

Babysitter Training

Faye Valentine

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Alyssa started working for the Burkes when she was fifteen. Then it was to watch their three children four nights a week for \$50 an hour which was a lot of money for a teen looking to save money for her first car. Now, at nineteen she was watching their seven kids five hours a day, six days a week for \$125 an hour. It was by far the most lucrative job she could have ever hoped for, but while the money was great she kept coming back because she genuinely cared about the kids she looked after. In those four years the only time she ever missed work was to attend two weddings. She had never been called in to work on days off and had never once been reprimanded. So, when she was called in on Friday morning she feared the worst, made more concerning by the fact that her employees would not tell her why they needed to see her on such short notice on her day off.

Pulling into the long, hedge-lined driveway wide enough for two cars to drive side by side with room to spare, Alyssa stopped at large iron gates. Rolling down the window, she swiped an ID badge at a terminal. An audible buzz was followed by the gates sliding open. Ahead loomed the twenty-nine-thousand square foot Burke estate with second story balconies and five car attached garage. Driving another three hundred feet, she pulled to the left and parked in one of fifteen visitor parking spots. Before getting out and walking up to the front door she took several deep breaths to calm her nerves. She knocked and a moment later she was greeted by eleven-year-old Melissa Burke.

“HEY ALYSSA!” Melissa exclaimed as she gave her babysitter of four years a quick hug. “Come in. Mom and dad are out back.”

Stepping inside, Alyssa was similarly greeted by Melissa’s twin sister Amanda, nine-year-old Austin, eight-year-old Erica and six-year-old Kyle. She hugged them back and then made her way through the living room and kitchen to the back deck where she found her employers relaxing on the huge back deck.

“Hey Alyssa,” Lexie greeted the babysitter. “Sorry to call you in on your day off but Mason and I couldn’t wait.”

“That’s okay. Are the two of you going out?” Alyssa asked, eyes drifting from the pretty forty-one-year-old bikini clad Lexie to her forty-three-year-old husband wearing dry swim trunks and tee shirt indicating they were prepared to go for a swim but had yet to do so.

“We’re staying in today,” Mason answered. “Honey, would you like to give her the news or would you like me to?”

“I’m pregnant,” Lexie said, her voice a mix of emotion.

“Congratulations!”

“Thank you. That’s the good news. And now for the bad news and a proposition. Due to my age and other factors I’m at high risk of complication so doctors have advised me to take it easy. Well, you know better than anyone how easy one can take it when looking after seven kids. I can’t run after them. I can’t lift more than twenty-five pounds and preferably fifteen or less. We like you, Alyssa. The kids adore you.”

“Before she continues know that you’re under no obligation to accept and your job is safe even if you decline,” Mason interrupted his wife.

“Good to know. What are you going to ask? What do you want me to accept?”

“It’s a lot so we understand if you decline, but we would like you to move in and help take care of the kids seven days a week until I give birth,” Lexie continued. “You’ll be given one of the spare suites for a minimum of one year and should you decide to live there longer we can

come to an arrangement. We'll also increase your pay to two hundred an hour and give you a substantial bonus when the triplets are born."

"TRIPLETS!" Alyssa gasped.

"That was my exact reaction," Mason laughed. "But yeah, triplets. We know we're asking a lot of you, Alyssa, but you're the only one we trust with the kids. On top of what Lexie already mentioned we'll also give you four weeks' paid vacation but we'll need at least a month's notice so that we can make other arrangements. So, I guess the only question is: is this something you're willing to do for us?"

"You've been very good to me for the last four years," Alyssa answered. "I like the two of you as well and seeing the kids is the highlight of my day so I'd be crazy to say no. But before I say yes I need to know exactly what's expected of me. I mean, I'm only one person so I can't watch them twenty-four-seven."

"Your duties will remain unchanged, but your new hours will be from eight to six, Lexie answered. "Mason will take over after that and you can relax and enjoy your evenings."

