

MILFS in the Making

Faye Valentine

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As confused as she was curious why her best friend's older sister invited her over, Aurora arrived at Hannah's house a few minutes after six ready to get to the bottom of the mystery. Parking in one of the guest spaces off to the left of the driveway, she got out, took a deep breath, slowly exhaled, and then walked up onto the porch. The door opening before she could knock, she was greeted by the visibly pregnant 25-year-old Hannah Locke wearing shorts and a tank top.

"Glad you could make it," Hannah greeted her sister's best friend. "Come in."

"Thanks. Not going to lie, I'm really curious why you invited me over," Aurora said as she entered the living room of the huge, ranch-style home.

"We'll get to that shortly. Can I get you something to drink?"

"I'm okay, but thanks for asking," Aurora replied as she let her eyes drift around the large open room. "You have a beautiful home."

"Thanks. It's been a while since we actually talked so what do you say we catch up with each other?"

"Um, okay. I have no problem catching up with you, Hannah, but is that really why you invited me over?"

"Honestly? Yes and no. I genuinely want to know how you've been, but I did invite you over for a specific reason."

"And that reason is?"

"This is going to come off as crazy, but in order for me to tell you I'll need you to sign an NDA so you don't go running your mouth to anyone. Especially my sister or the rest of my family."

"An NDA? You're right, that does sound crazy, but this has been a crazy day so sure, why not?"

"This is serious, Aurora. Friends or not, if you run your mouth and tell anyone what we discuss I will go after you for the full fine disclosed in the document which, if my information is correct, you don't even come close to being able to afford."

"I know how to keep a secret. I mean, I never told anyone about the time Renee and I..." Aurora said, letting her words trail off.

"The time you and she did what?"

"Exactly," Aurora smirked.

"Fair enough. You see that folder there on the end table? The NDA is inside. Read it and if you agree to the terms sign it and we'll go from there."

Picking the folder up without hesitation, Aurora flipped it open and immediately began reading the one page document. Thought not a lawyer, it seemed pretty straightforward even if the \$1,000,000 fine seemed exorbitant. Nevertheless, she put her name and date on the lines and then held it out to her best friend's sister.

Taking the offered folder, Hannah put her name at the bottom and then her smile brightened. "Congratulations on taking the first step in changing your life forever! Give me a minute to make you a copy and then we'll sit down and have a very serious conversation about your future."

"That doesn't sound ominous at all."

"It isn't. Be right back." And with that, Hannah left her guest in the living room while she went to her office to copy the document she was sure would change Aurora's life for the better in

more ways than one. Returning a few moments later, she handed her guest the copied document and then motioned toward the couch. “You’re going to want to sit down for this.”

“Um, okay,” Aurora replied. Not questioning the suggestion, she sat at the far left end of the couch and then looked up at her host as if waiting for a bomb to drop. “So, what’s this all about?”

“This is all about your future, Aurora, and not only improving your life, but the lives of those you love as well. It’s no secret that your family has struggled to make ends meet for years, but if you take me up on my offer that changes today. And before you say it, no, I am not making fun of you in any way whatsoever. The economy has been shit for years and I know your parents have done everything they can to keep a roof over your heads and food in your bellies no matter the cost to themselves. You really couldn’t do much before, but now that you’re an adult the sky is the limit. That being said, I’ve heard through the grapevine that you’ve always wanted a huge family of your own but fear becoming like your parents. Is that true?”

“My dream is to have five or six kids, but there’s no way I’ll ever have one until I’m able to financially support ten.”

“And I respect that about you. What if I said you can have your cake and eat it too as it were?”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning I can put you in touch with a certain organization that will pay very good money to see your dream become reality.”

“Please just spit it out. What are you talking about, Hannah?”

“I’m talking about you being used and trained as breeding cow in exchange for more money than you’ll spend in five lifetimes. Look around. I’m a twenty-five-year-old single mother of eight kids with two more on the way. Do you really think I can afford all of this working an IT job from home? Like a lot of women in this city that’ll never admit it openly, I’m a breeding cow and will be for several years to come. You want to help get your family out of economic hardship and give them everything they deserve? Do you want to have that huge family without fear of them ever going without? You want a nice home, new cars, and whatever else you’ve dreamed of all your life? Take me up on my offer and you’ll have it and more.”

“Holy fucking hell!” Aurora exclaimed as what she was being told rapidly sank in. “Okay, let’s back up several miles! What do you mean when you say used and trained as a breeding cow?”

“Do you know what bdsm is?”

“Fuck me!”

“That’s the plan,” Hannah said, giving her guest a shit-eating grin.

“Y-Yes, I know what bdsm is.”

