small splashed on the plastic, a few drops here and there, and a bit running down her thigh. When she locked gazes with Steffie the trainer slapped her switch into her glove covered hand a few times. "Looks like you have a bit of cleaning up to do. I'm sure you'll be glad to have your hands down anyway."

Steffi went to the cleat where the rope holding up the slave's hands was tied off. When the binding was lowered Rose felt the painful rush of blood back into her arms and hands. She hadn't realized what strain her arms had been under. The muscles of her arms came back to life and she hissed and cried at the unexpected pain. Steffie unhooked the clip from her cuffs, releasing her wrists from each other and watched with pleasure as Rose suffered. Rose couldn't move. The chamber pot was still between her feet, there was piss on the plastic and she didn't want to step in it, and she didn't trust her sense of balance enough to move in any case.

"Get down on your knees and clean up your mess," Steffie ordered. She cracked the switch a few times into her hand. "Don't make me mark up those pretty titties of yours."

Looking carefully at her options Rose started to move her feet to avoid the worst of the splashed, but then they were interrupted. She moved cautiously and got

down on her hands and knees. The smell wasn't that strong but Rose didn't think she would be able to obey Steffie's orders without vomiting. Only now did it occur to her that she could use her safe word. Was it permissible to do so when there was no physical abuse taking place?

"I don't think that will be necessary, Steffie."

They both looked up. Mistress Kim had walked into the barn. She was still in her business clothes and her expression didn't speak of bemusement at all.

"Kim," Steffie said evenly.

"Imagine my surprise when I arrive back at the Farm and go looking for my slave. She's gone. Not in the house. Where could she be?"

"She's right here," Steffie said explaining the obvious.

"I can see that. What is she doing out here with you?"

"I'm training her, as you requested."

"I said to train her, not to beat and humiliate her."

Steffie shrugged. "You have your training methods, I have mine."

Kim glared at her employee but refused to have an argument in front on her slave. "Rose, get up and go back to the house. Wait for me in the kitchen." Rose moved as quickly as she dared, not wanting to anger Steffie but wanting to please Mistress Kim as well, all the while she was fighting the limitations of her body. When she was out the door Kim looked at Steffie with unbridled anger.

"I keep you on here because you are good at what you do—usually. Don't abuse my slaves. Ever. You overstepped yourself today. It will not happen again." She started to turn to leave, but Steffie stopped her.

"Is the precious to you, Kim?"

"What?"

"Is she precious to you? If you love her, have unrestrained affection for her, then

you won’t be able to be her owner, her mistress.”

Kim’s visage hardened. “She’s a slave on this Farm. She does what I want when I want. You have no need to worry about my emotions toward her.” She walked to the door and paused. “And clean up this mess.

Steffie just smiled as her boss left then set to work.

Back in the house Kim glanced once at Rose to make sure she wasn’t suffering or injured. “Do you need to clean up?” Kim asked after giving her a visual once over in the kitchen.

“Just my legs,” Rose said softly. Her head was tilted forward, her hair was hanging in her eyes. Steffie should have put her hair back before starting her punishments.

“Get a cloth, wet it, clean yourself, and meet me in the bedroom.” Kim kicked off her heels, picked them out, and walked to her bedroom. She wanted to take the girl in her arms and console her, but that wasn’t the role of a mistress. Rose had to learn and Kim had to act properly otherwise the slave would be ruined. As long as she wasn’t hurt, Rose would rise to the occasion.

It took Rose a minute, but then she presented herself at the bedroom door. “Help me undress,” Kim ordered. Rose went to her, helping her slip off her jacket. “Hang it up.”

Rose obeyed, finding hangers in the closet. She knelt down next to her mistress, unzipped her skirt and allowed Kim to step out of the garment before picking it up and hanging it up as well. Rose stood before her in just a white blouse that hung low enough to cover her hips. “The buttons,” she said impatiently.

There were over twenty tightly spaced buttons on the front of the blouse. To her amazement Kim wasn’t showing off her cleavage, though she certainly could have. As she carefully loosened each button, she listened to Kim complain about her day.

