Rosemilk

Part Three



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Smashwords Edition

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Part Three

Chapter Seven

It was Kim who came and rescued her late in the evening. Kim said nothing, just unlocked the cage, snapped a leash on Rose's collar and brought her into the house. She said nothing about the fading pink lines on Rose's body.

"Did you enjoy your time with Steffie?" Kim asked her once they were in the kitchen. She had prepared a bowl of Rose's feed and poured her a glass of water.

Rose ate for a moment before answering. "Yes."

It was nearly impossible for Kim to hide her smile, but she managed. "Would you like to receive her treatment again?"

This time her answer came too quickly. "No!" The moment the words escaped her lips Rose knew she had given away too much.

Now Kim didn't bother to hide her smile. "You enjoyed her abuse, but you don't want to do it again?"

Her voice was very quiet when she answered. "Yes."

"You're only my slave for another day, Rose. There won't be time for that. I have something else planned for you."

"Oh."

"But there are any number of painful pleasures I can inflict upon you."

Rose said nothing.

"Do you like being a slave?" Kim asked her.

"Yes."

"And you like Steffie's treatments."

“Yes.”

“And you like providing milk for your lovers?”

“Yes.”

“You are a very submissive girl, Rose. I like that. We can use you here at the Farm. Tomorrow might be your last day for you little vacation, but you’ve been well-trained. It won’t be your last visit, will it?”

Rose finished the last of her feed and looked up at her mistress. “No, ma’am.”

Kim’s smile was confident and reassured Rose of her role. “Good. One last question: have you ever truly made love with another woman?”

“No, Mistress Kim.”

“Never?”

“The only women I’ve really had sex with is you and Steffie.”

“Really?” Kim was skeptical.

Rose looked down and bit her lip.

“Tell me,” Kim ordered.

“Once, maybe in college,” she admitted.

“‘Once, maybe’?” Kim repeated.

“I was drunk. So was she. My freshman year I was in a quad room—”

“You had to share a dorm room with three other girls?”

“Yes.”

“Continue.”

“We all went to a party and I got drunk. So did Holly. We got back to our room and fell into her bed. I remember kissing her, groping her. Just her breasts, really.

I was too drunk. I was stupid. When we woke up she was naked and I was down to my panties."

Kim's mouth twisted into a little moue of bemusement. "And what did your other roommates think of this little romance?"

"I don't think they knew. One girl never came home that night—she hooked up with some boy. The other one was still drunk when we woke her up in the morning. She must have come in, not seen us, and fell into bed. She was still dressed."

"And what was your relationship with Holly after this little walk on your Sapphic side?"

Rose shrugged. "Nothing. Roommates. We never discussed it. We pretended like it never happened."

"That's too bad. You should have explored you bisexuality when you had the chance."

Rose nodded regretfully.

"All women are bisexual; you know that, don't you?"

"I've been told."

"Women who really know themselves are more than happy to fall in love with a man or a woman and will make love with a man or woman regardless of any external realities. Men—no, never. Most men are straight of course. Some are gay. A very few are truly bisexual. Women though…I love walking down the street or through the mall and seeing everyone as a potential partner. Men have to limit themselves too much." Her eyes glazed over and she drifted off.

Rose said nothing and waited quietly. Her food and drink were gone. She waited on her mistress.

"Would you like to make love with me tonight?" Kim asked her.

The question startled Rose out of her meditative reverie. It was an easy question to answer. "Yes, ma'am."

“Stand up.”

Rose did so and realized that in her bare feet she was a bare inch taller than Kim who was in heels. Her mistress put her arms around Rose and kissed her. Rose responded by parting her lips and accepting Kim’s tongue into her mouth. They kissed for a minute. To Rose it felt natural to be wearing her collar and cuffs and nothing else and have her bare skin press against the rough tweedy jacket Kim wore. She looked like a model on the cover of Town & Country. They kissed for a long time until Kim broke off their embrace.

“Come with me,” she said and grabbed Rose’s hand, leading her out of the kitchen and into the bedroom. Once they were in the private room Rose realized they were truly alone.

“Where’s Mark?” she asked. Rose was unsure if she was allowed to ask questions in this setting. She was still Kim’s slave and should act accordingly.

“He’s spending the night in the city. We have a place there. Tonight is just for you and me.”

Rose nodded. She was suddenly unsure of what to do. There was the expectation that she and Kim were to be physically intimate, but she knew she was supposed to take on the submissive role as well. Ever since arriving at the Farm she had been put on display and used as a sexual playing for the amusement of others. She had been watched by curious eyes as she was milked, fucked, and abused. Only when Steffie had her out in the barn had she been sexual intimate with someone else when there wasn’t an audience.

Kim knew what Rose must have been thinking. She wanted the girl to be unsure of herself; it made the sex more exciting. Kim enjoyed being the dominant when fucking other women. “Help me undress,” she told the girl.

This was a role that Rose understood. The tweed jacket was removed and hung in the closet. Shoes were kicked off and lined up neatly on the closet’s floor. Kim wore no socks or stockings. Her blouse was unbuttoned and taken off. She was wearing a pair of twill pants that zipped on the side. Kim rested her hand on Rose’s shoulder as they were pulled down her legs and taken off.

Under her clothes Kim was wearing a light pink bustier and matching panties. I took Rose a minute to understand that the bustier was the same color as her cuffs and collar. She laughed when she realized what her mistress had done.

“You’re a very pretty girl,” Kim said, pulling Rose up to stand next to her. Without her heels on Kim was three inches shorter than her slave. It didn’t matter. They kissed again. “Are your breasts full?” Kim asked.

Rose sighed with relief at the question. “Yes. Very.”

“I suppose we could take you out to the barn and hook you up to the milker,” she suggested.

A surprised Rose violently shook her head. “No, not that!” she protested.

Kim affected an attitude of surprise. “Why not?”

“It hurts and isn’t nearly as satisfying as a mouth,” Rose said.

“And you expect me to nurse your breasts?”

From beneath lowered eyelids Rose said, “ Yes. Please, if you would, mistress.”

Kim sighed. “Lay down on the bed.” The two women laid on their sides; Kim placed her head on a pillow next to Rose’s large breasts. “I do this only because I think it is the best treatment for my slave.” She then took up Rose’s nipple, sucked it into her mouth, and feed from the submissive girl.

“Thank you, thank you,” Rose said as her milk started flowing. The sensation of let down was at once relaxing and exciting. Kim found she didn’t mind doing this for Rose. Cuddled as they were it was an intimate act that kept Rose dependent upon someone to relieve the building pressure twice a day. Kim rested her hand on Rose’s hip and drained both breasts as she listened to the slave breath quietly at first, then with increasing intensity.

“You enjoy this, don’t you?” Kim asked when she was done feasting on her slave’s milk.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Open your legs.”

Rose did so and Kim felt the girl’s pussy. It was slightly moist. “Breast feeding turns you on. Have you ever cum from being suckled?”

“No, ma’am. Sometimes I think that I might, but it never happens.”

“Take of my panties,” she told Rose

The slave did as she was bid. Rose couldn’t help but lick her lips when Kim’s neatly trimmed and shaped pubic hair came into view. She wanted to dive between Kim’s thighs and bring pleasure to her mistress, but she restrained herself. She hadn’t been given permission to serve in that way.

Kim rose up from the bed and went to the small dresser, opened a drawer, and pulled out several items. Rose froze when she was what they were. Kim said nothing as she stepped into the harness and pulled the garment of straps up over her hips, but she did not immediately tighten the harness. She happened to glance at Rose whose eyes were wide with fear.

“Whatever is the matter, dear?”

“Steffie used a strapon today with me,” she managed to stutter out.

Her answer caused Kim to shrug. “I’m not Steffie. I have my needs as well. Did you enjoy her using the strapon?”

“No. Yes. It hurt.”

“Really? What size dildo did she use? It shouldn’t have hurt.”

“I don’t know. It wasn’t that big. I’ve never had anal sex before. That’s why it hurt.”

Kim burst out laughing. “Honey, I’m not going to put this in your ass. We’re going to make love like a couple of proper lesbians. What Steffie does is better described as sadism, not loving copulation.”

“Oh.”

While shaking her head, Kim picked up the completely average sized dildo she had chosen for the night and displayed it for Rose. “See. Normal sized. Not going into your ass unless you want that.”

“No.” Rose shook her head. “But it’s…curved.”

“Double-ended. I’m not fucking you just for your pleasure.” Rose popped the top to the tube of lube she had dropped on the bed with the dildo. She smeared a generous amount on the slightly shorted side of the phallus, pulled aside the loose harness hanging from her hips, and inserted it into her pussy. She closed her eyes and concentrated on getting the dildo in the correct position. Just moving it about inside her body was enough to excite her. The lube had been unnecessary; sucking on Rose’s tits had gotten her excited just like her slave. Rose watched as Kim fitted the dildo through the hole in the harness and then tightened up the straps. The phallus was girl-pink and looked to be modeled for a natural appearance but seeing it jutting out from Kim’s hips was a jarring conflict.

