

**BREAKING
ZENZELE**

DOMINATING ZENZELE #2

Crimson Rose

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Breaking Zenzele

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

A perpetual early riser, Zenzele woke long before her new Master. Rolling onto her left side, she watched the slow, steady rise and fall of his well-toned chest. Catching herself staring, she shook the sleep from her mind and turned her gaze lower down his body. Instantly chewing her lower lip, she raised up onto her knees and then bent over – giving his cock a gentle kiss. When that did not seem to wake him, she became emboldened. After another kiss, she took it into her mouth and began sucking him off.

There was no way in hell Master James was going to remain asleep with Zenzele's full lips wrapped around his cock. Resisting the urge to flip her over and fuck her silly, he kept his eyes closed to give the appearance of still being out just to see what she would do. He was not disappointed. Though she was still learning how to suck dick, she was improving nicely as she swirled her tongue around his cockhead.

The dick growing longer and harder by the second, Zenzele bobbed her head up and down several times before taking it completely down her throat for all of two seconds before gagging on it. Though a short time, it was a remarkable improvement over the previous two days and to her embarrassment, she felt the pride welling up inside. Licking along the shaft, she took it back into her mouth and down her throat – managing three seconds this time before it became too much and she started choking on it.

God damn, she thought, looking up at her Master's closed eyes. How in the hell is he still asleep? Shaking her head, she deep-throated him four or five more times before straddling his hips – letting out a soft moan as she took him fully. Leaning back with her hands resting on the bed either side of his legs, she slowly fucked herself – pulling back until only the head remained inside and then taking him deep, until she felt the orgasms building and his cock throbbing. Not wanting to get pregnant, despite begging him to breed her, she started to move off of him when his hands came out of nowhere and grabbed her hips.

“Don't stop now,” Master James said.

“Jesus Christ! You scared the hell out of me, Master! I thought you were asleep.”

“You’ve got a lot to learn about having sex with men, my pet. Not the fucking part, you’re doing that just fine, but there’s no way in hell any man is going to remain asleep while such a beautiful woman is sucking and fucking him. Nice job with the sucking by the way. You’re getting much better at it.”

“Thank you Master,” Zenzele said, her cheeks flushing from the compliment.

“Now resume fucking yourself on my cock you sexy little hucow.”

Knowing better than to argue with him, Zenzele leaned forward and down to kiss him on the lips – an act that surprised them both as much for its suddenness as it’s passion. Lips locked together, she rocked her hips harder and faster until she felt the damn burst. And as she threw her head back in orgasm, he filled her with copious amounts of semen – not allowing her to pull out until he had grown soft again.

“Not bad, my pet. If I didn’t know any better I’d say you were really starting to enjoy having sex with men. And since you surprised me, it’s time for me to surprise you. Get on all fours.” Once Zenzele was off of him and moving into position, Master James hopped off the bed and went to his black duffle bag. Opening it, he withdrew three coils of red rope. Walking back to the bed, he placed them at Zenzele’s feet, uncoiled one and formed a slip knot at one end. Placing it over her left ankle, he pulled it tight and then raised her foot until ankle and thigh were touching.

“W-What are you doing, Master?”

“What does it look like I’m doing? You’re a Mistress, do you really need me to explain bondage to you?”

“N-No Master.”

“Then remain silent until spoken to or you will be punished.” Wrapping the rope around Zenzele’s upper thigh, Master James pulled it tight enough that she could not move it, but not so tight as to cut off circulation. Satisfied, he began slowly wrapping it down halfway to her knee before feeding it through the center and tying it off at the slip knot. Moving to the right leg, he repeated the process so that her legs were bound and she was directly on her knees. And though she hated it already, she was thankful to be on the soft bed and not the hard floor.

“Now put your head down and place your arms behind your back, hands

grabbing opposite elbows.”

Not saying a word for fear of being caned, Zenzele did as commanded and soon another rope was being looped around her left wrist and wrapped around both arms towards the right side before being tied off. She loved putting others in various forms of bondage, but this was a first for the lifelong dominant and she felt her entire body growing warm. Knowing full well how compromising her position was, she attempted to close her legs but was met with a spreader bar being placed between the knees.

“Yeah, we’ll have none of that,” Master James said, strapping the metal bar in place. “I’m going to give you a choice. It is a very important decision so think before you blurt out an answer. Also know that I will hold you to whatever you decide no matter how much you bitch and complain about it afterwards. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master.”

Walking back to where his bag sat on the dresser, he withdrew a small brazier and a metal rod with two words written at the end. “Here is your choice, my pet. I have in my hand a branding iron which reads: owned slave. You can agree to let me brand you with it, you can agree to extend your time being my submissive by one year, or you can get five tattoos of my choice and your pussy pierced to my exact specifications. Those are your choices. I do not want to hear a word out of you until you’ve made up your mind.”

Liking each option about as much as she wanted another hole in the head, Zenzele knew one way or another she would have to pick one of the three and live with the results for the rest of her life. Another full year as his submissive meant the likelihood of her returning as a dominant was slim to none as she slipped inexorably into her new life of servitude so she temporarily moved that to the bottom of the list, leaving a single humiliating brand, or piercing and tattoos. The latter of which could be removed when the time was right and so it was moved to the top. Not wanting to be branded a slave, it went to the bottom, now leaving her with piercings and tattoos, or a year of servitude.

“I’m ready to make my decision, Master.”

“Already? That didn’t take long. What is your decision, my pet?”

“I will take the tattoos and piercings, Master.”

“Really? That is surprising. Oh, I forgot to tell you that you’ll have to keep them for as long as you work as a Dominant. No going to get them removed the second we get home. And your pussy will be given several eyelets which, as you know are permanent and will never close. Does that change your mind?”