“Bankers and lawyers. Hate the lot of them. Money and rule and contracts and taxes and legal niceties are a giant pain in the ass.” She looked down at Rose’s progress. Her bright pink bra was now exposed. “Should have worn something lower cut. Distracted those bloodsuckers.” Finally the blouse was opened all the

way and Rose helped her remove it. Now Kim was down to her pink bra, green thong panties, and sheer stay-up stockings. “Unroll them carefully,” she instructed Rose. “They’re very expensive. I’m not being snotty, just to let you know, I just hate wasting money. These were a present from a…friend.” Rose nodded, knelt, and carefully stripped the articles from her mistress’s legs. Now they were both nearly nude. Kim wore her bra and panties, Rose wore her collar and cuffs. She stood up and carried the articles to the laundry hamper, returning for more instruction.

“You’re pretty,” Kim said to her, then kissed the slave on the lips, and hugged her tightly. Rose allowed herself to be used. She was relieved. “Are your tits okay?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Rose answered.

Kim reached out and weighed both her breasts in her hands. “They feel heavy. You’re still making milk. That’s good. Do you need to be relieved yet?”

“No, Mistress Kim.”

“Turn around.”

She rotated a half turn and waited.

Kim tsked with her tongue. “She paddled your ass good. Still, it is kind of pretty all pink like that. Wished I could have seen it. Some women are so beautiful when they’re pushed to the limits of their endurance. Wait here.”

From her nightstand Mistress Kim pulled a small jar and opened the ointment. “This will soothe you a bit.” She got the thick paste on her fingers and spread it over Rose’s ass. It only took a moment for the analgesic to calm her angry red skin. “Beautiful,” Kim commented as she lightly massaged her slave’s tender skin.

“I’m exhausted, come to bed with me.” Kim ordered Rose into the bed, spooned her from behind press her body against her slave’s. Rose realized Kim was still wearing her thong and bra. She wanted to ask a hundred questions, but a minute passed and Kim was lightly snoring. Rose didn’t know what else to do, so she laid down with her mistress until she, too, drifted off to sleep.

“I didn’t expect to find two beautiful women in my bed when I got home,” Mark said loudly enough to wake the slumbering women.

“Shh,” Kim said to quiet her noisy partner. “We’re sleeping.”

“You can’t sleep the day away,” Mark said. He didn’t lower his volume at all.

“What time is it?” Kim asked. She wanted to put her head under her pillow, but she knew he was right.

“Six o’clock in the p.m.,” he told her. “I brought dinner.”

“No cooking?” she asked.

“Pizza in a box. I brought it up from the city. I’m warming it up in the oven. I’d suggest you two get up and meet me at the table.” He walked out of the bedroom.

“That’s the one thing up here,” Kim mumbled as she crawled out of bed. “You can’t get really good take out. The pizza has too much sauce and there is literally not a Chinese restaurant that is less than thirty minutes away.” She slowly stood up and looked at Rose who was struggling to wake up. “Hurry up girl, I’m hungry and you need to dress me.”

Rose managed to force herself from the bed. there was never rest for a slave. Dressing Kim was a simple matter of picking out a thin silk robe from the closet and helping her slip it on. The robe wasn’t for modesty or warmth; it provided neither of those. It was to remind Rose that she was a slave and didn’t have the honor of wearing clothes in the Farm’s house.

In the kitchen Mark had the pizza on the plates and was placing them on the table. After the relative elegant eating over the past few days for the guest Rose was shocked to see such common fare on the table. Then again, all she had eaten since arriving at the Farm were the pellets of processed food. The pizza was a delightful treat. Her mouth watered and she happily sat down at the table with Kim and Mark. She was happy to realize the soothing ointment Kim had used on her had done the trick. Her skin was no longer sore or sensitive.

“Where’s Steffie?”

Kim answered him between bites. “I sent her home.”

“Why?”

“She was a little too rough with the slave.”

Rose felt a little bit flattered to be discussed as if she weren’t there. Was it an honor or a humiliation? The emotions were mixed in her stomach.

“Too rough? Can’t be. Steffie is harsh but she knows what she’s doing.”

Kim shrugged. “Regardless, I found her treatment of Rose a little over the top. I decided to give both of them a break.”

Mark’s lips twisted into a dissatisfied moue. “What was it that caused this?”

Kim finished chewing before she answered. “Steffie had her arms bound over her head, attached to a hook, and was making the girl pee in a bucket. There was the threat of forcing Rose to lick up the pee that landed on the floor.”

“A little humiliation is good for a slave,” Mark said as he distributed second slices to everyone at the table. Rose understood she was to listen to the conversation, but not to take part in it unless directly addressed or questioned.

