

DSP Presents

PetGirl Stories

Annabelle



Welcome to the Farm

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STOP
PLEASE READ

DSP's PetGirl Stories can feature elements some viewers may find offensive and is intended for mature audiences.

These elements may include:

- BDSM
- Sexual Scenes
- Objectification
- Submission and Slavery
- Mature Language
- Nudity

Legal and Consent

Please remember that this is a work of fiction and explores morally devoid situations. The unrealistic nature of this content should not be viewed as a standard of any kind. In the real world healthy relationships are built on trust, respect and mutual consent.

All characters used are fictional and any likenesses are purely coincidence. All characters are legal age of maturity in the readers respective country.

The actors featured in this work of fiction have all explicitly agreed upon and consented to performing all contained scenes prior to being drawn and or generated.



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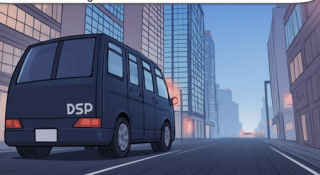
After spending the night in the cramped holding cell Annabelle was finally ready for transport. Her hands were tied before she was loaded into the back of a van.

As she watched the door close it began to sink in that she still had no idea where she was going, or how long the journey would be.

The man driving was silent, like a robot doing a job it's done so many times before. Just another delivery.



Annabelle watched out of her window as they drove through the city. The buildings, lights, and people. The open freedom of it. It was an exciting contrast from her usual life...



When the van finally stopped Annabelle was untied and left in a large field. Looking around she noticed she was in a fenced area with other PetGirls wandering around. Before she could ask any questions the man had already started to drive away.



A milking farm? After all I went through... I was sold to a milking farm!?!





Welcome Ladies, come with me and line up.

Time to get your collars!



Let's see, you must be Annabelle... Here's your collar, please keep it on at all times. You can go ahead and follow the group to the production floor.





As Annabelle walked with her group they passed by a row of girls being pumped. She watched as the machine started a cycle hearing the air hissing as the suction increased. Her nipples expanded as they struggled to fill the vacuum, then suddenly released a powerful stream of milk.



Pppssssfffttt !



Well here's where we'll get you started Annabelle.

Let's get you stripped down and secured in...

Uh.. OK...
How long will I be here?

Oh, we'll keep you on for awhile to see how your supply is. First day is always a little rough. You'll get used to it after a bit...

* SNAP *

* CLICK *



Look at you, a perfect fit!

Wonderful...

Let's get your pump on...



Oohhh...
Fuck...

Please they're so
sensitive...

It's too much...

As the machine whirred away Annabelle's nipples began to tingle under the intense suction. Her eyes started to water while she looked down to watch the glass cups slowly fill with her sweet warm breast milk...



Please Sir,
Turn it down...

Please!

Sorry Annabelle...
These pumps are
more of a ON or
OFF kind of thing.
Like I said, you'll
get used to it...

Satisfied Annabelle's pump was working the man walked away. Realizing that was it and she was now on her own a small bit of panic set in. She jerked on her chains in a automatic but futile response. Her cattle bell clanging as she bucked in place.

Exhausted from fighting her restraints Annabelle accepted her fate for now. She spotted a clock high on the wall across the room. It didn't have a second hand but it was a loud industrial clock and she could hear it quietly ticking as time passed...



* Tick *
* Tick *
* Tick *
...

Ohhhh... I can't do this much longer.
I hope someone comes soon.
I'm tired and my nipples are getting sore.
Worst of all, I REALLY have to pee!!!

For fuck sake, I've been here over four hours. I'm going fucking insane.
I... I can't hold it any longer...



HEY! I'm still here.

HELLO !?

I need to piss!



Annabelle squeezed her thighs as tight as she could but it was no use. She could feel the warm stream of piss starting to run down her legs eventually giving way to a full release onto the floor...





I'm done now OK?

Please... I've had enough.

....

Defeated and broken Annabelle accepted that no one was listening, no one was coming. She would have to wait until her milk stopped or someone came to check on her. Closing her eyes she went quiet, standing in her puddle as she was pumped.

Thank You

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