It certainly added a new dynamic that was not there before and Zenzele went back to weighing her options. Not wanting her pussy permanently ruined by such large piercings, she moved it to the bottom of the list and pushed a year of submissive training up one notch. Feeling it in the pit of her stomach that she would never recover from her training, she let out a pitiful sigh. “I’ll take the branding, Master. But I don’t want it anywhere just anyone can see it.”

“I will give you a choice there as well. It can be placed on your hip, ass, mound or breast. Where do you want me to brand you, my pet?”

Again, not liking any of the options, Zenzele never the less went with the hip. The right one to be more precise. Bound and helpless on the bed, she watched in horror as Master James filled the small brazier with coals and lit it. “Y-You’re going to brand me here in the motel room Master?”

“I am. Don’t worry, you’ll be gagged so you don’t disturb the neighbors. You really surprise me, my pet. I really thought you’d take another year of training over getting pierced, tattoos or branded.”

“I do not want to end up as your permanent submissive, Master. I don’t want branded either, but it’s better than having my pussy ruined by eyelet piercings and knowing you the tattoos would be incredibly humiliating, so getting branded was the only choice left.”

“Do you really think yourself so weak-willed? I thought you were stronger than that.”

“I...I don’t want to serve you for another year, Master. I know that if I do you’ll just keep finding ways for me to spend the rest of my life as a submissive.”

“There’s nothing wrong with being a switch, my pet.”

“But would I be?”

“Of course. Unless you somehow think being trained as a submissive somehow negates your dominance. Allow me to offer my own take on it. I don’t think you have a fear of serving me for a year, or even the rest of your life. I think what you fear is that you’ll enjoy it and that humiliated the hell out of you. So, I’m willing to give you another chance you change your mind. However, before you do, if you choose to be my submissive then you must also agree to set aside your inhibitions towards fucking men other than me. Meaning, you’ll be fucked by whomever I want, whenever I want you to do it.”

“Brand me, Master,” Zenzele quickly answered. “Having you screw and breed me is bad enough, I don’t want to be turned into a whore.”

“How about I sweeten the deal. During your year of serving me you will not be fucked by other men until I’ve impregnated you. That way we ensure it’s mine.”

“I don’t want to have sex with men, Master. Please, just brand me and get it over with.”

“Very well.” Letting the brazier heat up, Master James picked up a penis gag and approached the bed. Grabbing his submissive by the hair, he lifted her head and kissed her hard on the lips. Dragging her back into a kneeling position, he placed the penis in her mouth and secured the straps behind her head. Giving her a wicked grin, he shoved her face back into the mattress. “But mark my words, branded or not, I have other means at my disposal for making you submit, my pet. And while the hot iron is searing your perfect flesh, ask yourself how far you’re willing to go to avoid the inevitable.”

The branding iron finally up to temperature, Master James put on a pair of heavy, heat-resistant gloves, pulled the hot metal rod from the brazier and approached the bed. Zenzele watched in wide-eyed terror as he came nearer and nearer. Biting her lower lip, she felt the intense heat getting closer. “ALRIGHT! I’ll be your submissive for a year!” she bellowed, but thanks to the gag it came out as a jumbled mess that no one could possibly decipher.

“What’s that?” Master James asked, pressing the scorching hot metal into Zenzele’s right hip. The reaction was immediate and expected as she rolled onto her left side to get away from it. But the damage was done. She was branded an owned slave and there was nothing she could do about it now. Crying in shame, pain and humiliation, she internally beat herself up for being so stupid as to think

a permanent mark on her body was even remotely better than serving as a man's submissive for a year, or even a lifetime. Struggling against the ropes binding her tightly, she flopped around for several seconds like a fish out of water before giving up and just crying her eyes out.

When Zenzele's wails finally simmered down to pitiful whimpers, Master James removed the gag. "You said something there before I branded you. What was it?"

"I said I would be your submissive for a year," Zenzele answered, not even thinking to lie.

"I see. Well, is that still the case?"

"No Master. You already branded me."

"So I did. And let me be the first to say how sexy it's going to look once it's healed. Also, I would not have stopped just because you said you'd be my submissive for a year. I told you I would hold you to whatever decision you made and I'm a man of my word, slave."

"I'm not a slave, Master."

"That's not what your brand says, slave."

"I...yes Master. Will you please untie me now? I'm starting to cramp."

"Not yet." Helping her back onto her knees, Master James slammed his hard cock back into Zenzele's pussy. "You agreed to let me take you whenever I like, and I like."

Removing the rope from Zenzele's right leg, Master James gave the brand one final inspection before moving to the left side. Cringing from having her leg bound so tight for so long on top of being branded, Zenzele slowly lowered her foot to the bed and stretched her leg back. "I can't believe I was so stupid," she said more to herself than her Master as she looked back at her hip.

"What was that?"

"I said I can't believe I was so stupid as to let you brand me, Master. I don't want to be your submissive any longer than I have to but this...I'm marked as an owned slave. Do you have any idea how humiliating and degrading that is?"

"You mean because you're a strong, dominant woman, or because you're a beautiful black woman?"

"Both, Master."

"What does that tell you about yourself?"

"That I'm a complete mental case for allowing you to do it, Master."

"Think about everything you've done from the caning at the dungeon before we left to having sex with me in the first motel to putting on a show at the club and now this. Think about the collar around your neck and that brand on your hip. It all adds up to something very important, my pet. You know what it is but are just too afraid to admit it to yourself, let alone the world."

"I don't have any idea what you're talking about, Master," Zenzele lied, bringing her right leg back and stretching out the left as Master James untied her arms.

"What did I tell you about lying to me, Zenzele? Twenty swats of the cane."

"But I'm not...yes Master."

"Tell me what it all adds up to and I'll forgive it this time. Tell me what you are."