“Get on your back and spread your legs,” Kim ordered.

Rose laid back on the bed and Kim crawled on top of her. Instead of being scared Rose was excited. She felt Kim’s fake cock pressing on her abdomen. They kissed and Kim leaned back to grab the lube. She squirted more out and coated the length of the pink phallus. “It never hurts to have too much lube, but it can hurt if you don’t have enough,” she said and looked at Rose’s open pussy. “Though it looks like you’re making enough for the both of us.”

She leaned back over Rose and the two women grasped the dildo, finding Rose’s opening, and together they slid it inside her.

“Ohh!” Rose exclaimed as she was penetrated.

“Good?”

“Uh huh. More.”

Kim pushed it all the way in. Her hips and harness ground down on Rose’s pelvis. The two women made love. It might not have been like Rose had imagined but making love with another woman was almost the same as with a man, just softer and… velvety.

Their breasts pressed together and they kissed with abandon. Rose's nipples hardened against the smooth silk bustier that Kim still wore. Her mistress wouldn't completely strip in front of her slave; it was unseemly for a dominant to be without clothing in the presence of a slave. It didn't take long for Kim to cum. She paused briefly as she lost control of her body, then continued fucking Rose. "See, that's something a man can't do for you, can he?"

"No, he can't," Rose agreed.

She wasn't sure how long they fucked. Rose had three orgasms to Kim's two. After Kim's second climax she pulled out, rolled off her slave, removed her harness and got back in bed. Kim spooned her body around Rose's softness. They went to sleep together.

Nothing could have thrilled Rose more than to be woken by Kim's lips on her breasts. It was the way her husband often did it. Rose kept quiet on this fact. There were some things that Kim didn't need to know. She carefully placed one hand on the back of Kim's head and the other on her back. She patted her lover lightly, feeling the silky fabric of the bustier Kim still wore. It didn't take Kim long at all to empty her slave's breasts. Rose was thrilled that Kim did her this great favor. When they were fully awake and Rose felt her arousal peaking, Kim let the slave's big tit slip from her mouth.

"Go pee and get back here."

"How did you know I needed to pee?" Rose asked.

Kim smiled. "I know everything I need to know about you."

Upon returning from the toilet Rose found Kim on her back, knees up, and legs spread. "You know what to do," she instructed.

Rose no longer had any hesitation about getting between another woman's legs and eating her pussy. It was a delight to serve her mistress yet again. The older woman didn't take very long to orgasm under Rose's very active and talented tongue. "Good girl," she complimented Rose. "I suppose you want to cum this morning too."

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Hmm. How to make you cum? I can’t eat your pussy. I’ll only do that if it’s full of cum. I’m not putting the strapon back on. Okay, lay down next to me.” Rose did as directed. They kissed for a minute and the Kim put her hand on Rose’s naked pussy. She felt stubble. “You’ll have to shave this morning.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Kim then slipped her fingers inside Rose’s wet cunt and slowly started jilling her off. Rose made all the right sounds and moved her hips the right way. She quickly approached her climax and Kim yanked her hand away at exactly the wrong time.

“No no no!” protested Rose as her orgasm slipped away before she could enjoy it.

“Do you want to cum?”

“Yes! More than anything!”

“What will you do to cum?”

“Whatever you want, mistress.”

“Can I spank you?” Kim asked innocently.

“Yes. Whatever you want!”

Rose had been writhing about while Kim kept her half-pinned down with one leg on top of the slave’s knee and her right hand resting on Rose’s tummy. Kim’s head was propped up on her left hand. When she picked up her right hand Rose automatically spread her legs wider to allow her mistress easy access to her pussy.

When Kim slapped her hand down on Rose’s vulnerable pussy the slave screamed in pain and terror. She clamped her thighs shut on Kim’s hand and sobbed in surprise.

“Open your legs up!” Kim ordered. “You said I could spank you. Why are you

stopping me?”

Rose had thought Kim wanted to spank her ass. That idea excited her. She hadn’t expected her mistress to spank her delicate pussy. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry, ma’am.”

“You should be. Keep your legs open.” She brought her hand down again with a second smart slap. Rose yowled in pain but kept enough control over herself to keep her legs open.

“Did you enjoy that?” Kim asked.

“No-o-o-o,” wailed Rose.

“Good. We’ll keep doing this until you cum or use your safeword.”

Rose gasped and then screamed again as Kim slapped her pussy a third time. She was wet and squishy under Kim’s fingers. Kim wasn’t nearly the sadist that Steffie was, but she had given Rose an easy choice. It was a beautiful thing to see a woman make herself vulnerable to pleasurable pain.

The slaps continued one every second. Each time one landed Rose screamed in pain. Kim couldn’t contain her smile or her pleasure. “Tell me when you cum,” she said. Rose nodded and whimpered as another slap landed. Her pussy was turning bright red from the abuse. As much as she hated to admit it, the blows were exciting her. She could feel the orgasm coming, but it was taking too long.

“Harder or faster?” Kim asked to keep the game from getting dull.

“Both!” Rose begged.

Kim redoubled her efforts. Rose was weeping openly. It was all she could do to keep her legs open and not protect herself from her tormentor’s vicious hand. When it happened Rose was surprised, she didn’t realize the orgasm would happen. Her body shook and her vision disappeared in a blinding white flash. When she returned to reality Kim was lightly cupping her pussy.

“Good girl. Looks like you didn’t have to tell me you came.” She held up her dripping fingers for Rose to admire.

The slave’s hand covered her mouth. “Oh God. Did I pee?”

Kim laughed. “Of course not. That’s just girl jism. It happens only on the best orgasms. Steffie told me you did the same thing yesterday.”

“Uh-huh.”

Kim offered her fingers to Rose. The slave licked her thin juices off Kim’s digits. “And when making love to a woman, it’s customary to call out to the goddess. You don’t have to say, ‘Oh God’. I like it when girls worship the earth mother.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

When her fingers were clean Kim pulled them back and got out of bed. “I’m going to take a shower. Strip the bed. You can shower after me. You’ve got a lot of work to do today. We’re holding a going away party in your honor tonight.”

When Kim emerged from the bathroom she was wearing a towel but before dressing she took the time to unlock Rose’s cuffs and collar so she could shower. Without being told she knew to put her cuffs and collar back on before going downstairs for her daily instructions.

Kim had already disappeared from the kitchen. Rose was alone in the house. On the counter was a long list of instructions of what she should do during the day.

When Kim and Mark arrived at the Farm they found Rose waiting for them in the kitchen. Her arms were folded behind her back, her eyes were downcast, and her hair was pulled back into a simple braid that hung down her back. Kim smiled. Rose couldn’t see her expression, that wouldn’t serve her needs at all. The scent of dinner cooking filled the air.

“Very good,” Kim complimented her after taking a quick look at the dining room and noting it was set for six as ordered. She walked over to Rose, laid a hand on her cheek, and lightly kissed her on the lips.

“You shouldn’t do that to her,” Mark pointed out.

“Why not?” Kim asked with a haughty tone. “She’s my slave.”

“That’s my point. She’s a slave. She shouldn’t be receiving affection from you.”

“I disagree. A slave is simply supposed to be obedience and subservient to her mistress or master. One can control a slave with pain or affection—or both. I use both because then my slave never knows what to expect. It makes her more obedient.”

Mark shrugged. “If you say so. Should we have her dress in a maid’s costume for the dinner party?”

“Absolutely not. Slaves are fully dressed in cuffs and collars. She’s beautiful the way she is.”

Kim directed Rose in making final preparations for the small party. When the doorbell rang Kim looked expectantly at her slave. Rose went to the front hall to let in the guests. She was slightly nervous about greeting the guests wearing only her collar and cuffs but Kim would only have friends who knew the nature of the Farm come to visit for a dinner party, wouldn’t she? There was no room for disobedience. Rose answered the door properly and correctly. “Are you here for the party?” Rose asked politely as if it were completely normal that she would answer the door in the nude.

“Of course we are darling! Why else would we be knocking on your door in the middle of nowhere?”

Outside on the front porch was a middle aged couple. Rose had been greeted by the wife. They weren’t particularly notable in their appearance. If Rose had passed by the on the street she wouldn’t have given them a second glance. But they took it was a matter of course that a nude woman would be greeting them at the front door and she was there to serve them. She was well put together and had a trim body, Rose noted as she stepped into the house

“I see that Kim has gotten herself a new servant,” the man commented. “Pretty one too. A little fat for my taste though.” He followed his wife inside and handed Rose a bottle of wine.