“Yes, but she was being uncommonly cruel. And disgusting. I won’t have weird water sports at the Farm.”

“Steffie and Rose were the only ones here.”

“Doesn’t matter. It’s the principle.”

Mark sighed. “Well, did she have to do anything?”

“Rose peed in the bucket but then I stopped everything.”

Hearing this Mark shook his head slowly. “You were undercutting her authority.”

Kim fixed him with her steely gaze. Rose had seen her use it a couple of times before and that was when she realized why Kim was in charge of the Farm and

why she often dressed as a dominatrix. She was the dominant in all her relationships. “I’m the final authority on the Farm.”

Her words caused Mark to squirm slightly under her gaze. “Yes, ma’am.” The topic was dropped for the rest of the meal. Rose was ordered to put the plates in the dishwasher and clean up.

“Dessert?” Mark asked walking over to the stainless steel freezer. “Ice cream? I believe we have a frozen pie.”

“Rose will provide dessert,” Kim announced. “To the bedroom, girl,” she ordered.

It was easiest for Rose to kneel on the bed to offer her owners her breasts. Kim quickly grabbed a nipple and happily nursed from her slave. Mark held back and watched. “Join me,” Kim said upon noticing he wasn’t partaking of the girl’s milk. “It’s warm and fresh and just the right feel on your tongue.”

“I was hoping for something a little sweeter,” Mark said.

Kim laughed. “There’s nothing sweeter than Rose’s milk. Besides, she needs to be milked.”

Mark gave in and leaned forward to take a taste of Rose. His partner was correct. Her milk was sweet and heavy on his tongue. Together they suckled and drained Rose’s tits. It didn’t take long at all. When they were done Rose had a glazed look in her eyes. Mark and Kim could both smell her arousal.

“You’re horny, aren’t you honey?” Kim asked.

“Yes,” she answered honestly.

“Would you like to fuck her?” Kim asked Mark.

“Yes, but I think you need another dose of spunk in your cunt,” he answered bluntly.

“What?” She was a little offended at his candid statement.

“When you don’t get enough orgasms, you get bitchy. You need someone else to

make you cum on a regular basis; masturbation isn't good enough for you."

She interrupted him with a sarcastic, "Thanks, Dr. Freud."

He continued. "And getting off really isn't enough. You need a man's semen inside you to really make you happy."

The smile she offered was cynical. "And luckily you can supply all the spunk I need?"

Mark shrugged. "Me or someone else. I see Rose making milk but no semen. Care to call one of our regulars and see if they want to drive up for the night?"

"Fine. But I want to have sex with Rose, so you'll have to deal with that. Lay down on the bed, Rose, and spread your legs."

The slave did as instructed. She left her hands at her sides wondering what Kim had in mind. The dominatrix dropped her robe to the floor and turned away from Mark. "Unhook my bra," she told him. He followed orders removing the undergarment from her body, then dropping to his knees and easing down her small green thong. He gently kissed her taut buttock as he did so. If she noticed his affection Kim gave no notice. She crawled on the bed between Rose's legs and immediately set to eating the slave's pussy.

It was an act of intimacy that Rose really wasn't ready for. She gasped as Kim's tongue went right for her clit. She hadn't really how aroused she was. It would take her little time to reach her climax. Kim's eager pussy licking slowed slightly when Mark got behind her upraised ass and slid his cock into her. The slight bumping of his fucking her interrupted the rhythm that Kim had been establishing with her slave. Everyone in the small group was eager for their own orgasm. Mark came first, filling up Kim's pussy with heavy spurts of his jism. He was enraptured by the sight of Kim eating Rose's pussy. Rose was next. She had little control over her body now and allowed Kim to do with her as she pleased. It was Kim who wasn't able to easily orgasm.

"You didn't cum yet," Mark said when he pulled his cock out of her.

Angrily Kim shook her head. She had been working herself toward a wonderful climax, but it had been pulled out from underneath her. Mark took things into hand. He pushed her down and rolled Kim onto her back next to Rose. When he

grabbed Rose's hand she knew what was coming, but didn't know how to resist. "Your mistress needs help. You know what to do."

A gentle push guided her head between Kim's legs. Rose froze for a moment. Kim's pussy was sloppy with her natural pussy juices mixed with Mark's spunk. "You don't need to clean her up," Mark said, "just make her cum."

