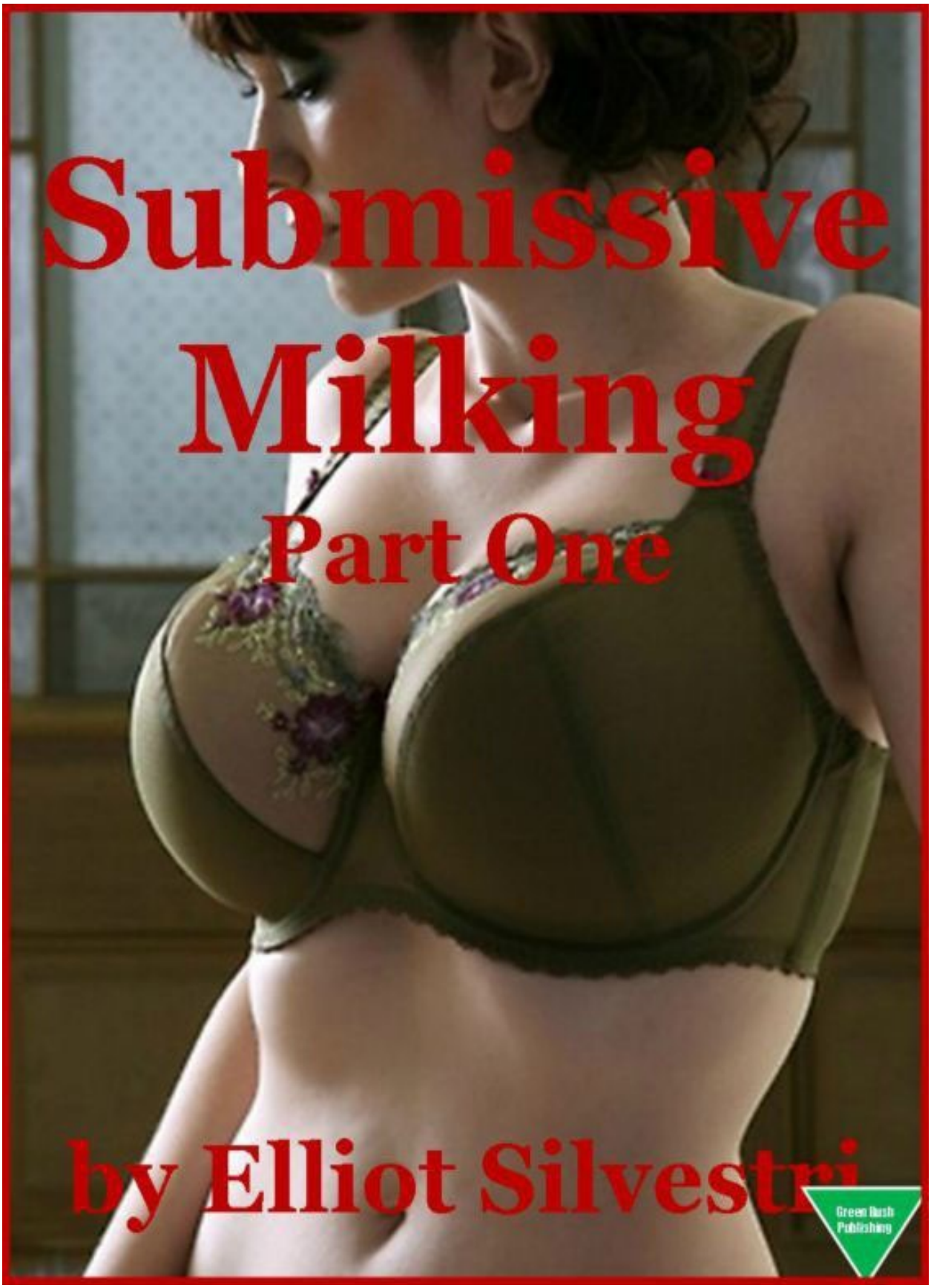
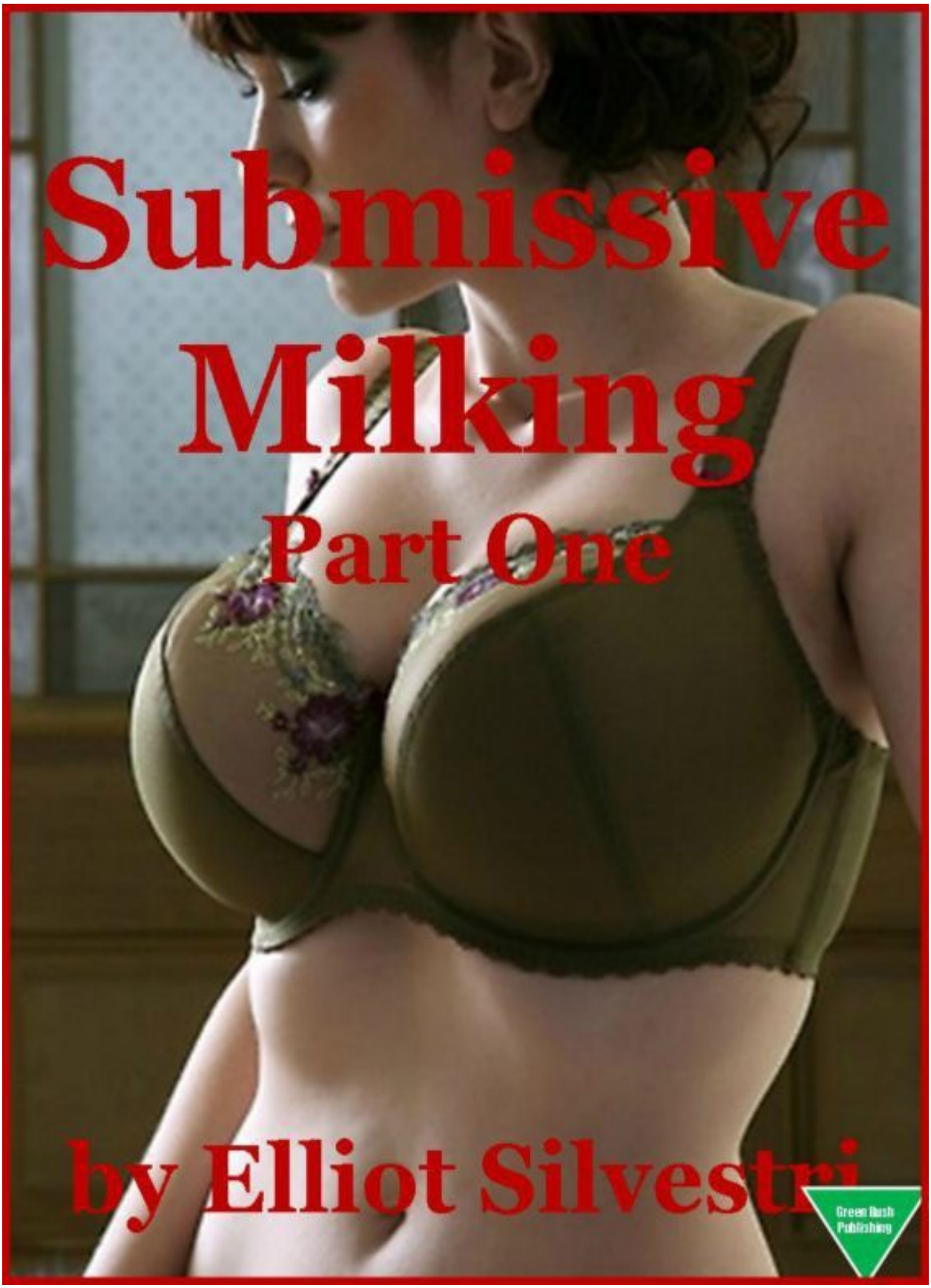

Submissive
Milking
Part One
by Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush
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Smashwords Edition

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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 the 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.

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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