Not there here and now you, but what you feel inside, who you now know yourself to be deep in your heart. What are you, my pet? And don't you dare say what you think I want to hear. Say it only if you meant it."

"You'll never hear me say it, Master, so you might as well forget it."

"We'll see. Stand up with your legs spread shoulder width apart," Master James said as he coiled the ropes back up nice and neat. Placing them back in the bag, he grabbed a roll of plastic wrap and tightly wrapped it around Zenzele's branded right thigh and secured it in place with waterproof medical tape. "Go take a shower and I'll have your clothes ready for you when you're done."

"Yes Master. What about my twenty swats?"

"Go take your shower."

"Yes Master."

Limping her way into the bathroom, every step like a gunshot to the leg, Zenzele turned on the water and climbed into the tub. Even though the fresh brand was covered, the heat of the water burned as if she were being branded all over again and she bit her tongue to stifle the groans – not wanting to give her temporary Master the pleasure of knowing just how much pain she was really in.

After suffering through what felt like the longest shower of her life, but only lasted seven minutes, Zenzele got out of the shower, dried off and went back out into the bedroom where Master James was swooshing a bamboo cane through the air. "Your clothes are on the bed. Get dressed," he commanded.

"Yes Master." Going to the bed, Zenzele saw a skirt with split right side that would allow her brand to go untouched by the material, a pair of latex panties with built-in plugs, a sheer white top and two nipple pasties. Sitting at the foot of the bed was a pair of ballet boots that made her cringe involuntarily. "I can't go out in this, Master," she said holding up the blouse. "I'll be arrested for indecent exposure."

"Honey, no one is going to arrest you with a body like that. Besides, that's what the pasties are for. According to the law all you must have covered are your nipples. But before you get dressed I have something I need to give you." Walking over to the bed carrying a bowl, he handed it to Zenzele who took it

without word.

He then carefully picked a slip of paper from it and placed it on her right breast. After pressing it firmly for about a minute, he peeled it back, leaving behind a temporary tattoo reading: BREED ME. And on the left he put another reading: GANG BANG SLAVE. And finally, on her mound he placed: DEPOSIT BELOW with an arrow pointing down to her pussy. “Now you may get dressed.”

“Have I ever mentioned how much I fucking despise you, Master,” Zenzele seethed as she slipped the latex panties on, nearly falling to the floor in agony as the tight material pressed against her branded right hip.

SWOOSH! The cane came out of nowhere and bit painfully deep into Zenzele’s breasts just above the newly placed temporary tattoos.

“Aahhgghhh! Motherfucking son of a bitch! One! Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

WHACK!

“Two. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

WHACK!

“Three! Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

WHACK!

“Four. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

WHACK!

“Five! Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

“Drop the panties and get into position. The rest are going on your sexy black ass, slave.”

“Please Master, it hurts to put these damn panties on thanks to you branding me. Can’t you cane ma with them on?”

“You want to leave them on? Fine, I’ll just triple the punishment. Get in

position.”

“WAIT!”

“There is no more waiting, slave. You wanted to leave the panties on so deal with the consequences for disobeying a direct order. Now get in position or instead of seventy more swats I’ll give you three hundred.”

“I could choke you to death while you sleep, Master,” Zenzele said with an eerie chill that made even her spine tingle. Staring him in the eyes, her chest heaving, she balled her hands into fists. But, instead of striking him, she dropped onto all fours, slid her arms out in front of her until her head was on the floor and then raised her feet until they were at even level with her perfect, round ass.

THWACK! The cane tore into the soles of her feet and she leapt forwards, shouting in pain.

“God damn you, Master!”

“If there were such a being I’m pretty sure we’d both be damned, slave. Now get back into position. That one does not count.”

∞ ∞ ∞

Ten swats to her feet and sixty to her ass later and Zenzele was in serious misery as she put on the ballet boots. Lacing them up, she got to her feet and took a moment to steady herself. She hated wearing the infernal contraptions more than anything her Master forced upon her, and she was certain that’s why he made her wear them.

“What humiliating and degrading place are you taking me to tonight, Master?”

“Tonight you’ll be putting on a show for millions.”

“Millions?”

“That’s right. I’m taking you to a studio I own where you’re going to be used as the slave that you are while millions of people watch from the comforts of home. I’m sure more than a few will be jerking off to your further humiliation.”

“How in the hell are millions...oh hell no! There’s no way I’m doing porn, Master. Add that to my list of limits right god damn now!”

“You won’t be doing porn, slave. You’ll be having sex on camera, but it won’t be recorded. It’ll be broadcast live over the internet via webcam.”

“No! Absolutely not! You cannot force me to do it, Master. I’ve put up with a lot of shit from you the last few days and this is where I draw the damn line. In fact, I’m done with this bullshit completely. We’re going to get in the car and you’re going to drive us home or so help me god you won’t be waking up tomorrow.”

“Don’t threaten me, slave. I own your ass for another eighteen days and I’m going to make the best of it.”

“I don’t give a fuck about the deal any more. I quit! Now take me home.”

“Fine. I’ll take you home and then I’ll have a nice long talk with your mother and before you know it she’ll be my slave. Would you like that, my pet? Do you want your mother to take your place?”

“You wouldn’t!”

“No? Try me. I’ll have her enslaved and being used as a gang bang breeding cow to white men for the rest of her miserable life. Now, do you want to go home, or continue with your training?”

Zenzele snapped. Like a volcano, her rage erupted in a maelstrom of kicking legs and swinging fists that, for the most part, Master James managed to avoid. Beating her fists against his chest, she cried. “I’m your slave you son of a bitch! Leave my mother out of it and train me!” The words rang through the motel room like a singing chorus and Zenzele stopped, backing up as if pushed. “I...I d-didn’t mean that, Master. I am not your slave. Let’s just get this nightmare over with.”

“So, we’re going home then?”

“No Master.”

