

# **Michelle's New Master**

**Crimson Rose**

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## Baby on Board

“The black hair makes you look so much sexier,” Mistress Stacy smiled at her obedient new submissive in training. She still could not believe her luck. Michelle – a twenty year old college junior, was the most obedient woman she had ever met. Not only did she immediately agree to submissive training, she did not balk no matter what was done to her. Piercings, brands and now the start of some more serious body modifications that began with Michelle dying her blonde hair black.

“Thank you Mistress,” Michelle smiled. Pleasing her Mistress was the most important thing in the young woman’s life and after the gang bang parte she participated in several weeks back, she vowed to do whatever it took to make it happen. Dying her hair was a small price to pay, but there was something she wanted to talk to her Mistress about – something that scared her to death. Knowing no other way to say it, she just blurted it out. “I’m pregnant, Mistress.”

“Congratulations!” Mistress Stacy beamed, wrapping her arms tight around Michelle as she drew her in. “Do you know whom the father is?”

“Based on the timing, it has to be someone from the gang bang, Mistress. I’m scared, Mistress.” Michelle’s voice trembled on the verge of breakdown. She always imagined having kids one day, but not until she was finished with college and had settled into her career. Being pregnant now was not part of her plan. “I’m not ready to have a baby yet. How am I going to raise a child while going to classes and working a full-time job?”

“Not a problem, sweetie. Come on, let’s sit down and talk about it.” Mistress Stacy led her submissive to the couch and eased her down as if a delicate flower, sitting next to her for strength and comfort. “I know this is a very difficult time for you to have a baby, but we can get through this. Do you remember what I told you that first night you visited the club and you went on stage with me?”

“That it’s your responsibility to care for me and to protect me, Mistress?” Michelle sniffed back the tears.

“That’s right. And I take my duties as your Mistress very serious. Your schooling is paid for in advanced and you work at a club I partially own. I don’t want you to stress about anything. When the baby is born...it will be born, yes?”

“Yes Mistress. I do not believe in abortions. At least not under these circumstances.”

“Good. Then when the baby is born you can take as much time off of the club as you need. You can move in here with me full-time, or I’ll get you and Amanda a house of your own. And when you’re ready to return to work, or college to further your education arrangements will be made to give your child the best of care.”

“But...but how can I...Oh God Mistress!” Michelle finally broke down completely, burying her face in her Mistress’s shoulder. She feared having a baby would prevent her from continuing with her training, and giving up the life she had come to love was not going to be easy.

“What is it? You know you can tell me anything, right?”

“Y-yes Mistress. I...I’m worried that, that having a baby will...will prevent me from continuing m-my training, M-Mistress.”

“Nonsense. There are plenty of mothers that have been trained as submissives, or even been Mistresses without their children ever finding out. You’re serving one of them.”

“Y-You h-have kids, M-Mistress?”

“I do. I have a daughter a couple years older than you, and a son that just turned nineteen. And they are both very much aware of what I do.”

“R-R-Really, Mistress?”

“Absolutely. To be completely honest I didn’t make it a point to tell them. My daughter Olivia surprised me one summer by dropping in unannounced. She walked in during a training session and was more than a little surprised at finding her mother naked and on all fours while another woman caned her ass.”

It took Michelle’s brain several seconds to absorb and realize what it had just been told. And when it did, Michelle’s eyes opened wide in surprise. “WAIT! You were being caned, Mistress?”

“I was. And the caning didn’t stop just because my daughter walked in on my Mistress punishing me.”

“OH...MY...GOD! W-What did your daughter say? What did she do?”

“Mostly stared in surprise much like you’re doing now. After the punishment was over, Mistress Renee allowed me to go talk to my daughter. It took a while, but she understood and accepted me for who I am.”

“So, you’re a trained submissive, Mistress?”

“I am. And let me tell you it was the hardest decision I’ve ever made in my life, but also the most rewarding. I’d like to think my training as a submissive gives me a little more insight into what it takes to train one myself. That being said, there are only a few people outside of the Lion’s Den that know about my submissive training so I’d appreciate it if you did not tell anyone about it.”

“My lips are sealed, Mistress. What about your son? Does he know?”

