

Laca smiled triumphantly down as Bobbin—Bobbin, the right-hand-woman of the Master, her would-be dominator for so, so many generations—suckled and whimpered at her breast like a needy newborn.

And in a way, that was exactly what she was. Laca was giving birth to a new Bobbi. A better Bobbi. A sweet, helpful Bobbi. A Bobbi who would suckle her whenever Laca wanted. Who would drink down all of Laca's milk, would submit perfectly to her.

And Bobbi hadn't even seen it coming. Because she never, ever did. Laca giggled, stroking Bobbi's hair. "Such a good girl," she whispered.

Bobbi moaned.

"So as I was saying," Laca said, containing a small whimper as Bobbi nibbled her nipple slightly in that way she knew Laca loved, "I think we both know it feels very, very nice to call me Mommy. Doesn't it, baby?"

Bobbi kept drinking, sucking greedily at Laca's teat. Laca raised an eyebrow. "Ooh. S-someone's getting spoiled!" She considered her lover for a moment, then beamed. "Guess I'll have to spoil my sweet Bobbi even sweeter!"

And as Bobbi desperately humped Laca's leg, Laca reached down between Bobbi's legs. Bobbi was so, so wet. She was slick enough for Laca's fingers to enter instantly, and Laca immediately located Bobbi's clit and started to stroke.

She almost wasn't prepared as Bobbi's suckling picked up a new, desperate pace, even though she by now knew all of Bobbi's little reflexes. She started to pant as Bobbi started to gasp and whine, milk dribbling from the straw boss's plump lips. "You love this," she cried, clutching Bobbi to her chest even as she allowed Bobbi to hump her hand. "L-love... *oh*... giving in!"

"MMMM!"

"You love calling me Mommy," Laca purred. "Love it. So, so much. Why not do it all the time?"

She waited. Bobbi said nothing. Just kept suckling like she was dying of thirst.

Which, Laca thought with a smirk, she might as well be. Bobbi was hopelessly addicted to Laca's wonderful milk by now. Nothing else could tide her over.

Laca always loved it when her 'masters' got like this. So *helpful*. So easy to guide back into her arms. Bobbi had taken a little bit longer than the humans, of course, but her weakness for Laca's milk had taken its toll over the generations. And now she was hers, or as good as.

Maybe I should leave it for today, she thought. *She'll come back tomorrow, thirsty as ever. She always does, the poor dear. She won't know it, but...* But as Bobbin approached orgasm, Laca distantly knew she was going to take this as far as it could possibly go. She needed to finish.

I'm such a slut, she thought, giggling knowingly. It delighted her to think about how purely dumb and horny she could get from this. It made Bobbi's and Master's and Jill's submissions all the more delectable. Even when she was in this state—especially when she was in this state—they would do

anything for a taste of her.

She grabbed Bobbi's hair and gently tugged the woman back from her breast. Bobbi's lips came off with an audible popping sound, and she whined and whimpered initially. The hob looked up at Laca with wide, submissive eyes.

Laca caressed Bobbi's face, but held her at bay. "Poor baby," she cooed. "Do we want something?"

"More," Bobbi mewled. "Please, more, Mommy!"

"What's my name?" Laca asked, lip quirking.

"Mommy," Bobbi whimpered.

"My *real* name."

There was a long pause. Bobbi licked her lips. "... M-Mommy?"

Laca smiled. Bobbi was really coming along.

"Good girl," she whispered, planting a tender kiss on the hob's forehead and allowing her to return to her feast. The obedient hob went back to suckling with nary a second thought.

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Bobbi suckled and slurped mindlessly, hungrily, her mind a blur of lust and need. She couldn't think straight. Her thoughts were drowning in Mommy's sweet, spicy cream.

She had done this before. Many, many times. She knew she would always forget, and knew she would always remember again when it was time. She was a good girl. She had been silly before, but now she knew the truth.

Ecstasy was rising in her now. Mommy's fingers were pulling her closer and closer. She drank with all her passion, and sweet nectar of the gods coursed down her throat as her reward, flooding her mind, her body, her will, her tingling, desperate libido. She suckled because Mommy told her to. The hornier she got, the more she drank. The more she drank, the hornier she got.

And when she at last came, she knew there would only be more.

The orgasm came unexpected and glorious in its sweet length. Bliss sang through her heart, and she whimpered aloud, missing precious droplets of milk in the process as she shivered and panted. Mommy's pleasure never let her writhe and scream like she usually did. She could only lie there and tremble in her pleasure as milk dribbled down her chin.

But there was always more. Mommy would always have milk for Bobbi, when Bobbi was a good girl. And all it took to be a good girl was to suckle docilely, Mommy's eternal slave. It was so, so easy.

"Shh. Shh." Mommy's hand soothed her, put her back to work sucking. "Ooh, you've made a mess of yourself, poor thing!"

Bobbi's eyelids fluttered. "Mm..."