Doing the math in her head, Alyssa realized she would now be making two thousand dollars a day, fourteen thousand a week, over seven hundred thousand a year. *I'd be a fucking idiot to say no to that kind of money, but what's the catch? Why are they willing to pay me so much to watch their kids?* She thought as she looked from one to the other. "That sounds reasonable, but what aren't you telling me? Don't get me wrong, I'm thrilled to death that you trust me enough to have me move in to watch your kids, but that's a lot of money and my gut is telling me there's more you're not telling me."

"Go on, honey," Mason said "you should be the one to tell her."

"You're right, there is more. Again, the job is still yours so please don't feel pressured to accept, but...given the risk of complications Mason and I cannot have sex until after the triplets are born. We're willing to boost your pay to one million dollars for the next year if you agree to satisfy his sexual needs."

"HOLY SHIT! Are you...is she...are you really asking me to...Jesus Christ!" Alyssa stammered.

"We know it's a lot, and we will not fire you for saying no, but we like you, Alyssa, and Lexie and I agree that it's better for me to satisfy my needs with a woman we know and trust than some random stranger. There are a few rules and if you agree to them all I'll increase your pay to a million and a half plus benefits."

"C-Can I hear these rules before giving you an answer?"

"Of course. First, to minimize the risk of any of us getting an STD I'm the only man you'll be permitted to have sex with for the next year. To ensure that you'll be placed in chastity anytime you leave the property. I will never wear a condom during sex and I don't pull out. You will also go off any and all forms of birth control for a period of one year starting today."

"Y-Y-You want to impregnate me?"

"God yes! And so much more. But only if you want it as well."

"There's more," Lexie added. "Mason is a very dominant man and I'm a very submissive woman. Since I cannot satisfy those needs you'll take my place in the dungeon. I know, sounds ominous, but it's actually a very nice play room in the basement that you're free to take a look at and use as long as you obey the posted rules."

"You want me to be your sex slave?"

"That would be hot, but I've yet to find a woman with absolutely zero limits," Mason answered. "I want to spend the next year training you as my submissive breeding cow."

Knowing her employers were worth well in excess of a quarter of a billion dollars, Alyssa knew they could afford far more than they were offering and felt a year of sexual submission and breeding was worth a lot more than a million and a half. "Five million," she countered. "If you want me to work as your babysitter seven days a week and spend my nights as your submissive breeding cow for the next year it's going to cost you five million dollars. You'll also pay for all related medical bills."

"Deal," Mason replied so quickly Alyssa regretted not asking for more. "I'll also pay a quarter of a million dollars a year in child support until our child is twenty years old with half of that going to you and the other half to an escrow account our son or daughter may access on their twentieth birthday."

"That is beyond generous, Master," Alyssa grinned. "I'm yours to train and breed. Just as soon as we get all of this in writing that is."

"Of course. Which would you like to see first, the dungeon, or your new room?"

"Um, my room. Since I'm accepting the job either way I'd like to see it so I know how much room I have for all my stuff."

"You know what, that's a good point," Mason said. "I don't want you to have to get rid of anything or to put your stuff in storage so instead of one of the suites why don't I show you to one of the guest houses instead?"

"That sounds great, but how much is it going to cost me?"

"Absolutely nothing," Lexie answered. "Show her eight-fifty-nine. It's the largest of the three and has a room in the basement perfect for a small dungeon."

"Good idea. You okay to walk or would you rather drive back?"

"I'm fine walking if you are," Alyssa said as she stared back at the vast expanse of land that made up the back yard that ended in woods with stone walls running along the left and right sides. "Um, how far back is it?"

"Quarter mile? To prove you're honestly willing to be my breeding cow you'll strip naked as soon as we're into the woods. You'll then kneel, take my cock out, suck it until hard and then get on all fours for your first breeding. Is that understood?"

"You're honestly okay with this?" Alyssa asked Lexie.

