





Alien Encounters

Crimson Rose

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

A mountain of rules, waivers and consent forms filled out, her most intimate detail entered into the computer system alongside multiple photographs – headshots and full body alike, Grace placed the sleek silver bracer around her right forearm and then walked towards the huge gates leading into the Domination Farm with all the confidence of a woman that knew what she wanted and was not afraid to do whatever it took to get it. A native to Rome, Wisconsin she knew all about the world's most infamous fetish resort. Like many in the rapidly expanding city the desire to visit it just once was less a fantasy and more a rite of passage.

Swiping the chip in the bracer at a terminal, an electronic female voice spoke through a nearby speaker. Not booming by any means, it was still loud enough that everyone within thirty or forty feet could clearly hear it. "Identity confirmed. Welcome, Mistress Grace." Eyes going from the gate now sliding open to the red band of leather magnetically locked around her right bicep, she smiled. "In order to prevent any delays on your first day please follow Domination Drive to Bondage Boulevard. Alien Encounters will be the second building on your right."

Waiting a moment for further instructions and getting none, Grace stepped into the Domination Farm. A street sign on the left in the shape of a paddle told her that she was on Domination Drive – the resort's main north/south thoroughfare. Eyes darting left and right, she saw another not too far ahead indicating she had to take a right at the first street. But first, she took a beat to look around and take in the place nearly everyone in her life attempted to scare her away from. Pregnant women dressed in the latex outfits of cows complete with horns and tail working at a café happily squirt breast milk into steaming hot cups of coffee and tea. Some filled entire shot glasses with the sweet nectar for the patrons to consume. Lines of men – some with armbands, most without, waited for their turn to use one of a dozen women tightly locked in a highly advanced pillory as a computerized female voice reminded them how many they had to pleasure before being released. Attention drawn to the wide, curved metal sign overhead, she silently mouthed the words: cocksucking pillories.

Beyond that she saw five women dressed in full pony gear. Three of them – standing straight, hands clasped behind their back, feet kicking up to mimic horses walking, were pulling manned carts while the other two – red-faced and bodies covered in sweat worked on training their muscles and endurance courtesy the weights strapped around their ankles. Feeling a bit thirsty and wanting to put her title as the Domination Farm’s newest Mistress to the test, Grace approached the Hot Momma Café, reaching the tables just as the naked waitress – a Farm slave by the blue collar around her neck, pulled the door open. “You, slave,” she called out.

Stopping, the lactating brunette let go of the handle and spun around to see who was calling for her attention. Seeing a pretty redheaded woman wearing a curve-hugging latex dress and the red armband of a Mistress, she immediately approached. “How may this humble cow serve you Mistress?”

Glancing down at the woman’s milk-filled breasts, Grace saw Dairy Cow Debra tattooed on the left. Not saying a word, she hooked her right arm around the pregnant woman’s back and pulled her in. Maintaining eye contact, she latched onto Dairy Cow Debra’s left nipple and drank. No sooner did the first drops hit the back of her throat then the woman softly moaned. Gulping down four mouthfuls, Grace stood up. “How full are you, slave?”

“This humble cow just started her shift so I’m still very full, Mistress.”

“How much are those things carrying?”

“This humble cow can produce about eighteen ounces during her entire shift, Mistress.”

“I’m really thirsty so what can you give me right now, slave?”

“This humble cow can give you between eight and ten ounces, Mistress. Would you like this humble cow to pump it for you, or will you be drinking it straight from the source?”

“Both. I’ll drink from one while you pump the other.”

“Yes Mistress. If you would kindly follow this humble cow to table five we may get started.”

“And what’s the price, Dairy Cow Debra?”

“Please forgive this humble cow her ignorance, but are you new to the Domination Farm, Mistress?”

“This is my first day, why do you ask, slave? And you can knock it off with that humble cow nonsense.”

“This humble cow is sorry if it bothers you, Mistress, but we are required to refer to ourselves in such a manner. To do otherwise will result in my punishment. Which, this humble cow is willing to endure if you wish it.”

“Just take me to the table so I can quench this thirst.”

“Yes Mistress. As for the cost, it is free for Masters and Mistresses.” Stopping at one of the glass-topped patio tables, Dairy Cow Debra took a long moment to thoroughly clean and sanitize two very large tapered dildos attached to the metal seat before covering them with condoms made at the resorts very own toy manufacturing facility known as DF Productions. Applying the tiniest amount of lube, she took them with practiced ease. Next, she withdrew the breast pump from beneath the table and attached the cup over her right nipple. “You may sit on my lap and latch onto my left nipple whenever you’re ready, Mistress.”

Grace was content watching the milk being pumped from Debra’s breast, but on the other hand, she was thirsty and although this was the first time she had tasted it since infancy, she was hooked on the life-giving ambrosia. “How far along are you, cow?” she asked as she sat on the woman’s lap.

“This humble cow is six months pregnant, Mistress.”

“How many calves will this make?”

“This is this humble cow’s fifth pregnancy, Mistress, but will be my seventh and eighth calves.”

“Nice.” And with that, Grace latched onto Dairy Cow Debra’s left nipple and resumed drinking.

“If this humble cow may pleasure you while you drink them please spread your legs, Mistress.”

No sooner had her brain processed the words then Grace's thighs parted.

"Please indicate through bites how many fingers this humble cow may use to pleasure you, Mistress. If you can take my entire fist then please bite six times."

"Seeing no reason to lie, Grace gave Debra's sensitive nipple four hard bite, eliciting a groan after each.

"Mmmm, four fingers, very nice, Mistress." Tugging the clingy material of Grace's dress up over her hips, Debra lubed her right hand and then slowly slid two fingers into the dominant woman's pussy and then used her thumb to massage her clit. Sensing no resistance, she added a third finger. It was getting a little tight, but she managed to fuck them in and out at a steady pace that kept her adult baby moaning. When Grace's left leg fell completely open, Debra gently added her pinky. Again, it was tight at first but within a few thrusts her hand was going in as deep as her thumb – which she was using to massage the Mistress' engorged clit, would allow.

Seeing the three other patrons watching only made Grace that much hornier. That thousands of Masters, Mistresses, bare-necks, submissives and slaves could see her as they walked by, and that millions around the world could be watching her very public sexual display only served to amplify that level of excitement and try as she might to hold out, she nevertheless erupted in a very visible geyser of an orgasm.

Seizing the opportunity, Debra tucked thumb into palm, bunched her fingers together and pounded them in and out of Grace like a jackhammer on speed. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. On the inwards thrust, she watched as her entire hand disappeared to the wrist which immediately gave Grace her second orgasm.

Still sucking down mouthfuls of breastmilk, Grace's eyes opened and she looked down to see the hand pistoning in and out of her a good inch or three past the wrist. Part of her was angry the slave disobeyed a direct order, but another part was glad that it happened because despite wanting to be fisted she was never able to push herself that far. Looking into Debra's eyes, she adjusted her position slightly and continued drinking, being fisted and having orgasms for another fifteen minutes. When nothing more came out, she moved her head back. "I don't remember giving you permission to fist me, slave."

"This humble cow is so sorry, Mistress, but when you had that first orgasm this

humble cow just knew you could take it and had to try,” Debra said as she quickly pulled her hand out.