“He does. I knew it was only a matter time before Olivia told him so I beat her to it by inviting him home for the summer. I spent an entire weekend explaining my life to them. It was incredibly humiliating on my part, but well worth it. They both accept me for who I am and have absolutely no problems with me being a submissive, or a Dominant.”

“Have...have either of them ever...”

“Olivia visited the Lion’s Den twice and went up on stage once. After spending about nine hours on stage going through various aspects of the lifestyle, she decided it wasn’t her thing. To her credit she still has the pierced nipples and submissive slut tattoo Master John gave her.”

“Master John? As in the Master John that is part owner of the club? He trained your daughter, Mistress?”

“Well, he gave her a good, long session,” Mistress Stacy clarified. “And again to her credit she complied with all of the rules and did not leave the stage until the end of the shift.”

“If she is not into the lifestyle then why did she keep the tattoo, Mistress?”

“As a reminder of what she had done, I suppose. And partly because of a promise to Master John. She swore to him up on that stage that she would keep it for the rest of her life. And if I raised my children to be anything, it was honest. She will keep her word and the tattoo for as long as she lives.”

“Was that the first or second time she visited the club, Mistress?”

“That happened on her first visit. It kind of reminds me of your first visit now that I think of it. Though I was much easier on you than Master John was on my daughter. During her

second visit she did not go up on stage, but she did see a lot of action in the crowd. I think the deal-breaker for her was when she was bent over one of the tables for nearly three hours as men and women took turns fucking and fisting her pussy and ass. Though to her credit she did complete the rest of the shift as promised which saw her gang banged by twenty men and her outer labia pierced by Master John.”

“WOW! It sounds like she went through a lot, Mistress. Does she regret any of it at all?”

“She did for a little while which is common amongst those not into the lifestyle, but she eventually came to terms with it and chalked it up to sexual experimentation. She is now happily married with twin boys of her own. And my son Adam is in college at UCLA.”

“Does Amanda know about your children, Mistress?”

“She does not. But you may tell her if you wish. Just remember to leave the part of Olivia walking in on me being trained out of the conversation.”

“Yes Mistress. And thank you Mistress. I can only hope my kids accept this part of my life as yours have. I was so afraid I’d have to give it all up that I didn’t know what to do. I haven’t even told Amanda yet. I came here as soon as I left the doctor’s office.”

“Well, you should go talk to her about it. She deserves to know the truth. But before you go, I have a surprise for you. I was going to tell you this weekend, but there’s no need to wait. Have you ever heard of a place called the Sands of Eden?”

“No Mistress.”

“Honestly, I would have been pretty shocked if you had. The Sands of Eden is a very special nudist beach and resort that caters to the bdsm lifestyle. I am sending you and Amanda there for a two week vacation.”

“OH MY GOD! Really, Mistress?”

“Really. You’ll leave about a week after classes let out for the summer which gives me plenty of time to begin the next phase of your training. And as it so happens, your being pregnant is going to make it a whole lot easier. Are you familiar with the term wet nurse?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“How would you feel about being one?”

“If it pleases you Mistress I’ll gladly do it, but I’m not producing milk.”

“Not yet. Being pregnant, you’ll produce milk in several months, but why wait. I’d like to get started now on inducing lactation. By the time you leave for your vacation you’ll be producing a large, steady supply, and by the time the baby is born you’ll be producing more than enough to keep him or her well fed.”

“How can you induce lactation, Mistress?”

“Come with me and I’ll show you.”

The two women left the house through the sliding glass doors in the kitchen. They exited out onto a deck that ran the full length of the house and about fifteen feet around either side. At nearly twenty feet deep, and with a built-in grill at one end, it was the location of many a party. Beyond the deck were several outbuildings including a stables that housed Mistress Stacy’s prize-winning stallions, two large barns, and a grain silo that was no longer in use.

To the left of the stables was what appeared to be a small guest house, but was, in fact, a massive dog house where Mistress Stacy’s five dogs relaxed and slept when not out running around their hundred-and-fifty-three acre yard. Mistress Stacy led her submissive in training down the deck stairs towards the milking barn and inside.