He laid down next to his partner, kissed her, nuzzled her neck, and gently pinched her right nipple between his fingers.

Rose had never seen a just-fucked pussy up close before. It was red and swollen. She couldn't honestly describe it as beautiful, though she thought of Kim as a striking and gorgeous woman. Still, she was loyal to her mistress and happy to serve. While Mark's semen oozed out of Kim, Rose kissed her mistress's pussy and licked her clit eagerly. It didn't take very long at all to force Kim over the edge to ecstasy. Her cries of pleasure were ringing in Rose's ears in no time at all.

When the orgasm was over she backed away and watched as Mark and Kim kissed each other, nuzzling and playing together. It was pleasing to watch—but she was not included.

When they were done Kim finally took notice of her slave that was waiting patiently. "Did you enjoy yourself, girl?" Kim asked. Mark got out of the bed and went to the bathroom.

"Yes, ma'am, very much so." She couldn't help but smile at her mistress. This truly had been lovemaking, not just sex. She was happy to serve however she was needed.

"Good. Come lay next to me and give me a kiss."

That was an order that was easy to follow. The two exchanged chaste kisses. Kim gently caressed Rose's heavy tits. "Do you miss your husband and children?" Kim asked her abruptly.

Rose recoiled slightly. When she was being a slave it was easy to forget her other life, though she knew she would soon have to return to her blissfully dull suburban existence, and she shamefully had pushed away thoughts of anything else but her slavery.

“Sometimes,” she admitted. “But serving you makes me happy. That makes up for it.” She knew that was a terrible answer to give, but it was the truth.

“Good answer, good girl,” Kim whispered to her and ran her hand through Rose’s hair. Without warning there was a tug at her collar. Mark snapped on a leash to the D-ring and pulled on it indicating she should rise. “We aren’t going to make you sleep out in the barn tonight. We should, but I’ll admit I’ve grown a little too attached to you. We’ll just tie you up at the foot of the bed.”

Mark dumped a pillow and a few blankets on the floor. The end of the leash was locked to a D-ring bolted to the footboard. The leash was short enough to prevent her from rising up in the middle of the night or even allowing her to look up to see what Kim and Mark were doing in the bed. Kim turned off the light. There were some restful sounds as they settled into their bed and drifted off to sleep. Rose was forced to make up her own makeshift bed in the dark and go to sleep on her own.

In the morning she was woken when Kim unlocked her leash from the bed. As Rose struggle to fully understand what was happening Kim used her key to take the cuffs and collar of her slave. “Get up. Shower. Make sure you shave your pussy. Go downstairs. Make us breakfast.” She had already showered and dressed. Once more Kim was back in a business suit. She headed to her office as Rose when to the bathroom.

When she arrived downstairs, the first thing Kim did was put Rose’s cuffs back on. Rose accepted this as part of who she was now. Both Rose and Mark were dressed professionally. Rose fried some eggs and served Mark and Kim when they were ready to eat after conferring in the office. They quickly gobbled down their meal. Once more she had been relegated to the role of simple slave. There were dishes to wash while she waited quietly for her orders for the day.

Mark and Kim discusses their business but seemed in no hurry to leave. The back door to the house opened. Rose’s heart jumped into her mouth when she saw Steffie walk inside. She was already dressed in her trainer costume and wore a wicked smile on her face.

“Steffie will be training you today,” Kim told her. “She has specific instructions on what to do. You have nothing to fear unless you disobey or disappoint her. I

think she'll have some exquisite tortures for you to enjoy." A quick kiss on her lips was Kim's way of saying goodbye. Her hand lingered momentarily on her hip, and then her mistress was gone with Mark.

Steffie's paddle was already in her hand. "Ready?" she asked.

Meekly Rose nodded her head and kept her eyes downcast. A leash was clipped to her neck collar and she was led back to the barn. Steffie was in a chatty mood. "Do you like being a slave?"

"Yes, ma'am," Rose heard herself saying. This startled her. She hadn't given the question any thought and knew when she spoke the words, it was the truth.

Steffie nodded her head sagely. "Most people do. It's the natural order, don't you think?" She pushed open the barn door and ushered Rose inside. "Speak freely. I don't care what you say, I'm more interested in your body than your mind."

"I haven't given it any thought," Rose said.