When she saw the Farm slave was not going to put her hand back in, Grace sighed. “I didn’t tell you to stop, slave.” But before the now very confused woman could put her hand back in, Grace stood up, turned and then bent down with her right hand on the table. “I’ll take the rest of my milk now.”

“Yes Mistress. This humble cow hopes you find its taste to your liking.”

“I do, cow.” Taking the bottle, Grace brought it to her lips and downed it in one long drink. “I like it a lot. How long have you been a dairy cow?”

“Almost eleven years, Mistress.”

“Impressive. I want to thank you, Dairy Cow Debra.”

“It was this humble cow’s pleasure, Mistress.”

“Not just for the milk. I’ve wanted to try fisting for a very long time now and could never push myself that far. Thanks to you I’ll be able to do it whenever I like. That being said, you did fist me without permission and that cannot go unpunished. Other than your slave name I don’t see any other marks on that sexy body of yours. Are you new to being a slave here?”

“No Mistress. This humble cow has served the Domination Farm for more than twelve years. This humble cow has just gotten lucky and avoided all the buildings with mandatory marks of completion and unlike the old days, Masters and Mistresses are no longer permitted to command bare-necks, submissives and slaves to get any form of body modification they don’t agree to.

“Well, seeing as how you’re six months pregnant, you brought me to multiple orgasms and opened me up for fisting I’ll forgive you on the condition that you have a bottle of milk ready for me first thing in the morning for the next month.”

“This humble cow gladly accepts Mistress’ very generous terms.”

“Good. Then I’ll see you in the morning, cow.”

“Mistress doesn’t want this humble cow to fist her to more orgasms?”

“I do, but unfortunately I need to get to work so it’ll have to wait until I have more time.”

“This humble cow understands, Mistress.”

“I’ll drop by early so that you can spend thirty or forty minutes fisting me before I have to head in. But in exchange, I would like for you to get a tattoo of property of Mistress Grace written around your right areola. Do that and you may fist me every morning for as long as we both work here. Refuse and I’ll have to find another more obedient cow to drink from.”

“This humble cow accepts your offer, Mistress. This humble cow will have the work done as soon as her shift end.”

“Then I look forward to our next meeting, cow.”

“This humble cow is looking forward to it as well, Mistress.”

Pulling the pregnant woman in, Grace kissed her on the lips. “I like you, Dairy Cow Debra. I like you a lot. Who knows, this just might be the start of a very long and pleasurable relationship.”

“This humble cow would like that, Mistress.” Shoulders slumping, Debra sighed.

“Something wrong, slave?”

“This humble cow may work at the Domination Farm where she is used by Masters, Mistresses and bare-necks alike on a daily basis, but you’re the first to show me even the tiniest level of respect and dare this humble cow say, affection and friendship, but this humble cow knows it’ll end the moment you find someone younger, prettier and more interesting.”

Gently caressing the dairy cow’s cheek, Grace offered a genuinely sincere smile. “I think you’ll find I’m not like other people around here, slave. Yes, I’m absolutely using you for your milk, but at the same time I feel a connection between us that I’m at a loss to explain. As for younger, prettier and more interesting all I can say is you’re a beautiful woman. Not that I put looks over personality and sense of humor. How old are you, slave?”

“This humble cow will be thirty next month, Mistress.”

“I’m twenty-three and like looks, I don’t care about age. What I do care about is people and despite our stations here at the Domination Farm I’d like to think we can be friends first and foremost.”

“This humble cow would like that, Mistress. Thank you. I know you don’t like this humble cow constantly referring to herself as such but as this humble cow said before she’s obligated to do so as a Farm slave. That being said, if you were to collar and claim me as your own this humble cow would be able to refer to herself however Mistress desires.”

“And that wouldn’t risk your job here at the Hot Momma Café?”

“No Mistress. This humble cow would belong to you instead of the Farm, but I’d still be employed here. All you need to do is place your collar around my neck and take me to the registration office and I’m yours.”

“Are you sure you want me as your owner, slave?”

“When this humble cow started working here she told herself that she would only give herself to a Master or Mistress she knew in her gut that she could trust. That was nearly twelve years ago and you’re the first this humble cow has felt that level of trust and connection with. Please collar me and I swear I’ll do my best to be the slave you deserve.” Doing something she had never done in public since the day it was placed around her neck, Debra reached back and with a quick twist pulled the magnetic clasp apart and removed the light blue collar of the Farm slave.

Her clothing coming from the Domination Farm, the dress she wore had a very thin and flexible strip of magnetic material sewn into the hem. Hanging from that strip of material were a dozen suede covered metal collars – six on each hip. Removing one from the right, she held it up to Debra’s neck. “This is your last chance, slave.”

Placing her trembling fingers on Grace’s hands, Debra paused for a beat before sliding the band around her neck. “I’ve got a good feeling about you, Mistress. Oh man that feels good to say. Please tell me I can stop referring to myself as a humble cow. Don’t get me wrong, that’s exactly what I am but it gets very tiring.”

“You may refer to yourself however you like, slave.”

“Thank you Mistress. Just so they don’t think I’m lying to get out of it can you please add that as a note on my profile once you’ve registered me?”

“Of course.”

“Thank you Mistress. Would you like to register me now or after you get off work?”

“I think I can make time to do it now.”

“As you command, Mistress. Please allow me a moment to tell management I’ll be taking a break to switch ownership.”

“Go ahead.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

Giddy with the excitement of gaining her first slave so quickly after earning her status as Mistress, Grace approached her new place of employment grinning ear-to-ear. The first thing that caught her eye was the painstakingly carved sign depicting a woman being spit-roasted in the front by a very beefy almost demonic looking alien with long sweptback horns and what appeared to be a penis lined with dozens of tiny barbs, and in the back by something straight out of Lovecraftian horror. While the body was mostly humanoid, tentacles emerging from its back wrapped around the poor helpless woman while one was the designer only knew how far up her ass. Involuntarily shivering at the thought of doing something so messed up, Grace reached out to open the door only to realize the handle was also in the shape of a tentacle. Grabbing it, she could feel the small suction cups on the underside as she pushed it open and walked inside.

With the exception of very realistic alien on human artwork hanging on the walls, the lobby was fairly tame. Ahead, centered at the back wall between closed doors a topless Farm slave manned the reception desk while seating along the left and right walls had tentacle and very alien looking dildos attached to them for patrons to sit and entertain themselves while waiting their turn. For her part, the woman looked to be in her mid to late twenties with shoulder-length dark purple hair that faded to pink at the tips, small, perky breasts capped with puffy pierced nipples and a slender, athletic build.

“Good Morning, Mistress, how may I help you today?” the receptionist asked.

Approaching the desk, Grace saw FuckFairy tattooed on the woman’s perky left breast. “My name is Mistress Grace Harper and I start work here today.”

“Oh, right. We were actually expecting you two hours ago and since you didn’t show up we figured you changed your mind.”

“My apologies. I stopped off for a drink of milk and got detoured to the registration office. Are you telling me the job has been filled by another?”

“No, Mistress. The position is still open but since you’ve arrived late you’ll be required to work later to make up for lost time.”

“That’s fine. So, what exactly will I be doing here?”