“Perfect. Do you know the difference between a submissive and sex slave?”

“I think so, but why don’t you explain it as if I don’t?”

“For the purposes of this: all sex slaves are submissive, but not all submissives are sex slaves. Submissives have limits, sex slaves do not. Both obey the commands of their Master or Mistress, but sex slaves do so without question, hesitation, or complaint whether they like it or not. While both strive to satisfy their Master or Mistress’ every desire, a sex slave’s sole purpose in life is to accomplish that no matter the cost to themselves. A sex slave is nothing more than an object of their owner’s ever perverse fantasy and they live only to fulfill them all. That is, of course an extreme but accurate definition the organization I’m enslaved to uses.”

“E-Enslaved to? So you’re a sex slave?”

“I am. I can even show you my bdsm playroom if you’d like to see it. But the point is, if you want the life you’ve always dreamed of having you’ll need to become a sex slave in the process. You’ll be broken down until virtually nothing of your former self remains and then you’ll be rebuilt as the perfect object of sexual gratification willing to perform any and all acts of perversion to please your future owner. And in exchange you’ll be paid very, very well.”

“H-How well?”

“You’ll be paid one hundred thousand a month until confirmed pregnant by one of their Bulls after which you’ll be paid one million dollars. You’ll then be placed in permanent chastity and after a couple of months off to heal and recuperate your slave training will continue until you’re seven months pregnant. At that point you’ll be given five months off to have your baby and recover before it starts all over again. And the amount you’re paid increases for every year you’re trained and every pregnancy you have by their Bulls.”

“A million dollars might sound like a lot of money, but when it comes to raising a family it barely scratches the surface. Also, what do you mean by permanent chastity? How can they breed me if I’m in chastity?”

“You’re right, a million dollars isn’t enough to raise a family, but you’re forgetting the one-point-two million you’ll earn just from being trained during your first year which also increases every year of training. As for permanent chastity, if you’re okay seeing me naked I can show you exactly what I mean.”

“O-Okay.” And with that, Aurora watched as Hannah did not hesitate pulling her tank top off revealing huge, natural milk-filled breasts capped with large double-pierced nipples. It was then she noticed words standing out white against her tanned flesh. DAIRY COW on the right and BUCKING BULLS BITCH around a Bull’s head on the left. “Are those tattoos?”

“Cryo branding and yes, you’ll be required to get them.”

“Bucking Bulls bitch? Wait, does that have anything to do with the ranch of the same name?”

“Good observation. And yes, that’s where you’ll be used and trained,” Hannah said as she pulled her shorts and panties down.

Eyes going to another cryogenic brand reading: BREEDING COW with 8 hash marks below indicating how many children she has given birth thus far, Aurora audibly gasped when she took in her host’s heavily pierced vulva including two in her hood and five tunnels lining each outer labia which were currently held tightly shut by barbells with a vertical rod down the center which was held in place by a tiny lock. “Jesus Christ! That is both terrifying and oddly sexy at the same time,” she said as Hannah slowly turned to reveal five lower back microdermals holding one end of a flexible metal rod attached to the tunnels at the other end.

Turning to face her red-faced guest, Hannah smiled. “This is full chastity and what you’ll be required to get should you accept being a breeding cow sex slave at the Bucking Bull Ranch.”

“I’m not saying I will or won’t do it, but when you say the pay increases every year how much are we talking?”

“The base pay increases by fifty thousand per year until you either quit, or reach the cap of half a million. And the bonus per for pregnancies confirmed to be by one of the Bulls increases by one million dollars. So, two million for the second, three million for the third and so on.”

“Wait, so you’re being paid six million dollars for your current pregnancy?”

“That is correct.”

“Fucking hell! So you’re telling me you’ve made twenty-one million dollars being bred?”

“Plus what I’ve been paid for over seven years of sexual slavery.”

“How have you been able to keep this from everyone? How can the ranch breed women and no one know?”

“NDAs and keeping everything as secretive and hidden as possible. While it’s a normal ranch on the surface, underground is a whole other story. So, do you want your every dream and fantasy to come true by becoming their newest cow and slave, or are you not willing to go that far to give yourself and your loved ones the lives you deserve?”

“I... this is a lot.”

“It is, but in exchange for some training as a sex slave you’ll be getting everything you desire. Tell you what, if you’re willing to spend the entire weekend as my sex slave with the condition that I will not give you any form of body modification whatsoever, I’ll pay you ten thousand dollars for the effort. But you must agree to act as a sex slave in every regard. No refusals, no complaints, no hesitation. I command and you obey whether you like it or not. If, at the end of the weekend you hate it, you’ll at least walk away with ten grand for your trouble, but if you do like it then you can make tens of millions as a breeding cow sex slave.”