"For those who like the BDSM lifestyle about ninety percent are submissives, they want to be slaves. Barely ten percent want to be dominants, very few people actually want to be in charge. Strange huh?" She brought Rose over to the middle of the barn's main room. The sawhorses had been set up again with the milking machine. Rose realized suddenly that she hadn't been nursed this morning and Steffie obviously was going to use the machine on her. It was better than nothing, Rose knew, because without some relief her tits would soon get to engorged and the pain would start. It was the curse of the lactating woman. "That's where people like me get to make some money. There are plenty of submissives who will pay good money to be treated to whips and chains. Look at yourself. You pay money to get abused and humiliated."

Rose did and knew it was the truth. She would happily pay to be treated as a slave. Her husband had paid good money for this vacation to the Farm. A smile that she couldn't contain spread across her face. He loved her very much.

"Let's go," Steffie said. "Get on the horses and let your tits hang down. I need to milk you first before we get to the good stuff. Goddess knows I'm not going to suck on your tits; that's the role of a submissive. Or a milk freak."

"Mistress Kim has nursed from me and she's neither submissive or a milk

freak," Rose said angrily. She followed Steffie's orders and got into position on the sawhorses. Her breasts hung pendulously over the milking machine. Steffie locked her in place—more for her own amusement than for any necessity—and hooked up the funnels to Rose's tits. She flicked the power switch on and watched as the soft breasts were sucked and released. It only took a moment for the milk to start flowing.

"She's in love with you," Steffie pointed out.

"What?" Rose exclaimed.

"Kim's in love with you. It happens with some dominants. Usually Kim deals with men and those she can easily ignore. She's been partnered with Mark for ten or fifteen years. She's not going to leave him. He gives her all the male attention she needs. But Kim likes girls too. She'd never admit it, but she'll happily go to be with a woman. And she's fallen for you." Steffie shrugged. "It happens."

The revelation surprised Rose. She didn't know what to say. The milk flowed out of her tits and into the catch bottle.

"You've never fallen in love with a woman?" Steffie asked.

"No."

"Too bad." She was quiet a minute, then asked, "Do you love Kim?"

"I don't know."

"You'd better figure it out soon."

"I love my husband!" Rose said fiercely.

"I never said you didn't. you can love more than one person, you know."

"If she loves me, why is she letting you torture me?" Rose snarled.

Steffie smiled, hunched down next to Rose's face, gave her a light kiss on the cheek, and said, "Because she knows you're a submissive. She knows you like a little bit of abuse. A little torture. A bit of pleasure mixed with your pain. This is

her gift to you. Hell, she could be making you mow the lawn with a push mower, but she has me here for the day to spank your ass and make you cum. If that's not love, I don't know what is."

Rose chewed on that for a bit.

"Don't worry. I'm sure she'll fall out of love with you once your vacation here is over. It's more of a crush than anything else. But puppy love crushes are the best, don't you think?"

Rose didn't have an answer for that question. She simply laid across the sawhorses and contemplated her position. The milking machine continued to work. Steffie watched as the catch bottle slowly filled. Even though she was somewhat put off by the idea of lactation as a kink, Steffie was fascinated by it. She didn't want milk flowing out of her tits, but for other women who wanted to subjugate themselves to slavery it seemed appropriate. In the future she resolved to use the milking machine as a punishment for women with big tits.

When the catch bottle was full Steffie announced, "All full!" and turned off the device, disconnected it from Rose's tits, and stored the milk away in the small bar refrigerator as per Kim's instructions. "What should we do to you today?" Steffie asked the slave. She lightly ran her finger along Rose's shoulder, down across her sloping back, and up to her rounded buttock. "No answer?" she asked when Rose said nothing after too long a pause.

"I don't want to be abused," Rose said softly. She lightly pulled against the cuffs and locks that held her in place on the sawhorses. She was trapped.

"Sure you do," Steffie encouraged her. "That's why you're here. We gave you a good paddling yesterday while I had you hanging on the hook. That was fun. I can paddle you again if you like. You have a nicely padded ass that is perfect for paddling. But that might be repeating ourselves. You want adventure as well. I could just spank you."

She lightly patted Rose's generous ass with her bare hand. The girl had nice smooth skin and it was a pleasure to feel it under her fingertips.

"No," she said petulantly.

"I could just inflict a few of my favorite toys and tortures on you, but that's no

fun if you don’t like it. Surely you have a kink or two that needs exploration.”