“Assuming you pass your thirty-day training course you’ll be placed in one of the rooms to dominate those that come through. During your training period you’ll be shown everything we offer here at Alien Encounters as well as how to operate the machinery, clean and sanitize and how to properly get into and out of the very delicate costumes you’ll be required to wear. That out of the way, I must warn and stress upon you our golden rule. If you find yourself being used by the machines no one will come to your rescue. In fact, if you’re caught by anyone in such a compromising situation they’re free to use you as if you were a slave for however long it takes you to free yourself. If that’s a risk you’re not willing to take then this might not be the right job for you, Mistress.”

“I think I’ll be fine, FuckFairy.”

“I’m sure you will, Mistress, but I am obligated to inform you of the rule either way.”

“Consider me informed. So, when do I start this training program?”

“Right now, Mistress. If you’ll please scan your bracer at the terminal I’ll take you in back.”

“You’re going to show me around?”

“I may just be a lowly Farm slave, Mistress, but I’ve been working at Alien Encounters since the day it opened and have helped improve many of the attractions over the years. I know this place better than anyone, but if you’re not comfortable being trained by a Farm slave then I can find a far less qualified Master or Mistress.”

“That’s quite the attitude you’ve got for a Farm slave.”

“I meant no offense, Mistress. It’s just that, frankly, I’m sick and tired of your kind coming in here and treating me like a no-brained idiot just because I’m wearing a collar around my neck. Sure, it might be tight, but oxygen is still getting up there.”

“I’m sorry,” Grace apologized. “I mean t no offense either. I guess I just assumed a Master or Mistress would be in charge of the training. If you’re the best then I am more than happy learning from you.”

Taken aback by a dominant person actually and sincerely apologizing, FuckFairy stared at Grace for a long moment before saying anything. “Apology accepted. And thank you for offering it. Already you’re leaps ahead of most that pass through this place. And I don’t just mean Alien Encounters. Anyways, if you’ll kindly scan your bracer to confirm your identity I’ll call CumLady to take my place here at the desk so that your training may begin.”

Wanting to get on with it, Grace scanned in. FuckFairy paged CumLady who emerged from the door on the right a few moments later to take over front desk duties while she and FuckFairy exited the lobby through the left. Ahead of them was a short hallway with a door on either side and double doors at the end.

“I want to apologize ahead of time if I come off as sounding authoritative, bossy or just downright bitchy, but I take my job very seriously and expect no less from those I train. Full disclosure, management will be regularly updated on your progress and whether I believe you’re suitable for the position so please don’t dismiss anything I say because you might think you know better than a mere Farm slave.”

“I know enough about this place to know better than that,” Grace replied.

“I hope so, Mistress, because the last five dominant men and women we hired didn’t last six months combined. Okay, so, through the door on the left is the employee lounge which we can go into now if you like, but it’s really just a place for us to relax and enjoy our breaks and meals in peace. And through the door on the right is the costume department and bathrooms which we’ll definitely be going into at the end of today’s tour as you’ll need to familiarize yourself with everything within.” Walking to the end of the hall, she continued. “So, even though you’re now employed here I must ask, do you have any fears about being penetrated by alien cocks, tentacles or anything of the like?”

“I wan under the impression those passing through would be the ones penetrated, not me.”

“True, Mistress, but things do happen and if you found yourself in a position where you’re being fucked by a tentacle monster or an alien with a cock big

enough to put an elephant to shame how would you react?”

“Considering I was just fisted for the first time a little while ago I wouldn’t be too happy.”

“Nice. Pussy or ass, Mistress?”

“Pussy.”

“Nice. You wouldn’t be happy, but would you allow it to continue until the scene ended or would you freak out and cause a scene that might scare other patrons away?”

“Like it or not and I’d definitely not like something that big fucking me, I’d do my best to accept it as part of the scene.”

“Is that the truth, Mistress, or are you just saying what you think I want to hear?”

“Are you calling me a liar, slave?”

“No Mistress, but I am obligated to ask those and many more questions of you and I appreciate honesty.”

“Which is all you’ll ever get from me, slave.”

“So please tell me in your own words what you’d do if you found yourself thrust into a scene as the slave.”

“I would accept whatever happened to me until it ended and then find out how in the hell I found myself on the receiving end later.”

“I believe you, Mistress.” Grabbing another tentacle-shaped handle, the lithe Farm slave pulled the door open. “After you, Mistress.”

Walking into the room, Grace instantly shivered with fearful excitement as her eyes darted around the room. Dungeon gray walls. Recessed lighting dim and flickering according to the programmed setting. That is where the normalcy ended and the creepiness began. To the right, three demonic looking humanoids akin to the one depicted on the sign out front worked at a long computer bank while to the left a surprisingly realistic automaton slammed tentacles against the

thick glass it was held behind in an attempt to break out of it's prison. Intrigued, Grace watched as the barrier slowly cracked and then spiderwebbed. In a shower it shattered into a million tiny pieces as the tentacles angrily lashed out.

"Holy shit!"

"Don't worry, Mistress, it's only sugar glass so you won't get cut on it," FuckFairy explained.

"Um, is it supposed to just break through it like that when no one is here to participate?"

"Technically we're here, Mistress. Anyways, this is encounter one; Tentacle Terror."

What do you mean we're... UMPH!" Grace said and then grunted as one of the longer tentacles lashed out and wrapped around her waist. "What the... OH GOD!" she shrieked as she was pulled in. As she passed over an invisible barrier, a computerized voice spoke.

"The little whore known as Mistress Grace Harper is now a participant in Tentacle Terror and will be permitted to leave once the program ends in... forty-seven minutes."

"Oh damn! You're in for one hell of a ride, Mistress. I hope you told the truth earlier because you're about to experience what it's like being in a hentai," FuckFairy giggled. "I'll be in the next hall when you're finished in here."

"What the actual fuck! You tricked me!"

"I'm sorry, Mistress, but I need to be sure you have what it takes to work here and that means being an alien fucktoy. Enjoy." Pushing the door at the other end of the room open, FuckFairy stepped out into another short hallway. "W-What's going to happen to me?" she asked, though she had seen enough hentai to already know the answer. Tentacles wrapped around her wrists and ankles, spreading and lifting her into the air as two of the three demonic men turned to face her.

Gasping, she took in the well-fit bodies of two men that had been made up in what could only be described as Hollywood levels of special effects makeup.

Their skin was painted a deep burgundy. Eyes were pools of blackness that made her heart skip a beat as they stared into her soul. Ears were elongated and ended in jagged tips as if something, or someone had taken a bite out of them. The long sweptback horns jutting from their forehead and full-face prosthetics made them look so realistic alien Grace was certain earth had been secretly invaded. But what truly took her breath away were the dicks exposed beneath their open lab coats. Easily a foot long and thicker than her wrist with bulbous, tapered heads and shafts lined with nubs as if several somethings had been implanted under the skin.

Thinner tentacles twisted and snaked their way around and up Grace's legs, down her arms and around her breasts. And then it happened. Feeling one sliding along the crack of her ass, a jet of something slick was shot into her asshole half a beat before a cluster of three tentacles breached her rear defenses. She started to scream out but another filled her mouth and was slowly inching its way in and out of her throat. Thrust forward and lowered, she found herself suddenly staring up at the flickering lights as one of the alien men stepped between her legs. The tapered head of his cock barely glanced off of her hooded clit then she gushed in orgasm. Back arching, she moaned around the tentacle in her throat. When she came down it was onto the man's alien cock.