“So you’re saying you’ll willingly enter the studio and do whatever act of sexual perversion I can think of without hesitation or complaint?”

“Yes Master.”

“No matter what?”

“Yes Master.”

“Then let’s go. We’ve got a long drive ahead of us and I personally can’t wait to see you broken.”

“HA! If you think you can break me you’ve got another think coming, Master. It’ll be a cold day in hell before I become a white man’s slave.”

“Is that another racist remark, my pet? I thought we came to an understanding about that. Hike the skirt up, you’re getting another one hundred swats of the cane.”

“Fuck you! That was not a racist remark, Master. I just stated I’ll never be your slave.”

“No, you said slave to a white man. If it wasn’t meant to be racist then why bring the race of the man into it? Now get into position or I’ll make it five hundred swats.”

“I hope you get cancer and die, you rotten son of a bitch!”

“And that’s why you’re now getting two hundred swats. And from this moment on every time you bad mouth men it’s two hundred swats. You may not like me, but you will respect me. Or would you rather your mother take your place?”

Seething mad, Zenzele took off her skirt and panties and dropped down on the floor for another round of brutal punishment.

Her breasts, ass and back aching terribly from the caning, her hip stinging from the branding and her ankles killing her thanks to the ballet boots, Zenzele was in complete misery as she sat in the passenger seat of Master James' SUV staring out the window wishing she were anywhere but with him. Shifting uneasily in her seat, she groaned and let out a pitiful sigh. "I am your slave," she said aloud, the words slipping out before her brain to mouth filter had a chance to put them in check.

"What was that?" Master James asked, not sure he heard her right.

"I said I am your slave, Master. I give up. You win. If that last caning taught me anything it's that I belong to you and will do whatever you command. I don't understand this control you have over me, and frankly I hate you for it, but I cannot deny it any longer. As much as I hate to admit it, I am your slave."

"Don't you mean submissive?"

"No Master. I am marked as an owned slave, not an owned submissive. Besides, I think we both know that I'll eventually cave in and do everything you command no matter how much I bitch about it. For the next three weeks I am yours to command however you see fit."

"And if I command you to have sex with a group of fifty men?"

"Then...then I'll have sex with a group of fifty men, Master. These games of yours are wearing me down and I just can't take it anymore. You win, Master. Do whatever you want to me, I don't care anymore."

Looking into Zenzele's eyes, he could see the hurt and defeat more so now than ever before and he wondered if she truly meant what she was saying, or if she were hoping by telling him what he wanted to hear he would back off with the torment.

Bbzzttt! "Ahgh! What in the fuck was that?" Zenzele screeched as a jolt of electricity surged through her loins, up her spine and down her legs causing her

to convulse. Zzzttt! It happened again, this time a little stronger than before. “God damn it! W-What have you done to me now, Master?”

“So I take it the plugs have finally kicked in?”

“What are you talking a...” Bbzzttt! “Oh my god! It’s the plugs! They’re shocking me! I knew you were a sadistic son of a bitch, but this is a new low, Master!”

“The plugs build into those panties you’re wearing are indeed shocking you and will continue doing so at random for the rest of the drive now that the program has been initiated. Some will be soft and maybe even a little pleasurable while others will make you double over in pain. But there is an upside to it. The plugs are small and the shocks will work your kegel muscles to help tighten those loose holes of yours after the fistings you took at the club last night. How many lesbians fisted you again?”

“I was fisted twenty-three times, Master. Six in my pussy, five up my ass and twelve with both holes at the same time.”

“And how does that make you feel?”

“You know how it makes me feel, Master.”

“I want to hear you say it.”

“I loved every second of them stretching me open and that humiliates me more than the act itself, Master.”

“Is there anything that doesn’t humiliate you, my pet?”

“I’m used to dishing out the perverse sex, not taking it, Master. And I think it’s...motherfucker!” Zenzele yelped as the plugs zapped her once again. “Will you please turn them off, Master?”

“Not until we get to our destination.”

“And how long will that be?”

“If we avoid heavy traffic I’d say, oh, about twelve, maybe thirteen hours

assuming we stop at least once to eat and a few times to walk and stretch our legs.”

“I don’t want to stop to eat and I certainly don’t want to go walking with these things electrocuting me, Master. Besides, look at how I’m dressed!”

“I am looking and I love it. In fact, I love it so much I want you to suck my dick. And mind the teeth. I don’t want you biting me when you get zapped.

∞ ∞ ∞

After nearly seven hours on the road, James pulled into a long driveway leading up to a set of wrought iron gates. Stopping the vehicle, he went through his wallet, found the card he was looking for and swiped it at the terminal. After a few seconds, the gates slid open and he drove on to a parking lot with about fifteen other cars and trucks. “Come on slave, I need to stretch my legs. But before we do that I need you to change clothes.”

“Thank god,” Zenzele exclaimed, happy not to have to go out in her current attire.

“Come on, you can change in that building over there.”

“How do you know no one’s in there, Master?”

“So what if they are? Let’s go.” Not waiting to see if she was going to follow, Master James got out of the SUV and walked towards the one-story brick building with double barn doors. No sooner did he turn the knob to open one, then Zenzele was at his side looking around nervously. Stepping inside, her jaw dropped at the sight of small carts lining the middle of the room and racks of pony gear lining the end walls.

“What in the fuck, Master? Please tell me you’re not thinking of doing what I think you’re thinking of doing.”

“And what are you thinking I’m going to do, slave?”

“Dress me as a ponygirl and make me pull you around on a cart.”

“Got it on the first guess. Now take your clothes off while I get the gear. And put

your hair in a ponytail.”

“Um, no offense, Master, but there’s no way in hell I’m doing this. I don’t know where those things have been and I’ll be damned if I get some disease just to get you off.”