Rose remained quiet as Steffie ran her hand down the girl’s ass, down her leg, then back up, then across her ass where she paused at the small of her back.

“I could take a few more pictures of you…”

“No.”

“Nipple clamps and weights?”

“No.”

“Right. We’ve already done that. You aren’t into peeing—”

“No!” said Rose vehemently.

“Making you eat pussy isn’t really a torture if you’ve done it with Kim…” She threw up her hands in exasperation. “What is it that you do like? Fucking your husband? Getting your tit milk sucked? Fucking hell! Do you have any sex toys at home?”

There was a pause and finally Rose answered. “We have a vibrator,” she ventured.

“Great!” Steffie burst out and practically danced around. “What kind?”

Rose tried a half-shrug that was limited by her bondage. “It’s purple, maybe nine inches long.”

Her answer caused Steffie to sigh again. “Okay. We’ll do something fun. You obviously haven’t played with the best sex toys the internet has to offer.”

The trainer walked away with a purpose and rummaged about in the storage cabinet for a minute. Rose tried to see what she was doing but the angle was wrong to spy on her.

“You’re going to love this,” Steffie declared bringing back a rather large white tool. She didn’t show it to Rose but merely plugged it in to the extension cord and flicked the switch once to test it. “This is the Hitachi Magic Wand, the frigid

non-orgasmic wife's best friend. It's a hundred times better than your battery operated boyfriend. We already know that you don't have any trouble reaching orgasm. Let's see how many times we can make you cum."

"What?"

But Steffie didn't answer Rose's question. She knelt down between Rose's legs still locked to the sawhorse. She repositioned Rose's hips a bit to give her better access to the slave's pussy and then lightly touched the girl's sex.

"Oh. You're a bit wet already. That's good, but unnecessary. The magic wand doesn't go inside, it's used externally only. Trust me on that one." She laughed and tore open a condom packet, extracted the latex, and pulled it down over the business end of the tool. "Safety first," she said and turned on the massager, taking a moment to adjust the speed. "It might take a moment to get used to this, but just give yourself over and you'll have the most powerful orgasms of your life."

"What are you doing?" Rose asked trying to crane her neck around and watch Steffie. The sadist didn't give her a direct answer but merely applied the head of the massager to the soft patch of skin just above Rose's slit. She didn't dare put it directly on the girl's clit right away.

The reaction was immediate. Rose moaned uncontrollably. She had never needed a vibrator to achieve orgasm. The one she had at home was just a toy she and Justin occasionally used for fun. It wasn't anywhere near as powerful as what Steffie was now pressing to her pussy. She tried to protest and tell her trainer no, but her body was responded too quickly, too forcefully. In less than a minute she had a knee-shaking orgasm and screamed out her orgasm.

"Wasn't that nice?" Steffie asked when her climax had faded.

"Ooh," burbled Rose. "Too much."

"I'll give you a minute. No need to over stimulate your pretty pussy."

Steffie turned off the vibrator and studied the slave for a minute. For a middle-class, suburban mom, she wasn't half bad. True, she needed to lose about twenty pounds, but some guys liked chubby girls even if Steffie didn't.

“Let’s get you up to that peak again,” Steffie said as she turned on the magic wand and pressed it on Rose’s pussy.

“What? No!” she protested.

The trainer ignored her and simply moved the vibrator a little closer to Rose’s clit. It took a minute longer this time, but Rose was pushed over the edge and orgasmed again. Steffie laughed. “Oh. Wow. You cum so easily. It takes me a while to cum twice so quickly. I mean, I’ve seen women who are multiply orgasmic—what real woman isn’t?—but that was another full blown cum, wasn’t it?”

Rose was breathing heavily and could only nod her head.

“Let’s do it again!” Steffie announced and pushed the vibrator back between the slave’s legs. Rose squealed and cried and protested. She was practically screaming the word no over and over, but that wasn’t her safeword so Steffie didn’t stop. The third orgasm caused her to lose all strength she had in her legs. Her knees collapsed to the pads on the sawhorse and tears were streaming out of her eyes. “Let’s keep going!” Steffie cried.

“No no no no!” Rose wailed. Her protests were beautiful music to Steffie’s ears. A woman in pain was the most beautiful object in the world. The fifth orgasm caused Rose to go limp. She no longer had control over her body and yet she wanted to cum more.