The alien at the computer controlling the tentacled beast spoke, his voice deep, the language not one of this earth but seemingly understood by the other two. One of them opened a cabinet and began laying out various instruments onto a small metal cart while the other retrieved a very alien -looking gun from a drawer. Approaching with it in hand, he grinned and pressed it into Grace's left breast which had conveniently been released for just this moment. Screaming as something was seared into her breast, she attempted to free herself but it was no use. The animatronic appendages held tight and the man continued thrusting in and out of her.

The red armband was yanked from Grace's right bicep and replaced with a purple one. It was only when she saw the purple suede collar inching closer to her neck that she understood what was truly happening. Unfortunately, she was in no position to prevent it. The collar magnetically clasping around her throat was only the first step to sealing the newly minted Mistress' fate. What the alien man whispered in her ear finished the job.

"I'm going to ask you a question, slave, and if you answer anything other than

yes Master I'll give you a hundred brands." Stepping back, the man looked down at the tentacle bound woman. "You're wearing the collar and armband of a switch. Would you like to make it official by scanning your chip?"

"Y-Yes Master."

"Good girl. You understand this means you'll be used as a submissive, right?"

"Yes Master."

"Knowing you can never regain your full dominant status are you sure that's what you want?"

"Yes Master."

"I'm going to ask you one more time and I want to hear it in your own words. What is it you would like me to do?"

"Please change my status to that of a switch, Master, and use me as your alien-loving slave." Her head now free to move, Grace looked down at her branded breast to see her new name. Miss CockSleeve.

"You heard her guys, let's use this kinky little fucktoy as our slave," the man said as he swiped a scanner over the chip in Grace's bracer at the same time the other one not at the terminal pushed a needle through her right nipple. "Because that's what she's now registered as."

"W-WHAT?" Grace screeched. "What do you mean I'm registered as a slave? I said register me as a switch!"

"I guess you should've checked the console before allowing me to swipe your chip, slave. Now, are you going to be a good little slave and do as we command or are you going to fight the inevitable?"

"Remember, by being here you agreed to participate until the end of the scene which already gives us permission to use you as our slave," the man on her right said as her left nipple was pierced. "We just want to hear it from your own mouth."

"This isn't what I asked for, but please use me as your sex slave, Masters."

“One more time.”

“Please use me as your sex slave, Masters.”

As he pushed the needle through Grace’s right nipple dropping the ring in place, the piercer said “Just one more time.”

“Please, Masters, use me as your sex slave. Use my body to fulfill your every perverse pleasure! Fuck me! Breed me! Mark me as the property of my alien Masters!” Knowing her life as a Mistress was at an end, Grace fully embraced her new status as a slave if only because she wished to continue visiting the place that had been the center of so many fantasies. Just explain one thing to me, Masters,” she grunted as the needle pushed the rest of the way through her left nipple. “I thought you were no longer allowed to force anyone into changing their status. How are you able to change mine to slave without my permission?”

“You’re right,” the man that had branded her grinned in reply. “We can’t force you to change your status which is why we asked and you answered. Numerous times I might add. In truth, nothing had been changed until just now when you so passionately begged us to use you as a sex slave. That being said, despite how we might look none of us are monsters so if you accept the status change to switch to warrant wearing that collar and armband we’ll just use you as our slave for the next few hours and leave it at that. Do you accept?”

“Will there be more piercings and brandings involved, Master?”

“I’ll give you the choice no slave ever gets. You can accept the alien encounter mark of completion, allow Master Martin or Relthar as he’s known in here to give you ten more piercings of his choice, or you can spend the next six months at the Breeding Stables and Milking Barn. You’ve got five seconds to decide.”

“I’ll take the mark of completion, Master.”

“Oh, wait, I’m sorry. You’re going to get that anyways for completing the encounter so you’ll have to choose between the other two options.”

“I don’t like any of those, Master.”

“And yet you can either choose one or get fired and banned from the Domination Farm.”

“This sounds an awful lot like coercion, Master.”

“Not at all, slave. I’m just stating the same rules you agreed to obey upon accepting the job.”

Grace knew the man was right but that did not mean she had to like it or herself for falling for such an obvious trap in the first place. “Fine, you win, I’ll accept...” Just then two things happened at once. The door at the far end of the room swung open and FuckFairy stepped inside, and the tentacles holding her in place raised her with surprising grace and carefully stood her up before releasing.

“Time’s up,” FuckFairy said. “So, how did you enjoy your alien encounter?”

“Not so fast,” Relthar said. “This slave has to give us an answer.”

“Actually, Master, I’ve already given you my answer. I accept the mark of completion and nothing more. Unfortunately, you won’t get a second chance to trick me.”

“You agreed to allow us to mark you so you’re obligated to tell us which option you choose to accept.”

“Actually, Master, I agreed to accept the scene as it played out and it ended before I had to answer. Unfortunately, there’s nothing I can do about being given a slave name as it was part of the scene so I’ll have to live with it. And as far as being registered a switch, that never actually happened but it was fun pretending.”

“Oh, it actually happened,” Relthar replied.

“That thing you scanned me with was a prop.”

“Maybe, but that’s not the only scanner in the room. You’re a switch now, Miss CockSleeve, and if you don’t believe us then by all means scan your chip at the terminal and check your status for yourself. And then you can head to Naughty Ink for your mark of completion.”

“I guess you’re not going to finish your first day after all,” Fuck Fairy sighed.

“Sorry, but you’re the one that tricked me into becoming a damn plaything for some tentacle monster so don’t blame me,” Grace said as she scanned her chip at the terminal by the door. Eyes going down lines of information, they stopped at the line labeled STATUS where the next word was SWITCH. “Okay, so it’s true, I allowed myself to be registered as a switch. I should be pissed but I only have myself to blame so I accept my new position here at the Domination Farm. As for completing my first shift, I can come back after being marked or we can try again in the morning.”

“Let’s try for tomorrow, Miss CockSleeve,” FuckFairy replied.

“As you wish. I’ll see you bright and early to continue my training.”

Leaving Alien Encounters barely able to walk straight after the pounding she received courtesy the many tentacles plunging in and out of her every orifice for nearly an hour, Grace went directly to Naughty Ink where she saw her new friend and personal slave Diary Cow Debra sitting on a dildo chair to the left. Giving her a quick smile, she walked up to the counter, scanned in and accepted the mark of completion in the form of a tattoo on the back of her right shoulder before turning and walking over to her slave.

“What are you doing here OH MY GOD! Is that a slave name, Mistress? Wait, you’re wearing a collar! You’re a switch now? What happened? If you don’t mind telling me that is.”

“Long story short, I was tricked into participating in Tentacle Terror and subsequently agreed to having my status changed to switch. And since I completed one of the encounters I’m obligated to get the mark of completion. I hope you don’t mind having a switch as an owner.”

“Mind? I love it, Mistress.”

“Tell me, do you know a Farm slave by the name of FuckFairy?”