“Oh Harry, shut your mouth,” his wife said. “You think every woman who doesn’t have the air-brushed perfection of a model falls short of your standards. You’re lucky I still fuck you.”

“If you’ll please follow me,” Rose said turning around and leading them to the dining room where Mark and Kim waited.

“Nice ass,” Harry commented, leering at Rose’s shapely posterior.

“Pig,” his wife said. “Not another word out of you unless it’s a compliment.”

“It was a compliment,” Harry protested.

“Harry! Bea!” Kim said when they walked in. She greeted each with a chaste kiss on the cheek. “Thanks for coming. What do you think of my new slave?”

Harry glanced at Bea for just a moment and then said. “She’s very pretty. Does she have any special talents?”

“You’ll find out later tonight,” Kim teased.

“What’s her name?” Bea asked. She was looking Rose up and down with a critical eye. Rose remained still and said nothing.

“Rose.”

“Farm name?”

“Naturally. Does it matter who she is outside of these walls?”

“No. Of course not.”

“Rose, please fetch the hors d’oeuvres. We’ll eat as soon as the other couple arrives.”

She was set to work serving the hors d’oeuvres, bringing drinks, taking Bea’s light wrap she had worn against the light chill of the early autumn evening. The conversation swirled around typical dinner party topics, nothing sex related at all. It may have very well been just a dull dinner party if not for the presence of a naked slave serving the food.

Not fifteen minutes had elapsed from the arrival of Harry and Bea when the doorbell rang again. Kim caught Rose’s eye and indicated she should answer the door. Doing the same thing a second time Rose was slightly more relaxed.

“Are you here for the party?” she asked after opening the door.

“Why else would someone come to the Farm?” the woman at the door said.

The sun had just gone down and since the house faced east the front porch was in near-darkness. She didn't see the second couple's faces until they stepped inside. She accepted a second bottle of wine from the woman and saw it was Midori from the mixed-couple party. Immediately her eyes shot over to the male half of the pair. Justin stood their expectantly. There was no way he could not recognize her and yet his eyes refused to acknowledge her.

Her husband had just arrived at the Farm with another woman and he was expecting her to serve him.

"P-p-please come right this way," Rose managed to stutter out. She stumbled slightly leading them back to the dining room. Her mind was reeling but she had recovered slightly when they reached their destination. It was easy to figure out that Kim had done this intentionally to see how her slave reacted under stressful conditions. She was determined to make Kim proud regardless of Justin's presence with the Japanese woman who she had already come to consider as her rival.

Justin and Midori were greeted warmly by Kim and Mark. More small talk was exchanged. Rose fetched more drinks and hors d'oeuvres. Presently it was time to serve dinner. No one made any disparaging remarks on her work which brought up Rose's level of confidence. She was hungry as they ate and chatted but there was lit. It was amazing to her that not one word of sex or slavery came up all through the meal.

As they finished the meal the conversation turned slightly. "Well, as you all know, we are here tonight for a special reason. It's Rose's last night in service to us."

All eyes turned to the slave standing next to the door to the kitchen. Rose flushed with embarrassment to be the sudden center of attention.

"I think a round of congratulations is in order," Mark said. There was a short chorus of good wishes and Rose bowed her head deeper. "If you would be a dear, Rose, in the refrigerator is a cake. Please bring it in so that we may have dessert."

On the bottom shelf of the over-sized refrigerator she found the small party cake. It simply said "Congratulations Rose". She didn't know what to think or make of it. She brought it along with plates and forks to the dining table. Mark cut and

Rose brought slices of cake to everyone—except herself. Even though she was being honored she was still just a slave who didn't deserve to eat with her betters.

When the dessert was done Rose started clearing the table and Kim said to Midori and Justin, "When a slave completes her training we generally require a sacrifice of her. Harry and Bea already know this, of course, having been me and Mark's financial partners ever since we established the Farm. If you'd be so kind Harry?"

"Of course. Back in a minute." He stood up and walked out of the dining room. A moment later Rose heard the front door open and close. There was no reason for her to stop working. The table needed to be cleared. Her breasts were getting heavy. She wondered if Harry was getting a milking machine. She desperately wanted someone to suckle her tits for they were getting very full of milk.

"What are you planning?" Midori asked Kim.

"I can't reveal that before it's time," Kim teased. "Let's wait for Harry as Rose finished with the dishes."

Kim had said a sacrifice, Rose reflected. What sort of sacrifice? Would she be expected to perform sexual favors for the guests? That idea actually excited her. She wouldn't mind that the least. Maybe Harry was getting some special paddle or device to be used on her?

She kept at the dishes and cleared the table quickly while the guests relaxed and talked and drank. Harry returned with a case he put on the floor and joined them. They were waiting for Rose to finish. She worked quickly, excited and nervous about what was required of her.

Finally the dishes were done and Kim called her to the table. "Normally I'd have the girl take off her clothes, but we're already there, aren't we?" Harry laughed. The other's joined him. Rose looked hesitantly at Kim.

"We mark all our slaves, Rose. You are no exception. If you wish to return to the Farm you must accept our mark. Do you accept?"

"A mark?"

“A tattoo,” Kim explained. “Like I said all slaves get one. You’ve proven your worth so you may wear one.”

Rose stood stock still for a moment. Harry opened his case and displayed a kit that she quickly understood was a tattoo gun and other equipment. He started laying it out on the table preparing to leave the Farm’s mark on her.

“Do you wish to return to the Farm some day, Rose?” Kim asked her sharply. “We need your answer. Your slavery and service is voluntary. This is the final step.”

“Don’t be shy, girl,” Bea said. “It’s extraordinarily common and easy.”

Although tattoos had become common in middle America Rose had never considered getting one. It wasn’t her. She was just a plain, white, middle-class suburban girl who dabbled a little in milk fetish—and liked to play sex games with a very organized group of kinksters.

“We need an answer, Rose,” Kim demanded.

“It’s a mark you’ll grow to love,” Bea assured her. “No one will see it unless you want them to.” She stood up and unzipped her casual chic pants, turned around, and pulled down her pants and panties. On her posterior was a slightly faded tattoo of a daisy. The stem and vine around the flower spelled out the Farm’s name in intricate letters. “Show her, Midori,” Bea said.

Justin’s date stood up and hiked up her skirt revealing she wore stockings held up with garters. Being a bit younger and racier than Bea she wore a thong instead of panties. There was no reason for her to pull down her undergarment to reveal a large artistic tattoo of jasmine flowers covering most of her right buttock. Rose’s eyes flicked to Justin. His expression was decidedly neutral. Did Midori, Bea, and Harry know she was his wife?

“Yes,” she finally said.

“Good!” Harry said. “Come over here, bend over the table, let me get at your ass and we’ll have this done in no time at all.” He snapped on a pair of latex gloves and moved his chair to allow her to rest her torso on the table while he worked. Rose walked unsteadily around the table and did as he ordered.

“Naturally you’ll be getting a rose tattoo,” Kim said. “We like things kept simple that way.”

Rose just nodded. It made sense, of course. She unsteadily put her hands down on the table, leaned forward and let the cool wood take her weight. Her breasts compacted beneath her and squished between her chest and the table. Unbidden, Rose groaned at the slight pain. They were near-full of milk again and the pressure was uncomfortable. The crowd was disappointed in the apparent weakness of her ability to endure even the slightest bit of abuse and humiliation. It was Kim who came to her rescue.

“Her tits are full,” Kim explained. “She hasn’t been milked since this morning.”

“She’s lactating?” Harry asked, intrigued.

“Yes. It’s what makes her special.”

“Huh. I’d say what makes her special is her generous ass and smooth skin.”

“That’s because you’re not enough of a pervert,” Mark said.

Harry shrugged. “If you say so. Would you rather I wait while you milk her or what?” He had all his tools out and was ready to go. Kim didn’t want to delay the process.

“No. Midori would you be a dear and fetch a cushion or pillow to give my slave a bit of comfort?”

Harry continued his preparations and a minute later Midori returned with a pillow that was placed under Rose’s torso to give her a small amount of comfort while Harry inked her. Rose couldn’t stand to watch and looking over her shoulder would be uncomfortably awkward. She also felt it would be questioning Kim’s decision to have this done to her slave, even though Rose had tacitly consented to the marking. She resolutely closed her eyes and gave herself over to the process.

The guests commented and watched as the tattoo was applied. She was only slightly surprised that it didn’t hurt. The sterilization and application of the design’s outline was easy enough, but once Harry took up the tattoo gun and activated it with an alarming buzzing Rose unconsciously tensed up. If Harry

noticed or cared, he gave no indication. The actually needlework was nowhere near as bad as she had anticipated. No worse than scratching on her skin. The beatings and torture under Steffie's care had been a hundred times worse.

