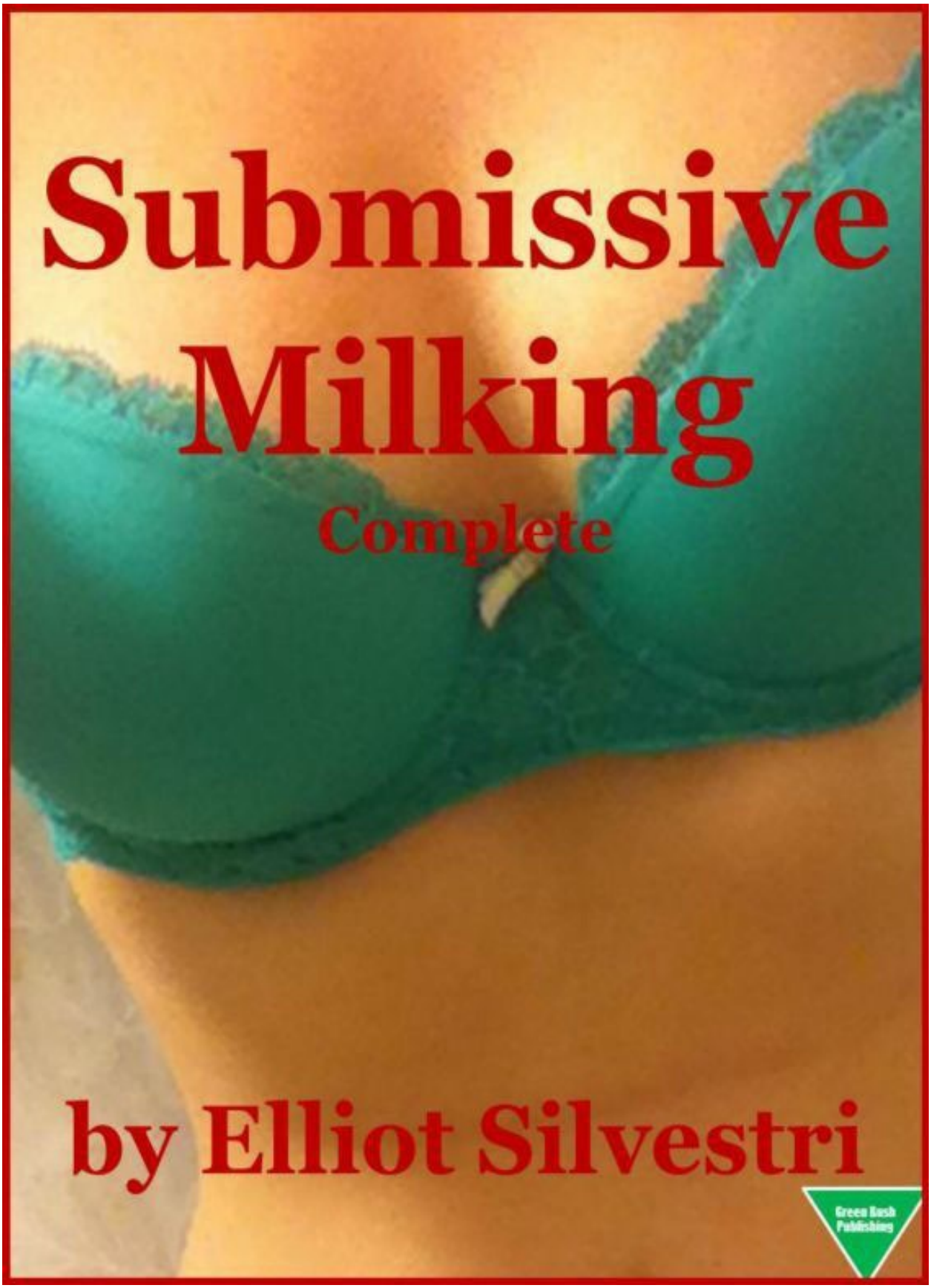
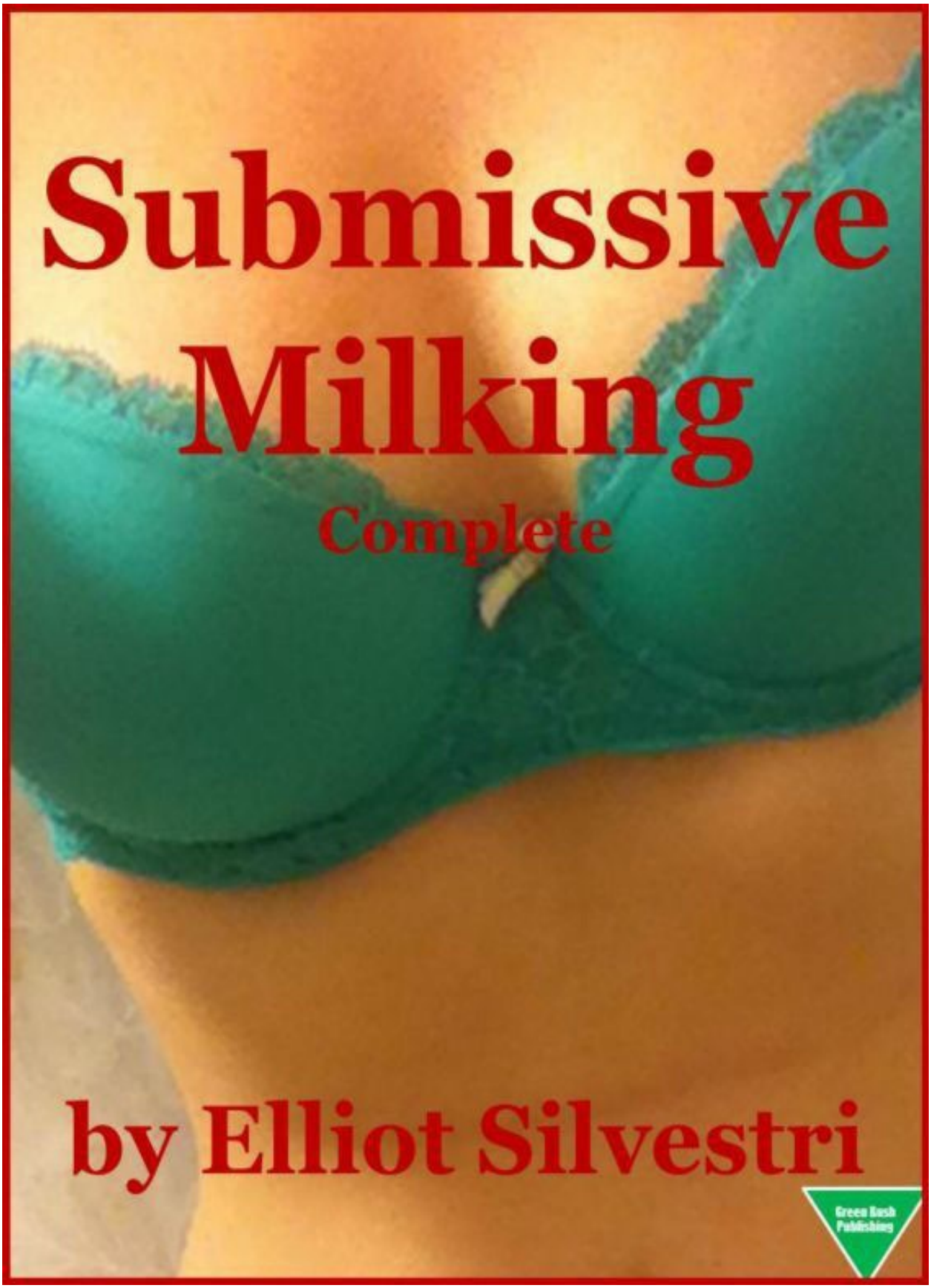

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Part One

Chapter One

“I have something to confess,” Angelica said as she slowly stirred her sweet and sour soup.

“What’s that?” Cameron replied glancing up from his own bowl.

“I’ve really enjoyed our last few dates,” she began.

Reflexively Cameron half-laughed and nearly snorted his soup across the table. “I would say that was the truth,” he chuckled. Two nights ago Angelica had been in his bed screaming for him to make her cum as he fucked her as hard as he could while shoving a small silver bullet vibrator up her ass. All in all, in was a successful date. Even the neighbors had complained about the noise.

She rolled her eyes at him. “Not just that,” she said meaning her very vocal orgasms, “but the whole dating experience with you.”

Cameron took on a more serious attitude. “Oh. Well. Thanks. I guess it’s good that we both like Chinese food.”

“That’s not the confession,” Angelica said and brushed the bangs of her straight bob cut black hair out of her eyes. She needed a trim soon.

“What’s the confession?” Cameron asked as he finished off his soup. The server came and took away their bowls replacing his with a massive platter of kung pao chicken with vegetables and fried rice. Across the table Angelica started enjoying her vegetable curry classique in a hot pot. The sizzling ceramic pot in front of her was protected by a mesh cage and came with a warning from the server along with a hot pad on the table.

Angelica didn’t say anything until the server had disappeared and left them alone in the small space of the restaurant squeezed in between a massive round booth and an ornamental fireplace.

“So what’s the confession?” Cameron prompted her again.

Picking up her fork—eschewing the more difficult chopsticks—Angelica poked around at her meal and finally said, “I’m a bit of a submissive.”

“Oh. Is that all? I already got that impression.” Cameron smiled and swallowed a bite of chicken. In their two previous physical encounters it was always Cameron who had been the aggressor and they had both enjoyed it. Taking a moment to reflect, he realized that anything he had suggested she immediately went along with. It was as if the word “no” didn’t exist in her sexual vocabulary.

“Okay, I’m more than a bit of a submissive.” She took a deep breath and said, “I’m all submissive in bed. I want a guy that will dominate me. I need a guy who will tell me what to do and will make me happy. And make me cum. You have to do that. You have to make me cum.”

Cameron looked at her with his fork raised halfway to his mouth. “Haven’t I been doing that?” he asked after a long, uncomfortable pause.

She nodded and continued to eat. “Yes, you’ve been making me cum and it’s been wonderful.” Angelica paused and felt the dampness in her panties. Their fucking had been wonderful, but she wasn’t looking just for sex. She was looking for something more. An eager smile spread across her face. “And I want you to continue doing that. But I need something more.”

“Right,” he interrupted. “You want me to dominate you. You like being a submissive.”

Angelica held back snapping out a reply. She chewed her spicy dish a moment and swallowed. “No. Not exactly. I do like being a submissive, but—holy hell—I’m thirty two years old and I know myself. I am a submissive. It’s who I am. If you can’t dominate me and control in a way that makes me emotionally and sexually happy…then we should just end this now.”

Cameron was slightly taken aback. “Am I that bad a date?” he asked. They had only agreed to go out on a traditional vanilla date because they didn’t want to have to tell friends and family exactly how they had met and first started dating—internet dating sites, especially ones that catered to the kinkier community didn’t have the cache of meeting in the library or through friends of friends.

“No. It’s just that…the last guy I met and dated for a while told me he could dominate me…really dominate me…and he couldn’t.”

“Oh?”

She looked down glumly at the remains of her meal. “Yeah. He tried, but he was really into spanking and rough sex. I like that well enough…but it’s now enough. I need more. I need someone…creative.” She looked up shyly through her bangs and eyelashes. “Are you creative?”

“I work processing numbers all day,” he told her. “I can be incredibly creative when I want a statistic to say or mean I need it to say or mean.”

Her smile was encouraging. “Let’s finish dinner and go back to your place. Hell, let’s wrap it all up and have it for leftovers in the middle of the night.”

Angelica screamed into the pillow. This was partly because she didn’t want to keep annoying Cameron’s neighbors with her loud sex vocalizations and partly because he was mashing her face into the soft pillow. Her arms were cuffed behind her back. He had one hand on the back of her neck and the other wrapped around the chain between the cuffs. Naturally she was face down on the bed, on her knees and chest, while Cameron pounded his cock into her pussy. Overall it felt wonderful. The pillow wasn’t the sort that made it hard to breathe but she was struggling to get enough air into her lungs…but that always occurred when Angelica was about to cum.

She wanted to not cum. She wanted the sex to last a minute longer. She wanted to be right on the edge of pleasure forever…and then she felt Cameron’s cock burying itself deeper than possible into her pussy, spreading open wide the cleft of her buttocks and making her scream again. His spunk pumped into her pussy and she groaned in frustration and release. The hot liquid in her pussy was enough to push her over the edge even when she wanted to hover there for the rest of her life.

His weight rested heavily on hers as they both came down from their orgasm high, but Cameron knew exactly how long it would feel good for her to be pressed into the mattress by his body and at what point it would be annoying and painful. When the point was met he levered himself off her and quickly found

the handcuff key on the nightstand, releasing her sore arms.