“Yeah, she’s kind of infamous around here for tricking dominants into acts of submission and slavery. Had I known she was the one you’d be meeting I would have warned you ahead of time, but the Alien Encounters has seen a lot of personnel changes in recent months and it’s hard to tell who still works there and when.”

“So she’s done this to others?”

“I know of at least eight counting yourself, Mistress, but I’m sure there’s more.”

“I see. Well, I guess I’ll have to keep my eyes on her from now on.”

“Wise decision, Mistress. Man, I can’t believe they branded you. That has to hurt

like hell. Shit! And pierced your nipples as well.”

“It did at first but now it’s just sort of numb and throbbing. On the bright side, I’m pretty sure I can take a fist up my ass now.”

“Nice. So, as a switch will you be staying here at the Domination Farm or will you be living outside of the resort, Mistress?”

“Actually, I’ll be living here until I can afford a place of my own. I had planned on staying at the Dominants’ Apartment Building but now that I’m a switch I’ll have to live at the submissive one instead.”

“You’re under no obligation to do so and I completely understand if you choose not to, but as my owner you’re welcome to come live with me until you find a place of your own.”

“I thought you had to be a Farm slave to live in that building?”

“I’m no longer a Farm slave, Mistress, and even if I was I don’t live here. I’ve got a place of my own about five blocks away.”

“And you have room for me or will I be crashing on the couch?”

“I’ve got more than enough room, Mistress. You can either have a room of your own or we may share one, your choice.”

“I really appreciate the offer, but I put my last five hundred dollars on this thing,” Grace said, holding up the arm with the bracer.

“I’m not going to charge my mistress rent! You may stay with me free of charge until you find a place of your own no matter how long it takes.”

“Thank you, but I have to contribute somehow even if it’s doing chores.”

“That’s the duty of a slave, Mistress.”

“In case you forgot I’m on my way there,” Grace replied. “I mean, I have a slave name and everything.”

“Very true. Alright, if you insist on contributing then how do you feel about a

reversal of roles?”

“G o on.”

“For the first year you’ll be the dominant one here at the Domination Farm and I’ll be the slave, but at home I’ll be the Mistress and you’ll be my submissive. Not only will this expedite your training, but it’ll give you things to do around the house.”

“Before I answer can I ask a personal question?”

“You may ask me anything, Mistress.”

“What about your kids? Do they live with you?”

“They do. Twins Melissa and Amanda are the oldest at fifteen and Nathan is the youngest at three.”

“Fifteen? Wait, if you’re going to be thirty next month then that means...”

“I got pregnant for the first time at fourteen, Mistress. I knew what I was even at that young age and did everything in my power to live out my fantasy while still being able to provide for an ever-growing family which this place allows me to do in spades.”

“Do any of them know what you actually do for a living?”

“I am very open and honest with them about everything I do. My entire family and all of my friends know what I do for a living and that I’m a breeding cow. That being said, I want to make one thing very clear, if you come live with me you’re going to have to tell them who and what you are. And if you wish for your family and friends to visit you’ll have to tell them as well, Mistress.”

“They already know. Well, they know I’m a Mistress starting a job at the Domination Farm today. I’ll have to fill them in on the changes once things settle down.”

“There’s just one more thing and you’ll have to sign some waivers and consent forms before it happens, Mistress, but everything in my home dungeon is recorded and sold on the internet. Obviously, on top of being able to use the

recordings on your own website should you have one, you'll also be paid a flat fee for everything you're in."

"Well, seeing as how we're being recorded here without any form of compensation I'd say yours is a much better deal. I'll sign whatever you need me to."

"Thank you Mistress. I know we just met this morning, but I'm just going to come out and ask, do you want to be my girlfriend?"

"Only one thing would make me happier but we're far too early in our relationship for that so, yes, I do want to be your girlfriend."

"Then how about celebrating by actually sitting down, Mistress? I mean, now that you're a switch you'll have to use the dildo seats anyways so you might as well start now."

"Fair enough." After cleaning and putting condoms on the two huge sex toys, Grace lubed and then lined them up for penetration. Kissing her first ever girlfriend on the lips, she lowered herself down until her ass was touching the cold metal seat. "Mmmm... if you doubted my ability to take a fist in both holes before, there should be none now," she purred.

"I never doubted you for a second, Mistress."

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Her girlfriend called back to have her tattoo done, Grace spent the time waiting for her turn fucking herself on the two large dildos filling her pussy and ass while seven other people – five wearing the black collar of the submissive and the other two bare-necks, or what the Domination Farm calls those non-dominants entering uncollared. Eventually, a door opened and a petite brunette sporting newly pierced nipples and the slave name of BimboDoll tattooed across her left breast about an inch above her areola. She was followed by a clothed, fair-skinned woman with shoulder-length black hair pulled back in a ponytail. "Miss CockSleeve?"

Hearing her name finally being called, Grace stood up, took a moment to steady her weak knees and then joined the woman in a small workshop, walls lined with shelves and cabinets filled with everything from bottles of ink and rubbing

alcohol, to needles and boxes of nitrile gloves. An octopus chair sat on one side of the room, a padded exam table on the other. And a Saint Andrews cross bolted to the back wall served as a place to restrain those looking to get some of the more painful body modifications.

“Please scan your chip at the terminal there on the wall.”

“Yes Mistress.”

No sooner did Grace comply then an all-too-familiar computerized female voice spoke. “Miss CockSleeve is required to receive the following work: The mark of completion for Alien encounters to be tattooed on the back of her right shoulder. That is all.”

“Alien Encounters, huh?”

“It wasn’t my idea, Mistress.”

“I’m not here to judge. Actually, I happen to love aliens and tentacles. How many did they stuff you with?”

“I can’t be totally sure, Mistress, but I think I took at least four or five up my ass and seven in my pussy.”

“At the same time?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Damn! That’s a lot. Should I give you the mark of completion for the House of Gape as well?”

“I can’t take two hands in the same hole at the same time, Mistress.”

“You sure about that?”

“Most of the tentacles that fucked me were fairly thin, Mistress.”

“Fair enough, but I know from experience that the thinnest is an inch which means your asshole was stretched a minimum of four or five inches and your pussy seven.”

“FUCKING HELL! No wonder I could barely walk afterwards! Still, I’m pretty sure I actually have to complete my fisting training at the House of Gape in order to qualify for that particular mark so just the one for Alien Encounters please.”

“As you wish.”

“Also, I should point out, Mistress, that while I might’ve taken five and seven tentacles in my ass and pussy respectively, they were clustered together meaning I wasn’t stretched nearly as much as you might think. Don’t get me wrong, I was definitely stretched wide open as I can now easily sit on the dildo seats, but I don’t think two hands will fit.”

“Probably true. Go ahead and lie face down on the table and I’ll be with you once I’ve got everything I need.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“The part that baffles me, Mistress, is how they were able to stretch me open so much without it hurting like hell.”

“I take it you’re new here.”

“This is my first day, Mistress.”

“Well, I certainly hope it won’t be your last. As for how they stretched you open without it hurting as much as it should, that’s simple. Like all of the lube here at the Domination Farm that used at Alien Encounters is of the desensitizing variety. So, while I’m sure you felt the stretch, the numbness would’ve made it tolerable.”