In less than half an hour it was done. When she stood back up she realized her right buttock was sore, as if from a sunburn or particularly hard slap during sex play. Harry took a piece of plastic wrap and placed it over the new tattoo. She had a quick glimpse of the new artwork—it was small, no more than three inches in diameter, with green leaves and a bright red flower—before he applied two stripes of surgical tape to hold the plastic wrap in place.

She absently listened to his aftercare instructions. Those in attendance congratulated Kim for her achievement with her newest slave. Not a word was said to Rose about the abuse and humiliation she had gone through to earn the status of Kim's slave. There was not a moment of regret or anger over that—Rose knew that a slave was nothing without her mistress. There was no need to congratulate her on being a slave. She was there for their amusement and use, nothing else.

"Thank you all for coming," Kim said. "You are all welcome to spend the night here at the Farm if you choose. Toys and games can be arranged. We are a small group tonight, but I don't see that as a problem. Our only real limitation is our one slave." Slight laughter permeated the room.

"I don't think my husband would mind me spending the night," Midori said to Justin. Rose's heart fluttered in her chest. She was married to someone else? So where was he?

"Unfortunately I have a babysitter watching my kids," he said. "But I have a few more hours still." He moved closer to her and they kissed. Rose didn't stare but kept an eye on them from under half-lowered eyelids.

"We, my dear hostess, do have to leave early," Bea said to Kim. "We have early morning obligations. I do wish we could have sampled some of the delights of your slave."

"Would you like to taste her milk before you leave?" Kim asked. "She needs a bit of relief and it is better directly from the source."

The older couple hesitated. "I don't know…" Bea started to say.

“Oh, give it a try,” Kim said with a light laugh. She sat down on the chair next to Rose and leaned into the slave’s big breasts. “It’s delightful.” She took Rose’s fat nipple in her mouth and sucked hard a few times to start the milk flow. Rose shivered a moment at the contact and then forced herself to relax; when she was nervous or anxious it took her longer to let down her milk. It started flowing from her right breast into Kim’s mouth, and then she looked down to see that her left breast was leaking and dribbling down the curve of her tit to spatter on the floor.

“Oh, don’t let it be wasted,” Kim cried. “C’mon, Bea, Harry. Give it a taste!”

“Why the hell not?” Harry said and leaned in to suckle on Rose’s free tit. He sucked tentatively at first, then with more enthusiasm before pulling back. “Very sweet,” he commented. “Almost like a fruit juice. Very thin, not at all like cow’s milk. Try it, dear,” he said to his wife.

“Fine,” she said dismissively and replaced Harry at Rose’s teat. Kim hadn’t moved from the right breast. She wasn’t actively suckling but licking the milk drops that escaped Rose’s nipple and every once in a while giving a little suck to keep the milk flowing.

Bea’s expression changed after a minute of drinking from Rose’s heavy tits. “Interesting,” she commented and delicately wiped her mouth with a napkin. “I’ve never tasted a woman’s milk before. Usually when I play with them, they’re dry. It’s not bad—but probably not something that I’d actively pursue.”

“It’s more of a masculine kink,” Mark offered. “If you don’t mind?” he asked stepping forward and indicating the breast Bea had recently vacated.

“Not at all,” Bea said and stepped back. “Honest to goddess, men will turn anything about women into a kink.”

Mark said nothing and simply suckled Kim’s slave as he sat next to his partner. They all watched the strange feeding for a minute before the couple released the slave’s tits.

“Well, we really do have to be going,” Bea said. Farewells were said along with a few friendly cheek kisses and the older couple made their exit. There was no mention of Rose escorting them to the door like a proper servant to the hostess. She was being used for a more urgent purpose at the moment.

“Can I try her?” Midori asked in a shy voice.

“Certainly,” Kim said and backed away. Midori sat down in Kim’s seat and eagerly took up Rose’s breast. She suckled quite nicely, as if she had done this before. It might have been simply that she was a woman who was more in tune with another woman’s body. The Japanese girl wasn’t the least bit shy about drinking from Rose’s breasts. After a minute Justin sat down at the other chair and took her free breast. He didn’t look up at his wife, he merely gave Midori a peck on the cheek then started drinking from Rose’s tit. It was strangely familiar to have his mouth back on her breast. It was good, but strange to feel him nursing from her again—especially since he was doing it with his girlfriend. Did Midori know that Rose was married to Justin? Did she know he was married at all?

All too soon Rose realized her breasts were empty. Where had the milk gone? Midori and Justin backed away and smiled at each other, then shared a kiss. “Midori has a request,” Justin said to Kim.

“What is it?”

Midori shyly looked down and blushed. Justin spoke for her. “She wants Rose to eat her pussy.”

Kim smiled broadly. “And when did she make this little fantasy be known to you?”

“When you were nursing from Rose,” he pointed out.

“Oh. Yes. Well of course, yes. That’s what Rose is here for, to service the guests. Would you like to take her to one of the bedrooms?”

“No,” Midori said. “I want it right here on the table.” She had found her voice and her courage. She hiked up her skirt and yanked down her tiny black thong panties. Her pussy was shaved into a neat, narrow line extending up from her slit. Midori wasn’t the least bit shy about getting on the table, spreading her legs and putting her feet on a pair of chairs. She moved her bottom to the table’s edge then leaned back and supported her weight on her elbows to wait expectantly.

“Get down and service the poor woman, Rose,” Kim ordered.

There was no reason for her not to follow orders. She fell to her knees between Midori's legs and then paused. Up close with her legs spread and her set wide open Rose discovered the Asian woman's pussy was adorned with a tiny piece of jewelry. A small ring pierced the delicate hood right above her clit. It was silver and so small that it was hard to see until Midori opened her thighs and exposed herself. It wasn't so strange to see such a bit of body decoration, but Rose had never had to confront a genital piercing up close and personal before.

She couldn't ask for instructions from her mistress. That would be wrong. Rose kissed the small mons Venus that was covered by the tiny stripe of hair and then plunged her tongue into the woman's pussy. She skipped over the woman's clit and ring. Midori moaned appreciatively. Rose glanced up and concentrated on eating the other woman's pussy the way she liked to have her cunt stimulated. All sorts of moans and groans leapt out of Midori's mouth until Justin moved close and kissed his girlfriend. Rose felt a shocking slap of jealousy. Was that her husband's game, to toy with her emotions why she pleasured his mistress?

It didn't matter, she had no say in the matter. She moved her tongue up Midori's slit and left the small loop of metal in her mouth. She flicked and teased the silver ring with the tongue and lips. Midori grabbed the back of Rose's head and ground her pussy on the slave's faced. She gasped and cried out in small whines. Rose grasped Midori's thighs and continued to move her tongue rapidly across Midori's clit and ring. A small keening cry of passion announced her climax and Midori laid back on the table.

Rose rested back on her heels but did not move from between Midori's legs. Justin had been kissing the other woman while his wife at her pussy. He had pulled down Midori's dress and had been playing with her tits. Rose wasn't surprised to see that Midori's nipples were pierced with tiny silver rings that matched the one in her pussy. She reflected for a moment those bit of decoration weren't apparent on Justin's girlfriend before, but then again the only time Rose had seen her unclothed was on the video monitor that didn't show any fine detail.

"Okay, we need to get to a bed and fuck," Midori said.

"Uh-huh," Justin agrees as he lightly bit one of her nipples. Midori looked up at Kim and Mark. "Would you like to join us?" she invited the other couple.

Kim looked to Mark. He nodded his head and she frowned. “Do you mind if just Mark goes with you?” she asked. “I need to deal with Rose tonight.”

Midori seemed happy with this. “Sure. I could use two cocks right now. She scooted off the table and walked out of the dining room. Her small harem followed her without a backward look at the other two women.

“Come with me, Rose,” Kim said. She took her slave’s hand and led the other woman back to her and Mark’s private bedroom. Where the other three had gone Rose couldn’t say. She was glad they were out of sight. Her emotions were a confusing roil that she couldn’t make sense of.

“Undress me,” Kim ordered. Rose was happy to have something to do. She followed the ritual, removing Kim’s outer garments but leaving on her bra and panties. “The bra too,” Kim said. It came off easily. Rose looked at her mistress’s small but firm tits. They were pretty. “And the panties.” The pink silk garment slipped off her hips and Rose found herself kneeling in front of her mistress waiting for further instruction. Kim looked down at her. “Kiss me,” she ordered.

Rose knew not to stand up. She leaned forward was kissed Kim’s pussy on the neat blond triangle of hair. She snaked her tongue forward and licked at her engorged clit. Kim pushed her back slightly and Rose realized she had never seen her mistress fully naked before.

“Are you ready to go to bed with me?” Kim asked.

“Yes, of course, mistress,” Rose automatically replied.

Kim gave a brief shake of her head, then stopped and closed her eyes briefly. When she reopened them she asked, “Do you want to make love with me?”