“Let’s go for an even half-dozen, shall we?” Steffie asked. Rose couldn’t managed to make a noise of protest. This time the vibrating head went directly onto her clit.

The whimper she made sounded to the untrained ear as if she were giving up any resistance to Steffie’s tortures. The trainer knew it was the sound of a woman reaching the greatest sexual gratification she had ever experienced. Rose was crying freely, tears dripping from her eyes. When the orgasm came she was ashamed of herself. Copious fluids flowed over the vibrator and Steffie’s hands.

“I peed,” Rose cried. “You made me pee. I’m sorry, I’m so sorry.” She burst into a fresh batch of tears.

Steffie switched off the device and walked around Rose’s shaking body. She

knelt down in front of the slave's head, placed her face between her hands and brought her eyes up to meet her trainer's. Rose was confused when Steffie gave her a light kiss on the lips. "You didn't pee," Steffie assured her.

"Yes I did," Rose protested. "I can feel it running down my legs."

"You didn't pee," Steffie repeated. She pressed her fingers to Rose's lips. "Open. Taste."

When she didn't immediately smell the acrid scent of urine Rose did as she was told. The liquid on Steffie's fingers was musky and strange to her tongue but it most definitely wasn't urine. "Lick it off me," Steffie instructed and Rose obeyed. "It's girl cum. You squirted. You've never done that before?"

A shake of her head confirmed what Steffie already knew.

"Only the best sluts can squirt girl cum. I can do it. But it takes a lot out of you, doesn't it?"

Rose nodded now.

"I'm very proud of you for cumming like that," Steffie told her and then gave her a kiss on both cheeks. Steffie then stood up and pulled the key to Rose's cuffs from her pocket. It took her a minute to unlock the slave from the rings on the sawhorses and then several more for Rose to be able to rise and be led over to one of the couches next to the wall.

"I'll give you a few minutes to rest."

Rose didn't answer. Her entire body was humming with the remnants of the six orgasms she just had. She was nothing but a vessel of pleasure.

She was certain she must have passed out on the couch, but she woke when she heard Steffie's heels clicking on the wooden floor as she walked toward the slave. When her eyes focused she didn't know if she should gasp or laugh.

Over her tight black pants Steffie had placed a leather harness around her hips. From the harness a blue dildo stuck out at an unusual angle. It was obvious that Steffie intended to use the toy on her, but why hadn't she removed her clothes?

“Ready for more?” Steffie asked her.

Rose said nothing, she didn’t know if her body could take any more.

“Doesn’t matter if you’re ready or not. Get down on the mat on your hands and knees.” While she had been passed out Steffie had found a mat of the sort used in gymnastics and placed in next to the couch. On the floor next to the mat was a large bottle of lube. Rose obeyed and slowly crawled into the correct position, once again presenting Steffie her ass and cunt.

Steffie picked up the lube and spread a generous amount on her fake cock, then knelt down behind Rose. “Have you ever done this before?”

“No,” Rose said softly. Why in the world would Steffie think she had sex with another woman wearing a strapon dildo? She had done more strange things at the Farm in less than a week than she ever had the opportunity for in her entire life.

It took Steffie a moment to position herself just right, then she took up some more lube but instead of spreading it on Rose’s pussy, she smeared in on her asshole.

“Wait, what are you doing?”

“Fucking you.”

“No. Don’t—”

“Shut up,” Steffie barked at her and pressed the dildo’s head against Rose’s brown anus. She tensed up and started to struggle again the penetration. “Stop moving,” Steffie ordered and slapped her hand down hard on Rose’s ass. She yelped and held still. “I don’t care if you’ve never gotten fucked in the ass before. I’m the trainer and you’ll do what I tell you. Tense up again and I’ll get out the paddle. Do you want that?”

Rose whimpered, “No.”

The head pressed against her again and Rose did her best to relax. Slowly the fake phallus pushed into her body. It felt wrong. She felt like her body was filling up, like she was being properly fucked, but the sensations didn’t match

what she knew she was supposed to be feeling. Rose inhaled in short, sharp bursts. Steffie kept pushing until the harness came to a rest against her ass. Only then did Rose feel cautious enough to gasp out in relief.

“Feel good, doesn’t it?” Steffie asked her.

“No,” whined Rose.

Steffie ignored her protest. “Wait a minute. You’ll get used to it.”

The two women silently rested on the mat, their bodies tied together by the dildo. Slowly, ever so slowly, Rose realized her body was becoming accustomed to the large item lodged where it should be.