“Thanks,” she said and gently rubbed the feeling back into her shoulders. She wasn’t the least bit surprised that he owned a pair of bondage cuffs. In fact, she was pleased. She wondered what other goodies and surprises he had in store for her. “That was great…”

“But?” he prompted.

“I didn’t say but.”

“I could hear it in your voice.” He flopped on the bed next to her. She reached out and caressed the light scattered of hair across his chest. She could feel his cum pooling in her pussy. It felt wonderful.

“But it wasn’t exactly creative,” she finished.

“Sheesh. Give me a little time. You only sprang this I’m a complete submissive; it’s who I am info on me two hours ago.”

“I demand a lot from my dominants,” she told him.

“You’ll get it before you get to go home,” he promised her.

“Oh? Really? Tell me.”

He rolled to his side to glare at her. “That would spoil part of the surprise. But are you serious about want me to dom you?”

“Yes.” Her eyes were shining with eagerness.

“Are you willing to wear a token of your submission?” he asked.

“Yes.” The word slipped out of her mouth before she realized she was saying it. What did he have in mind?

“Wait here,” he said and quickly exited the bedroom.

Angelica blinked at his sudden departure and was nonplussed. Where was he going? Certainly any sex toys he would have kept in his bedroom…wouldn’t he? And he was naked—sexy and naked—when he left the room. He couldn’t have

gone far. Then she heard a door slam and wondered if he had left the house.

“Cameron?” she called out wondering what to do. She wasn’t exactly nervous or worried, but she was alone and naked in the bedroom of a man she hardly knew. It was half exciting and fun, half scary and nerve-wracking.

She started to get up and then quickly lay back down. Maybe it was a test, she reasoned. She had told him she wanted to be his sub and wanted him to dominate her. Maybe he was testing to see if she would follow his orders, even if they were casually given. A simple “wait here” was little more than a way of saying he’d be right back…unless he was playing a dominant game with her.

Angelica shivered with anticipation. Was he really that good?

The door slammed.

She wasn’t sure what door it was. It might have been the front door, but she couldn’t be sure. After having been in Cameron’s house only a few times she wasn’t yet familiar with the acoustics and door sounds.

She waited like a good sub.

Though he hadn’t ordered her to, she didn’t look at the clock; that made the waiting more delicious. She estimated it was no more than ten minutes later when the door open and closed again. Cameron reappeared in the bedroom doorway with a smirk on his face and a prize in his hand.

“Good. You waited. I like that in a submissive.”

“Thank you,” she said modestly.

Then Cameron said, “I want you to wear this.” He held up the object. She wasn’t surprised, but she wondered where it got it in less than ten minutes late in the evening while he was naked.

“A chain?”

“A submissive collar and lock,” he added swaying it back and forth in front of her eyes. It was a simple metal link chain and a small brass padlock. It wasn’t anything like any of the submissive chain collars Angelica had seen before.

“Where did you get it?” she asked.

“I made it,” he said proudly.

Her response was a little apprehensive. “Made it?”

His shrug was casual. “Yeah. I had some leftover chain in the garage and the padlock is an old one I used on my hiking pack. I still have the key. I want to put this on you, make you wear it home, and you won’t be able to take it off until the next time I see you.”

This was exactly the sort of thing that Angelica had been looking for in her next dominant. “Sounds like fun,” she said eagerly. “You want to assert your control over me?”

“Exactly. Now up on your knees and lift up your chin.”

She did as he ordered. Her breasts stuck out pertly and she assumed the pose she had seen so many other times in pictures of other women. The cool chain went around her neck and a little frisson of excitement rolled through her body. Somehow Cameron had managed to cut it to the exact correct length. When the lock snapped shut with a little click the frisson of excitement changed to a thrill of fear.

That was even better.

Then she realized that the chain, while not exactly tight around her neck, wasn’t perfectly loose either. The chain wasn’t the sort one would normally wear as jewelry. It was at that moment she realized she would be wearing turtlenecks and high necked shirts for the foreseeable future—not that Angelica ever wore anything that was the least bit revealing. She didn’t want anyone in her office to know what sort of games she engaged in during her free time.

“Do you like it?” he asked her, placing his hand on the top of her head and turning it so she would see her reflection in the mirror on the opposite wall.

Her answer was honest. “I love it.”

“Good. I’ll take if off next time you get in my bed.”

The smile that was plastered across Angelica's face was so powerful that it was starting to hurt her cheeks. "Thank you," she said settling back to the mattress.

Cameron grabbed her arms and pulled her up. "Nope," he said. "Not tonight."

"What not tonight?"

"You're not staying in my bed tonight." There was a tint of cruel color in his voice.

"I'm not?" Angelica was actually surprised.

"That's correct. As a good submissive, you'll have to earn that right. You can go home now. I'll call you."

It took her a moment to understand that he wasn't joking. She wasn't sure if she liked the treatment or was upset by it, but she was certain her best option was to go along with the game for now.

"Get dressed," he ordered.

That was easy enough and she reached for her underwear that had been tossed aside during their rush to get naked.

"No," he barked at her. "Not those."

"What?"

"Leave your panties," he said. "And your bra. You can go home without them. You don't need them."

While it wasn't a particularly kinky game Angelica was eager to play. Her clothes went on sans undergarments and she was summarily dismissed from Cameron's house.

As she drove home she wondered—as her jeans scratched at the tender flesh of her ass and her nipples bounced around inside her shirt—if this was the best or worst decision she had ever made. Of maybe the craziest. That would be good too.

Chapter Two

Coming back to Cameron's house was a relief. He had waited so long to call her and she knew it was a tease, a taunt, a torment. She liked all of those and knew he wouldn't call her the day after he sent her home after keeping her panties. When she second day passed she started to get nervous, but told herself it would be worth the wait. She continued to hide her submissive chain under heavy, high-necked sweaters. On the third day she was certain he would call or text her, but that didn't happen and she started to get nervous. Had he abandoned her already? Getting the chain off didn't worry her too much because she knew she could go to the local TrueValue and get some bolt cutters to snip off the chain or padlock, but it was the fact that Cameron had put it around her neck and she wanted him to remove it.

At five days she was keeping her panic under wraps and was ecstatic when he finally called. The message he left just told her to when to appear at his doorstep. She rang the bell and waited. There were lights on inside and his car was out front so she knew he was there, but he still kept her waiting. She didn't mind.

When he opened the door and asked her to step inside her stomach did flip-flops and she couldn't wait to get her clothes off to follow his orders. She took one step inside and he closed the door behind her. "Stop. Don't move," he said. "Take off your clothes."

She had worn a nice skirt and a blouse that just showed off the twinkling edge of her ersatz-submissive collar. These quickly came off and she paused a moment letting Cameron see her in the sexy matching black and pink lace bra and panty set. Normally she didn't wear thong underwear, but tonight seemed to be the right occasion.

"Stop." The word was uttered with complete anger. "You wore that here? Did I give you permission to wear a bra or panties in my house?"

Too late she realized she had fucked up. "No." Her voice was small even to her ears.

"Turn around."

She did as he obeyed and swallowed hard. Would he throw her out of the house in her underwear. That humiliation might be fun…but would it be the end of everything?

“Lower your panties just over your ass.”

Just a simple pain punishment, she realized.

The sting of the small flogger he had half-hidden in his hand made her yelp. “Count it out,” he ordered.

“One.” She was surprised how much her voice shook.

Slap!

“Two.”

Her voice was steadier but her ass hurt.

“Three!”

She nearly screamed out the number.

“Four.”

Tears were in her eyes when he said, “Have you learned your lesson?”

Angelica’s response was immediate and without guile. “Yes.” Her hands went down to cover her tender backside with her panties still pulled beneath her cheeks. She could feel the scrap of material tickling the back of her thighs.

“Do you like to be disciplined?” he asked her, his voice still tight with anger.

She shook her head and realized that tears were slowly pooling in the corners of her eyes. That wasn’t like her at all. Normally she liked this sort of play. Teasing her dom and getting a bit of punishment in response. Anxiously she sniffed back a sob that was forming in the back of her throat and kept her tears in check. “No. No, I don’t. I’m sorry. I wasn’t thinking,” she apologized.

He nodded once. “Good. That’s better. I expect more of you,” he said as his voice modulated a bit. He paused and looked her up and down, admiring her

body. Her bra was still in place and her panties were just barely hiding her well-groomed pussy. She had taken extra care to trim back the length of her black curls and carefully shape them into a neat stripe between her legs. While she didn't have perfect body Angelica knew she attracted more than her fair share of male—and occasionally female—gazes of admiration. Maybe her belly was a little bit more rounded than she liked and her breasts were a little too large for her frame but she didn't have anything to be ashamed of. A small smile played at the corners of Cameron's mouth. "Are you ready to play?" he asked as he slowly unbuttoned his shirt.

Angelica couldn't stop her smile as he exposed his chest and the light brown hair that was scattered across his skin. He was already barefoot and when he casually dropped his shirt to the floor he was wearing only a pair of black pants. She nodded. "Yes. I'm ready."

He grabbed her by the wrist and gently led her to the bedroom. "Is there a certain game you would like to play?" he asked. His manner had changed back to a much more neutral stance now that she had been properly disciplined and had taken her punishment willingly.

"Aren't you supposed to be the one surprising me?" she asked a little bit impertinently.

Cameron admired the pink tinge to her ass as he pushed her through the bedroom door so she would fall to the bed on her front so he could continue to gaze upon her half-exposed buttocks. "I thought about that…but then I gave it too much thought." She started to turn over to look at him but he put a hand on her back to prevent her motions. "You aren't exactly an inexperienced sub, are you? You've played at this before, haven't you? A lot?"

She stopped her struggle and looked across the room at the beige wall. "Umm… that's probably true," she half-admitted.

"How many doms have you had?" he asked. "How many boyfriends have you had that you made me your dom?"

"I've had…well, let me think. Two guys that told me they wanted to be my dom."

"And how did it end with them?" She started to turn over again when he

removed his hand from her back. “Don’t move. Just keep looking at the wall.” He moved away from the bed. She wondered what toy he was getting for her. “Answer the question.”

“Badly. Mostly. They were lousy doms so I ended it.”

“What about your boyfriends?”

“If they didn’t agree to dominate me the way I liked then I dumped them.”

“What about the ones who said yes?”

She sighed. “They usually didn’t last too long. I haven’t found the right guy yet.”

“And you think I’m the right guy?”

“I’m willing to try,” she said. The sound of shuffling papers filled the air behind her making Angelica wonder if he had prepared some special submissive contract for her to sign. She’d done that before; it was a fun game to play…but the contract never seemed to last. “Are you?”

“Certainly. That’s why I’m here. That’s why I’m trying to figure out what you really need to enjoy your submissiveness.”

“Are you going to spank my ass again?”

“Only if you need it and want it. Do you like being spanked?”

“Yes.”

He turned the conversation a bit. “I’ll let you know that I’m probably not nearly as experienced as you are. But I like this game. I like dominating you. What do you really want to do as a submissive?” he asked her bluntly.

The question made her pause for a moment. “I guess I don’t know.”

Abruptly he rolled her over, tits up, and handed her a sheaf of papers and a pen. “Read this list. Check off what you’ve done. Cross out what you won’t do, ever—your hard limits. Then maybe we’ll see what you need.”

The list he gave her was long and comprehensive. Carefully, as Cameron

watched her, Angelica went through the list indicating her likes and dislikes and experience. She check off just about everything in the corporal punishment section as already done and happy to do. Role playing didn't really interest her, but she was surprised to discover she had done about half the listed activities. There were a lot of humiliation games on the list as well and while she didn't consider shaving all her body hair or wearing a collar to be particularly humiliating she went along with it. The more gross ones she marked off as a hard limit. Scat play was right out. The entire list of bondage amusements she checked off as having done and would be willing to do again. Breath play was a no-no; too dangerous. Costumes and fetish wear didn't really interest her but she was more than willing to indulge him if he wanted. She paused when she got to the body modification section. Tattoos and body piercing interested her but she hadn't taken the leap yet. Would she allow him to "make" her get breast enlargement? No. Would she allow him to pick a drastically different hair style for her? Yes. Would she allow him to "force" her to put steel rings through her nipples or ink into her skin? She shivered with fear. Yes. Toys? Yes to everything. Phone sex? Skype sex? Posting nude pictures on the internet? Sex with another man or woman while he watched? Masturbating in front of him? Yes, yes, yes.

When she was done Angelica handed her homework back to Cameron and waited patiently as he read it over.

"There isn't much you haven't done," he told her when he was done reading.

Angelica said nothing and waited expectantly.

"Stand up," he ordered and led her to the opposite side of the room, the corner between the large window and the bathroom door. "Now stand there," he told her.

She was left standing in the corner like a bad little girl. Her bra was still in place and her panties were still down beneath her buttocks.

"When I was little and my grandmother babysat me she would make me stand in the corner when I was bad. I hated it." Unexpectedly the small flogger lashed out and stung her ass. She shivered with pleasure at the sting. "But I can see you like it."