“That makes total sense, Mistress, and also explains why I was feeling numb down there for a while afterward,” Grace said as she positioned herself on the table. “So, is there anything you can do to make it impossible for those tentacles to just grab and screw me again?”

“There’s always chastity piercings. That’s where a series of tunnels will be placed down your outer labia which can be ringed, laced or otherwise locked together preventing penetration. Of course, that won’t save you from anal, but it’s something.”

“That sounds incredibly painful, Mistress.”

“It is. It’ll also put you out of commission for at least a couple of months while they heal enough for you to move around and have sex again. So, would you like them?”

“I don’t want anything that extreme, Mistress.”

“We could just go with rings. The holes will be much smaller and can still be locked using the chastity rings and barbells.”

“Chastity rings and barbells, Mistress?”

“Think captive bead but with an eyelet for a locking bar to go through. Same with the barbells. The upsides are they’ll heal much faster and should you change your mind the holes will eventually close. The downside is that it’ll keep you out of commission for a couple of weeks.”

“I’d do it, but I just started working here today and I don’t think my boss will like me taking weeks or months off.”

“Actually, if you get it done here at the Domination Farm you’ll get time off with pay.”

“Right. I was tricked once today; I’m not falling for another obvious lie.”

“If I’m lying I’ll register myself as your personal sex slave and since everything here is recorded I can’t go back on that deal.”

“And if it is true? What will I have to do, Mistress?”

“Get the chastity piercings with the tunnels.”

“Alright, I accept those terms, Mistress. Now all you have to do it prove it.”

“Easily done. While I set things up go ahead and scan your chip at the terminal there by the door. On the main menu click on the link for the rulebook. Once it’s open go to page three-thirty-eight and read the fourth paragraph.”

“You seriously have the page and paragraph memorized, Mistress?”

“Read it for yourself.”

While she wanted to believe the woman actually had the page committed to memory, Grace did not want to be on the receiving end of another trick so she hopped off the table. “Yes Mistress.” Scanning to activate the terminal, she tapped the screen and navigated through the rulebook where, on page 338 she read:

In the event body modifications are extreme enough to warrant taking time off to rest and recuperate, employees will be given the indicated amount of time off with pay. The following body modifications warrant immediate time off without exception: brandings, piercings, tattoos, scarification and most dermal implants. The total time off should be indicated by the one doing the work and placed on the receiver's file.

“It looks like you're right, Mistress. Um, Mistress what?”

“Mistress Alicia.”

“You're right, Mistress Alicia, so I guess I'm getting the tunnels. So, um, how many of them will actually fit?”

“I'll have to take some measurements but typically between three and six.”

“Fucking hell! That's a lot, Mistress. And how much time will I have to take off before I can go back to work or continue my training as a submissive?”

“You'll be up and walking around after a few days, but it'll take at least a month before you can pleasure yourself and have gentle sex. After two months you can resume life as normal. I'll provide you with everything you'll need to maximize and expedite the healing process as well as how to care for your new piercings.”

“Thank you Mistress,” Grace said as she got back onto the table. “I'm ready whenever you are.”

So much time had passed since she was called back into the small workroom to receive her Alien Encounters mark of completion that when she hobbled out into the lobby her girlfriend was pacing in waiting. “Hey babe, what are you doing here?” Grace groaned, only on her feet thanks to the desensitizing cream Mistress Alicia generously applied to her heavily pierced vulva.

“There you are, Mistress. After I got off work I looked for you at Alien Encounters but was told you had time off due to being worked on. I searched all over the place and was eventually told you were still here and holy hell! You went full on chastity! That is so hot, Mistress.”

“Thanks. Um, do you think you could help me out of here?”

“Of course, Mistress. You do realize this is going to put your training on hold, right?”

“I know and I’m sorry about that but I made a deal and lost so had to get them. While healing I’m required to stay here at the farm so they can keep an eye on me so I might not need to stay at your place after all.”

“Let’s get you to the submissive apartments then and we can talk about your future living arrangements when you’re not in so much pain.”

“Thank you. You really are the best. And just so you know, while I’ve had sex with women before, you’re the first one I’ve ever dated.”

“That’s funny, Mistress. “I’ve had sex with many, many men but have only ever dated women.”

“HA!” Grace laughed despite the pain creeping in.

“Once you’re settled into a room I’ll call my sister and tell her I won’t be coming home tonight. That way I can tend to your needs.”

“Absolutely not! Not that I don’t appreciate it, but your kids need their mother more than I do.”

“Thank you, Mistress, but they understand that sometimes mommy can’t make it

home and they're perfectly happy being spoiled by Aunt Lydia so unless you make it a command I'm going to take care of you tonight."

"Thank you. I could actually use something to eat."

"Once you're settled in you can tell me what you want and I'll get it for you."

"I don't know what I did to deserve you, but I'm so glad fate brought us together."

"Me too, Mistress."

Two months later...

Getting through the first week with the aid of the desensitizing cream provided by Mistress Alicia, Grace was up and walking around the Domination Farm – her vulva locked tight with barbells through each set of tunnels and another going vertically through a hole in the center of each making vaginal penetration impossible. With the addition of a magnetic pin in the shape of the NO symbol attached to the purple band around her arm marking her as off limits to all, her days started out with a light meal with her girlfriend which included two freshly pumped bottles of breastmilk. After walking Dairy Cow Debra to work and parting with a kiss, Grace explored every nook and cranny of the Domination Farm from the Cumbath Club at the end of Anal Avenue in the southwestern corner of the resort, to the Play House on Sadism Street in the northeast.

Although off limits when it came to sex, there were still things Grace could do and to stave off even the hint of boredom she took advantage of every perversion she could participate in. Ten days after being placed in chastity, she entered the Golden showers. Thirty-nine men and women later she was back at Naughty Ink receiving her mark of completion; PISS SLUT tattooed on her inner left thigh. On day sixteen she entered the School of Discipline where she would eventually learn obedience and proper submissive etiquette. And on day twenty-two she walked into the Milking Barn. Her pierced nipples deemed healed enough, she sat on a dildo stool and was hooked to a milking machine for the first of her twice daily sessions. And thus was her life for the next five weeks.

Sixty-one days after first entering the Domination Farm for her first real job, Grace walked into Alien Encounters to finally being her first full shift. Seeing FuckFairy sitting at the receptionist's desk, she smirked and approached. "Morning, slave. You ready to give me the rest of that tour?"

"That depends, are you going to actually finish it, Mistress?"

“Hey, I didn’t ask to be taken by a damn tentacle monster, three aliens or to be branded and tattooed. Don’t worry, I don’t blame you for tricking me as you did but know it will never happen again.”

“Of course not, Mistress.” Pressing the button for the intercom, FuckFairy continued. “Will MilkyMinx please come to the front desk? MilkyMinx to the front desk please.” Lifting her finger, she turned her attention back to Grace. “As soon as she’s here to take over for me we can get on with it.”

“With a name like MilkyMinx can I assume she’s lactating?”

“She is, Mistress, but you won’t be drinking from her anytime soon.”

“I see you still have that holier-than-thou attitude.”

“Not at all Mistress. You’ll see for yourself.”

A few moments later the door to the right of the desk opened and a tall, busty blonde walked out. Naked save for the blue collar around her neck and metal shields in the shape of triskelions completely covering her nipples, she walked up to the desk. “You called for me?”