“I... I’m a virgin.”

“I appreciate you confiding in me and if you accept my offer I promise to be gentle. At first anyway. After that, I won’t hold back.”

“You’re actually being serious. You want me to be your sex slave,” a shocked Aurora stated.

“Yes and yes. But I completely understand if it’s too much and you’d rather not delve into a lifetime of sexual perversion.”

“I like you, Hannah, but I don’t want anything to be weird between us that might ruin my friendship with Renee, so can you just take me there for the weekend instead?”

“Unfortunately no. If I take you to the Bucking Bull Ranch it’ll be to sign a training and breeding contract.”

“What if I go on my own?”

“You’ll be turned away and in breach of the NDA.”

“Then take me to the ranch and I’ll sign up.”

“I appreciate the enthusiasm, but this isn’t something you should jump into without considerable consideration.”

“You’re offering me everything I’ve ever dreamed so what’s there to consider?”

“A lot. You see my body. Are you able to live with permanent brands marking you as a breeding cow and property? Are you mentally prepared to spend the rest of your life as a sex slave willing to perform the most humiliating and degrading perversions for your owner without a second thought?”

“For the huge family and millions of dollars to provide for them? You’re damn right!”

“Then spend the weekend with me to prove it and if it’s still what you want then I’ll take you Monday to speak with them about signing on as their newest cow. If you can’t do that then you really don’t have what it takes to do this. And no, I’m not just saying that because I want in your panties.”

“Fair enough. Okay, let’s do it. I’ll spend the entire weekend as your sex slave on condition you do not give me any form of permanent body modification.”

“Deal. And if you make it to Sunday night I’ll pay you ten thousand dollars for your effort. That being said, I will ask one last time if this is really what you want.”

“It is.”

“Very well. Then from now until eleven fifty-nine PM Sunday night I am your owner and you are my slave. I command and you’ll obey. And during said time you’ll refer to me as Mistress or you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

“Good girl. You won’t be needing clothes so strip naked and show me what I’m working with.”

“Yes Mistress.” Standing, heart thumping painfully in her chest, Aurora began stripping out of her clothes.

“Mmmm... I knew you were hiding a stunning body under those clothes, but God damn! Petite. Big firm breasts. Flat belly. Toned legs. What we in the lifestyle refer to as childbearing hips. You’re going to be an incredibly popular cow.”

“T-Thank you, Mistress.”

“Now get on all fours and follow me to my playroom. Once inside I’ll ask you a few questions on camera so there’s no denying your eager and willing participation. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Aurora said as she got onto hands and knees. Crawling up to her temporary owner, she reached up, grabbed Hannah by the ass, leaned in, and then licked from slit to clit for no other reason than she needed to know if she could. A bolt of excitement hitting her own love button, she dug fingernails into her host’s ass and continued licking as much as the piercings would allow. Oh my fucking god you taste good, Mistress! I never... I’ve always wondered... I like my own, but...”

“I thought you were a virgin?”

“I am, Mistress. I’ve never had sex with anyone until now or even penetrated myself with fingers or toys, but I’ve rubbed my clit more times than I can count and tasted myself hundreds of times and... and I’m instantly hooked on eating you out, Mistress. Do you... can you take the barbells out so that I can do it properly?”

“Once we’re in the playroom, slave. And since you licked me without permission you’ll also be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Aurora said as she sat back. “Sorry. I just needed to know if I could actually do it and I definitely can. God! Do other women taste as good as you, Mistress?”

“We all have our own unique flavors, but I can honestly say I’ve never found one I didn’t like. Don’t worry, once you sign up to be a cow you’ll be eating more pussy than even you can keep up with.”

“I hope so, Mistress. W-What about men? I’m not going to lie; I’ve spent my entire life silently struggling with my sexuality. Am I straight? Lesbian? Bisexual? Pansexual? Something else on the spectrum? Will I like being fucked by men as much as I do licking your pussy?”

“I fully intend on using a wide array of toys so you’ll know soon enough, slave.”

“Actually, I won’t Mistress. Don’t get me wrong, I’m looking forward to you popping all my cherries, but you fucking me with a dildo isn’t the same as taking a dick attached to an actual man.”

“You’re right, it isn’t. In that case, after I’ve popped all your cherries I’ll invite a few friends over so you can have the real thing and decide for yourself.”

“H-How many is a few, Mistress?”

“You agreed to be my slave for the weekend so does it matter?”

“Given the direction my future is seemingly taking... no, no it does not. I’m ready to go to the playroom when you are, Mistress.”