Rose licked her lips and answered carefully. She was sure the question wasn’t a trick, but it was now in her nature to give the answer that her mistress wanted because she wanted to please Kim. “Yes, of course I do.” She didn’t add the honorific of ma’am or mistress. Kim wanted an honest answer.

“Are you saying that because you want to or because you think I want you to?”

“Because I want to.”

“Are you bi?” Kim then asked her.

She paused before speaking her answer. “No. I don’t have any desire to have sex with women.”

“But you had sex with me and Steffie and Midori,” Kim pointed out.

“Because I was ordered to with Steffie and Midori,” she replied.

“And with me? Because I’m your mistress?”

Once again Rose hesitated. Her emotions were churning and she didn’t know how to honestly and correctly answer. The new tattoo on her ass was a slight distraction making it difficult for her to form her thoughts. “Because…because I needed to,” she answered knowing the answer made no sense.

“But you don’t have any sexual attraction to women?” Kim asked.

“No, I do not,” Rose answered quickly, and then reconsidered her words. “That is, I find women beautiful and all, but I don’t think I would ever seek out sex with another woman.”

“But you enjoy it with me?”

“Yes.”

“Stand up.”

Rose obeyed and noted that she was a few inches taller than her mistress. Kim put her arms around Rose’s waist and pulled the younger woman close. Their breasts touched and pressed together and Kim increased the strength of her embrace. When she leaned forward and kissed Rose the slave opened up her lips and happily accepted Kim’s tongue. The kiss lasted longer than Kim intended. She pulled back. “Kiss me,” she said. “Give me your tongue.”

They kissed again, this time Rose taking the role of the aggressor. Her tongue went deeply into her mistress’s mouth and they necked like high school lovers. Rose reflected that kissing a woman was different from a man, so much softer and gentle, but the impetus of kissing—sexual drive—wasn’t all that different.

Am I bi? she pondered as she lost herself in the suppleness of Kim's lips. Steffie and Kim seem to think all women are. Maybe I'm just attracted to the person in front of me? Does it matter? Will I go home tomorrow and have sex with Justin and forget about being with women? Will I be happy with just him nursing from me? Will I still be Kim's slave?

Kim again broke off the kiss. "Let's get in bed." They didn't throw off the sheets in preparation for sex. Instead they slipped between the smooth cotton bedclothes and pressed their bodies together. Kim inserted her leg between Rose's thighs opening the girl's sex up slightly. Their breasts and nipples lightly touched and their breathed each other's scent and breath. Rose suddenly realized how sexually charged the moment was but Kim made not motion to initiate sex.

"Tomorrow you leave," Kim said.

"I know." Just saying the words caused an unbidden tear to form in the corner of her eye. She absently settled her head into the pillow to surreptitiously wipe it away. If Kim noticed she said nothing.

"You know that your role of slave and me as your mistress is just a game, don't you, Rose?" Kim asked.

"Just a game?"

"You can stop it at any point. Slave and mistress is just a game. You've always been free to stop, to walk away from the game. You had your safeword."

"I know," Rose said. She did, but she never had wanted to use it. Why? she pondered. Sometimes the pain was almost too much. The humiliation was just as bad. Who would consider being treated this way a vacation?

"But you never used it."

Rose swallowed and tried to find the words that adequately described her situation and emotions. "I never thought I needed to. It was hard, but I was enjoying myself." Her words were hesitant and unsure.

Kim half-sobbed, half-laughed at her answer. "At some points I wanted to press you hard to see when you would break. You never did. That made me proud. You're a slave, you have a submissive's personality—that's hard to describe but

it is who you are—and at my core I'm a dominant, but I'm proud you never gave in to weakness." She kissed her slave on the lips. Rose said nothing.

"Do you want to stop the game now?"

"No."

Kim kissed Rose again, this time on the cheek and brushed back a few stray hairs that had fallen in her face. "What do you think the others are doing right now?"

Rose's eyes unfocused and she wondered why Kim was asking that question. "Having sex, I'd imagine."

"What exactly do you think they're doing?" Kim pressed her.

The only way Rose could answer was to close her eyes. "Justin loves blowjobs so I'd guess Midori's doing that to him while Mark fucks her. I'm just guessing."

In fact at that moment Midori was on her knees straddling Justin's hips. His cock was buried in her pussy but she was holding very still. Mark had just applied a handful of lube to her puckered asshole and was ready to penetrate her.

"Are you ready?" Mark said to the small woman. Between the two men she was barely a quarter of their combined size.

"Fuck yes!" Midori declared. "Stick it in me." The three had been playing for half an hour. Justin has already given her one good orgasm with his tongue and fingers while Mark received a blowjob from her. Mark pulled out before he came in her mouth. He didn't want to waste in down her throat. He wanted to fuck her in the ass and wouldn't be satisfied with anything else.

"Breathe and relax," he told her. His words were measured and calm. He spoke with assurance and confidence.

"I've done this before," she said over her shoulder with a roll of her eyes.

"You've been double fucked before?" Mark asked only slightly surprised. The

little woman was certainly sexually aggressive enough for the statement to be true, he was just as impressed that her small body could handle two men at the same time.

“I’ve been fucked in the ass before,” she told him.

“While you had a cock in your cunt?” Justin asked wanting to be a part of the conversation.

“Well, no, not that. Two guys at once is a new for me.”

“Hold still then,” Mark instructed. “It might hurt a bit, but you’ll get used to it.”

“Make it hurt good,” she said and exhaled her breath. Mark had already digitally penetrated her to make sure she could handle him. She was ready but while a little pain was fine with him and her, he wanted to be sure he wasn’t going to injure her. He pressed his cock against her tiny asshole and moved forward.

He had nothing to worry about. Midori’s ass opened up easily to accept his cock. He moved forward slowly and steadily. The Japanese woman moaned and whined while he filled her up unnaturally but he didn’t stop. She’d have to do a lot more than make some vocalizations that could be from pain or pleasure. A little pain was good to heighten the pleasure.

“I can feel your cock,” Justin grunted from beneath Midori.

“Let me pull out a bit,” Mark said. A moment later the pressure on Justin’s cock eased. When Mark plunged back in to Midori’s ass—with her whining her pain the entire time—Justin knew his cock was separated from Mark’s by just a thin layer of tissue.

“Do it again,” Midori groaned.

Mark pulled out halfway and pushed back in. She inhaled sharply and half-sobbed at the fullness of her body.

“I need to fuck,” Justin said.

“Do it,” Midori cried.

He started thrusting his hips up into her tight cunt. While Justin knew that her pussy was nowhere near as tight as what Mark was experiencing with her ass, he didn't care. He'd do almost anything for the exotic woman who happily had sex with him because she liked having sex with men who weren't her husband. He could tell that Mark was continuing his slow fucking of Midori's ass. Just running the idea of their triple coupling around in his head was almost all he needed to cum. A moment later his balls started pumping his semen deep into Midori's pussy. She whined and cried some more and pushed her hand between their bodies. Her fingers sought out her clit, found it and the familiar silver ring and anxiously frigged herself to a quick and dirty climax.

"Harder! Faster!" she screeched.

Mark felt her asshole tighten around his cock and briefly wondered if he should drag out the experience and just as quickly rejected the idea. He thrusted harder and faster for a minute listening to Midori's whimpers of pleasure mixed with pain until he peaked and pumped his cum into her ass.

It was Justin's cock that slipped out of her first, but he was trapped beneath both of them so he was forced to remain under her body for the moment. That was okay. He could kiss her face and lips and she responded in kind.

When he judged the moment was right Mark pulled his shrinking cock from her ass. Midori whimpered again as his girth no longer forced open her sphincter. His absence caused a void in her body.

"Oh fuck that was almost too good," she complimented them.

Mark laughed a bit. "What would have been too good?" he asked.

She didn't have to give her answer even a moment's thought. She intended to try it the next time the opportunity presented itself. "If you two could make me cum again just like this while my husband watches."

"Does he know you cuckold him?" Mark asked. He wiped off his half-erect cock with a towel left on the bedside table and then threw himself down on the mattress covered with just a sheet. There was no need for any other bedclothes in the brown room.

Midori didn't answer him right away. She gingerly got down from the bed and

grabbed a few wipes from the table as well. With these she carefully wiped away the cum that had been deposited in her cunt and ass. As Midori cleaned herself she gave her answer. “Of course he knows that I cuckold him. It was his idea in the first place.”

Mark grunted. “He’s one of those.”

“One of what?” Justin asked from his position on the bed. He knew he should clean himself as well, but he didn’t have the energy at the moment.

“Her husband is the kind of guy who likes his wife to come home to him with her pussy full of cum.”

“Yup,” agreed Midori.