Bobbi was already about to cum again. And again. The orgasms ripped through her as Mommy poured pleasure into her yielding, unresisting, helpless body. She could only mew and writhe and suckle, obedient and horny, mindless and needy.

Bobbin was drowning. It was all she could do to drink, to guzzle down every last drop of milk, to sink into Mommy's wonderful, warm, soft breasts—and into that wonderful pink haze...

She stayed there for a while as the orgasms subsided. There would be more, of course, but for now she was left in the afterglow. She let the haze take her, and drifted into a world where the only sounds were those of her own suckling. That, and Mommy's tender whispers.

Gradually, she started to pick up on the latter.

"... always Mommy," a soft voice was whispering in her ear. "You don't remember my old name, do you? No, you don't! Silly baby. It's always, *always* Mommy. You don't remember..."

"Mm," she whined. Something about what Mommy—what Laca was—

Her eyes widened. "*Mm!*" She jerked away from Mommy's—from *Laca's* breast with a sudden sense of pounding urgency. Her lips curled in a snarl. "You *bitch!*"

"Hm?" Mommy raised an eyebrow, smiling coyly. "Whatever do you mean, dearest Bobbi?"

"It's *Bobbin*," Bobbi husked, wriggling with discomfort as the fingers continued to stroke at her clit. She licked her lips. Her mouth was getting dry again, and her head was still swimming. "Y-you... got a bit cocky there, M—Laca. You forgot that you can't keep me under that long without a *lot* of luck."

Laca grinned. "Oh, did I, now?" she purred.

Her fingers sped up a little.

Bobbi let out a little whimper, despite herself. With every ounce of resistance, she stumbled off the holstaur. Her knees quaked as she stood on her own two feet once more. "*Bad girl!*" she spat, feeling gratified to see Laca tremble a bit at the wave of agonizing lust that ripped through her at the trigger. But not as much as she wanted.

And that was a universal trigger. It messed with Bobbi, too.

"Oh..." Laca wriggled slightly, cupping her breasts and pouting. "Naughty Bobbi. Sounds like someone needs a *spanking*. Or maybe..." She giggled, squeezing her left breast. "A little bit more sweetness to spoil her brain again?"

Bobbi was amazed to find her legs still quaking slightly. "Y-you really think you can... can..."

She stared at Mommy's left breast. Watched a little bit of milk trickle down the breast, slide down the smooth, soft flesh and drip down to Mommy's thigh. She longed to lean back in, to let Mommy's

fingers take her again, to kiss and suck at Mommy's thigh and—

*Laca!* She shook herself, taking another step back. *She's Laca! She's... Laca! Why is it so hard to remember that?*

And then it struck her. It struck her like ash in her throat, making her inhale sharply.

This had happened to her before. No wonder Mommy was so calm, so sly. She already knew how it would end. Bobbi swallowed and took another step back.

Mommy smirked and beckoned. "Come to Mommy," she cooed.

Bobbi started backing towards the door. "Why isn't your bell ringing?" she whispered. The cowbell was a powerful ward to control the holstaur—it should have gone off the second Mommy had tried to work any sort of control on Bobbi!

"Mm?" Mommy raised an eyebrow. "Oh, my sweet, dear baby Bobbi, you told me to fill it with clay, remember! Its ringing was... *bothering* you."

And Bobbi did remember. Vaguely. She remembered Mommy teasing her, holding her inches from a teat, extracting a dangerous command from her. Bobbi would have said anything in that state. She'd said an awful lot.

Unfortunately for Mommy, Bobbi's authority to make real exceptions to the magic was limited. Temporary. And so Bobbi pursed her lips. "Command rescinded."

She grinned at the startled look that passed over Mommy's face as the clay clogging the bell shattered.

Instantly, the bell started to ring, letting out a soft, insistent *clanging* that echoed in the narrow stall. Laca's eyes widened, and she clutched her ears, moaning.

"That's right," Bobbi whispered, licking her lips. She reached down and stroked slowly along her pussy. "Horny, aren't you?"

"S-so horny," Laca whimpered, rocking back and forth. But she did not stroke herself. Not yet. "Y-you know what that little bell means, though?"

Bobbi smirked. She leaned down, fingers brushing gently over Laca's breasts. She knew better than to go for it, of course. Laca needed to be fully subdued, or this could go either way. Gods, she was turned on listening to this.

Looking at this. Looking at this, she meant.

"It means I'm very, very horny," Laca whispered, gyrating her whole body. She stared into Bobbi's eyes with heavy-lidded brown eyes, smiling faintly. "And you know what happens when I get horny. *Someone* enjoys herself, doesn't she?"

Bobbi blinked.

"Bobbi," Mommy cooed, "what happens when you hear the bell?"

The bell rang, and Bobbi's mouth seemed to move of its own accord. "Mommy wants my help," she breathed.

"That's right," Mommy said, giggling. "And she wants it now!"

