

Maid for Breeding

Faye Valentine

~ ~ ~

Maid for Breeding

Copyright© 2021 by **Faye Valentine**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Sitting on the toilet staring at the applicator in her shaking right hand, Kelly was thoroughly confused. When she missed her first period she attributed it to the stress of her company merging with another in what would hopefully make her half a billion dollars richer. A couple weeks later when morning sickness started she passed it off as a stomach bug. But after a second missed period she had the sinking feeling that she was pregnant. But that was impossible. Putting career over family, she made taking the pill religiously. Thus, the confusion over the positive result. It was the fifth in as many days and try as she might there was no denying she was now with child.

For most women bringing a new life into the world was cause for celebration. And while Kelly had nothing against mothers, her becoming one came with a plethora of issues few in her position had to contend with. All stemming from a deal she and her husband made when they first met. Back then she was a headstrong eighteen-year-old who truly believed she had everything figured out. She knew what she wanted and was not afraid to go after it. Which is how, three days after her eighteenth birthday she found herself surfing a variety of fetish forums looking for someone to dominate. What she got was a Master she spent three years serving. A Master she made many promises to including two pertaining to what would happen should she ever decide to have children.

Knowing it was virtually impossible for her to get pregnant, she vowed to let him use her as his personal breeding cow for as long as it was safe for her to have children. Which meant once again donning the mantle of sex slave. And second, she promised to let him mark her not only as his personal property, but as his breeding and dairy cow. It meant giving up her humanity, everything she had fought so hard over the years to obtain. The life now growing inside of her meant she would cease to be human and become nothing more than an object of her Master's amusement. It was a prospect that excited her as much as it scared her to death. Abortion not an option, she dropped the applicator in a plastic bag along with the other four, got up off the toilet and then washed her hands.

Kelly had put the inevitable off for as long as possible. Sooner or later, she would start showing and then there would be no hiding the truth. So instead of hiding from it, she resigned herself to a life of sexual slavery at the hands of her first Master and the only man she had ever loved, the only man she had ever been with. Baggie in hand, she went to her husband's home office where she knew she would find him perusing any number of fetish forums in search of a maid and breeding cow to train – a plan she was one hundred percent onboard with, if not because she had no desire to be bred like an animal, then for her bisexual curiosity.

The heavy wooden door creaked open but her husband did not seem to notice. Crossing the large office, Kelly rested her chin on her husband's left shoulder. Eyes going straight to the curved monitor, she saw that he was just beginning to type out a forum message. "Whatcha doing?"

"Posting the ad as we discussed," Brian answered.

As he continued to type, Kelly read:

Married couple seeking live-in maid and breeding cow. We are 28[m] and 26[f] with many pics on profile. We are looking for a woman between the ages of 18 and 25. No experience necessary. If interested please drop us a DM and include the following: Name, age, bdsm experience level and at least three pics that clearly show your face and body.

“You really think anyone will answer such a perverted ad?”

“Why not? You did. Or have you forgotten how we met in the first place?”

“I didn’t answer an ad to be a breeding cow or a maid.”

“No, but you did answer one to be trained as a sex slave. Shame you turned out to be far more dominant than submissive.”

“And yet I still let you train me for three years.”

“Well, I hope you remember your training because I want you as my slave again.”

“Oh? And how long for this time babe?”

“As long as it takes to hire a maid.”

“That could be the rest of our lives.”

“Or a few hours, days, weeks or months. And that’s what makes it so exciting. And since we’re looking for a breeding cow and maid those are the roles you’ll fill until someone answers the ad. Is that understood?”

“We’re hiring a maid because I hate cleaning house and the last one left to be with her family in these difficult times. And we’re looking for a breeding cow because I don’t want kids of my own. But apparently fate has other plans for me because against all the odds I’m pregnant,” she said as she dropped the baggie of home pregnancy test applicators into her husband’s lap. I don’t get it. I’ve taken my pills religiously for eight years. We’ve had sex at least once a day for just as long and I end up pregnant just when we started talking about getting you a cow to breed. What are the odds?”

Picking up the plastic bag, Brian gave it a once over while using his fingers to move the applicators around to see the positive results on each. “So, are you going to honor your promises or do we get a divorce?”

“I love you and depending on how you answer my one and only question will honor every promise I ever made to you. Did you tamper with my birth control pills in any way, shape or form including switching them out?”

“Do you honestly think I’d stoop to doing something so low?”

“To breed and once again turn me into your sex slave? In a heartbeat. Now please answer my question. Did you tamper with my pills?”

“And what if I did?”

Growling, Kelly stood up and then walked to her husband’s left side. “Dammit, Brian, if you fucked with my pills just to knock me up a divorce will be the least of your worries. And don’t forget where I work. I can very easily have them tested.”

“I’d go to great lengths to breed you, babe, but even I have my limits and tampering with your pills is where I draw the line. Go ahead, have them tested. And when they come back as perfectly fine I expect you to honor every promise you’ve ever made to me. Including being my sex slave and breeding cow.”

Figuring her husband would be a fool to mess with her pills, Kelly gave him the benefit of the doubt. Besides, while highly effective it is still possible to get pregnant while taking them even if the chances are remote. “I believe you Master. Seeing as how you now have a breeding cow I guess you can delete that post.”

“You really think one cow is enough for me? Besides, we still need a maid or three. Honey, you’re just the first in what I hope will soon be a harem of sexy breeding and dairy cows.”

“H-Harem, Master? We didn’t talk about a harem. How many slaves are you planning on hiring?”

“As many as are willing. Now, we have unfinished business so please follow me to the dungeon.”

“Y-Yes Master,” Kelly replied, knowing full well what her husband had planned.

∞ ∞ ∞

Two years in the making, Brian designed and then had his dungeon built before he ever met his first submissive – the woman that would become his first sex slave and wife. At more than five thousand square feet spanning seven rooms including six that catered to specific fetishes, it was by far his favorite room in the house even if it was rarely used these days. But now that he was once again Master of the house, he planned on putting it to good use.

“Do you remember the promise you made to me, slave?” Brian asked as he opened the dungeon door.”

“I remember, Master.”

“Then please remind me, slave.”

“Really Master? Do you honestly expect me to believe you’ve forgotten?”

“I believe I gave you an order, slave.”

“Yes Master. I promised that if I ever ended up pregnant then I’d not only let you mark me as your property, but I’d also become your breeding cow for as long as it’s safe for me to do so.”

“And?”

“And what Master? That’s the promise I made.”

“Are you sure there’s nothing you’re missing?” Brian asked as he walked deeper into the main room of the dungeon.

Seeing the direction her husband was going, something clicked in Kelly’s brain. “I also promised to stand still and unbound and not make a sound while you marked me, Master.”

“Good girl. Or should I say good breeding slave?” Using a key to unlock a cabinet his wife had never been in; Brian removed a wooden box he had stored there when his wife made her promises all those years ago. Sitting it on a cart he turned to tell her to strip only to see her topless and in the process of taking her pants off. “I know it’s been a few years since you were last my slave but I assume you remember your positions. When you’re naked wait in the blue square.”

“Yes Master.” Picking up on the keyword, Kelly stepped out of her panties and then took five steps forward into an area marked off by blue tape. Back straight, eyes forward she spread her legs shoulder width apart while putting her arms behind her back, hands holding opposite elbows in the wait position.

“I’m not going to lie, slave. You’re in for a world of hurt but if you keep your word you’ll have three months off to heal before your training resumes.”

“And if I don’t, Master?”

“Then you’ll be disciplined...severely,” her husband said as he opened the box.