“It’s not really that strange, is it?” Justin asked. The idea thrilled him. It was half the reason he and Maia had discussed becoming guests at the Farm. He knew she was getting fucked and sucked hard every day at the Farm on her week-long vacation. Every night while she was away he had masturbated to those thoughts. Meeting Midori on the Farm’s chat site was helpful in making the decision to send Maia on her vacation. “I mean, it’s a pretty common fantasy.”

Midori answered before Mark could say anything else. “Every time I come home with cum in my pussy, Frank goes absolutely fucking insane with lust. Sometimes I think the sex I’m having on the side is mind-blowing, but Frank fucking me after I’ve had another guy…there’s no way to describe it. Best sex ever—each and every time—when my husband gets to fuck me second.”

“It’s pretty common,” Mark said absently. “I bet half the guys who show up here with their wives or girlfriends get off more on the fact they get to watch their wife with someone else.”

“Has your husband ever watched you have sex with another man?” Justin asked Midori. Every time he had talked to Midori before she had simply told him she liked having sex outside her marriage because her husband wasn’t meeting all her needs. It was much more complicated than that.

“No,” she smiled and bent over to pull on her panties. “But I keep telling him I’m going to let him…if he’s good to me. He hasn’t been good enough.” She winked at him. “So for now, I just bring him home a wet and sloppy pussy.

That’s enough…for now.”

Mark and Justin watched at Midori finished dressing. She blew them a kiss as she walked out the door.

“Isn’t she your ride home?” Mark asked him

“No,” Justin relied, “we drove separately. I’ve been starting to wonder why she always rushes home after we fuck.”

“Are you jealous?” Kim asked. “The emotional impact of seeing your husband—even though here on the Farm he isn’t your husband because you’re my slave—with another woman can destroy you.”

“Yes, I’m jealous.”

“Do you want to join them?”

“No.”

“Do you want me to bring Justin or Mark in to our bed for the night?”

“No, I want to spend it with you only.”

They kissed again and Rose wrapped her arms around her mistress. She didn’t say it but she already desperately wanted to return to the Farm at the first opportunity. She wanted to be milked and abused and treated as a slave. She wanted to be a sex object and the object of everyone’s attention. But she could say that.

Kim picked up Rose’s hand and brought it between her legs. “Make me cum,” she told her slave.

Rose rubbed her mistress’s pussy and kissed her mouth. It didn’t take long at all for Kim to cum. It was a quiet orgasm but satisfying. Kim didn’t need all the trappings of the extreme sex the Farm promised to its guests. Sometimes an orgasm was just something nice to share with another warm body.

When she was done she extracted Rose’s fingers and licked them once. “I’m not going to make you cum. I want you to masturbate while I watch.”

And Rose did as she was ordered. Her fingers went between her legs, she penetrated herself and teased her clit and rubbed with a viciousness that surprised the both of them until her climax shook her body and girl cum leaked out of her cunt and slightly wetted the bed. When she was done Kim linked Rose’s wrist cuffs to the collar as a final reminder who was in charge of their relationship.

Kim had no trouble going to sleep next to her slave. It was Rose who spent half the night wondering what was going to happen to her the next day.

Chapter Eight

Rose woke up to the sensation of Kim's lips on her breast. Kim had already unhooked her wrists from the collar and was feeding from Rose. Her arms were stiff after being bound for the night. It was hard for her to move her arms, but she made the effort and placed one hand on the back of Kim's head to encourage her to nurse more aggressively.

As Kim nursed from her Rose felt her libido rising. Once again there was the direct connection between her nipples and her cunt. She didn't want it to happen but her pussy moistened and her breathing became shallow and rapid. It was rare, but more than once Rose had been given an orgasm by Justin simply by his suckling her tits. Though Kim was doing her best to make Rose's lust blossom, it wasn't going to happen that morning just with her tits.

"Make me cum," Rose whined when Kim was all but done with her second breast.

Kim pulled back, a slightly annoyed look on her face. "Have you forgotten that you are still my slave?" she asked sharply.

Rose was taken aback at Kim's vehemence but recovered herself to remember her place. "No, Mistress Kim. I was speaking out of turn. I'm very horny this morning."

"You're lucky I'm feeling generous today. It's your job to make me cum." Kim pulled away from Rose and laid back on the bed. She spread her legs. "Make me cum with your mouth," she ordered.

Just the words from her mistress was enough to compel Rose into action. She crawled down between Kim's legs, kissed her soft blond pubic hair once, and then plunged her tongue into Kim's hole. It was already wet. Kim was turned on and halfway to her climax even before Rose's tongue touched her sex. Regardless, Kim made Rose work for the orgasm. She didn't encourage her at all and in fact resisted her rising desire. Only after fifteen long minutes of hard work did Kim stop resisting and bucked her hips up and down, rubbing her cunt on Rose's face until she came. It wasn't a hard orgasm, just enough to release the pressure and moisten Rose's face with Kim's scent.

“Good,” she said once she had recovered. “Don’t move.” Kim climbed out of bed and admired Rose’s pert ass. The bandage covering her new tattoo hadn’t come loose during the night. That was good. She reached into the nightstand and found a simple short lash in the drawer. It was little more than a nine inch handle with a dozen thin leather straps attached. Each strap was eighteen inches long. Kim didn’t know where it had come from or why it was in her drawer. It didn’t matter. If she really wanted to find the right tool for the job she could go to one of the play rooms and find the right whip to discipline her slave. But that wasn’t critical now. Discipline was important now.

Rose turned her head slightly to see what Kim was doing. Kim was unsure if the girl had seen the lash. “Did I tell you to move your head?” Kim asked angrily. She wasn’t truly angry at Rose for her curiosity. She was angry that Rose was leaving this day and her slave wouldn’t be easily accessible any longer. It wasn’t truly Rose’s fault but Kim intended to let her slave know that she was disappointed in her. Slaves needed to have a life outside the Farm but Kim could still be angry over that.

“No, Mistress Kim.”

“I’m very disappointed. You were doing so well. You’ll need some additional training if you wish to become a good slave. You might be an excellent milker, but that is a limited talent. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“You still need to have a lesson enforced so that you do remember. Don’t move.”

Before Rose could reply the lash came down on her upturned ass. The leather thongs stung as they landed on her delicate skin. Rose yelped in pain. Immediately lines of red traced across the girl’s buttocks. Kim waited two seconds and the redness spread like a sunburn. The lash came down again and again. After the fifth stroke Kim wished she had made Rose count the blows, but it was too late. She stopped on the tenth.

“Will you remember how to act?” she asked in an even tone.

“Yes, ma’am,” Rose replied. She was breathing heavily and trying not to sob. “I’ll remember.”

“Don’t move. I’ll be back in a minute.”

She briefly thought about grabbing her robe, but it was a rare opportunity for Kim to walk the house naked. Normally she couldn’t do that because she must always remain the dominant in the house. She loved to be naked. It was odd that her job forced to her remain at least partially clothed and sexually frustrated when almost everyone around her was naked and having sex with wild abandon. Rose only had to search three rooms before she found the one Mark had used to sleep in.

“You up?” she asked his motionless form.

“I am now. Kind of. It’s fucking early,” he complained.

The others must have left. There was no sign of Justin or Midori. “Funny you should put it that way,” Kim said. “I need you to fuck Rose right now.”

“Right now?” he asked. Sometimes having sex on demand wasn’t as exciting as it seemed from the recruiting poster.

“Yes, right now. I milked her already and lashed her ass. It’s nice and pink. She’s horny and I want her to get off.”

“Make her cum yourself,” Mark mumbled as he struggled out of the bed.

“I can’t do that to her on her last day here. It’s time for me to cut her off from sex with me. You need to take care of her. You can even cum in her pussy.”

“How about her mouth or ass?” Mark asked. As he untangled himself from the sheets Kim noted his cock was already semi-rigid. Was it because of morning wood or because he was excited to fuck her slave?

“No. You need to make her cum. And I’m going to watch to make sure you do it right.”

“When have I ever fucked wrong?” he asked her rhetorically.

“I can think of a few occasions. March, mister,” she ordered.

“Yeah, yeah,” he said and stumbled out the door and to their private bedroom.

In their bedroom Kim was pleased to see her slave hadn't moved. The pinkness had lessened slightly but was still the right color to inflame Mark's passion. He got off on a little sadism and abuse but not nearly to the extent as Steffie. He was an accomplished sadist for the few who wanted a man to whip, flog, tease, and abuse them. In their venture together Mark's primary role had fallen to maintenance and creating the furniture and restraints used by the guests.

"Up on your knees!" he barked at her the moment he walked in the door.

Rose jumped at his voice, looked over her shoulder at the couple walking in the door, and quickly obeyed. She shouldn't have looked, but Kim was willing to overlook that infraction.

Mark got on the bed behind her wide hips and angled his cock to enter her cunt. "Do you need to cum this morning?" he asked her.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you going to need your hand to get off?"