“None taken, and these clothes have been hanging here especially for you, slave.”

“Let me guess, you own the fucking park as well?”

“As a matter of fact, I do. And it’s not a public park as you may have guessed from the gates we came through.”

“Just how many fucking places do you own, Master?”

“Quite a few actually. Now I will not tell you again. Get out of your clothes. Including the boots, he said with a wicked grin that told Zenzele she was not going to like what was coming.

Standing in the middle of the building with the doors wide open, Zenzele fidgeted nervously as her Master plucked items from various shelves and then carried it all over to her. First, he placed a bit gag complete with bridle, blinders and horse ears in her mouth and around her head. Next, he removed the nipple pasties and attached d-rings to the barbells in each. After that, he helped her into a purple underbust corset which he laced tightly. Next, he placed a long fat plug up her ass and attached a horse tail to it. And then came the boots. The dreaded, torturous thigh-high hoof boots that would keep her on tiptoes for the duration of their walk assuming she didn’t sprain or break her ankle first.

“Put your arms behind your back, hands clasping opposite elbows.”

“Yes Master.”

Her arms in place, Masher James looped a thin purple nylon rope around the right wrist and began slowly, tightly wrapping it around and across her arms until he reached the left wrist. Tying it off, he walked her in front of a sleek, one-seated cart and attached it to her waist and bound arms. Next, he hooked the reins to the d-rings in her nipples and then took a seat. “I assume you remember how this works?”

“Yes Master. I’ve trained more than one ponygirl.”

“Good, then there’s no excuse for failure is there?”

“No Master.”

The reins were tugged at the same time indicating that she should start walking. This being her first time on the pony side of things, it took her a moment to get her footing, but she eventually stabilized and exited the building, her entire body flushed. Twenty feet out, the right nipple was tugged and she turned along the concrete path – the heavy boots making it feel as if her legs were full of lead. Another tug to the right took her off the path and into the grass on a direct course to where three other ponygirls pulled their Masters and Mistresses in what little remained of the daylight.

Wanting nothing more than to crawl under a rock and die from the humiliation, Zenzele never the less trotted towards them – a tug of the reins indicating that she should pick up speed. Thankful the carts were designed to spread the weight out to make pulling easier, she did as commanded. When she reached the other ponygirls, she did her best to hide her face, as she pulled her Master around the field.

“Nice filly you’ve got there,” a man sitting on a cart being pulled by a tall, large-breasted brunette said to Master James.

“Back at you,” Master James replied. “This is her first time out.”

“Could have fooled me. She looks like a seasoned mare.”

“That’s because she’s trained more than her fair share of ponygirls. She once worked at one of my dungeons as probably the best Dominatrix I’ve ever seen until she lost a bet. Now she’s my slave in training.”

“Nice. I see you even branded her. It looks fresh.”

“Did it this morning.”

“Nice. You’ve got yourself an incredibly sexy and compliant filly there. We should all be so lucky.”

“Thanks. She’s a work in progress, but she’s coming along. Maybe in a year or two she’ll be fully trained and ready to serve my every perverted pleasure.”

“Does she drink?”

“It used to be a limit, but now that she’s proclaimed herself as my slave that’s no longer the case. Isn’t that right, my pet?”

Her mouth gagged, Zenzele could only nod her head in agreement even as her stomach churned at the thought.

“You want to be her first?”

“Nah that should be her Master’s pleasure, but thanks for the offer.”

“You know, I kind of do have to go,” Master James said, smiling at the way his words made Zenzele’s entire body go rigid. “On your knees, my pet.”

Knowing what was coming and hating herself for going along, Zenzele dropped onto her knees with a fair amount of trouble thanks to the cart attached to her waist and her arms being bound tightly behind her back. The gag was removed from her drooling mouth and she desperately wanted to plead with him not to do it, but her still aching ass and breasts persuaded her against it. Instead, she opened her mouth and stared up at him, a broken shell of her former self.

When the warm, salty fluid hit the back of her throat, Zenzele gagged and started coughing as it continued to splash on her face, in her hair and down her heaving chest. Dissatisfied with her performance as a toilet slave, Master James grabbed her by the ponytail, jerked her head back and shoved into her mouth – forcing her to gulp the rest of it down before pulling out.

“Anyone here got to piss I’ve got a newly minted urinal here for your use!” Master James yelled out to those around the field. The Master he was talking to was the first to step off of his cart and shove his dick down Zenzele’s throat. It was only the third she had ever taken in her mouth, but at this point she no longer cared. All she could think about was the bitter liquid flowing into her belly and the urgent need to vomit.

“You know, this has gotten me horny as hell and my old mare is so loose she needs a real stallion to satisfy her gaping cunt. Do you think I could give yours a

ride?”

“Sure, but she was fisted more than two dozen times yesterday so I doubt you’ll find much friction here either. Though, she did have about seven hours of shock treatment so you never know. I’m James by the way and this lovely creature is Zenzele.”

“Oh, what an exotic name. I love it. I’m William. And honestly, I don’t care how loose she is, I’m dying to get my dick in her.”

“Then by all means have at it. And you should know that you’re only the second man to ever have sex with her. Until losing the bet she was a lifelong, diehard lesbian. And until proclaiming herself as my slave I was the only man she would have sex with.”

“Then I’d be a damn fool to pass up such a rare opportunity,” William said. Stepping between the poles going from cart to the leather belt around Zenzele’s waist, he gently nudged her head down. Her ass now up, he wasted no time in stuffing his cock into her. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the other two Masters forming a line and she did everything in her power not to show the rage and disgust welling up inside.

Turning her head to the right, Zenzele saw her Master take out his cell phone and snap about fifty pictures of her being fucked by Master William. Her pussy stuffed, another man grabbed her by the ponytail, lifted her up and pushed his hard cock down her throat. And it was in that very moment that she truly felt like a sex slave for the first time in her life. Feeling as if she had just hit rock bottom, she retreated into another world as the men used her over and over – filling pussy and belly with copious amounts of cum before leaving her lying on the cool grass a defeated, sobbing mess.