"It was my idea sweetie. Just because I have to abstain for a year doesn't mean he has to as well. I'm just glad you accepted because I really wasn't looking forward to vetting strangers. Go on, take a look at your new home and enjoy your Master's cock."

"Um, thanks. So, um, does that make you my Mistress?"

"I don't have a dominant bone in my body so, no. But thank you for asking."

"Um, are we going to have sex?"

"I can't have sex so, no."

"But as part of your training you will have sex with other women," Mason said.

"I'm straight so I'll have to wrap my head around that, but the good news is I have more than one bisexual and lesbian friend that would be more than willing to be my first if that's okay with you. Master."

"Only if you tell them exactly what you are and they agree to provide medical reports proving they're drug and disease free. Otherwise, you'll have sex with our female friends. You'll have one week to decide as that's how long it'll take to get everything in writing. Now, no more stalling.

Exhaling, Alyssa walked down the stairs and in the direction of the woods. Part of her was scared. Part of her was excited. Part of her wondered if she had lost her mind. Part of her

could not believe her luck at finding a couple so willing to pay her for babysitting and sex even if it meant being bred and trained in submission. And a small part of her wondered how she was going to tell family and friends. When she reached a trail leading into the woods, she went twenty more feet, stopped and without looking back stripped out of her clothes. She then turned, dropped onto her knees and looked up at her boss turned Master. Without word she unbuttoned and unzipped his pants before tugging them and his boxer briefs down to his ankles and then off. Marveling at his impressive cock, she stared into his dark brown eyes as she sucked him into her mouth and down her throat. As her head bobbed back and forth it dawned on her that this made her a very well-paid prostitute and a small part of her liked the feelings that notion evoked.

It took Alyssa less than two minutes to have her new Master standing at full attention, but she continued to suck his full eight inches for another three minutes before pulling away, turning and then dropping onto all fours. Looking back over her shoulder, she gave him a huge grin. "I'm not on any form of birth control so my breeding really does start now, Master. Please pump your load into me nice and deep."

"You have no idea how long I've been waiting to hear those words," Mason said as he slid his cockhead between the meaty folds of the babysitter's vulva a few times before plunging into her balls deep. Her wet tightness gripped him like a vice nearly causing him to blow right then and there, but nearly three decades of sex taught him at least a modicum of self-control. She was so tight, in fact, that he actually looked down to look for blood. "God damn! You weren't a virgin were you?"

"N-No Master. You're just that damn big! S-Seriously...uhn...uhn...you're much bigger than any guy I've ever been with. Not that I've been with many but...uhn...I'm going to stop talking now, Master." And with that, Alyssa lowered her upper body so that her forearms were flat on the tightly packed dirt path, spread her legs in the hopes of taking him even a fraction of an inch deeper and enjoyed her first day as a submissive breeding cow.

"Your ass looks pretty damn tight as well. I take it you don't do much anal?"

"I've never done anal, Master. Well, I used a finger once to see if I liked it and that's as far as I've ever gone."

"That changes today," Mason said as he slammed in and out of the babysitter's tight womanhood. "I want your pussy to remain nice and tight till the day you give birth to my child, but your ass is going to get wrecked. And by that I mean you'll eventually be taking two hands in there at the same time and taking my arm to the fucking elbow. Is that understood, slut?"

Butterflies swarming her stomach, Alyssa gulped back the shock of hearing what he wanted to do to her. "Y-Yes Master."

"Good girl. While you go home and pack a friend of mine will do some toy shopping for your dungeon so that you can get started this evening."