Angelica shook her head. "No. I like the spanking," she told him.

“I have a couple of ideas for you,” he said. “You aren’t going to like them, but you’ll get used to the treatment. It’s lucky for you that you didn’t object to my kinks that were on the list.”

That statement made her wonder what she would indulge in for him.

“Tonight you’re going to get a good whipping, then you’re going to give me a good blowjob, and if I’m pleased you can share my bed. If not…” he trailed off. “Wait here.”

He exited the room and she stood in place in the corner waiting for his return. She knew it was another test. Just the idea of Cameron agreeing to be her dom turned her on. It took all of Angelica’s willpower to keep her hand out of her pussy. Waiting was terrible treatment because she didn’t know how long she would have to wait and had nothing to look at other than the beige wall.

It couldn’t have been more than fifteen minutes before he returned, but without a clock she couldn’t be sure. Maybe it was an hour, maybe it was two minutes. Cameron said nothing and simply placed a hand on her back then started spanking her ass with the flogger once again. She yelped and whimpered with each blow but didn’t know how to react beyond that.

“I need to hear you cry; I want to see your tears,” he told her as he grabbed her neck and turned her head so he could see her eyes.

That was all she needed to let go. With his permission tears slid down her cheeks and she bawled like a baby. He watched for a minute, then turned her all the way around and pushed her to her knees.

Angelica knew what to do. She opened up his pants, fished out his cock, and proceeded to give him an enthusiastic blowjob to completion, swallowing his entire load.

“Very good,” he complimented her when she was done. He rewarded her with two pats to his face and then a light slap. That caught her off-guard but she didn’t complain. She knew it was done out of a dominants love for his submissive. Maybe Cameron didn’t love Angelica yet, but the dom’s heart already belonged to the sub.

Cameron allowed her to sleep in his bed, but she was forced to follow two

conditions. The first was easy. She had to wear the new leather collar he had purchased for her. She was happy to lift up her chin and allow him to collar her. Just his words asking her to wear the collar for him was enough to make her pussy wet. It was the second request that gave her pause.

“You want me to wear cuffs while we sleep?” she asked as he held out the leather wrist cuffs that matched the collar around her neck. She was intrigued, but a bit frightened.

“I can’t have my submissive in my bed unrestrained, can I?” Cameron asked making a completely logical argument.

She wanted to say no. Common sense told her to say no. “I won’t be able to sleep with my hands behind my back,” she said instead.

Cameron reached out and grasped her wrist. She didn’t resist as he put the first band around her limb and then the other. “You’ll be cuffed in front. You’ll sleep on your side. I’ll spoon you. See?” he asked displaying the heavy metal rings on each manacle, and then reached out to fondle the one that hung from the collar. “They go together. If you like I can lock all three together.”

She slowly shook her head but brought up her hands in front of her breasts, squeezing them slightly, and allowed him to use the small padlock that had held the chain around her neck to lock the two cuffs together.

It wasn’t that bad, she told herself as she pressed her back against Cameron’s warm chest. She might have been his prisoner, she reasoned, but she was his willing prisoner so everything was right with the world.

In the morning she woke up with Cameron’s cock erect and pressing into the back of her thigh. By mutual unspoken consent she opened up her legs and he penetrated her right then and there in the bed as her hands were still cuffed together. She wouldn’t have said no in any event. It was what she wanted.

When he was done with her and his cum was oozing out of her pussy he released her hands. She was surprised they weren’t numb and sore. It was when he took off her collar that she felt disappointment.

“But I want to wear it,” she begged.

“To work?”

Angelica pouted. “No…but…”

“Here, wear this instead. I got it for you as well.” The necklace was plain, a simple triple twist chain that gave no indication of any special significance. When he fastened it around her neck it was tight, not exceedingly so or painfully so, but just enough for her to realize it she wasn’t going to forget it was there anytime soon.

“Come back tonight,” he told her. “I’ve decided what I’m going to do with you?”

“What are you going to do with me?” she asked eagerly. She wanted to be used and teased and fucked and made to cum and please him and obey his will.

“You’ll find out tonight.” His words were cold enough for Angelica to realize the conversation was over.

To her disappointment no one at work asked about her new necklace. In one respect that was okay because she didn’t think it would be a good idea to reveal it was a collar from her new dominant boyfriend. To her delight she remembered, as she pulled into Cameron’s driveway that evening, that she wasn’t supposed to go into his house wearing a bra or panties.

She had gone home that morning to change her clothes for some work-appropriate attire. Her bra and panties were plain and boring…until she tried to get out of them while still seated in her car.

Getting the bra off was easy. Her sweater was loose and roomy enough she could pull her arms inside the body and simply unhook and remove it with relative ease. Her panties were more of a problem. They were plain white cotton bikinis and she was wearing slacks so it was impossible to just reach up her skirt and yank them down. Her car was too small for her to take off her pants and she couldn’t get out and give the neighbors a show of her naked ass so she was forced to yank up the sides of the panties, pull out the emergency car escape tool designed to shatter windows and cut seatbelts, and cut each side of her panties with the seatbelt tool. It was then a simple matter to pull the remaining scrap of material out from her pants.

“The things I do for my sex life,” she said sadly as she shook her head and deposited the destroyed garment on the floor of the passenger seat.

Then, appropriately naked under her clothes, she proceeded up to the front door and rang Cameron’s bell.

When he opened the door, Cameron’s face was neutral. “Good. You’re here. Come in.” She followed him inside. He stopped at the edge of the entrance hall and waited expectantly for her. This time Angelica didn’t disappoint him. She quickly kicked off her shoes and then removed her clothes to stand naked in front of him without shame or nervousness.

“Chin up,” he ordered and she obeyed willingly, happily.

The collar went around her neck and she suddenly felt fully dressed though the bit of leather adorning her neck was all she wore. Cameron was in his casual work outfit and she didn’t feel the least bit out of place next to him.

“What next?” she asked a little too eagerly. She wanted to know how he was going to use her body and make it sing with pleasure.

“It’s time to indulge myself in my own kink,” he said. “Come to the bedroom.” He turned and led the way. In the past Angelica had dominants who made her crawl everywhere or made her walk in front of him so her ass could be admired as she carefully walked to show off her body. Cameron wasn’t interested in that. In the bedroom a small brown cardboard box was sitting on the bed. “Open it. We’ll be using it tonight. You’ll be using it regularly from now on.”

Angelica did as she was told and opened the box to pull out the contents. It took her a moment to understand what it was, but even after she saw the purpose of the device, she was puzzled. “A breast pump?” she asked. With a shrug she said, “I’ve never used one before, but it won’t hurt very much, or so I’ve heard.”

Cameron ignored her comment. “Set it up and use it,” he said. “I’ll be right back.” He left the bedroom and she set to work assembling the product designed for women who were breast feeding infants and wanted to express their milk at work or when they were away from their baby. It was a simple setup. A motor that contained a suction pump was connected to some flexible tubing that in turn connected to funnel-like cones that were shaped to accommodate all sizes of the female breast. At a slightly different angle in the middle of each funnel was a

collection bottle for the milk.

When it was together she sat expectantly on the bed and waited. A minute later Cameron returned with two large pill bottles and a glass of water. “You’ll need this as well,” he said opening the bottles and handing her a pill from each. “Extracts of fenugreek and blessed thistle,” he told her handing over the pills and the glass of water.

“What are these for?” she asked while holding the large pills in her hand. This was probably what she feared the most—drugs that would affect her body in a way she wasn’t ready for. While Angelica might have an exciting and varied sex life compared to most Americans she would describe her intake of chemical substances as positively straightedge. When she got a headache she would opt for a dark, quiet room instead of ibuprofen. She had never been high, stoned, or drunk in her life.

“They’ll help your milk come in.”

“My milk?” she asked nervously.

“Yes, your milk. That’s what the pump is for. Breast and nipple stimulation are needed for that. I’d try hormones right away but that seems a little extreme. Part of the fun is the journey, the struggle.”

It finally dawned upon her what Cameron actually wanted from her. “You want to make me lactate?” she asked, stunned.

“Yes, of course. What do you think all of this is for?”

“Oh. Right, that would make sense…but why?”

With a winning smile he shrugged. “I don’t know. It’s something I’ve been a bit obsessed with for…well, forever. And you said you’ve never done this before. I’ve decided that you need your submissive limits pushed. This is some simple body modification that isn’t permanent and when your milk comes in I’ll get to indulge.” He smiled. “If this is too much for you then maybe we can find something else that pleases you…but the role of a submissive is to serve, not to question. Maybe we should just end it here.”

For a completely inexperienced dominant, Cameron was proving to be skilled at

all the little tricks that made her pussy wet. “These pills, they don’t have any bad side effects, do they?”

Cameron shook his head. “Perfectly safe. They just promote lactation in women who need the extra help.”

She nodded and understood what he was saying. Despite herself Angelica felt a bit dizzy at the prospect of lactating for her brand new master. Then she realized this is exactly what she wanted. She needed her limits to be pushed. What harm could come of this?

Angelica tossed the pills into her mouth and washed them down with the glass of water.

“Now the pump,” Cameron instructed. “I think we should start with at least fifteen minutes, though half an hour would probably be better. Twice a day at least, morning and night. We’ll have your breasts flowing in no time at all.”

The soft silicone funnels were comfortable when they were pressed against Angelica’s warm, firm breasts. Cameron flipped the power switch and the motor hummed to life. The initial suction was gentle, less aggressive than most men who sucked on her nipples over the years. “Too little pressure,” Cameron said and adjusted the pressure. The section time the machine sucked at her breasts she felt it. There wasn’t any pain but it certainly was insistent, pulling at her tender flesh and drawing her breast and nipple well into the cylindrical length of the funnels. It was on the third suck that she looked down and saw how far into the tubes her nipples were pulled. It was unnatural but then she realized that was what must have been happening every time she had sex and there was breast play involved.

It didn’t hurt, but visually it was unnerving.

It went on not hurting for the next minute as the two lovers watched the machine massage Angelica’s tits. Cameron was fascinated and aroused by how her breasts were stretched and used by the machine. Angelica was nearly horrified by what was happening to her. At first she thought that her body shouldn’t be subjected to this type of use at all. And then…after a few minutes of pumping, the sensation changed from annoying, to odd, and then to vaguely sensual. And then…and then…it started turning her on.

“It feels good,” she reported to Cameron, her voice lower and huskier than normal.

“Excellent. I’m glad.”

“It shouldn’t feel like that,” she said, slightly worried about what was happening to her.

“Why not?”

“A machine turning me on?” she asked. “That’s not right.”

“And how is that different from a vibrator?” he asked her.

Even as her lust was rising, she saw the logic in his argument. She had been using vibrators for years and not only did they turn her on, she loved to use them and get off with them. In the end, it wasn’t so different at all. It was just a different location on the body and a slightly different motor.

“Okay. You’re right. But I don’t think it’s going to make me cum.”

He nodded in understanding. “Not right now. Not right away.”

And then he said nothing for a long time as the machine worked it magic on her. She couldn’t do much more than concentrate on the slightly pain and great pleasure of the breast pump. After a few minutes of letting herself go with the sensations she once more looked down at her breasts being distended inside the soft silicone cups and was frightened and intrigued at what was happening to her. For a brief fleeting moment she wished that milk was coming out of her tits to better please Cameron, the man she wanted to dominate her, but that wasn’t going to happen tonight. She knew she would have to have patience for that to happen.

Finally Cameron reached out and hit the switch, killing the power to the pump. Angelica’s eyes snapped open. She had drifted into a semi-conscious state and had been enjoying the treatment Cameron had been inflicting on her. He pulled the two funnels away from her breasts and smiled at her.

“Enjoy it much?”

Though she had been sitting up through the entire process, Angelica now suddenly felt like her entire body was devoid of energy. Her head started to loll to the side and she wanted to lay down. Her chin dropped to her chest and she looked down at her breasts.

They were swollen and red. Not an angry, violent red of abuse, but more of a pink from too much rubbing or a slight rash. “What the fuck?” she mumbled.

Cameron saw her looking at her reddened skin and tried to reassure her. “Perfectly normal,” he said. “They’ll swell a bit the first few times and the redness is a normal reaction as well. How do you feel?”

The question caught her slightly off guard but she knew the4 answer right away. “I feel good,” she told him. “I’m really hot right now.”

She reached up and pulled him toward her. Cameron didn’t resist and allowed her to drag him down to the bed on top of her. She was insistent as his body pressed into hers. Her hands pulled at his pants. Her legs came up and she used her feet to shove his pants down his legs. “Do you want to fuck?” he asked her, laughing at her need.

“Hell yeah,” she said. Her pussy was wet and open. Never before had a so much attention ben lavished on her breasts and she wasn’t going to waste the moment. “You need to fuck me. I need to be fucked.” She started to worry that he would say no, that as her dom it was his role to keep her on edge at all times and only reward her with sex when she had fully earned it.