“I’m really proud of you, slave,” master James said as one of the other ponygirls licked her pussy clean. “How do you feel about having sex with men now that you’ve spent the last four hours being their little mare?”

“I love it, Master,” Zenzele answered honestly, despite the disgust and self-loathing she was feeling. “Not at first though. At first I was hoping a random bolt of lightning would strike me dead, or a meteor would land on my head, but now...I say it again, Master, I am your sex slave to do with as you please. And if that means having sex with more men then I’ll do so willingly and without complaint.”

“Well, since we spent far longer here than I initially planned, I don’t think we’ll be making it to the studio tonight. And since our final destination is only about eleven hours away, I think we’ll go ahead and get a room for the night and head out in the morning.” Sitting back on his cart, Master James pulled the reins and guided Zenzele back to the building he got it from.

Stripping out of her pony gear, Zenzele stepped under a hot shower and washed off before getting dressed in the outfit she wore on the way in. Her mind being pulled in a million directions, she walked about in a daze of confusion, self-loathing, pain, humiliation and relief. “I. Am. Your. Slave.” She said, slowly announcing each word.

“So you’ve said.”

“Hmm? Oh, sorry Master. I was saying that more for myself than for you. I’ve said it aloud several times now, and thought about it all day and no matter how much I want to deny it, you’re right, Master. I am a slave and I belong to you. This is the hardest thing I’ve ever had to admit so I hope you appreciate it. Master, I want you to train me. Not just for the next eighteen days and not as a submissive. I...I want you to...I want you to train me as a complete and total sex slave in every sense of the word until you’re satisfied I am fully trained. But I want to remain at the dungeon as a Dominatrix if you will allow it.”

“WOW! I’m actually speechless,” Master James said. “I know that had to be

incredibly difficult for you and yes, I do appreciate your honesty, Zenzele. And it would be my absolute privilege to train you as a sex slave. But before we go down that route, you should know that I will train you as a slave in every sense of the word. If we do this, you are giving up any and all rights to your body to me to do with as I please. If I want to whore you out you'll do it with a smile. If I want to see you mated with a stallion you'll take its big fat cock as deep as you can and beg for more. Do you understand?"

"Yes Master. And I accept for as long as you allow mw to remain a complete Dominant at work. I will serve you and I don't care who knows it, but when in the dungeon I need to know that I can still dominate others. Allow me that and you have my word that I will never complain about anything you do to me from here on out."

"Agreed. And if you like, when we get back home we can draw up a contract spelling out both of our roles and what we're expecting for ourselves and each other. And Zenzele, I really am proud of you for everything you've done. I saw the look in your eyes when Master William took you and it was not a pleasant sight, but then I also saw that hatred and shave turn to pleasure the more guys that fucked you."

"How did you know, Master? How did you know deep down I was a slave at heart when I didn't even know it myself?"

"Honestly? I didn't. Not at first anyways. But as I convinced you to do more and more outside of your comfort zone, the writing became as clear as glass. Once I saw the crack forming all I had to do was drive a wedge through it by pushing you to the brink. No," he said as she started to remove the d-rings from the barbells through her nipples "leave them."

"Yes Master." Leaving the d-rings in place, Zenzele put the nipple pasties back on followed by her shirt, panties, skirt and ballet boots. "I am ready to leave when you are, Master."

"Not yet, we never did get to go for that walk. Take your clothes back off, slave."

"Yes Master."

Once again stripped naked, Zenzele allowed her Master to place another fat,

tailed butt plug up her ass – this one every bit as big around as the largest fist she had ever taken and the tail was distinctly canine in shape. Next, he placed bells on the d-rings in her nipples and a dog snout over her mouth and dog ears on her head before placing her in opera gloves with pawed hands.

“Get on the floor on your back with your legs bent at the knees and drawn back as close to your ass as possible.”

“Yes Master.”

Once down on the floor and in position, she watched as her Master placed latex bands around her legs to keep them bent. Next, he worked a specially designed and decidedly canine-looking sleeve over each leg that contained a very thickly padded knee pad. Once both were in place, he rolled her onto her hands and knees, attached a leash to her collar and led her from the building and along the paved path towards the many trails crisscrossing the forested part of the park.

Not used to walking directly on her knees, Zenzele was whining softly with every step up the uneven, tightly packed dirt path deeper and deeper into the woods until a stern look from her Master told her he had heard enough. Turning the misery inwards, she remained silent for fear of being disciplined.

After taking several turns, Master James led his puppy into a large clearing where about a dozen Masters and Mistresses were actively fucking their puppy slaves, being fucked by their puppy slaves, or watching them fuck each other. Master James looked down at Zenzele and smiled. “You are going to go play nicely with the other puppies and if they want to mount you will let them. Is that understood, my pet?”

“Arf,” Zenzele barked once for yes.

“Then off you go.”

“Nice puppy you got there,” a petite redheaded woman wearing a leather skirt and waist trainer corset said.

“Thanks. Which one’s yours?”

“You see the one over on the left with the mammoth cock? That’s Fido and the raven-haired bitch he’s sniffing is Bella.”

“Very nice. Have you had them long?”

“I’ve been training the two of them for the last three years. Completely worthless when they came to me, but now they’re obedient and loyal slaves willing to do anything to please me. You?”

“It’s a complicated story, Zenzele and I. She was once my best Dominatrix back in South Carolina, but after losing a bet she’s now my slave in training. She fought me tooth and nail at first, but has finally come to the realization that she’s a slave at heart and this is the life she should live.”

“She’s incredibly sexy. Do you mind if Fido mates with her?”