"Yes Master." Unsure if it was from his big cock, the thought of stretching her asshole open for fisting, having sex right out in the opening where anyone could catch them, the fact that her boss was now her Master or a combination of them all, but Alyssa suddenly erupted in her first ever squirting orgasm that took her completely by surprise. She started to fall forward, but strong hands gripping her around the waist kept her from going flat. Mason pounded her even harder. Her grunts and moans echoed through the woods and she wondered if Lexie or anyone else could hear the pleasure she was experiencing. Her second orgasm was another gusher. She writhed and moaned as he continued plowing in and out like a man possessed. And then, just as she felt a third orgasm reaching the point of no return she felt the first ropey strands of semen hitting her cervix.

“God damn! I’m definitely going to enjoy breeding your sexy ass.”

“And I’m going to enjoy being bred, Master. Seriously, that’s the first, second and third time I’ve ever squirted in my life and I can’t wait to feel your fat cock pounding another load into me.”

“Glad to hear it because I’ll be breeding you three to four times a day for the next year.”

“Not gonna lie, that is the hottest thing I’ve ever heard, Master.” Reaching between her legs, Alyssa scooped up the semen slowly dripping out of her, brought her fingers to her lips and then licked them clean. “Mmmm, I’m definitely a swallower, Master, so I hope you don’t mind if I eat it as it drips out of me.”

“I prefer to keep it in you, but you may eat it this time.”

“Thank you Master. Um, if you don’t mind me asking how exactly are you going to keep it in me?”

“I plan on plugging you right after sex.”

“Cool,” Alyssa cooed as she scooped up some more of her Master’s tasty cream. “I’ve got to ask, Master, how many women have you bred?”

“I’ve had sex with hundreds of women, but you’re only the second I’ve used for breeding. The first being my wife. Unfortunately, this will most likely be her last pregnancy.”

“But not mine, Master.”

“Oh? You want me to knock you up multiple times?”

“Um, please correct me if I’m wrong, Master, but it take far more than one pregnancy to be a breeding cow. I’ve always wanted a big family and I can’t think of anyone I’d rather have kids with than you.”

“You are correct. While there’s no definite answer I believe, and Lexie agrees that it takes at least five.”

“Then let’s start with that, Master,” Alyssa said, letting hormones do the thinking and talking. “I’ll be your live-in babysitter and submissive breeding cow for as long as you want to use me as such.”

“We’ll discuss that once you’re settled in. I like seeing you on all fours so I want you to crawl the rest of the way to the house. And if I hear a word of complaint I’ll take the cane to your ass. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master,” Alyssa said as she looked at the sticks and rocks littering the path ahead. Going slow, she crawled along the path, doing her best to avoid the most obvious rocks and sticks. “I have to ask, Master, why? Why are you and Lexie willing to pay me so much money when I’m sure there are plenty of women out there that would do it for less.”

“You’re right, there are a ton of women out there that would let me breed and train them for a fraction of what we’re offering you, but they don’t know and love our kids the way you do and our kids don’t know them. They love you like a second mother and that means far more than a few million dollars. Plus, Lexie and I care a great deal about you and want to ensure you’re financially stable. To that end, you may live here for as long as you like free of charge.”

“Thank you, Master, but I sort of feel like I’m taking advantage.”

“It’s not taking advantage if we’re the ones offering, Alyssa. And if you want to continue being my submissive breeding cow I’ll pay an additional one million dollars per child to you plus five million to an escrow account for them upon reaching twenty. That’s all on top of the one million per year for babysitting.”

“Deal, Master, but at some point I’m going to have more kids than I can handle and might need help. If you’ll permit it I’d like to ask my best friend Sherri if she’s interested. I’ll

pay her out of my own money and since her lease is up soon she might be able to be a live-in babysitter as well.”

“She’ll need to be extensively vetted but as long as she checks out I don’t have a problem with that.”

“Thank you Master. I’ve known her since we were two and trust her with my life, but I also understand your need to ensure she’s not into anything illegal. I’ll give her a call once I’m free to go pack up my things and hopefully she’ll say yes. Um, are you going to want to train and breed her as well?”

“That’s a very strong possibility but we’ll cross that bridge once we see how well we all get along.”

“Yes Master.”