He wasn’t that type of dom.

His cock was hard and he allowed her to grip him firmly and lead the way into her warmth. “Oh yes,” she sighed as he entered her pussy and she lost all conscious control of her limbs. “That’s what I need.”

Cameron wanted to laugh at her, but he was in much the same emotional state as she was. His hips started rocking and thrusting into her, but he couldn’t talk. His cock felt perfect inside her and it was all from watching her breasts be milked for the first time. True, there hadn’t been any milk produced yet, but that was just a matter of time and patience and perseverance.

Their love making that night wasn’t particularly skillful or exotic, but it was

passionate and entirely draining for both of them.

Chapter Three

The next morning Cameron made them both breakfast and allowed Angelica to fully awake before bringing out the pump again. Just the sight of it made her edgy. “Today?” she asked nervously. “On a school day.”

He nodded once, sharply, and ignored her jest. “Twice a day, every day,” he said. “And the pills as well. You should take one of each this morning and then again tonight when you pump your breasts again.”

“I’m not sure if I can do this…”

His face was impassive when he looked up at her but his eyes were as cold as ice. “You can and you will. Open your shirt,” he instructed.

It was actually his shirt. She had slipped it on while they ate breakfast. Other than the Oxford button-down she wore nothing else other than the collar around her neck. Already she was a bit depressed knowing it would come off when she left his house. She followed orders and opened up the buttons, exposing her breasts. He had already moved the breast pump to the breakfast table and it was unlikely he would change his mind at this point in their relationship.

But isn’t this what she wanted? A dom who took control of her mind and body, changing her physically and mentally, pushing her limits to achieve…what exactly.

He handed her the funnels and she automatically pressed them to her breasts. “We’ll turn down the intensity just a bit this morning, we don’t want you to get too turned on before you have to go to work.”

She was glad she had thought ahead to bring a change of clothes. Glancing at the clock she saw she had just enough time to finish her second pumping, shower, dress and make it to work on time. “Thank you,” she said as he flicked the switch and the suction started.

He sat down across the table from her and watched the process. Her tits were pulled and distended, then released. They pinked up slightly and Angelica had to

will herself not to wiggle in her chair…but that only lasted a few minutes. After that point she realized that even in the morning, at the breakfast table, after being clinically examined by Cameron that morning, and still with a half-finished plate of eggs in front of her, she was undeniably getting turned on.

“Oh fuck,” she half whispered.

“Problem?”

She bit her lip and looked up at him across the table. “When I get done I’m going to want to fuck and I don’t have time.”

He smiled thinly but said and did nothing else. She closed her eyes and lost herself to the moment. She didn’t see him get up and walk behind her. She didn’t see him drop his pants and expose his erection. She did feel him lifting her up out of the chair and making her stand. She used her hands to hold the pump’s funnels to her tits, but they were fully engaged now and that was barely needed.

“Spread your legs,” he said.

She obeyed. It was an order she had heard a hundred times before from different lover and all her doms. He bent her a bit at the waist and grabbed her hips. The angle was a bit awkward, but he managed to insert his cock easily enough. When he entered her velvety pussy she moaned and dropped one hand to the table to steady herself.

Getting fucked while pumping her tits was definitely new and definitely worth the effort she reflected later as she sped to work. True, Cameron’s cum was pooling in her panties, but that was a price she was happy to pay.

At work it was Robbie who noticed first. Normally they were busy every morning in the medical lab running whatever tests the doctor’s had ordered overnight, but today she was a few minutes late and the work was already underway. She sat down at the small desk in the corner of the lab and immediately caught Robbie’s attention.

“You’re never late,” her sharp eyed, brown haired coworker said. His eyes narrowed behind his thick glasses and he said, “Oh my god…you got laid.”

“What?” Angelica tried to act innocent and surprised, but she was positive

“guilty as charged” was written all over her face.

“The just slightly out of place hair, the exhausted yet satisfied look, rolling into work ten minutes late and not caring…yeah, you got laid.” Robbie finished his assessment with a smug look.

“Okay…so what?” Maybe Robbie had picked up on the fact that she had had sex this morning, but it would be impossible for her to know exactly what type of sex and what Cameron had been doing to her tits. “Not that I’m admitting anything.”

Robbie nodded. “Well, good for you. It’s about time. You’ve been walking around here all uptight and pissy for the past six months. It’s about time you got some.” The words coming from a man who always struck her as a bit up an uptight nebbish was more than passing strange. “Don’t let him treat you poorly, girl,” he said in a conspiratorial tone. “Nothing ever good came from a relationship where the man was in charge and using the woman.” He patted Angelica on the hand and went about his duties leaving Angelica to wonder who was really in charge of her new, strange relationship.

Cameron had ordered her to home that night. He didn’t want her sleeping over again, maybe for good reason, maybe because he was tired of her, maybe because they both needed a break. When she got home that night there was a package from Amazon waiting for her on the front porch. She wasn’t the least bit surprised that it was another breast pump. Shortly after her arrival home she received a text from her dom.

I trust the package arrived. Please use it and send either a short video or picture of you using it as intended.

At first Angelica didn’t know how to feel about the present and the order. Then she realized resisting the wishes of her dom was counterproductive and it wasn’t like it was painful.

After a quick meal and some preparation, she broke open the box, prepped the tubing and pump, and then gently applied them to her tits. It was almost like a firm yet gentle massage that was a good way to relax in the evening. Certainly there were worse things she could be doing. Getting her cell phone in the correct

angle was the most difficult part but after several failed attempts at a decent picture she finally captured her face and breasts in a satisfactory composition. Right before sending the picture to Cameron it dawned upon her that this was the first time she had indulged in sexting, or any sort of nudity in pictures for her boyfriend or dom. She wasn't opposed to the practice, but it wasn't something she had ever indulged in before. Giggling, she sent Cameron the picture and then reapplied the soft cones to her breasts and lost herself in the sensations of getting nursed.

She didn't really pass out, but she certainly achieved another state of consciousness as the pump worked its magic on her tits. There was no reason to resist the urge so Angelica gave herself over to the pump and pushed her hand down into her panties. She fingered her clit and her pussy, testing her wetness. She wasn't soaked but she was headed that way. There was just enough moisture leaking from her pussy to make her cotton panties stick to her labia. She pushed aside the material and stuck her finger up inside herself as the pump continued to suck at her tits. After a minute of masturbation she knew a finger wasn't going to be enough.

Angelica had set up the pump in the living room where she had reclined on the very comfortable couch that ran along the widest wall and was relatively private since it didn't directly face the windows. She had shown enough foresight to close the curtains before beginning pumping. Her toys were in the bedroom. It was almost too far, but she willed herself to switch off the pump, quickly unplug it, and make a mad, anxious dash for the bedroom. The cups fell from her breasts and by the time she fell into her bed she was tangled up with the tubes and cords.

As she worked getting the tubes untangled, the cord plugged in, and rummaging around in the dresser drawer she had designated her toy box, frustration set in, as if she had been interrupted in the midst of the most intimate act possible. In a way, it was. Finally she had resituated herself and found her favorite lavender colored and slightly curved vibrator. The pump went on and her tits were eagerly sucked at by the funnels. She watched a minute as her nipples were dragged forward and then abruptly released, then the process repeated. Again and again. She wanted to watch forever but the she realized her pussy was warm and wet and waiting.

Twisting the base of the vibe Angelica yanked off her panties and sank the vibrator deep into her pussy with a sigh. "Yes," she told herself. She was hooked

up to machines and taking complete pleasure in the moment. There was nothing wrong with that she was doing, she told herself. Her body thrummed with pleasure and she never wanted it to end…but her fingers were too busy with the vibrator and the pump was too insistent at her tits. The orgasm exploded inside her body and she fairly shook with pleasure. It was easy to drop the vibrator away when the sensations became almost too much, but it was harder to find the switch for the pump.

Finally it was off and Angelica lay on her bed breathing deep, ragged gasps of air to help her recover from the ordeal. “I wonder what will happen if I put the silver bullet up my ass at the same time,” she pondered as she freed herself from the mechanical assistance she had needed.

“I’ll find out tomorrow.”

She woke up eagerly and knew exactly what she needed to do. After a quick run to the bathroom for a pee and a glass of water for her special pills, Angelica returned to her bed and pressed the breast pump funnels to her tits. The purple vibrator was still on the top of her nightstand and she looked at it a minute before giving in to temptation.

“Like I’d be able to resist if I wanted to,” she told herself.

The vibrator felt good on her clit and she gave into a slow, languorous self-fuck. It was going swimmingly, she kept bringing herself to the edge every couple of minutes then moved the vibrator away because she needed the pump to work a full thirty minutes. Many doms forbade their subs from masturbating without permission, but Cameron hadn’t set that particular restriction on her yet and she was going to indulge as much as possible until that changed. What did piss her off was the phone call that interrupted her masturbating.

Glancing at the caller ID she saw it was Cameron and quickly she decided to play with him. She turned off the vibrator but left the pump on while she answered his call. The vibrator she left in her pussy. It felt good to have her muscles clench around it as she talked to him.

“Wake up call,” Cameron said. “What are you doing?”

“Pumping my tits,” she told him. The sound of the pump had to be coming over the line clearly. And her voice was husky with lust. Even she could hear it.

“Good girl” he complimented her. “Have you taken your pills today?”

“Yes,” she answered proudly.

“Very good girl. Have you played with yourself?” he asked.

There was just the slightest of pauses as she considered whether to lie or not. “Yes,” she admitted. “I was using my vibrator while I pumped.”

“I see. And did you cum yet?”

“No.” That honest answer was easy.

“When was the last time you came?”

“Last night,” she told him.

“Tell me about it.”

“I used my pump like you ordered, and it felt so good that I had to get off. I got out my big purple vibrator and used it while I pumped until I came.”

“Was it good?”

“Yes. It was fucking fantastic!”

“Do you want to cum now?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to use your fingers or your vibrator?”

“Vibrator.”

“Leave the phone on. I want to listen to you cum. Leave the pump on. Make yourself cum.”

“Okay.” He didn’t have to tell her twice. She twisted the tiny switch in the

vibrator's base and grabbed it with both hands. Spreading her legs wide she pushed it in and out as hard and fast as she could. The orgasm didn't take long at all to arrive and she cried out sadly when it did. She wanted it to last forever. Her entire body clenched and spasmed. It was the best way to start the day.

"Good girl," he complimented her again. "Go to work. Come home tonight and use the pump. If you want to cum you need to text me for permission." He hung up.

It was going to be a very long day.

When she arrived home Angelica couldn't wait to pull off her shirt and bra and put the breast pump to her tits. The moment she switched on the pump and the funnels eagerly sucked at her nipples she sighed and relaxed. After a minute she hiked up her skirt and slipped a hand inside her panties, then two fingers pressed on her clit, teasing just a little, just enough to pleasure herself.

That hadn't been forbidden. She was allowed to touch herself. She wasn't allowed to cum, that was the rule that Cameron had set up for her. All too soon she realized she wasn't going to be able to just touch herself. She needed to cum. With an angry grunt, she switched off the pump and pulled out her phone.

I'm pumping myself right now, she texted to Cameron. I need to cum. Can I please masturbate?

However long it took for Cameron to reply would be too long, she knew, and therefore kept her hands out of her panties and turned the power on the pump all the way down. She could wait, she told herself. One time she had been tied up by her dom and not been allowed to cum for a long three-day weekend but was finally rewarded with her good behavior by a massive orgasm at the end of the ordeal. She could do this, she told herself. But then she realized that long weekend she had been helped by her dom who kept her hands manacled, usually behind her back, and he supervised her every moment of waking. Now she was alone and free and it was scaring her.

It was less than ten minutes later when Cameron texted back. Do you have a computer at home with Skype?

She did and it took less time than she had thought to set up the call. Positioning the laptop just so, she managed to get her entire body in frame with her vibrator and breast pump both working on her body as Cameron watched her masturbate from across the city. It was the first time she had indulged in this sort of sexting and she didn't care who knew or what type of person it made her. It felt so good to cum for Cameron there was no shame or guilt. He simply sat at his desk and watched her. He might have been stroking his cock, but she wasn't watching him. Her eyes were closed and she was pleasing herself.

"Very good," he told her when she was done. "We'll do this for a few more days. Then I have something special I'm working on for you."

With that he closed the connection and she lay in her bed exhausted and satisfied.

And that was the pattern that repeated for the next week and a half with Cameron. Angelica had to pump at home. Sometimes she had to Skype with him, other times she was on the phone pumping and masturbating and talking, once in a while she had to take pictures of her using the breast pump. It wasn't terribly satisfying, but it was working her up to a steady need to be nursed by Cameron. She wanted his lips on her tit once more. And more importantly, she wanted his cock in her pussy.

Then came the request she had been waiting for. It was a simple text from Cameron and the moment she saw it her stomach flip-flopped and her pussy quivered with anticipation.