“Now, the best way to get used to being fucked in the ass is to cum while doing it. You’re used to the magic wand, so let’s use that and get you settled in.”

Rose wanted to scream her objections, but she just whimpered in fear.

The big vibrator was within Steffie’s reach. She turned it on and moved it between Rose’s thighs, pressing it up against the slave’s clit. Rose feared the return of the toy, but was delighted when the vibrations pleasantly stimulated her clit and pussy. Almost immediately her ass relaxed a bit more and everything became wonderfully hazy. The orgasm wasn’t powerful, but it told her body that everything was right.

After she came Steffie pulled the vibrator away and began fucking her ass. It still felt strange and wrong, but Rose came to enjoy the way Steffie was using her body. She was a proper slave, used for her mistress’s pleasure. The next orgasm was strange. Instead of originating in her pussy or clit it came from the tightness in her ass. It just lent another level to the weirdness. Even as she came Steffie didn’t stop thrusting her hips back and forth. The orgasm passed and still Steffie didn’t stop. It was then that Rose realized Steffie was getting herself off. She didn’t understand exactly what was going on and she didn’t dare look over her shoulder and ask, so Rose remained on hands and knees until Steffie finished. It wasn’t bad, the sensation of cock in ass was mildly relaxing. Finally the trainer gripped Rose’s soft ass and her body lightly shook. Rose gave no indication she knew that her trainer had used her as a toy to make her body cum.

Steffie pulled the phallus out of Rose’s ass. Immediately she was flooded with a

feeling of sudden emptiness and a feeling of pressure being released. “Stay there,” Steffie ordered as she stepped away. Rose couldn’t have moved if she wanted to.

A minute later Steffie returned. The harness and dildo were gone. She snapped a leash on Rose’s collar and ordered her to her feet. It took a bit of struggle but eventually Rose got up and followed her trainer to the middle of the barn floor. The leash was attached to a chain hanging from the ceiling.

“I’m very proud of you,” Steffie said. “You didn’t beg and plead. You’re a good slave. But even good slaves need to be reminded of their position. Put your hands behind your back.” Rose did so and Steffie clipped them together. “Now, don’t make me restrain your feet. That will just draw out the process and anger me.”

Rose nodded.

Steffie unhooked the switch from her belt and smiled sadly. “It actually hurts me to do this to you. I enjoyed our time together today, but slaves must be beaten on a regular basis or they forget they are property.”

Rose nodded again. She wanted to wipe away the tears that were forming in her eyes, but of course she couldn’t. Steffie did her the honor of pretending not to notice the crying. Rose looked up at the ceiling, unable to contemplate what was about to happen.

The first blow caught her by surprise. She felt the impact and a slight sting but no pain. There was a moment and then she knew that that switch had caught her across both breasts and nipples. Then the pain shot through her body. She sobbed in terror.

When she glanced down from the ceiling, from Rose’s perspective it looked like Steffie ignored the noise. Steffie actually was thrilled by the cry of pain. She let loose a series of quick blows down Rose’s torso, striping her with red lines. She was crosshatched with trails of pain from her breasts to her thighs. She let out screams each time the switch landed.

When she was done with the front Steffie gently unhooked her hand from behind her back, moved them around Rose’s body, and latched both wrists to the D-ring on her collar. Rose was sobbing steadily and gently at this point. She had given

herself over to the beating. She was afraid to admit it to herself, but she was enjoying the way she was being treated. It was wrong and that made it oh so much better than being treated like a delicate princess.

Her trainer walked around her and continued the treatment to Rose's back, buttocks, and thighs. Each time the switch landed Rose jumped and cried out, but she never said no, she never used her safeword. She wanted to masturbate to the sound of Rose's crying, screams, and sobs. But she didn't hurry, she took care as always when dealing with a slave. From her bag she took out her cell phone and took a few pictures of the bright red stripes on Rose's body as the girl continued to sob. Before putting the phone away Steffie took a minute to inspect the photos, making sure they were of good quality and showed the painful details.

Only then did Steffie release the girl, lead her to the cage in the back of the barn, unbound her hands, and force her inside. After Rose was properly stored away and the back room was closed Steffie went back to the barn's front room, pulled down her pants, and violently frigged herself until she came.

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.

He can be reached at elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com. He posts to his blog at elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com.

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