"No, sir."

"Then keep your hands down on the bed where I can see them. I don't want you playing with yourself unless I tell you to."

"Sir can I—?"

Before she could ask the question Mark dropped his hand heavily on her reddened ass. She shrieked in pain. "Did I tell you to ask a question?"

"No, sir," she whimpered.

"Well, ask the damn question or we'll be here all day."

"I need to pee. Can I pee first before—?"

"No," Mark said and thrust his cock into her pussy. She yelped slightly as his flesh met hers. "Oh, her cunt is tight and wet," he commented to Kim. "What did you do to her this morning?"

“Sucked her tits.”

“Apparently she likes it.” Mark wasn’t in the mood to drag out the punishment and fucking more than necessary. He used no technique and simply fucked her as hard and fast as he could. Rose enjoyed it. She moaned and groaned throughout the process. It didn’t take long for his balls to contract and shoot his load into her cunt. Only as he started cumming did he realize he hadn’t paid the least bit of attention to her climax. His concern was unfounded. As he came he thrusted hard and drove her down to the mattress; along the way her orgasm exploded in her cunt and Rose received the relief she needed.

He only let his weight rest on her body for a minute before getting off and heading for the shower. Kim said nothing to him. Rose sobbed lightly into the pillow.

“Stop crying,” Kim ordered her when Mark turned on the water. “Did you cum?”

“Yes,” she whimpered.

“Good then you have nothing to cry about.” From the closet she pulled out a purple silk robe and sat down on the corner chair. From the nightstand drawer she pulled out the ring with several small keys. Kim didn’t have to think about which key to use. The right one immediately came to her hand. “Get over here and kneel down.”

Rose obeyed and her eyes went wide as Kim went through the ritual of unlocking each small lock on the leather cuffs and collar. She then placed the key ring on the dresser top and removed each lock. Only when the locks were sitting next to the key did she unbuckle each of the four cuffs and collar. Shock registered in Rose’s eyes. Kim looked at her with disdain that was largely feigned.

“Don’t be so sad,” she said. “I’m going to shower with Mark. You wait out here until we’re done. Remain kneeling. When were done and dressed you may use the shower. Clean and shave yourself. Put your cuffs and collars back on with the locks. Cover your tattoo with the new bandage. Then come down to the kitchen. It’s time we had breakfast.”

Rose knelt in position for ten minutes as her mistress and her partner showered in the bathroom, dried off, came to the bedroom where they ignored her as they

dressed in casual clothes, and headed downstairs. Only when the door was closed behind them did Rose move to shower. She did so quickly. It was necessary to remove the bandage on her tattoo. She only took a moment to admire the work on her skin. The redness had faded for the most part. She was glad that the bandage and wrap had been over it when she had received her beating from Kim.

Her mistress had left a small tube of ointment on the dresser next to her cuffs and collar. She quickly dressed in her slave's outfit of the tiny leather bands around her limbs and neck, applied some of the ointment to her sore skin where the tattoo was healing nicely and applied the large bandage over it. Only then did she head downstairs.

Breakfast was waiting for her. A proper breakfast, not the bowl of processed nuggets she had been fed for the past week. She sat naked at the table with Mark and Kim as they ate and talked about local politics. Rose added nothing to the conversation. When her eggs and toast were gone Kim seemed to take notice of her.

"Does it hurt to sit on your tattoo?"

"A little, ma'am."

"Did you put the ointment on it?"

"yes, ma'am."

"The sting will go away in a day. It's a beautiful piece of work. Stand up and show us."

Rose obeyed, turning around and leaning slightly forward to thrust her ass back at the couple.

"Very nice," Kim said. "Don't move. Mark, get your camera." He had it sitting on the shelf and took a couple of close-up pictures of her ass and tattoo. By now this didn't faze her at all. Her face wouldn't be in the pictures, as if that mattered. Would anyone even recognize the suburban mom decked out in bondage cuffs and collar if they did happen to stumble across her picture on the internet?

“I think we need a few of her in the barn to remember her by, don’t you?” Kim asked.

“Yes. Perfect.” A leash was quickly snapped on her collar and the pair led Rose out to the barn. The sun was shining, causing flashing glints from the dew on the grass. The light felt good on Rose’s naked skin. It didn’t even occur to her that she should be wearing clothes like Kim and Mark; it was natural for her to be nude.

Inside the barn they took a long series of pictures. She posed, smiling, in front of her cage and nametag. A rope was attached to her cuffs and her arms were raised up to mimic the position she had been bound in with Steffie. They even brought out the sawhorses, locked her cuffs to the legs and forced her into the milking position, even going so far as to attach the milking machine to her tits and turning it on. No milk was produced because she was dry having been emptied by Kim in the morning. The suction was painful as they photographed her. Rose endured their treatment.

More enjoyable was when they brought her out of the barn and to the house’s back porch where Kim posed with her slave, giving her some chaste kisses, forcing her down on her knees to display her submission, and lightly abusing her ass and tits with a wood and leather crop. The stripes Kim left on Rose’s ass barely hurt; she had become accustomed to the pain. Secretly Rose wished there wasn’t a bandage on her ass so that she could show it off for the pictures.

Then she was brought inside to one of the upstairs playrooms. Once again Rose went down on her knees when Kim ordered her to suck Mark’s cock. She was happy to do so. Kim took many pictures of Rose with Mark’s cock in her mouth. “Should I cum in her mouth?” Mark asked Kim.

Kim leaned out from behind her digital camera and considered his question for a minute. “Would you like to cum in her pussy? Either is good with me. Should we give her a choice?”

While they talked Rose continued fellating Mark. She was excited by the possibilities they were discussing. Would she have the opportunity to go home to Justin with a pussy full of cum?

“No. Absolutely not. She’s a slave.”

“Well make a decision soon.” Mark’s eyes had closed and he was concentrating on the sensations Rose was providing. She had circled his testicles with her hand and was stroking the soft skin behind his balls to encourage him to cum.

“In the mouth, I think,” Kim declared. “I don’t think she’s swallowed enough cum while she’s been here. And I never discussed with her significant other how she should be returned.”

“Uh-huh,” Mark said. Kim snapped a few pictures of his strained expression and then quickly shot several in succession as he erupted in her mouth. Rose swallowed as Mark pumped his cum into her throat. She liked seeing these incredibly intimate moments between her partner and other lovers.

“Did you swallow?” Kim asked her slave when Mark withdrew from her mouth.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Show me,” Kim ordered. Rose opened her mouth and Kim made cursory inspection. There was a faint residue of Mark’s thick cum on her tongue but Rose had swallowed almost everything he had given her. “Very good,” Kim complimented her as she bent over slightly and kissed Rose who was still on her knees. She made no motion to get up; she waited for orders from her mistress.

As Mark pulled his jeans back up Kim unzipped her most comfortable pair of denim and pulled them down along with the old pair of green cotton bikini panties she wore underneath. “What are you doing?” Mark asked her.

“What’s good for the goose,” Kim said and sat down on the edge of the tall bed in the playroom. She splayed her legs and looked expectantly at Rose. “You got to cum; I need a little relaxation as well. I can’t just watch you get a blowjob and not get horny.” Rose didn’t need an order. She crawled between Kim’s legs and busied her tongue in her mistress’s pussy.

“Come here,” Kim said to Mark. He walked around Rose and made to sit down next to Kim, but she stopped him. “No, stand up. I need to hold onto you.” Mark stood close and Kim wrapped her arms around her boyfriend. He leaned down and kissed her on top of the head. She passed him the camera. The angle wasn’t good, but he took a few shots of Rose’s busy tongue with her face buried in Kim’s lap.

After that there was nothing else for him to do but listen to Kim's breathing become rapid and shallow. She squeezed her arms tightly around him and made a high-pitched keening as she came, wetting Rose's face a second time that day. It wasn't much in the way of girl cum, but it was enough to mark the slave with her scent.

"Don't move," Mark said and disengaged from Kim. He stepped back around and took a few more pictures of Kim's slave as she posed, pretending to eat her mistress's pussy.

"I guess that's all," Mark said.

"Move back," Kim ordered Rose. She grabbed her jeans and panties off the floor and pulled them back on.

The trio went downstairs. From a closet in the hallway Kim removed the overnight back Rose had arrived with at the Farm. Rose suppressed an urge to laugh. She hadn't needed anything in the case for the entire week.

"Go get the car," Kim ordered Mark. He nodded and walked out the door.

The two women were left alone in the hallway. Rose was suddenly nervous. She was leaving but she didn't want to. It was like a teenager leaving summer camp after making best friends that would never be seen again. From the hall table Kim picked up a ball gag that Rose remembered wearing to the farm. She didn't need to say anything. Rose automatically opened her mouth and accepted the gag. Kim buckled it behind her head and led the girl outside to the Mercedes where Mark sat in the driver's seat.