Tomorrow. My house. Come prepared.

She knew what he wanted.

Angelica parked her car in the driveway and took a deep breath. For some reason she felt like a novice sub, going to see her dom for the first time. This wasn't her first time—and while Cameron wasn't an expert, he was proving to be adept at subjugating her. There was no need to go through the silly routine of removing her underclothes, she was already naked under her sweatshirt and black yoga pants.

Stepping confidently out of the car she walked up to the front door and paused when she saw the note on the door.

Come inside. Remove your clothes. Put on the collar.

She let a small giggle escape her lips when she thought about what would have happened if a delivery person had found the note before she did. “Only in bad 1970s porn,” Angelica said under her breath. After opening the door she walked inside and saw a small basket next to the entrance containing her collar. There was no sign or sound of Cameron. Angelica knew she was being watched so she quickly pulled off her clothes, kicked off her shoes, dumped them in the basket and wrapped the collar around her neck.

Once she was devoid of all clothes except for the pretty pink leather collar, Angelica waited. She stood in the entrance hall with her eyes downcast and concentrated on breathing slowly and naturally. She could feel the moisture building up in her pussy. The cool air caused her nipples to pucker and become erect. No doubt Cameron would like that.

It wasn’t that long—long enough to be a tease but not long enough to be a punishment—before Cameron stepped into the entry hall.

“You’re ready. Good.” There was a pink leather leash in his hand. He clipped it to the D-ring of the collar and he led her not to his bedroom but a spare room, a guest bedroom, that contained only a small twin bed, a dresser, a narrow writing desk, and a strange wood and metal construct in the middle of the floor.

It almost looked like a piece of modern art, yet Angelica knew it had to be for some other, more sinister purpose. That realization gave her a little start and moistened her pussy. “What's that?” She asked, already half-guessing its purpose.

“That's your milking post,” he told her. “It's custom made by me for you. Do you like it?”

Clearly he was looking for her approval and Angelica was unsure if she liked that. She was supposed to be his submissive and seeking his approval, not the other way around. But it was also obvious that he was proud of his construct—it must have been the reason he kept her away for most of the last week—and he was eager to see her use it.

“It looks suitably intimidating,” she said evenly. “How does it work?”

“Very simply. Kneel down with your back to the center post,” he instructed after unclipping the leash from her neck. The milking post was essentially a 4x4 beam set vertically in a base of heavy plywood. The beam had several metal rings and attachments and clamps screwed into it. Where she knelt on the base was a thick piece of padding, it looked like an old pillow. At the edge of the base was an elegant metal frame that had been carefully soldered together.

“Move back,” he told her. “Press your ass against the post.”

She did as he instructed and wasn't the least bit surprised when he pulled a short length of chain from the dresser and first clipped it to the large metal ring set screwed into the top of the post and then to her collar's D-ring. It was hardly the first time she had been collared and bound. She liked the feeling of being owned and used by her master. Besides, the chain was hooked with a pair of carabineer clips—hardly tight security.

Then Cameron started to get serious with her restraints. She willingly held out her hands to accept manacles around her wrists—how could she say no to pink manacles that matched her collar? Another set went around her ankles which Cameron then restrained with just a pair of carabineer clips hooked to rings in the wooden base. She was slowly being locked into place and she was happy to do it. This was a new adventure for Angelica.

“Hands behind your back,” he told her. “Behind the post.” A single clip hooked her wrist cuffs together which were then hooked to yet another thick metal ring on the post.

“Very good,” he complimented her. “You look beautiful.”

Angelica resisted the urge to slump down. The chain to her collar was short enough that she could slouch very much. Her hand cuffs forced her chest out, making her tits jut out proudly. Between the wrist and ankle manacles she wasn't going anywhere easily.

“Is this it,” she asked a bit boldly.

Cameron shook his head. “Hardly. I got this idea from my grandfather's old dairy farm. When the cows came in to be milked we had to put their heads in a special

metal restraint to hold them in place, attach the suction tubes, and milk ’em.”

“Is that what I am to you?” she asked a bit too saucily. “A cow?”

He ignored her flip attitude. “We used to drink raw milk when I was but a boy. Non-homogenized, non-pasteurized. I plan on doing that again. I'm going to get my milk fresh from the source.”

Angelica shivered with fear and delight. He knew how to control her body and mind.

“Just a couple of more adjustments,” he said and moved the metal rack in front of her forward. She had already figured out its purpose so when he out the breast pump and mounted the funnels to the metal frame she wasn't the least surprised. She was excited.

Angelica didn't move as Cameron carefully adjusted the frame and clamps to position the funnels and collection tubes just right. When everything was perfectly aligned she smiled up at him and waited for Cameron to flip the power switch. She could feel her nipples tingling with anticipation and was eager to see how it felt being milked in this position. It was a long shot but she knew some women were capable of orgasming from breast play alone. She wanted to see if this would be the time her body came from nipple play.

“Almost ready now,” he said.

“What else is there?” Was he going to force a ball or ring gag in her mouth? That she didn't want; Angelica found them dehumanizing and they made it difficult to breathe or ask for help.

He didn't directly answer her. “Kneel up straight,” he commanded. She did so, trying to affect the attitude of a proud slave in her restraints.

From the closet Cameron removed a three foot long wooden dowel. It was roughly an inch in diameter. When she saw it Angelica realized what the holes drilled into the side of the post her back was against was for. Then she realized where exactly Cameron was going to place it.

“Up high,” he instructed. She strained to make herself taller, an impossible proposition. The dowel went between her thighs, sticking out like an unnatural

phallus. Cameron lifted it up until it touched her pussy and pressed against her labia. “Very good. Hold there,” he said and then fitted the dowel to the nearest hole. Unfortunately the nearest hole was slightly higher than where it was most comfortable.

Angelica moaned in pain as her body weight was suddenly supported primarily by her pussy as her thick lips wrapped around the dowel. The wood was smooth and warm—that wasn’t the problem. It was firmly in place when Cameron stepped back a moment and then found a support hook on the metal frame holding the breast pump to fix the dowel properly in place.

“Excellent. Does it hurt?” he asked.

She wondered if he cared if she was in pain or not. “Not really. Just sort of uncomfortable.” Angelica was nothing if not proud of her ability to absorb pain. It was a good trait for any sub to have.

“Perfect.” He flipped the switch to the pump and it sprang to life, sucking and pulling at her nipples. It felt good. It felt extremely good. Angelica’s eyes closed and she concentrated on her tits. The moment was interrupted by Cameron’s fingers tugging at her labia, carefully spreading them on both side of the dowel. “Pretty,” he commented. His manipulation of her bits distracted her from being milked. Her nipples were tingling and that was exciting her. Out of habit her hips moved forward, rubbing her labia and clit along the smooth wood.

“Ooh,” she moaned.

“Very good. Keep doing that,” Cameron told her as he sat back and watched the wanton display being put on by his sub.

Rubbing herself the way he wanted was unnatural and a bit painful, but what was an unnatural act and a tiny twinge of pain to an accomplished sub. Held in place by the milking post she was a slave to Cameron and a slave to her body’s needs. The pump pulled at her tits and she slowly and firmly rubbed her clit on the hard dowel between her legs.

The orgasm was a relief when it finally came. She didn’t want to cum too soon but she couldn’t refuse the needs of her body. Her cry of passion was ragged and harsh in her ears but when it was over she looked up proudly at Cameron. “I came,” she announced unnecessarily. He pointed downward and when her eyes

saw her moisture smeared all over the dowel she felt shame mixed with pride.

“No, not your pussy,” he reprimanded her. “Your tits.”

Hanging from the rack the breast pump was still sucking at her tits. The nipples distended and released like she was used to, but then Cameron redirected her gaze at the small bottles attached to the funnels. “It’s not much, but we now know you are in good working order.”

In the bottom of both collection bottles was just a tiny bit of semi-clear liquid. No more than a few drops, but it was enough for Cameron to have proved his point. “Yes. I think you will make a good milk cow.”

Slowly he released her from the milking post. First he pulled away the breast pump and its funnels. Then she was freed from the manacles around her wrists and ankles. Finally he unclipped her leash from the top of the post but didn’t unbuckle the collar from her neck. She didn’t want him too.

As Angelica stood up and go the circulation back in her hands and feet—and stretched her knees that were sore from kneeling for so long—Cameron inspected the small bottles. “Not much, but that will change once your milk fully comes in,” he told her.

“That’s just…weird,” she said as she stood next to him and admired the tiny drops of liquid in the bottles. “I mean, I know my breasts are for that but to make them do it because you want to and then have it happen…it’s mind blowing.”

Cameron unscrewed the top of the first bottle and upended it onto his tongue as Angelica watched. She blinked in surprise and asked, “What…how does it taste?” It seemed wrong to be curious about her own breast milk, but Angelica couldn’t resist asking the question.

He closed his eyes and savored the milk on his tongue a long moment. There wasn’t much to swallow but she saw his Adam’s apple work up and down once. “Sweet,” he said. “Very sweet. Delicious.”

“Really?” Even though she had read about what breast milk was like—she had spent too much of her limited free time playing on the internet researching human breast milk and she knew it was supposed to be sweet, unlike cow’s milk, but it seemed wrong.

Not directly answering her question, Cameron unscrewed the cap to the second bottle and said, “Open your mouth.”

Angelica hesitated. Certainly drinking her own milk wasn’t dangerous…but it felt wrong to consume a body product that wasn’t specifically for her. Then again, it would be wrong to disobey her master’s order. A shiver of fear and anticipation ran over her body. Angelica opened her mouth and extended her tongue slightly. Cameron tilted the bottle and the few tiny drops inside fell onto her tongue. For a brief moment she was certain nothing was in the bottle, but then the sweetness spread over her taste buds and her mouth watered.

That certainly wasn’t a normal reaction, she told herself and swallowed the few drops down.

“Fruit juice,” she said. “Melon maybe, or something equally sweet.”

He nodded. “I agree. And I think you need to up your water intake.”

“What? Why?” She took offense at the insinuation that she wasn’t eating or drinking a proper diet.

“More water means more milk. More milk means I’m happier. It’s that simple.”

“Oh.”

“Now get back down on your knees and suck my cock,” he ordered.

That was an order she was happy to follow. Even though her knees were sore she got back down, reached for Cameron’s pants, opened them up and pulled out his cock. While she wouldn’t be drinking additional water right away, certainly there was plenty of liquid in Cameron’s cum.

Part Two

Chapter Four

Angelica found herself looking at her image in the mirror more than she liked. She had never been a vain person, certainly not the type of vain person who stared at herself in the bathroom mirror and posed in all sorts of postures just too see what her best side and angle was.

But she was doing it now. Her tits were definitely bigger. And heavier. Her nipples were darker, that was certain. Growing up she wished she had light pink nipples, but her genes cursed her with bright red ones…but now they were a much darker red. They looked bigger as well.

While it was strange to see the changes in her body, overall she liked the changes. It wasn't perfect. Perfection was an impossible goal. Pleasing Cameron was an obtainable goal.

Cameron was nearly doting on her. While he was still a strict dom, giving her proper spankings and time outs in the corner when she misbehaved, he was more than happy to reward her when she behaved properly and pleased him. The first bit of pleasure came from providing him with plenty of breast milk. That was easy. Once it had come in, her breasts outdid themselves by pumping out an impressive amount of milk. In one pumping session she could easily fill the two five ounce bottles that came with her pump. It was impossible to know how much Cameron actually drank directly from her, but it was always a relief when he did so. His mouth was much more adept at nursing than the pump. The pump was a wonderful relief when their schedules didn't mesh, but it wasn't nearly as satisfying.

And as much as she loved getting off with her vibrator and breast pump, they couldn't compare to Cameron's mouth and cock when he nursed from her and then fucked her.

After one more inspection of her boobs, Angelica dressed, putting on a fresh bra that supported her new, heavier, bigger breasts much better than anything she had previously owned. It was another gift from Cameron. On the way over to

Cameron's place she stopped and picked up take out Chinese for dinner along with a bottle of wine. Traffic was bad and the service at the restaurant was slow. She was only fifteen minutes later than he had told her to be at his house.

Once she stepped inside she realized her mistake but said nothing.

"Put the food on the table first," he ordered her. He had been waiting in the entry hall. That wasn't a good sign either. She placed the food on the dining room table and quickly retreated back to the hall where she started undressing. That was when she realized her second mistake. She had worn a giant sweater over a loose blouse and a roomy skirt. It would have been extremely easy to take off her panties and remove her bra inside the shirt and sweater…but she had forgotten.

Angelica tried not to cry but she could feel tears welling up in her eyes. Cameron said nothing. They were both hungry. Her clothes came off and were immediately followed by her panties and bra. The pink collar she always wore at Cameron's house was in the basket next to the door. When he was happy with her, he would put it on. Today she was forced to buckle it in place. They went silently to the dining room where she ate in the nude across the table from him. He kept the conversation light and on inconsequential topics, but she knew what was coming. It wasn't going to be good.

