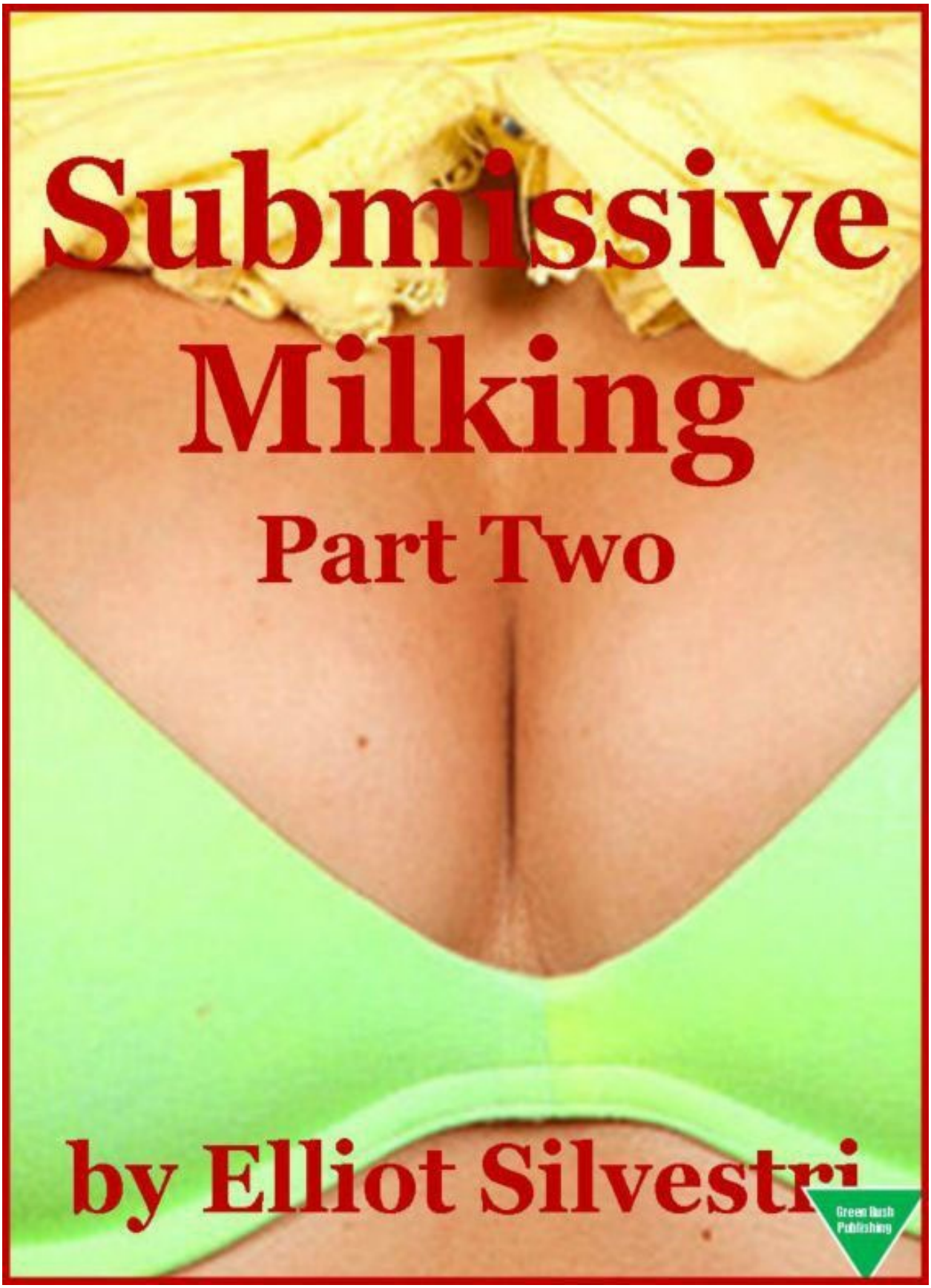
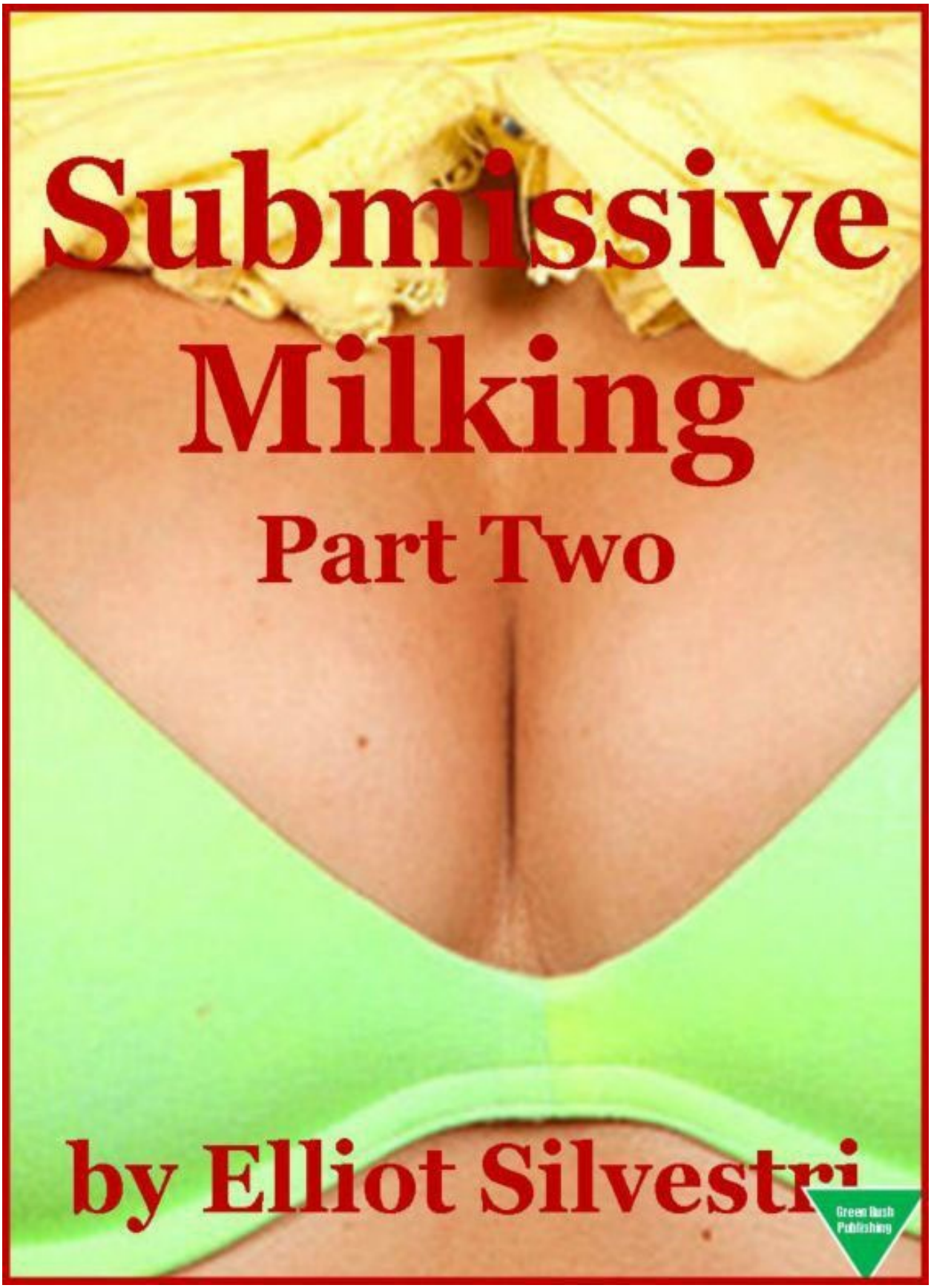

Submissive
Milking
Part Two
by Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush
Publishing


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Smashwords Edition

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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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