“MilkyMinx, this is Mistress, sorry, Miss CockSleeve and she’s finally here to begin her job. I’ll be spending the rest of the day showing her around so I’ll need you to take over here.”

“Of course. Nice to meet you, Miss CockSleeve.”

“Likewise.”

“Miss CockSleeve heard your name and I think was hoping to have a drink,” FuckFairy said.

“I’d love that as I’m quite full at the moment, but as you can see I’ve been shielded. Until my punishment is over I am only permitted to pump.”

“That’s a shame.”

“I agree, but unfortunately that’s the way of things here.”

“How long is your punishment and what did you do to deserve it?”

“Six more weeks and I broke the rules by biting the cock of a man that was getting too rough with me, Mistress. Don’t get me wrong, I like it rough, but he crossed the line into abuse and was later banned for life.”

“And you were still punished?”

“Abuse or not, I still broke the rules and I fully accept my punishment, Mistress.”

“How are you breaking the rules by defending yourself?”

“I could have called for help, or simply gotten up and walked away but instead I reacted out of frustration and anger and that is never acceptable, Mistress.”

“Okay, the two of you can swap stories later,” FuckFairy cut in. “I’ve got an employee to train so if you’ll follow me, Miss CockSleeve, we’ll get started on that right now.”

“After you, FuckFairy.”

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Entering Tentacle Terror, Grace remained alert. Three alien men – she could not tell if they were the same that used her two months before, stood at the computer banks while the monster waited inactive behind a sheet of sugar glass. “So, the last time I was in here I was used as an alien fucktoy. This time I’d like to actually know more about this particular scene.”

“Of course, Mistress,” FuckFairy replied. “Though, to be honest there isn’t really much to say that you don’t already know. When a patron enters one of the men will activate tentacles over there who will break through the glass and, well, go full hentai on the poor patron.”

“I wouldn’t say poor. Getting taken and fucked by a monster as if it owned me was actually a lot of fun. Between that thing and their cocks I’m now able to take fists in both holes at the same time.”

“To each their own, Mistress. The rules of the scene are posted there above the

computer banks but to sum it up, anyone captured by tentacles will be treated like a sex slave no matter their status. Now, normally you can't be given body modifications without your expressed permission but this is one of the few exceptions to that rule which is why they were able to pierce and brand you as they did. As for what tentacles does to those captured, that's up to the one controlling it via the computer which is why only two of the alien men used you at a time."

"And what about how long the scene lasts? How is that determined?"

"The time limit is determined randomly by the program with a minimum of thirty minutes and a maximum of one hour. I should also point out that no matter what your status the scene will come to an immediate end if the safeword overlord is used."

"That would've been nice to know the last time you brought me in here."

"It's posted right there on the rules board, Mistress. I can't be blamed for you not reading it. Anyways, that's about all for this encounter so unless you have more questions or want to be used as their plaything again we should move along."

"After you."

Exiting the first encounter, Grace followed FuckFairy down another short hallway, through double doors and into what appeared to be an alien paradise. Tall plants not of this world surrounded a corner grotto where three gorgeous alien women bathed each other in a very sexual manner. Like the men in the previous encounter, these women were made up as aliens. At first, Grace thought their skin resembled scales in various shades of green, but after a long look she realized they were actually leaves. Wanting a closer look, she walked towards the edge of the small pool. Stepping over a line of decorative stones set into the floor, realized her mistake too late. Lashing out like a striking serpent, three of the large plants wrapped around her right thigh, left wrist and waist. "W-What the? Dammit! Not again!"

"You really should watch your step and read the rules before blindly walking into the unknown, Mistress. Sorry, but you're going to have to play this one out as well."

Looking up at the rules board as five more plants wrapped around her left leg,

right arm, both breasts and another around the waist, Grace frantically looked for a way out, but unlike Tentacle Terror there was no safeword. “How do I make them stop?”

“You don’t, Mistress. You’re just going to have to play it through to the end.”

“Then you’re going to play it out with me, slave! I order you to come over here and join me right now!” Grace commanded.

“Took you long enough, Mistress,” FuckFairy smirked.

Bound tight, Grace watched as the three women stopped bathing each other and turned their attention to her. At the same time she heard something sliding in the floor between her legs. Looking down, she saw half a dozen holes had opened up. A moment later thin, flexible vines lashed out and struck her body with surprising force and precision. “Aahghh! W-What the fuck?” she screeched as in a matter of seconds nearly a dozen holes were put into her latex dress.

“Yeah, you’re not going to have a dress left in a few minutes, Mistress,” FuckFairy replied.

Legs. Arms. Back. Ass. Belly. Chest. Nothing below the neck was spared the sting of the vines as they tore Grace’s dress to shreds, leaving hundreds of welts in their wake. As the three women emerged from the pool the vines retracted back into the floor and Grace saw for the first time that what she thought were three incredibly sexy alien women were, in fact, incredibly beautiful transsexual women with cocks to rival those of the men in the previous encounter. “Fuck me!” she exclaimed.

“That’s the plan, Mistress,” FuckFairy said as she got down on her knees in front of the three alien women. “And don’t think for a second those rings are going to stop them.”

“I’m suddenly regretting wearing them today.”

“Don’t worry, you won’t be wearing them for long, Mistress.”

“How long will this one last?”

“Until each of them had bred each of us, Mistress.”

“Great!”

“Oh, I didn’t take you for a breeding cow, Mistress. That’s kind of hot. Personally, I’m onmph...” the rest of FuckFairy’s comment was cut off as one of the aliens shoved her cock into her mouth.

The remaining two alien women moved closer to Grace. One of them knelt and with a quick twist the tiny lock at the bottom of the vertical barbell running through the eyelet in the rings was snapped open and removed. The locking barbell and rings followed.

“So much for that,” Grace sighed. “I don’t suppose it’ll do me any good to tell you I’m no longer on birth control?” That made the women smile in a way that told her she was not leaving the encounter without her fields being seeded. “I didn’t think so. Go on then, there’s no point in fighting the inevitable. Plant your seed in me.” In a flurry of motion Grace found herself on top of one of the alien women, pussy filled with thick cock. A beat later and a second dick was added. On the upside, she was able to take a fist. On the downside, however, it had been two months since she last did so and the time off made her tighter than expected. And these women were not using lube – desensitizing or otherwise. Doing her best to relax and accept it, she leaned down and kissed her alien lover on the lips as they plowed deeper and deeper into her. “Mmmm... so, what’s the name of this encounter, slave?”

“Sadistic Seedlings, Mistress,” FuckFairy answered.

“Sadistic? More like pleasurable.”

“You say that now, Mistress,” FuckFairy said as she was grabbed by several purple and pink plants. Lifted onto her feet her arms and legs were spread wide open. Holes opened in the floor. Around both women and more than two dozen vines emerged. “Oh god! It’s going to happen, Miss... Aahghh!” she yelped as the hard leather tip of the vine bit into her left nipple as another came up between her legs.