As was their habit, Angelica cleared the table and took care of the leftovers. She met him in the guest room where here milking post stood proudly. He was waiting with a leather belt folded in half in his hand.

"Have you ever been beaten with a belt before?" he asked.

She started to shake her head, but then remembered an old incident with a terrible boyfriend. "Once. He was awful and didn't know how to use it."

"Tell me if it hurts too much. Turn and face the corner."

It was his right as her dom to use and abuse her as he saw fit. She had made two cardinal mistakes: she was late for their date and she entered his house wearing panties and a bra.

She waited for the crack of leather against her flesh. She waited patiently in the corner, sniffing a bit as she held back her tears. She kept her arms folded behind

her back, above her buttocks. She knew she could stop herself from begging for mercy but she hated the waiting. It was more punishment that she wanted.

The room was silent and she was certain he had stepped out for a moment while she was sniveling in the corner. Then the air was broken by a faint whistle and her skin burst into a crimson blossom of pain. He had shown mercy by landing the blow on her ass, but it still hurt and the pain made her cry out and allowed the tears to slide down her cheeks.

“One,” she said.

Angelica made it up to a count of five before he stopped. She was sobbing uncontrollably.

“Have you learned your lesson?” Cameron asked her softly.

Knowing that turning around was exactly the wrong thing to do, Angelica only nodded and replied, just as softly, “Yes.”

“I trust I won’t have to repeat this reminder?”

“No.” She sniffled back another tear. Her ass was on fire. The stripes that Cameron had left on her skin weren’t loving and tender reminders of what was expected of her. They were cruelly inflicted wounds designed to keep her in order and under his thumb.

“Why were you wearing lingerie in my house without my permission?” he asked. In her experience that was unusual. Always before her doms had simply laid down rules and punishments; they weren’t interested in why she had made a transgression.

“I was hurrying,” she sniffed. “I put on my bra and panties because I was going to be out in public and my breasts—because they’re full of milk now—they feel more comfortable in a bra. I was going to take them off in my car when I got to your house…but I forgot.”

“That’s no excuse,” he reminded her.

Angelica nodded. “I know. I’m sorry.”

“I’m not interested in your apology,” he told her. “I’ve punished you and that’s enough.”

She nodded once more and, still too afraid to turn around, she kept her eyes on the beige paint that filled the corner of the bedroom.

“I think you need a bit more in the way of reminders of what is expected of you.”

“Yes. Of course. You’re right.” Her words were too quick, too eager and she knew that once she had spoken them her utterance had been a mistake.

Cameron was silent a long minute and then he finally spoke. “No bra or panties at all for the next week. Even at work. It’s winter. You can wear a heavy sweater to hide your tits if you feel that necessary.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.”

“That’s not all. You’ll be spending all of your free time here, in my house, for the next week as well. You are obviously in need of some more training and reminders. If I’m here to help you maybe we can get past this little problem.”

To Angelica’s ears that sounded more like fun than a punishment. He would be free to use her, fuck her, nurse from her whenever he wanted. The idea caused a thrill of excitement to run through her body and moisten her cunt. “I’ll do as you wish.”

“This will not be a treat,” he told her. “You’ll find living with me more stressful than being by yourself. Keep your hands behind your back. I’m going to cuff them.”

That was easy enough to do and once her hands were restrained Cameron hooked her leash to her collar and led her to the living room. What followed was the blandest, most suburban beige evening Angelica had experienced since junior high school. Cameron watched television from the couch; she was allowed to watch with him as long as she remained seated on the floor. Her ass was still aflame with pain, but she endured it like a good submissive.

He took a couple of phone calls; one from a friend and one from his brother. Nothing of importance was discussed. Angelica was disappointed that Cameron

didn’t fuck her right away after spanking her, but that was to be expected; she was being punished. She wouldn’t have minded giving him a blowjob to show she was contrite for her actions and to give him some relief, but he didn’t ask or intimate that he wanted oral sex.

After a few hours two things occurred to Angelica. First, her desire to have sex steadily rose. This was all a long tease to her from the lashing with his belt to her subservient position on the floor next to him. Now would be the perfect time to prove she was completely under his thumb. He had but to ask anything from her. Second, her tits were becoming more and more uncomfortable. They had already been full of milk when she arrived at Cameron’s house and she had been expecting him to nurse from her shortly after dinner or to be put onto the milking post so that he could see the breast pump bring her to orgasm. Neither of these things happened.

“Time for bed,” he told her when the television finally bored him. Upon hearing the words Angelica was glad for the respite from blandness. She happily followed him to the bedroom and waited expectantly for her hands to be released while he changed into a pair of sleep pants. Once he was changed Cameron looked at her and frowned. Using just the slightest of wiggles to her torso, making her tits bounce and sway slightly, Angelica tried to entice him to nurse from her heavy, full breasts. She wasn’t expecting him to please her—that was crazy—but she wanted to show she could please him. Plus she needed a break from the steadily increasing pressure in her boobs.

“Are you full?” he asked her.

“Yes.” She leaned forward slightly, showing off her tits a bit more.

“That’s good. I’m glad your milk is in full production. Turn around.” She did as he ordered and sighed slightly when the bands around her wrists were no longer joined together. “Turn back around. Bring them up to your collar.”

In the back of her mind Angelica agreed with his decision. It was right that she should have her hands bound to her collar to keep her under control. It was Cameron’s right to do with her as he wished in this respect.

Cameron used a small padlock to link both cuffs to the D-ring of her collar. She kept her elbows slightly out to better showcase her full breasts and red nipples. Angelica rather liked the sound of a closing padlock. It reminded her who was in

charge. It reminded her of her submissiveness. It was a happy sound because it often heralded exciting sex games.

“You’ll find tonight extremely difficult, but if we can get through this, I think it’ll be better for our relationship, don’t you?”

“Yes. Of course,” she immediately agreed.

He produced a chain from the top drawer of the dresser and hooked it to her collar. She didn’t need to be told to follow him to the bed so he could lock the other end to the bedpost. She didn’t mind being chained up like an animal. Sometimes animalist sex was the best sex.

Angelica reclined back on the pile of pillows and lifted her elbows once again, inviting her master to nurse at her swollen breasts with a seductive smile.

Cameron reached out and caressed them lightly, running his fingers over the nipples and feeling the weight of her engorged flesh. “They’re warm. I like that.” He felt just the tiniest bit of moisture leak from her nipples. Her milk had let down and she was ready to feed him.

“Thank you.”

“You’ll probably have trouble sleeping tonight. That’s okay. Extra coffee tomorrow morning for breakfast. Maybe a stop on the way to work for an espresso.” He got in the bed next to her, kissed her lightly on the lips, turned off the light, and rested his head on the pillow on his side of the bed.

For a moment she was miffed. Where was the sex she was expecting? Her tits hurt and she needed him to nurse, goddamnit.

After her initial bout of anger she realized this was the second part of her punishment—going to be with sore, aching tits full of milk that needed to get out. She wanted to cry, but that would just anger Cameron and surely he had a worse punishment in mind of her if she couldn’t endure this.

He was right. It was the most difficult night of her life. He drifted off to sleep after a few minutes. She stayed awake and watched the clock count the time to the small hours. It wasn’t as if she didn’t get any sleep…it was just fleeting. A few minutes here and there. Maybe a couple of hours before five a.m. She had to

lay there in her collar and cuffs listening to him lightly snore and sleep like an innocent and pure child.

Cameron woke refreshed when the alarm clock went off. Angelica had drifted off to sleep not long before the alarm sounded. He grunted and stretched and then finally remembered why she was in his bed.

“Have you learned your lesson now?” he asked. “I don’t want to have to repeat this. It would be easier to start with a more suitable woman.”

She nodded quickly. “Yes. I know what I did wrong and you can expect nothing but the best from me from now on.”

He smiled on one side of his face and slightly shook his head. “You just want me to nurse, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she begged.

“Do they hurt?”

“Yes,” she now whimpered.

“I’m sure you’ll do anything in the future to stop the pain, won’t you?”

“Yes.”

He sighed, as if she were making a huge imposition on him. “Fine. Roll to your side and let’s see what I can do.”

She tried not to let her excitement show and quickly do as she was told. The collar and leash pulled on her neck, but that was the least of her concerns. Cameron moved down to her breasts and licked one nipple. Angelica shivered and felt her milk letting down. Cameron didn’t immediately start sucking. He waited and was rewarded. After just a few seconds milk started forming on the tip of the nipple he had licked. The tiny blue-white dots coalesced together and formed a bead, and then a drop which slide down the curve of Angelica’s tit.

She shivered at the sensation.

Caron licked her again.

More milk formed and this time started all but flowing in a steady stream down Angelica's breast. Her flesh moved with the pulse of her heartbeat and the rise of fall of her chest while breathing, but she was otherwise motionless. It was just enough to keep the milk leaking steadily out of her red nipple.

"Is that good?" Cameron asked her.

She wanted to shake her head, but didn't dare risk that with her leash being pulled to its full extent. "No. I need more," she begged.

It wasn't in Cameron's nature to give in to the wishes of his submissive. He liked treating her cruelly. He liked to make her suffer before she was rewarded with physical satisfaction. Even so, he liked the taste of her milk. If she knew the extent he would go to just to drink from her breasts, their relationship would be upended and destroyed. "Fine. I suppose I can do this for you." He latched on and immediately started sucking hard and fast. Normally that would have driven Angelica into paroxysms of pain. But this morning it felt incredibly good. Her milk squirted into his mouth and Cameron found himself having to swallow and suck harder and faster to keep up with the production of her heavy tit.

His head was down on the mattress while he suckled from her tit that was pressed against the sheet. Her free breast was in the air, the nipple semi-erect, as she waited for him to finish on her first breast. It couldn't wait. Once her milk had let down and Cameron had deigned to nurse from her, the other breast responded like it should have. It released her milk and it flowed down her breast, over the flatness of her sternum, to run in small rivulets around the curve of her lower breast.

It took Cameron a few minutes to notice this and when he did, he immediately pulled back from her breast and shook his head. "You're wasting your milk," he reprimanded her.

"I'm sorry. I can't help it." She was ashamed—actually ashamed—at how her body was behaving. She wanted nothing more than to please Cameron and her own body was betraying her in the worse possible way.

There was little for Cameron to do other than to switch tits and suckle from the top to decrease the milk flow. Her bottom breast didn't stop flowing but it wasn't releasing nearly as much milk as the top. Cameron was forced to switch back and forth between the two breasts to prevent the loss of more milk than was

acceptable. Angelica didn't mind the treatment at all…it was getting her hot and bothered. She was ready to be fucked and was certain that Cameron could smell her desire wafting up from her pussy.

Finally Cameron was done, all her milk was drained for the moment and when he pulled away Angelica rolled to her back and opened up her legs. She wanted to be fucked, even if her hands where still chained to her collar. She had been fucked that way before and she would be fucked that way again.

Instead Cameron unlocked her hands from the collar and released the leash from the bedpost. "Aren't we going to…" she started to ask but let her question trail away.

"You want sex now?" he asked her. "After what you your body has done?"

"I was hoping," she said with her eyes downcast.

"You need to be punished," he told her and got off the bed to reach into the top dresser drawer. "I was hoping these wouldn't be necessary at all and we would only have to use them much later on, but maybe you'll finally learn." He displayed a pair of metal clamps connected by a thin chain. "Kneel up," he ordered.

She swallowed and obeyed. What else could she do? It was what she was supposed to do.

Cameron grasped her right nipple and pulled it out a bit to apply the first clamp. It was much like a pair of tweezers with a sliding guide that forced the two metal fingers together. He applied the clamp on the border between the nipple and the areola. She gasped once loudly when it went on and she raised her hand to pull it off. Cameron glared at her and immediately her hand went back down.

"Does it hurt?" he asked her.

"A bit," she admitted.

"Good. It's supposed to. You'll enjoy it after a bit." He grasped her left nipple, pulled it forward, and applied the second clamp. This time she was able to resist hissing in pain but the pressure was almost too much. When he let go of the clamp the chain lightly bounced off her skin. It was strange to look down at her

breasts and see the clamps and chain in place. Years ago she had considered getting her nipples pierced but had let that impulse go. As she became accustomed to the pressure the pain started to go away and her nipples started to go numb.

“On your hands and knees,” he said. “I’m going to fuck you, but it’s going to be quick.”

On that note he fucked her hard and fast. He didn’t consider her pleasure for a moment. She took all he had to offer and wanted to cum as quick as possible but was constantly distracted by the clamps on her nipples and the chain swaying back and forth underneath her. As a consequence he came first and pulled out before she was done. “Turn over,” he said.

Angelica hoped that he was going to play with her clit and make her cum. Instead he grabbed her nipple clamps, both at the same time, and released them simultaneously.