It was still roomy in the back. The windows were tinted so no one could see inside. Rose didn't feel the least bit uncomfortable in her nudity as she sat next to Kim while Mark guided the car down the driveway and onto the country highway. They traveled in silence for a while. Rose knew it was at least an hour's drive to her home. She was fairly certain that Kim would allow her to get dressed before she arrived home. Fairly certain.

Her children would be excited to see her. Justin had no doubt prepared them with the story she was away up in the Adirondacks away from civilization where not even phone calls were allowed. They'd believe it. And suddenly she realized she missed her children and her husband. But she didn't want to leave her mistress

either.

Kim read a book while they drove. Rose tried to concentrate on nothing. Every time she started thinking about her life she had to repress her conflicting emotions. Once they reached the main highway her heart started beating faster and a tear started slipping down her cheek. Kim glanced up and noticed that Rose was desperately trying to keep from bursting into tears.

She put her book down. “Oh, you’re not going to cry, are you, Rose?”

A vigorous shaking of her head let Kim know that Rose had her emotions in check.

“Good. I can’t deal with cry babies that aren’t able to cope with their lot in life. We should probably get you ready for home.” From her back she pulled out the key to the tiny locks on Rose’s wrists, ankles, and neck. These were unlocked and easily removed. Each one was dropped into Kim’s bag in turn. She unbuckled each cuff for Rose, showing her a bit of appreciation by performing the menial task, but left on the collar and gag for a minute.

“If I take out the gag can we have a calm discussion without crying?” Kim asked sharply.

Rose nodded emphatically.

Kim unbuckled the gag and took it out of Rose’s mouth. The slave worked her jaws for a minute and quickly evaluated that she was fine, but said nothing. The ball gag was dropped into the bag as well.

“Have you been happy being my slave for the week?” Kim asked.

“Yes, ma’am.”

Kim smiled slightly. “I’m glad to hear that. Remember, when you step from this car you are no longer my slave, but…” she trailed off.

“But what, mistress?”

Kim’ smile thinned. “You’re too bold.” Rose lowered her chin and cast her eyes downward. Kim put her fingers under the girl’s chin and brought her face back

up. “But I would like you to return to the Farm sometimes soon. Would you like to return as a slave or a guest?”

“Why am I given the choice?”

“We all have choices in life. As a guest, you can come with your husband and play whatever games you want. As a slave, you’ll come alone and be used by whoever wants you. You’ll be my slave. Do you understand?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“So which do you choose?”

She had made the choice the moment Kim had offered it, but it was hard for Rose to force out the words. “I want to return as your slave.”

“You don’t want to play at the Farm with your husband?”

“I can play with him anytime. I won’t be able to serve you when I want.”

Kim reached out and cupped one of Rose’s breasts. “You intend on staying a cow to your husband. Will you keep lactating for him…and me?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Good. That makes you a valuable slave to me.”

Rose straightened up a bit in her seat.

“Now you already have your tattoo to remind you of your position and role and what you mean to me and the Farm, but I have a present for you.”

“A present?” Rose asked her eyes wide. She couldn’t imagine what Kim would be giving to her.

Kim reached out and unbuckled the collar from Rose’s neck. When it was gone, dropped into the bag, Rose suddenly felt truly naked. With her collar and cuffs she had felt fully clothed, but now she was truly naked.

Once more Kim’s hand went into her bag. She pulled out a small box and opened it for Rose. Inside was a necklace, a thin gold chain with a tiny rose pendant.

“The symbolism is obvious,” Kim explained. “When you wear the necklace, you’re wearing your collar. When you wear your collar you may not have sex with anyone without my permission. You must have my permission to take off your collar. You must tell me when you put it back on.” She put her fingers under Rose’s chin again and brought her eyes into focus with her own. “Ownership and slavery is just a game. Is this a game you want to play with me?”

Rose licked her lips. “I can only have sex with your permission?” she asked.

“That’s correct.”

“What about with my husband?”

“Even with him. If you want to have sex with him, you need to call me and ask permission to take off your collar. I may or may not give you permission. I might ask questions to determine if you deserve to have sex. You’ll have to tell your husband about your slavery, of course. You can’t hide that from him. I think he’ll be pleased, don’t you?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Kim took the necklace from the box and dangled it from her fingers. “When it’s off, I don’t own you. You need to ask permission to put it back on. Do you understand?”

“Yes, but how do I find you?”

“Inside the box is my business card with my office, home, and cell phone numbers. I expect you to use them.”

“Can I masturbate without calling you?”

Kim affected a shocked expression. “Of course not. That’s sex with yourself. If you want to jill off you will call me. For those occasions you may leave the collar on, but only then.”

“What if I can’t reach you?”

“Then you won’t have sex, will you?”

“No, ma’am.”

“Any more questions?”

“What about Justin nursing from me? Do I need permission for that?”

Kim was ready with her answer for that question. “No. The Farm will need your milk. You may nurse your husband and whomever else wishes to drink your milk whenever there is the need. I assume you let him nurse a couple of times a day?”

“No, Mistress Kim.”

“Keep it up. If you wish to have sex when he’s done nursing, you know what to do.” It was a pretty necklace and Rose found it impossible to remove her eyes from it. Kim knew it wasn’t that beautiful, the girl was simply transfixed by the idea of her slavery going home with her she didn’t know how to react. “Is this a game you want to play with me?”

Rose’s answer was immediate. “Yes.”

“Bend down,” Kim ordered. The collar encircled her neck and Kim made sure the clasp was set before allowing Rose to sit back up.

“Thank you, mistress.”

Kim leaned forward and kissed her slave on the lips. “You’re most very welcome. We’re almost to your home now. Let’s get you dressed.”

She leaned forward and grabbed the small overnight case and opened it up. The first item she pulled out was a small leather bag. She untied the cords that held it shut and shook out a pair of rings. It took Rose a moment to recognize them.

“My rings.”

“You’ve earned them back. Please put them on.”

Her fingers were trembling when Rose took the jewelry from her mistress. She hadn’t realized the emotional impact of the return of her wedding band and engagement ring would have upon her. Her mind was lurching at the conflict between being a wife to Justin and a slave to Mistress Kim. Another shake of the

small bag produced the sapphire earrings Justin had given her years ago. There was no way for Kim to understand their significance. Rose kept her mouth shut. It took her several tries to get the post into her holes but eventually the task was completed.

“Nervous about going home?” Kim asked.

Rose gave an unconvincing half-laugh. “A little.”

Next from the case Kim extracted a pair of plain white cotton panties. These she handed to Rose who awkwardly pulled them on while sitting. As she settled the soft fabric around her hips she realized that she barely felt the now very faint pain from new tattoo. The panties completely covered the tattoo, she realized as they were settled into place. That was good, Rose thought in the back of her mind, because then it would be easily concealed even when wearing a bathing suit. There was no way for anyone to know about the mark she wore unless she wanted them to know.

The matching white bra went on easier. Kim assisted in hooking the straps in the back. Rose realized that the clothing was brand new, nothing she had ever seen or worn before. They fit well. It wouldn’t have been hard for Kim to get her sizes. Before anything else was handed over Kim pointed out the flaps in the bra.

“A maternity bra?” Rose asked, a little confused.

“Nursing bra,” Kim corrected her. “Yes, of course. Nothing but the best for my slave cow.” She tilted her head slightly. “Are you upset with the bra? Don’t you like nursing?”

“I love it; I just haven’t worn one in a while.”

“You should,” Kim told her. “It suits you. And I’m sure you’ll find a nursing bra easier when frequent nursing is required of you.”

Rose pondered that a second. Was Kim hinting at some other requirement of her slavery?

“Thank you,” she simply said.

Then Kim gave her a pair of khaki pants and a simple polo shirt. These were

pulled on with some struggle and Rose was once again a simple suburban housewife, completely unremarkable.

No one knew what the necklace she wore meant.

No one knew about the tattoo on her ass.

…except for everyone on the Farm.

They completed the rest of the ride in silence. When they pulled up in front of the house Rose shared with Justin and her children Mark jumped out and hurried around to open the door. Before she could get out Kim restrained Rose with a hand on her knee. She leaned in and gave her slave a fierce kiss, pushing her tongue deep into Rose's mouth. The girl accepted her treatment—she was excited by it. "I love you," Kim said simply.

Rose was shocked. "You love me?"

Kim leaned her head thoughtfully to one side. "I love Rose. Though it might be just a crush. I truly love Mark. But I have room in my heart of Rose as well." She looked purposefully at the house on the suburban cul-de-sac. "Maia…I don't know her at all."

And Maia got out of the car, took her bag from Mark, walked to the front door and didn't look back. She desperately wanted to but she didn't want Kim to see her crying.

About the Author

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

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