

Milking Mistress Chloe

Faye Valentine

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Entering the small, unassuming building, Chloe looked around the lobby – empty save for the busty redhead sitting at the desk across the room looking bored and tired. As she approached, Chloe saw a tag over the woman’s left breast that read: KAYLA.

“Welcome to Whitmore. Can I help you?”

“You buy breast milk, right?”

“We do. But not just from anyone walking through the front door. We’ll need to do a complete medical workup to make sure you are drug and disease free and then we’ll have to collect samples of your milk and test it nutritional value. You are lactating, right?” Kayla asked, her eyes locked on Chloe’s breasts.

“I am. I had a daughter seven months ago and the flow is more than ever. I thought about weaning her off and letting it dry up, but figured if I could help other families in need I should do my part.”

“Very noble of you, but that’s not actually what we do here.”

“Um, okay, I thought you said you buy breast milk?”

“Oh, we do, but not for the purposes you’re intending. You didn’t hear this from me, but we collect for a more...perverted clientele. As in adults that like to drink breast milk.”

“I see. So, none of the milk would go to babies in need?”

“Not from this agency I’m afraid. I can give you the names of some very reputable places that are more traditional, but before you leave you should know you’ll make a whole lot more money selling it to us. Not to mention the fun factor.”

“Fun factor?”

“Well, that all depends on how open-minded you are. Many of our clients like to drink it straight from the source. Look, I’ll be completely honest with you. You’re far better looking than seventy percent of the women coming in here so I can guarantee you’ll make a pretty good living if you went full-time. And even if you did it a few hours a night you’d be better off than not doing it at all.”

“First, I’m incredibly open-minded. I’ve worked as a Dominatrix for the last four years and have seen and done my fair share of perverted shit. Second, thank you for the compliment and third, I’m not really looking to sell my milk for money. I want it to go to those who really need it.”

“I completely understand. But before you go would you at least be willing to take a tour of the place and see if it changes your mind? We actually have six clients waiting to be fed and if you’d be willing I’d make it well worth your time. The normal going rate is one-hundred dollars per twenty minute session, but if you’re willing to feed all six I’ll double it. I don’t know what kind of money a Dominatrix makes, but twelve-hundred an hour is pretty damn good money.”

“You’re right, it is. Which is why I’ll do it this one time. But I want to see cash money before I follow you anywhere.”

“Not a problem. Just give me a few minutes and I’ll be right back.” Getting up from her desk, Kayla walked over to the front door and locked it so no one else could enter while the lobby was unattended. “What’s your name?”

“Chloe.”

“Pleasure to meet you Chloe. I’m Kayla. And thank you for agreeing to do this for me. The clients came in this morning expecting to be fed right away and then we had cancelations so you’re a lifesaver. I’ll be right back with your money.” Leaving through a door behind her desk,

Kayla was gone for a good five minutes before returning with an envelope. Motioning Chloe over, she counted out two-thousand- four hundred dollars in fifties and hundreds and then tucked it back in the envelope. It's yours upon completion of the last session."

"What happened to doing the complete medical workup and all that?"

"Are you on drugs or riddled with diseases?"

"No."

"Good enough for me. As far as I'm concerned this is a one-time offer. If you wish to work with us more in the future then we can fill out the paperwork and do all the testing. And I can assure you that all of our clientele are thoroughly and regularly tested and are clean as well. Do you have a problem changing into something a little more...appropriate?"

"Such as?"

"Our milkers typically wear lingerie. We have a wide selection to choose from if that's okay."

"That's fine I suppose."

"Um, there's one more thing that you're probably not going to like and while it's not a deal-breaker most of our clients expect at least a modicum of submissiveness from those they are with. I'm not saying you have to submit to their every demand or anything, but they might tip you pretty well if you did. At the very least call them Sir or Ma'am. Do you think you can do that?"

"I'm dominant, not submissive."

"I understand. I was just trying to earn you some extra money. Anyways, if you'll follow me you can get changed and we'll go down to meet your clients. Oh, and they do have their own methods for drinking that you'll be required to do if you wish to be paid."

"Such as?"

"Afraid I'm not permitted to discuss that with non-employees. Suffice to say it's nothing out of the ordinary."

"I'm liking this less and less. Tell me what exactly I'm getting myself into or I'm out of here and you can find someone else to feed your clients."

"I'm really not allowed to say. This building is wired and if I say anything I could lose my job. Please don't leave. If you let all six of them do their thing I'll add another grand. Will that be enough to make you stay and do it?"

"Make it two and you have a deal."

"Fine, but I don't want to hear one word of complain out of you and you're required to call them Sir or Ma'am and I won't budge on that."

"Fine. Let's just get this over with before I change my mind." Following Kayla through the back door and down a short hallway, Chloe entered what, at first appearance looked like a large lingerie store with racks upon racks of tops, bottoms and everything in-between. After searching for more than fifteen minutes, she finally settled on a leather harness bra that left her 36D's fully exposed, leather thong, a matching strappy cage skirt that hid nothing and a pair of thigh-high boots.

"Jesus Christ!" Kayla exclaimed when she saw Chloe exiting the storeroom. "They're going to absolutely love you. Before we go down there's one more thing."

"Of course there is."

"Just hear me out. While you were taking your time picking out something to wear I talked to the clients and let them know we have someone knew. I gave them a description of you and they all want longer sessions. If you're willing to give them an hour each you'll get the

already promised amount plus an additional twenty-five-hundred each. But you have to do all six to get it. I'll give you this money now and they will pay you the rest after every session. Also, you'll be required to do whatever they say for the hour they have with you. The choice is yours, of course, but make it before we go down as once we're there you cannot change it."

"What part of 'I'm dominant' don't you understand?"

"Oh, I understand perfectly and so do they. That's why they're all so willing to pay you more to submit to them for an hour. It's not every day one gets to dominate the Dominant. And are you really willing to turn down that kind of money just to keep your pride intact? Six hours, nearly twenty grand, where in the hell are you going to make that kind of money doing anything legal? Anyways, if you don't think six hours of submission is worth twenty grand then say no and stick to the original offer. Either way you need to make up your mind now as they're getting restless."

"Fine, but I have limits. I'm not..."

"No. The deal is to do everything they command."

"So now you're asking me to submit myself as a damn sex slave?"

"Call it what you like. They don't want to hear a bunch of whining from you so they insist they have free reign for the hour they get."

"Let's just get it over with."

"I need to hear you say what you're agreeing to."

"Oh for the love of...whatever. I agree to spend one hour with each of the six clients doing anything and everything they command of me without limit. There, happy?"

"Incredibly. Just one more thing. I need to hear you say you will not hold me, this establishment or the clients you serve responsible for anything that may happen during the session. And remember, this conversation is being recorded."

"I will not hold you, the clients or this establishment responsible for anything that may happen to me during my sessions. I enter into this knowing full-well that I am submitting myself to their every demand without question and they may do things I am not normally comfortable with. I willingly accept any and everything they do to me. There, can we please get this over with before I change my mind?"

"Right this way," Kayla grinned, surprised how easy it was to get a Dominatrix to submit to a few hours of sexual slavery.