The pain was indescribable. She wanted to scream and cry at the same time but couldn’t make a sound because she was all but paralyzed by the pins and needles attacking her breasts. “It’s worse when they come off, isn’t it?” he asked without compassion.

“Yes,” she agreed as she writhed around on the bed waiting for the pain to pass.

“Get up, get showered, and get dressed. We’re starting over today. I’ll see you here after work, right?”

“Right,” she agreed. In her one small act of defiance Angelica quickly masturbated in the shower, getting herself off just so she wouldn’t be distracted the entire day.

Chapter Five

After the first day of going without underclothes at work—and indeed at all times—Angelica became accustomed to the strangeness of no bra or panties. No one at work seemed to notice and she actually felt quite a bit freer without the restrictions she had grown up wearing. And because no one at work knew, she felt naughty about her little secret.

Cameron put her on a strict schedule at home. She was milked every morning and night, sometimes by his mouth, sometimes at the milking post by the breast pump. It didn't matter which to Angelica the way her milk was removed, she enjoyed it either way. It was easier for her to get off to Cameron's insistent suckling but her orgasms were more powerful when he put her on the milking post and watched her cum.

One night he decided not to use the dowel between her legs and simply forced her to endure the funnels on her tits. She moaned and groaned through the entire process. He watched with great interest as the bottles for the pump slowly filled with each stretching of her nipples. What Cameron didn't like was the noise she made as she was milked.

"Quiet, girl."

"Sorry, sir."

"You can't cum with just the pumps, can you?"

She shook her head in frustration. She wanted the dowel between her legs so she could rub her clit along the smooth wood and make herself cum for him. Beads of sweat had formed on her forehead and she would have pressed her thighs together to weakly masturbate but her ankles were chained too far apart to allow that.

"No, sir."

"Do you want to cum?" He seemed genuinely curious.

“Yes, sir.”

“Do you like pain?” He knew that she did, but he liked asking and making her say it.

“Yes. Just a little…just enough to get me off.”

“Maybe I don’t want you to cum,” he said, teasing. “Maybe I want you on the edge for the rest of the night.”

“Please…” she begged. “I’ll do anything.”

He laughed at her. “I’m sure you would.”

“I’m happy to give you a blow job,” she pleaded. “You can fuck my ass, take pictures of me, make me do anything, I just need to cum.” Without realizing it a tear slid down her cheek and she bent her head to wipe it away on her shoulder. She would have used her hands but they were chained behind her back to the milking post.

“Anything?” he asked.

“Yes. Of course.”

“I see.” He stood up from the chair placed next to the door where he could watch her being milked and left the room. The hum of the breast pump continued over the slight moans and sighs as Angelica continued to be milked. It felt good, but it was also annoying because she wasn’t going to cum with just the pump and Cameron might not let her cum at all if he was in a bad mood.

A minute later Cameron returned and when she saw what he was carrying she shivered in fear. There was no sexual desire in her reaction. She was truly afraid. Saying nothing, he turned off the pump and carefully unscrewed one of the bottles from its funnel collector. The bottle was nearly full, almost six ounces. That was becoming her average at each milking. It was impossible to tell how much milk Cameron consumed when he nursed directly from her but whenever the pump was used she produced about six ounces per breast which made her daily total around twenty four ounces. It was an impressive amount of milk and Cameron consumed almost all of it.

After opening the bottle he took a careful sip from it, savored the taste on his tongue and then proceeded to drink the entire contents down. The milk was rich and creamy, it was almost a shame to drink it so quickly, but it tasted best when still warm. “You produce the sweetest milk,” he told her.

“Thank you.”

He reattached the bottle and then unscrewed the other, taking another careful sip, examining its flavor. “Very sweet.” He smiled. “You don’t taste yourself enough. Open your mouth.”

It was silly to resist or refuse. Angelica opened her mouth and he carefully brought the bottle to her lips, tilting it up and carefully pouring the milk into her mouth. She wrapped her lips around the bottle’s opening and carefully swallowed every drop. Knowing there was supposed to be an element of humiliation in this act didn’t bring about that emotion in Angelica. She had tasted her milk before. It was very sweet and thick and heavy on the tongue, but she had never been forced to drink a full bottle before. It wasn’t bad and she knew she had to please Cameron; after all, she was his submissive and it was her duty—and pleasure—to serve him.

“It is sweet,” she told him after he pulled the empty bottle away.

“Do you still want to cum?” he asked her.

“Yes, sir. Please, may I?” After the milk she knew she would be rewarded for her good behavior, but it would be on Cameron’s terms.

He turned the breast pump back on and reapplied the funnels to her tits. It took hold and her nipples were stretched forward, pulling a few more drops of milk from her breasts.

“You aren’t going to like this, but you did say you wanted to cum,” he said.

“Yes, sir, please.” Although she was begging Angelica wasn’t sure if she wanted to cum in the way that Cameron was planning.

He picked up the crop from the dresser. It was roughly two feet long, made of a flexible cane, wrapped with a strip of leather. There was a cork core that formed the handle and a thick triangular piece of leather that was the business end of the

toy.

“This will hurt,” he said.

Angelica just nodded.

He didn’t give her any time to warm up to the first stroke. It was a vicious uppercut and he landed the little flap of leather directly on her naked, exposed labia. Angelica shrieked in pain as waves of fire flashed through her body. It was so painful yet it also felt wonderful.

“More,” she begged.

Two more slaps from the crop came in quick succession. The pump was still pulling at her tits and without any warning the pain from her pussy pushed her over the edge and she felt herself cumming. Her body shook and her thighs became weak. She wanted to fall down but that was impossible with the collar around her neck, not if she wanted to keep breathing.

“More,” she begged again.”

“You came,” Cameron informed her.

“More,” she demanded. It was wrong of her to make the demand but she needed it.

Cameron cracked the crop into her tender skin again. She cried out and sobbed in pain and let her body enjoy the little death that shook her body. The orgasm was so wrong but it felt so good.

“More?” he asked as he inspected the bottles. She was still leaking milk.

“I…I…I…” Angelica couldn’t form coherent words.

“How about I keep cropping you until your tits stop making milk?” he asked.

She didn’t—she couldn’t—answer.

The crop slapped her pussy again and she shrieked in pain and relief.

This was exactly how she wanted to serve her master, her lover.

“Your shirt is wet,” Robbie told her confidentially when he sat down opposite her seat at the lab table.

“What? Shit!” Angelica looked down and saw two slowly spreading spots on her shirt. The lab was inordinately warm today and she had removed her sweater to deal with the heat. She hadn’t expected anyone to sit at her lab table and she certainly hadn’t expected her breasts to start leaking milk in the middle of the day. Normally the only time her milk let down was when she saw Cameron after having been at work all day. She loved that sensation and then went into heaven when he put his lips to her nipple and drank her milk.

The spots weren’t very large, but they were growing, no doubt from the dirty thoughts she had been having about Cameron nursing from her. “Do you want me to get you some scrubs from the supply room?” Robbie asked. “We can just say you spilled a sample on your shirt.”

“Shit again. Yeah, can you do that for me?” she asked and then she looked up at him after inspecting her wet shirt. “Do you know what this is?” Her voice was low, even though their closest coworker was all the way across the large lab.

“Looks like you’re leaking breast milk,” Robbie said as he slipped off his chair, headed to the supply room.

Hunching over and trying to be inconspicuous, Angelica headed toward the women’s bathroom. Robbie met her there with a couple different sizes of scrubs tops. “Thanks,” she muttered as she slipped inside. Once she had a moment of privacy she pulled off her shirt and the camisole she wore underneath it. That had been an argument with Cameron, but one she had won on the logic that in the middle of winter she needed something to help keep her warm. Since the camisole wasn’t really a bra and didn’t provide much in the way of support or containment of her breasts—it was really nothing more than a fancy undershirt—he allowed it. Now it was nearly soaked with her milk. She yanked it over her head and then pulled on the two layers of scrubs that Robbie had brought her. It wasn’t great, but it was better than walking around with wet stains on her shirt the rest of the day.

“Thanks again,” Angelica said upon re-emerging from the women’s room. Robbie had been waiting for her outside the entrance. He silently handed her a plastic shopping bag for her wet clothes.

“Happy to help,” he said.

“I feel like an idiot.”

“Why? Because you leaked a little breast milk? You’re hardly the first woman to do that.”

She nodded acknowledgment of his statement and they headed back to their work area together. “It’s a little embarrassing.”

“I didn’t even you had a baby at home,” Robbie commented.

Her eyes barely flickered over to him. She liked Robbie but this was an area of her life she preferred to keep private. “I don’t,” she heard herself saying.

“Oh.” Any other man would have just dropped the issue, but curious Robbie pushed forward. “Do you have a hormone condition or something?”

They were back at their shared lab table and Angelica sat down. She knew she didn’t have to tell Robbie anything and if she pushed back she was certain that Robbie would back away. Yet she enjoyed his curiosity. She liked being under the control of a strong man. True, she was Cameron’s possession right now, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t willing to share. And as a submissive she liked being questioned and being told to reveal things about herself—but only to those people she liked and trusted.

She liked and trusted Robbie.

“I don’t,” she said.

“Oh.” Her answer caught him unprepared. There was a long, uncomfortable silence between them before he finally asked, “So why are you lactating?”

That was the question Angelica had been waiting to hear.

“Because my boyfriend likes it,” she told him. “He got me to lactate for him.”

Much to his credit, Robbie didn’t react like a six year old being told Santa Claus was just a collective social lie told to children. “That’s intriguing. I’ve never known anyone to do that before.”

She smiled thinly, like she was keeping an extra special secret from him. “It’s probably more common than you think. It’s brought me incredibly close to Cam.”

“I’ve never heard that before. I’ve never even consider that before. I’ve had… what…maybe twenty girlfriends over the course of my life. Maybe if I talked them into lactating for me I’d have stuck with one of them.”

“Maybe,” she agreed. It was enjoyable to tell Robbie about her little secret. She liked sharing dirty secrets with like-minded people. “It’s not for everyone.”

“I’m sure that’s true. Tell me more. Tell me everything,” he said.

And she did. She did so very happily in their semi-private corner of the lab.”

“What did you do today at work?” Cameron asked her conversationally at dinner. As always Angelica was wearing her pink collar and nothing else. Her breasts were full and ready to be milked, but because she had leaked earlier in the day they weren’t yet at a painful level. Still, she was eager for Cameron to suckle from her and she could feel the sensation of milk wanting to let down, she just needed a little nudge to get over the edge.

“I told Robbie that my boyfriend makes me lactate for his pleasure,” she said evenly and took a bite of her meal.

They both chewed that over for a minute.

“Why did you do that?”

“Because my breasts were leaking and he figured out that I was lactating and I’m not nursing a baby.”

“I see. And what was his reaction to this.”

“He was intrigued and fascinated by it.”

Cameron wasn’t upset by this revelation. Although he considered Angelica to be his, that didn’t mean he controlled every aspect of her life.

“How did you feel when you told him about it?”

She shivered once. “I liked it. I was scared, but it made me proud. I was a bit worried at first, but then I started to like telling him.”

“Why did you like telling him?”

“It made me feel like he was superior to me because he knew that I let my boyfriend make me lactate and I did it completely for my boyfriend’s pleasure.”

He paused. “That’s a lie. It’s not completely for my pleasure.”

She shrugged. “Okay, I enjoy it too.”

“And what is he going to do with this little bit of information about you?”

“To be honest, I don’t know.”

“Ask him. Tomorrow you need to ask him why he needed to know this about you.”

And she did. It was one of the hardest questions she had ever asked someone. She reported his answer to Cameron.

Because he’s fascinated with other people’s kinks, she texted to him mid-morning.

Cameron’s response came quickly. Invite him to dinner tonight.

While it had been extremely hard for Angelica to ask Robbie why he needed to know about her lactation, inviting him to dinner was ten times more difficult.

He immediately accepted.

Chapter Six

After the normal round of logistics and setting up an agreeable time, it was agreed that Robbie would dine with them at six thirty. That gave Angelica plenty of time to get to Robbie's and make dinner for the three of them.

Angelica liked cooking. She wasn't so fond of cooking in the nude because of hot splatters, but Cameron allowed her the use of an apron in the kitchen—for practical purposes only. She was busy in the kitchen when the front door bell rang. Cameron looking in from the living room where he was reading over papers from work at gave Angelica an expectant look. "Answer the door," he ordered.

That was the moment of truth. She had been avoiding thinking about what Cameron would expect her to do when Robbie arrived. She hadn't been thinking about what she would wear and what they would do after dinner. She didn't dare step out of the kitchen wearing the apron, and even if she did it was hardly effective camouflage to her nudity. Everything would be given away in a heartbeat.

"Is there a problem?" he asked.

"No. Of course not." She pulled off the apron and walked with confidence to the front door wearing only her pink collar. After a deep breath she opened the door and stepped back just enough so that her nude body wasn't visible from the street, but Robbie could certainly see everything she had on display. "Hi, Robbie," she said a little too brightly. "Please come in."