“Not at all. Zenzele, come.”

“Fido, Come.”

The two puppy slaves walked towards their respective Dominants and knelt at their feet while looking up in waiting.

“Zenzele, you are to let this puppy mate with you as much as he wants. Is that understood?”

“Arf.”

“If we’re lucky maybe he’ll put a litter in you. Wouldn’t that be nice?”

“Arf.”

“You heard the man, Fido,” Mistress Tanya said “Mate with his sexy black bitch until you can’t get it up anymore. Well, since our puppies are getting so close, I might as well introduce myself. I’m Mistress Tanya.”

“Master James. Pleasure to meet you.”

“Likewise. And from the looks of it, Fido is very happy to meet your Zenzele. Is that her real or puppy name?”

“Real. This is her first day of puppy training so I haven’t given her a name yet. Actually, it has been a day of first for her. First time getting gang banged by

men, first time as a ponygirl. And now first time being bed like a bitch in heat. Excuse me one moment.” Turning his attention to the rest of the Dominants, he continued. “Hey, do you guys mind if my bitch gets fucked by all of your studs?” With a general consensus of not at all, he turned back to the field. Attention puppies! With your Masters and Mistresses permission you are to fuck my bitch Zenzele until you can’t get it up, or your Dominant tells you to stop. Enjoy!”

“That should keep her busy for a while. What do you say you pound one out in me while we watch?”

“I thought you’d never ask.”

“Oh, and don’t worry about cumming inside of me. Not only do I love getting creampie’d, but I’m on birth control.”

“Music to my ears. Why don’t you get down on all fours and I’ll ride you like a bitch in heat,” Master James said with a grin. And to his surprise, Mistress Tanya did just that. After hiking up her skirt and removing her panties, she got down on her hands and knees and wiggled her ass side to side while looking back at him over her shoulder.

“Show me what you got, stud.”

Not one to be shy about public sex, Master James pulled his hard cock out and pushed into Mistress Tanya’s pussy while looking across the field at Zenzele being taken by Fido. Proud of his new slave, he grabbed Mistress Tanya by the hips and fucked all eight inches into her hard and deep – her moans spurring him on. Reaching up, he popped her breasts from the top of her corset and tweaked her nipples.

“Mmmm, that’s it stud!” Mistress Tanya exclaimed “Fuck me! Ram your cock in me so deep I taste it!”

WHACK! Master James’ hand came down hard on Mistress Tanya’s naked ass. “Puppies don’t speak, bitch.”

“Hey, I’m not...” WHACK! “Look...” WHACK! God damn you! I swear to...” WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Each swat of his hand caused her pelvic muscles to contract around his cock and he drew back to give her another. “Arf!

Arf, arf!” Mistress Tanya barked to her humiliation and the amusement of everyone watching.

“That’s a good bitch. Now, do you want me to fuck your tight pussy?”

“Arf!”

“Good girl. And when I’m done breeding your sexy ass you want the rest of these men to breed you as well, right?”

“Arf!”

“I thought so. You heard the bitch, come on over and get ready to breed her.”

“God damn!” a tall, shirtless black man exclaimed. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone make Tanya submit like that before.” Walking in front of the red-faced Mistress, he pulled her head up by the ponytail and thrust his big black cock down her throat.

“All bitches are the same,” James replied. “All you need is a stiff cock and a firm hand and they’ll do anything you command. Isn’t that right, bitch?”

“Arf,” Mistress Tanya barked around the black man’s dick as it fucked in and out of her throat.

“Your bitch over there, is she just for the puppy slaves or is she free for all?”

“She’s here to be bred by any and everyone who wants to drop a load in her tonight.”

“Pulling his dick from Mistress Tanya’s mouth, the black man walked over to Zenzele and stared down the rest of the puppy slaves, letting them know with a single glance that he was next in line. And no sooner had Fido filled her with his load and dismounted, then Master Isaac took his place.

Exhausted from nearly eight straight hours of being fucked by men and women while dressed as a ponygirl and puppy slave, Zenzele vaguely remembered being walked back to the building, taking the quickest shower of her life, betting dressed in her skirt and sheer blouse and climbing into the back of Master James' SUV where she promptly fell asleep.

When she woke, many hours later, she sat up and yawned. "Where are we Master?"

"We're about three hours from our final destination. How are you feeling?"

"Like I could sleep for another month, Master."

"That was quite a performance, slave. I have never been prouder of you than I am right now. You've come a long way in such a short time and I couldn't ask for more."

"Thank you, Master. H-How many times was I fucked?"

"I didn't keep track, but you spent nearly eight hours between pony and puppy getting fucked by about a dozen men, women and their slaves and submissives. It truly was the best show I've ever witnessed and that's saying something."

"I wonder if they managed to knock me up."

"Would that upset you?"

"No Master. You made it abundantly clear you were going to use me for breeding so I've come to terms with the inevitability that you, or someone you give me to will eventually impregnate me. Do you think we can stop somewhere to eat and use the restroom, Master? I'm starving and need to piss like a race horse."

"There's a rest stop about six miles down the road. Can you hold it that long?"

“Yes Master.”

“As for food, I’m afraid we passed the last place until we get there about an hour ago, but I have some trail mix you can have.”

“Thank you Master.” Taking the half empty bag of nuts and dried fruits and a bottle of water, Zenzele looked at her Master nervously.

“Something the matter?”

“Puppies don’t eat out of bags and drink from bottles, Master.”

“Don’t worry about it, my pet. I’ll get you proper bowls when we get to our destination.”

“Thank you Master.” Opening the bottle of water, she drank about half of it down, her throat sore and parched from sucking so many cocks.

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Three hours and seventeen minutes later and Master James was pulling into a massive, walled-in parking lot. Picking a spot as far from the kiosks as possible, he parked the SUV and turned the engine off. Looking over at Zenzele whom was now in the passenger seat, he smiled. “We’re here.”