“Go ahead and take a seat and remove your tee shirt and bra. I’ll get the milkers ready.”

Michelle did as instructed while looking around the barn. At some point in its storied past it served as a place to milk dairy cows, but now all that remained were the machines. And then it suddenly dawned on her what was about to happen. “You’re going to hook that to my nipples, Mistress?” she asked, looking wide-eyed at the rubber edged cylinders her Mistress held.

“I am. From now on you’ll come here after classes to be milked until you’re producing. Since you’re already pregnant, and your hormones are preparing for the baby, it shouldn’t take nearly as long as someone who isn’t.” She turned the milking machine on to its lowest level and smeared a gel around the rubber edge of the cylinder before holding it firmly over Michelle’s left nipple. Adjusting the intensity of the sucking until the cylinder could no longer fall off, she did the same to the right side. “How does that feel?”

“Mmmm, I think I can get used to this, Mistress,” Michelle moaned, turning pink in the face.

“It’s not sucking too hard?”

“No Mistress.”

Mistress Stacy adjusted the machine some more until it was really sucking Michelle’s nipple into the cylinder. “I want you to strip out of the rest of your clothes and bend over the stool. You will not move from that position until I return.”

“Yes Mistress,” Michelle said as she stood up to strip. She watched her Mistress leave the barn and wondered where she was going off to. Shrugging, she tugged her pants down and stepped out of them, wondering how long it would be before she was shopping for larger clothes. Picking her pants up and folding them neatly, she placed them on another stool before taking off her panties and bending over the stool as her Mistress commanded.

Michelle was bent over the stool for several long minutes before she heard a shuffling noise behind her. Looking back over her right shoulder, she saw Rocky – Mistress Stacy’s three year old husky. He walked over to the kneeling woman and nudged playfully along her side. “Hey Rocky,” she said giving him a rough pet between the ears. “What are you up to boy? You come to keep me company while I’m being milked? Did Mistress Stacy send you in to make sure I didn’t move?” she giggled as the dog rubbed his head and snout on her shoulder.

Michelle was soon joined by Bruno – Mistress Stacy’s Chocolate lab. He too nudged playfully against Michelle’s side. She split her attention between the two dogs, but it was getting hard to maintain balance on the stool as they nudged her side to side. Rocky moved along her side towards her back, rubbing against the backs of her legs as he stepped over them. Michelle was beginning to get nervous – the position she was in did not escape her as the two dogs continued to nudge her from all sides.

Mistress Stacy returned to the barn to see two of her dogs keeping the kneeling submissive company. Tiptoeing in, she held the long, fat dildo steady and then rammed it into Michelle’s pussy hard and deep, the entire ten inches disappearing in one swift thrust. “OH GOD NO! Down boy! Oh god please get off of me!” Michelle screeched, thinking for a moment one of the dogs had taken her.

“What’s the matter, don’t like my new strap-on?” Mistress Stacy chuckled.

“Oh my god! I’m sorry Mistress I didn’t hear you come in. I...I thought...”

“What? That one of my dogs mounted you like a bitch in heat?”

“Y-yes Mistress.”

“Nope. Just me and my big fat strap-on. How does it feel?”

“It feels amazing Mistress. How big is it?”

“Just over four inches thick. I know how much you like getting stretched open so I bought a toy just for you,” Mistress Stacy replied as she backed the dildo out and pushed it back in.

“T-Thank you Mistress. I...I suppose...uhn...I suppose it’ll be easier to give birth being so stretched open.”

“I’d imagine so. How are the nipples feeling?”

“Good Mistress. I’m really enjoying the feeling of the machine sucking them.”

“Glad to hear it.” Mistress Stacy grabbed Michelle by her hips and fucked the massive dildo in and out hard and fast, slamming it against her cervix with every thrust of her hips.

“Telling you about my daughter got me thinking. I’d like to give you and Amanda the same piercings Master John gave Olivia. How does that sound?”

“Uhn...uhn...sounds good to...uhn...me, Mistress.”

“Perfect. If we do them soon they’ll be plenty healed by the time you leave for the Sands of Eden. But you can talk to her about it later. For now I want to fuck you silly while the machine does its job.”