Robbie stood there a moment in shock. Seeing his nude coworker was certainly not how he expected to be greeted at the door. Hearing her casual, happy tone completely confused him.

"Um, okay." He stepped warily into the entry hall carrying a bottle of wine and trying not to stare at her big, full breasts and the rest of her exposed skin.

Cameron took his time walking in from the living room. He extended his hand. "Robbie? Cameron. So good to meet you."

Robbie shook his hand and passed over the wine. “Nice to meet you too.”

He was glad to look away from Angelica but Cameron wasn’t going to let the opportunity pass. “I hope you don’t mind that Angie isn’t wearing anything but she’s my sub and we have a formal agreement that she isn’t allowed to wear clothing while in my house.”

“I see,” Robbie said. “I wasn’t expecting to see my coworker naked tonight, I have to admit.”

Cameron just waved his hand dismissively. “Don’t give it a second thought. As you know she has a strongly submissive personality and the embarrassment and humiliation of being naked all the time in my presence actually enhances her sexual response. Isn’t that right, Angie?” he asked her.

Robbie’s eyes went to Angelica and this time he didn’t bother trying not to stare at her tits. “Um, yeah. I don’t get naked for just anyone,” she said. “But Cameron likes me naked and I have to be naked in his house. Does it bother you, Robbie?”

He shook his head. “No. Not really. I wasn’t really expecting it, though.”

Cameron laughed. “Angie’s body is part of the entertainment tonight. We can trust you to be discrete at work, can’t we?” Cameron asked with some steel in his voice.

“Certainly. I have to say I was surprised when she revealed this aspect of her life —and personality—to me, but it’s something really fascinating.”

Cameron drew Robbie into the living room to talk so Angelica could finish making dinner: eggplant parmesan, bread, salad, and wine. Lots of wine. She took a bracing and large swallow from her glass as she set the table and called her boyfriend and visitor to eat.

Except for Angelica’s nudity it was a social dinner like most others. Small talk was made, work was discussed, the food and drink were complimented…all while Angelica’s large, heavy tits were on display for both men. Cameron took the opportunity at one point to reach next to him where Angelica was seated and lightly caress her left breast much like any other boyfriend my caress the hand of his lover at the table. Robbie didn’t miss the gesture and followed it very

carefully.

“She’s a good cook,” Cameron said at the end of the meal. “Not great, but good. One of her many talents.”

“Thank you,” Angelica said.

“How about some dessert?” he asked.

Angelica smiled and knew she was being called to perform. She stood up and walked around the corner of the table to stand next to Cameron. She only had to bend forward just a little in order for her breast to hand right in front of his mouth. Cameron used his hand to bring her nipple to his lips and suckled her right there in front of Robbie. Their guest watched in amazement.

Despite wanting to maintain an attitude of cool detachment, after only a few sucks Angelica found her eyes fluttered closed and an inadvertent moan escaped her lips. “That’s nice,” she sighed softly to Cameron as if they were alone. Her milk flowed quickly and easily into Cameron’s mouth. A few drops escaped from her left breast and she quickly cupped it in her hand to keep the milk from dripping onto the table.

Robbie watched in rapt attention as Cameron nursed from his submissive girlfriend. It was obvious to him that she was enjoying the treatment with small sighs and moans. Cameron went so far as to slip his hand between Angelica’s legs and gently massage her pussy. He wasn’t certain but Robbie suspected that Cameron slipped one or two fingers inside her as well. It was a show he had never expected in his life to see.

After several long minutes Cameron released Angelica’s breast and he leaned back in his chair. “Angie, be a dear and offer our guest some dessert as well.”

She had been expecting that order and when it came she smiled at Robbie and walked around the table to him. Robbie sat paralyzed in his chair until she reached him and leaned forward, offering him her left breast.

“Take it,” Cameron instructed Robbie. “She’s here for my amusement and use. It amuses me to see her suckled by another man. It excites her as well as I’m sure you can tell.”

His eyes flicked over to Cameron, but Robbie was trying to concentrate on Angelica's tits. Two days ago he never would have imagined he would be nursing from his coworker's tits breasts while her boyfriend looked on.

He didn't want to waste the opportunity. Quickly Robbie attached his mouth to Angelica's nipple and sucked. It was heaven at the first drop. Her milk was thin and sweet and perfection on the tongue.

"How is it?" Cameron asked.

At the question Robbie's eyes snapped open. He hadn't realized he had closed them. He sucked one more time, long and hard, filling his mouth with Angelica's nectar. Only after he swallowed did he let her nipple slip from his mouth. "Perfectly sweet. It's like liquid ambrosia."

"Then you're enjoying it?"

"Yes."

"Keep drinking from her," Cameron told him. "She doesn't like to be interrupted in the middle of a nursing session."

Robbie didn't need to be told twice. He latched back on to her breast and sucked again and again. The strangeness of the situation slowly passed away; it was easy to get used to almost anything given enough exposure. First he became acclimated to Angelica's nudity while they ate. Now he was adjusting to actually nursing from the breast of a woman and drinking her milk. He wondered what he was going to have to get used to next.

As she was nursed, Angelica continued to moan and sigh. Without doubt Robbie knew exactly what he was doing to her but it didn't stop him, if anything, it encouraged him, but he didn't go the next step to actually touch her empty breast with his hand or—the ultimate in personal violations—reach between her legs.

For her part, Angelica wanted to masturbate while Robbie nursed from her but it was hard enough to stand up and be nursed. If she started playing with her pussy she knew she would be on her knees or back in moments. All Angelica could do was stand there and suffer in delightful agony while Robbie nursed and slowly, steadily, emptied her breast.

She wanted to cum. She needed to cum, but it wasn't going to happen with just Robbie's mouth. Certainly she could cum if she was laying down alone with Cameron or if she was chained to the milking post and the pump was turned up to high, but not with a new man who barely knew her body while she was standing up.

In the end she was forced to put her hand down on the table to steady herself while Robbie finished. Finally she had to tell him, "I'm dry," to make him let go.

As he sore and red breast emerged from Robbie's mouth, Cameron joked, "I doubt that's the case, my dear." He walked behind her and slipped his hand under her buttocks and up into her pussy. "Yes, see, she's incredibly wet." Pulling his fingers from her cunt he displayed them to Robbie, showing off the moisture.

"I see," said Robbie. He didn't know what else to say or do.

"Do you like being wet?" Cameron asked his girlfriend.

"Yes," she moaned. Angelica was rubbing her thighs together in anticipation of an orgasm. She needed to cum.

"Do you need to cum?" he asked.

Her answer was immediate. "Yes!"

Cameron looked over her shoulder at Robbie. "Would you like to fuck her?"

"Um…what?"

Angelica's eyes snapped open and she stopped grinding her thighs together. "Tell him yes," she begged Robbie. "I need to cum."

"But…uh…we really don't know each other that well," he lamely said not knowing how to wiggle out of the uncomfortable situation.

Angelica reached down and grabbed his crotch. His cock was hard inside his pants. "You want to fuck me. I don't care how well we know each other. You've never had a one night stand?"

He wanted to explain away a lot of things in his life at that point, but he remained too focused on the fact that he and Angelica would have to go to work tomorrow and face each other. In his mind nursing from her was one thing, but having sex with her was another completely. “Yes,” he admitted to her inquiry about the one night stand.

“Then this is another one night stand,” she told him and switched from grabbing his cock to grabbing his hand. She pulled him out of the chair with surprising strength and dragged him to the bedroom where they could fuck.

Robbie didn’t look back, but he knew that Cameron was following. The moment they were inside the room and next to Cameron’s bed, Angelica fell to her knees and unbuckled his belt, then pushed his pants down to his knees. His cock popped out and she devoured it with her mouth, sucking on it harder and with even greater enthusiasm than he had shown her breast.

Giving in to the moment he pulled off his shirt and assisted her in removing his pants the rest of the way. There wasn’t any real reason for her to suck his cock. He was already hard and she was sopping wet. Angelica led him to the bed while Cameron watched from the doorway to give them just the barest modicum of privacy.

Angelica pulled him down on top of her and opened up her legs. They both moved into position to fuck but at the last moment Robbie asked her, “Condom?”

“No worries,” said Angelica and pulled his cock into her wet warmth. They fucked like any other two humans not concerned about tomorrow but simply needing to fulfill their physical needs tonight. The sex wasn’t that great, but Angelica didn’t mind. She liked bedding new men and she loved fucking after nursing. She just managed to catch Cameron’s eye as he watched them approvingly. He nodded to encourage her onward. She smiled and wrapped her legs around Robbie’s waist. She wasn’t fucking Robbie because Cameron asked her to. She wasn’t fucking him because she found him particularly attractive or exciting. She was fucking him because she was a submissive and her master had made the casual request that she do so. She was a milking submissive and since she had nursed Robbie, she felt the need to fuck him.

When he came his hot semen pushed her over the mental barrier that kept her

orgasms at bay. Her eyes opened up and she looked at Cameron. Thank you, he mouthed silently to her. She smiled back and replied You're welcome. She would show her true thanks later when he fucked her because as she had known for a long time, she was a submissive girl and it was her obligation to please her master be it with pussy or tits.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry," Robbie apologized when he regained his breath.

"For what?" Angelica asked. She was puzzled. While the sex hadn't been fantastic, it was certainly satisfying and she was more than happy with his performance.

"We shouldn't have done this," he insisted as he climbed off her.

"No, no, don't say that," Cameron insisted. "I wanted this. Angelica wanted this." He paused. "And I daresay I think you wanted this as well."

"But what about—"

Cameron cut him off. "Can I count on you to nurse from Angelica when she's at work and needs a little relief? She's a strong producer. Almost too much for me. She needs to share it."

"What?" Robbie was nearly aghast at what Cameron was proposing.

"I need someone who I can rely on to nurse from her when she needs it. You enjoyed her milk tonight. And you certainly enjoyed her pussy as well. Is there any reason we shouldn't continue this relationship?"

"How can you even ask that?" Robbie goggled at Cameron. "And what about you?" he asked Angelica directly.

She was still reclining on the bed and simply gave him a little shrug. "I like sex. I like lactating for Cam. And what's more—and you should know this, Robbie, we discussed it long enough already—I'm a submissive girl. It's who I am. I need to follow the orders of my boyfriend—my dom, my master—because it gives me a sexual thrill. There's no way we can make you do this, but we'd love it if you would. There's no strings attached. Just some milk and sometimes some sex, right Cam?"

“That’s right,” he quickly agreed.

“I’ll have to think about it,” Robbie said nervously as he found his clothes and started pulling them back on. He tried to push the thought out of his head that he had been watched by Cameron while he had fucked Angie. It was so weird.

“You’ll do it for me, won’t you, Robbie?” Angelica asked from the bed. She rubbed her thighs together and wondered what she could do to entice him back into her pussy. “Please?”

“I don’t know…”

She nodded with confidence. “I’m sure you will,” she said. “It’s a little weird now, but after a few more times it’ll be no big deal. You’ll enjoy the milk and sex and blowjobs—do blowjobs count separately from sex?—and I’ll enjoy nursing you and giving you the sex and blowjobs. Don’t forget. I’m a submissive. I’ll do anything that Cameron tells me.”

It was odd that she had the same logic in becoming accustomed to the strange after long term exposure, Robbie thought. Maybe there was some truth to her argument.

“Okay, sure, maybe,” he managed to blurt out before buttoning his pants and making a mad dash for the door.

Cameron didn’t bother blocking the way. That would have been a stupid and silly action. He knew he already had Robbie hooked. When the door slammed the two lovers looked at each other with broad smiles.

“You are such a good submissive,” Cameron complimented her.

“Thank you,” she said proudly. “Will you have me nurse him tomorrow?”

“You read my mind,” he said.

“Would you like a blowjob now?” she asked.

“Well…I’m not sure that’s necessary,” Cameron said as he lowered his pants exposing his erection. She crawled across the mattress and took his cock in her mouth as he continued to undress. “You know I’m not going to cum in your

mouth, right?”

Angelica nodded with her cheeks hollowed from the suction she was inflicting on him.

“You know I’m going to fuck you, right?”

She expelled his cock from her mouth and rolled back on the bed, her legs wide and open for him. “Yes.”

“Have you ever had two men cum inside you so quickly before?” Cameron asked as he slipped his cock into her wet pussy. It was much wetter than normal. He attributed that to the semen that Robbie had left behind.

“No. But I can’t wait,” she said as she drew her knees up toward her chest, allowing Cameron to drive his cock deeper into her pussy.

“Do you like being a slut?”

“Yes,” she sighed as his cock reached her exactly where she wanted.

“Do you like being my submissive milk girl?”

“Yes, yes, a thousand times yes,” she cried out as she came. Cameron didn’t cum yet. Not yet. He had all night and he was determined to exhaust his little submissive until she was screaming for him to cum deep and hard in her.

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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