"No." Bobbi stumbled backwards. Mommy had cheated it. Cheated the one safeguard. Tricked her. The bell clanged, and Bobbi felt the Pavlovian instincts taking over in her head. Fuck. Fuck!

"Yes," Mommy moaned, holding her breasts out for Bobbi's taking. "Come help Mommy!"

"No!" Bobbi tore her gaze away at last and turned to run. She had to get out of here. Had to get Master, had to warn him, had to—to—

She caught herself on the stall door, nearly falling face-first into the grass. She panted from the exertion.

She heard Mommy laughing behind her. "Poor baby," the holstaur said mockingly. "Whatever could be the matter?"

"W-what..." Bobbin stumbled forward, clutching at her own breasts—which suddenly felt as heavy as cannonballs. The bell rang, filling her head with memories. Mommy was so horny right now. Mommy *needed* her right now.

"Mommy may have been a little naughty," the holstaur called after her. "Are we feeling a bit... *heavy*, baby?"

Bobbin took another struggling step. It was like lifting leaden weights. She stared straight ahead. The barn exit seemed impossibly distant all of a sudden.

"If only we could make it outside," Mommy said, "maybe our boobies wouldn't feel quite so *heavy*. But you can't control them, can you? And you're getting so *thirsty*."

"Nnn...." Bobbi fell to her hands and knees as the bell rang, insistently driving out all free thought save pure fear. She desperately crawled forward, eyes drinking in the cracks of light on the barn door.

"So horny," Mommy moaned. The bell chimed. "So needy." The bell chimed. "*Poor* little one. Do we need our Mommy now?"

"N-no..." Bobbi whimpered. Her hands felt like they were glued to the dusty ground. She was about to fall flat on her face. If that happened, she would be totally helpless. Totally immobilized.

And, she remembered with dread, Mommy could always get up and follow her. And then she would have no hope.

She... she needed to turn back.

Heart sinking, Bobbi slowly craned her neck. She looked back towards the stall. Mommy couldn't quite

see her yet.

And yet Mommy seemed quite confident when she said, "Good girl. *Gooooo* girl. It feels so good to do what our horny *slutknockers* tell us to do, doesn't it, Bobbi?"

Bobbi whimpered as she started to crawl back. The whimper was wordless, but it might as well have contained a yes.

The steps weren't getting harder, now that she was cooperating, but her breasts still felt like crippling weights. She knew now that only one thing would make them feel lighter.

She crawled back into the stall, biting her lip, and stared up at Mommy. Her eyes swam with tears of surrender, need, and pure happiness.

The gorgeous holstaur smiled broadly. "Do we want something?"

Bobbi's arms quaked beneath her.

The bell rang.

"Mommy," she squeaked, "help Bobbi!"

The bell rang.

Mommy giggled. "What's the magic word?"

The bell rang. And Bobbi could take no more of it.

"Please!" she squealed, amazed at herself. She'd never thought she could stoop this low—submitting to a prisoner, to mere livestock—but the mere sight of Mommy's wonderful tits filled her with joy beyond measure. And she knew how good it would feel to... to... "Let Bobbi suckle! Please, Mommy, *please* let Bobbi suckle you! I'm so thirsty! *Please-please-please!*"

And there were tears in her eyes—tears of despair, of humiliation, and mostly, of joy—when Mommy got up, hefted Bobbi up into her arms, and guided her pouting lips to a pert nipple.

"Good girl," Mommy cooed. "Of course I will. And I will the next time. And the next time. Until you're ready. But what's my name, my baby Bobbi?"

Bobbi stared up into her Mommy's eyes, suckling meekly at the nipple. She felt a finger begin to stroke her clit again, and noticed her own hands were subconsciously crawling to Mommy's cunt to return the favor. Her mind was awash in bliss once more.

"Mm?" was all she managed. "Mmmmy?"

And Mommy smirked.

"Good girl," she purred, stroking Bobbi's clit once more. Pleasure started to sparkle inside Bobbi's body once again.

Soon, she dimly registered, she would not be able to remember Mommy's true name at all. She would be utterly lost, a slave to Mommy's tits, to Mommy's milk. A pliant, obedient slut. And that thought made her very, very happy.

And Bobbi began to come, lost once again in her lover's arms.

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Jill the stockgirl lay back in her bed, squealing as the werewolf licked eagerly at her clit. The werewolf, currently in the form of a pale, nubile young woman with bright red eyes, a fine layer of fuzz, and tufted gray ears, stared back up at her with mindless need. She was always a real treat when Master was out on business.

Jill, for her part, was lost in her own mindless need. She suckled happily from her bottle, clutching it with both hands. It had been a very special present from Mommy, but it was already half-empty.

She couldn't wait for tomorrow, when she would get to milk Mommy again. Mommy had said she might even get to do it with Bobbi this time, if Bobbi was ready.

She started to squeal into her bottle as her orgasms began to hit. It was a good thing Master was gone for the week.

Mommy would have a lot for them to do in that time.