

Mariel delivered a playful smack to Brandy's rear before walking around and placing the choker at her neck, bringing the clasps together.

"Come on, it would be super cute! Imagine taking home the trophy with this around your neck! Like a cute little cow-milking princess."

*CLICK!*

"Ah!" Brandy gasped when the choker closed around her.

"You might even start a tradition, Ms. Champion Milker!"

*CLANK!*

*CLANK!*

Mariel wiggled the bell several times and whispered into Brandy's ear, "Promise I won't make you wear it in the bedroom. Unless you want me to..."

The air around them was heating up. Both women could feel the pangs of arousal bubbling to the surface. There was a certain level of submissive excitement within Brandy from feeling her girlfriend play with the bell. "*Nnngh... Mariel...*"

Mariel's hands moved lower on Brandy's front to cup her breasts. They were alive with Brandy's quickening breath and begging to be squeezed. Nipples as hard as pebbles poked against her hands. Their stiffness made Mariel gasp, "*Oooh, wait! Maybe you DO want to wear it in the bedroom! You feel hard enough to tear holes in your shirt!*"

*CLANK!*

*CLANK!*

Brandy squirmed. It wasn't like her to get so hot and bothered over a little talk and light petting. She could barely hear herself think over the sound of the cowbell's light clanking.

"*D...D-Don't be stupid...*" she panted. "I just...got a few chills is--*ahh! Mmgh!*"

Mariel slipped a hand down the front of her shorts. The interior of Brandy's panties felt hot enough to release a plume of steam.

"You sure about that?" Mariel breathed in her ear. "Cause from what I can tell, we might need to add mopping the floor to your list of chores!"

*CLANK*

*CLANK!*

Her fingers slipped into Brandy with hardly any effort. Combined with the hypnotic sound of the cowbell, she was putty in Mariel's hands. Brandy could feel herself going limp with lust.

"*I don't think I've ever seen you get so wet so fast.*" Mariel nibbled on her ear. "*You must really like wearing this collar.*"

"*S...S-Stop, Mar... I still have...m-mmng...a ton of work to do...*"

"It'll still be there, won't it?" Mariel popped Brandy's shorts open and slid a hand into her shirt. Brandy's mammary pushed plump and firm against her palm. "How about we take a break? Maybe I want to listen to that bell jingle while you lay on your back and I--"

*CLANK!*