Thinking herself shielded by the two women fucking her, Grace quickly found out just how wrong she was. A vine slashed through the air. The woman behind her grabbed and seemingly snapped it in two. It was placed around her neck and with a hard tug she was pulled back exposing her frontside to attack. Coming in from all angles, she tried protecting her breasts, but her arms were grabbed by

plants and stretched out to the sides. One after another fourteen vines added dozens more welts to her upper body while the two women double fucked her pussy. “H-How... ghahghh... how long is this going to last?” grace grunted as the vines paid particularly close attention to her breasts.

“The program is completely random, Mistress,” FuckFairy said as she was moved in front of Grace via the plants manipulating her body. “I think they want us to kiss, Miss CockSleeve,” she said. A beat later the two women were kissing and FuckFairy’s clit throbbed with excitement.

“We’re going to do more than kiss, slave,” Grace said as she grabbed a handful of FuckFairy’s long purple hair. Since you seemed so eager to join me on this one I’m going to assume you’re a masochist. Is that correct, slave?”

“Mmmm... yes Mistress.”

“And by the way you trick people into becoming playthings here I assume you get off on the humiliation of others?”

“God yes, Mistress!”

“I notice you don’t have the mark of completion.”

“That’s because I’ve never actually completed any of the encounters, Mistress.”

“Until now. How many are there, slave?”

“Eight in total, Mistress.”

“Perfect. You’re going to complete them all as you show them to me. Is that understood?”

“You can’t...”

“Chose your words carefully, slave, or you’ll find yourself reported for breaking the rules. Now, you’re going to complete every single encounter and then you’re going to get the mark of completion. Isn’t that right, slave?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

“Good girl. Now kiss me while they breed us.”

“My pleasure, Mistress. And thank you for showing you have what it takes to dominate me.”

“I’m going to do so much more than dominate you, slave. I’m going to completely and utterly destroy you.”

“Promises, promises, Mistress.”

“Yes, it is, slave, now shut up and kiss me,” Tightening her grip on FuckFairy’s hair, Grace pulled her in and kissed her hard on the lips as the first load of seed was planted deep in her fields.

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Five hours later, exhausted, pussies plugged to keep the loads of semen from dripping out, Miss CockSleeve and FuckFairy found themselves bound by vines and plants spread eagle to prevent them escaping before two of the alien women were finished giving them a thorn and rose garter tattoo around their left thigh to commemorate their first encounter with the Sadistic Seedlings.

“Is this going to happen every single time?” Grace asked as she watched the woman work.

“Now you know why I’ve never completed them myself, Mistress. Assuming you’re going to join me we’ll both end up with eight different marks by the end.”

“Then I think you’re going to be completing them yourself.”

“I figured you’d chicken out. How disappointing, Mistress. Well, if you’re not going to do them with me then I’m not doing them either.”

“I do believe I gave you a direct order, slave.”

“You did, Mistress, but as you should know this isn’t the old days where Masters and Mistresses could make submissives and slaves do their bidding whether they liked it or not.”

“Normally that would be the case but you’re forgetting one very important thing,

slave. That blue collar around your neck means I can do just that. Or, you know, you could quit and face being banned. And before you open your mouth in an attempt to weasel your way out of it know that I've spent every free moment the last two months familiarizing myself with the rulebook."

"Then all I'll say, Mistress, is that moving forward you had better watch your step because I will not come to your rescue should you get in over your pretty little head."

"You mean like you did the last two times? Oh, wait..."

"You can't blame a slave for getting one over on you, Mistress."

"I'm not blaming you at all, FuckFairy. In fact, I thank you for tricking me because not only did you introduce me to a new and fun style of sex, but pushed me to actually learn all the rules of this place and not just the select few I was given during the application process."

"If you like it so much, Mistress, then why not do the rest of the scenes with me?"

"Because I don't want a million tattoos, brands and piercings."

"It's not a million, Mistress. It's only eight and once you've gotten them all you can enjoy every encounter to your heart's content without ever receiving another. I should also point out that you're also part slave yourself now and one way or another you'll end up with many more body modifications than you already have."

"I can't help but notice this is your first. Why is that, slave?"

"Because I've avoided the buildings requiring them, Mistress."

"Why? As a masochist I thought you of all people would run to them."

"Honestly, Mistress, I've avoided them because I've never found anyone worthy enough of serving. I thought you might be that person which is the only reason I joined you for this encounter but I guess I was wrong."

"You don't know anything about me, slave, why would you assume I'm worthy

to be your Mistress?”

“I’ve read your file and have been keeping an eye on you the last two months. I’ve seen the way you treat Dairy Cow Debra. I’ve seen the way you treat everyone you come into contact with. I’ve seen you willingly embrace your submissive side and enter several buildings even knowing they require marks of completion. And I’ve seen you coming up with creative ways to get around the no sex rule by putting your mouth and ass to good use and I love that about you. Now let me ask you a question, Mistress. If you’re not a masochist or a true slave at heart then why would you willingly subject yourself to such treatment?”

“Because as I discovered during my first visit I’m far more submissive and masochistic than I ever imagined possible and that threw me for a loop. I mean, I came here as a Mistress and in just a couple of hours was turned into a switch. And not just that, a sex slave. And yes, I mean sex slave because I no longer believe I have limits.”

“Them join me, Mistress. Do the rest of the encounters with me and I’ll obey your every command without question from now on. I’ll even register myself as your property.”

Up until now the pain of being tattooed was tolerable, but as the needle moved to her inner thigh, Grace’s every nerve felt as if they had just been set ablaze.

“FUCKING HELL! Okay, that stings,” she winced through tightly clenched teeth. “A lot!”

“That’s what get’s the adrenaline pumping, Mistress. I can see the pleasure in your eyes, Mistress. Admit it, you’re loving those needles marking your otherwise flawless canvas. And let’s not forget the seven or ten orgasms you have while being tortured by the vines. Come on, there’s nothing to be ashamed of, Mistress. You said so yourself, you’re a masochist. You get off on being humiliated and degraded. The pain makes you feel alive. Join me Mistress. Be the slave I know you’re desperate to become. Become the Mistress I know you can be so that I can finally serve someone worthy of my loyalty.”

The pleasure building, Grace stopped listening about halfway through FuckFairy’s impassioned plea. Or rather the words were garbled as the orgasm ripped through her. Throwing her head back, she let out a guttural moan as the plug stuffing her pussy shot out like a bullet allowing a torrent of pussy juices to

gush out right after.

“Nice! You know you want to do it, Mistress. You want to be taken by anything and everything willing to fill your wrecked holes. You want to be used and bred like an animal. You want the whole world to know that while you might play the part of a Mistress, you’re a slave at heart.”

Panting, head hanging, Grace slowly exhaled. “I’ll join you. And when we’re finished with this encounter you’re going to register yourself as my personal property.”

“I want to, Mistress, but how do I know you’ll actually do it once I’m registered?”

“How do I know you’ll register yourself if I do the rest of the encounters first? Trust, slave. I give you my word that I’ll complete each and every encounter with you starting right after you register yourself as mine. That is my offer. You have until they’re finished tattooing us to decide.”

“I’ll accept your terms if you agree to register yourself as a Farm slave if you back out, or to have the Farm register you as one on your behalf.”

“I accept.”

“Then I accept as well, Mistress. I assume I don’t have to explain how seriously they take such deals around here?”

“No, slave, you do not,” Grace answered, looking down at her heavily pierced vulva.