“Where is here, Master?”

“Welcome to the Domination Farm, my pet.”

“Domination Farm, Master? What in the hell is a domination farm?”

“This is a place people like us go to have a great time. Dominants come the world over in search of submissives and slaves to train. Submissives and slaves also come from all over the world in search on a new Master and Mistress. And those curious about the lifestyle come to see if it’s their thing or not.”

“And what are we doing here, Master?” Zenzele asked, nervous that she was going to be pawned off to another.

“We’re here to further your training, my pet. Honestly, you’ve come much, much

further than I ever dreamed possible, but there's a lot to learn here. Now go ahead and strip naked. You will not get your clothes back if you wear them inside."

"Really, Master?"

"Really. Once we go through the line and pay the entrance fee we'll go in through that door over there. Normally, you'd have to sit and wait for one of the Farm Dominants to come get whomever is waiting and give them the guided tour ending at the clothing shop where you'd all be fitted for your submissive clothes, but you're in luck as your Master is here with you." Leaning over, he opened the glove box and withdrew two items. The first, a red latex armband which he slid up his right arm to mid-bicep, and the other was a fancy silver bracer with intricate patterns flowing out from a central chip akin to those seen in the new credit cards which he placed over his right wrist.

"Why aren't you taking your clothes off, Master?"

"Because I'm a registered Farm Dominant and don't have to. You see this red armband?"

"Yes Master."

"It marks me, and anyone else you see wearing it as Dominant. If they aren't wearing one then they are either submissive, slave, or bare-neck. That's what the Farm calls those who enter without a collar. And if they are wearing a purple armband and collar combo they are switches like you aspire to be. However, you will be entering the Farm as my slave. Following me so far?"

"Yes Master."

"When we get to the window you'll be asked to read and sign a lot of forms before being issued your own bracer. Not only is it stylish, it also acts as a personal identification and debit card. I will place some money on it that you may use to buy food, more clothing and toys if you wish, but if you go over the amount you will incur Farm debt and you will not be permitted to leave until it is paid in full. Understood?"

"Yes Master. But can't you just pay it for me if that happens?"

“No can do. The rules are very clear. Once in the Farm, money cannot be added to a bracelet without leaving. And since you’ll be forbidden from leaving, you’ll have to remain until you work it off at one of the many attractions. And before you ask, you will be prevented from leaving by the shock feature built into that collar you’re wearing around your neck.”

“S-Shock feature, Master? You mean you could have been zapping me this entire time?”

“No. Lucky for you certain features only work inside of the Domination Farm. No, leave the purse. All you’re going to need is your ID.”

Naked, driver’s license in hand, Zenzele exited the vehicle and followed her Master across the large parking lot and to the line designated for Dominants which, lucky for them was currently empty. Stepping up to the kiosk window, he smiled at the topless woman within. The blue collar around her neck marking her as a Farm submissive while name: WhoreBunny tattooed on her left breast told him her submissive name.

“How may this cunt serve you Master?” WhoreBunny asked.

“I need to get my slave here registered. And I’ll be giving her the tour personally.”

“Of course, Master. If you’ll please scan your bracer I’d be more than happy to get her registered. You will of course have to give her a Farm approved collar if she’s going in as a submissive or slave.”

Master James scanned his bracer at a terminal. “If you’ll check my profile you’ll see that the collar has already been approved, WhoreBunny.”

“My apologies, Sir. You are correct. Now that I have your profile open I’ll need to see your slave’s identification.” Stepping forward, Zenzele slid her driver’s license under the glass and bowed her head slightly as she felt every eye in the world staring at her naked body. “Is everything on here current?” WhoreBunny asked.

“Yes ma’am,” Zenzele answered.

“Alright, while I get you registered in the system I’ll just need you to read and

sign a few forms. And if you have any questions please don't hesitate to ask." Picking up a clipboard, WhoreBunny slid it, and a pen under the glass. Zenzele took it and began reading what amounted to the standard waivers and consent forms mixed in with some very non-standard ones. Signing them all, she pushed the clipboard back under the glass and waited.

"Will you be placing any money on your slave's bracer today, Sir?"

"Five thousand," Master James said, sliding his bank card under the glass.

Entered into the system as being owned by Master James MacKenzie, Zenzele was given her bracer which her Master placed on her right wrist. She then followed him to the door set in the tall stone wall surrounding the Domination Farm. With a swipe of his wrist at a terminal, the door slid open and they entered a large room where about thirty men and women waited for a Dominant to come give them their tour. Avoiding eye contact, she followed her Master to another door and out onto the Farm. If one could really call it that anymore. Gone were the rolling hills and pastures where horses and cows spent the day grazing lazily. In their place now stood more than seventy structures – some wood, others stone and brick, but all with a singular purpose.

"Once again, welcome to the Domination Farm, my pet."

"Thank you, Master," Zenzele said, looking around at scantily dressed slaves, submissives and bare-necks participating in everything from cocksucking at pillories along the side of the road, to about half a dozen pulling carts at the Whorsie Track to their left. "Will I be doing that here, Master?" she asked, nodding her head in the direction of the track.

"Of course. But first, let's get you to the clothing store for your outfit. Remember, the first one is free, but you'll have to buy everything after that. We're going to be here a good long while so you had better make the money last as long as possible."

"Yes Master. How long do you think we'll be here? I don't want my family and friends to worry if I'm gone too long without contacting them."

"We'll be here until you've master every single fetish this place has to offer. Basically, until I'm satisfied you're a well-trained and obedient slave."

“Yes Master. Will I be permitted to call and talk to them while I’m here?”

“Not on the Farm itself as the only phones permitted are those used in case of emergency, and those placed in the Main Office and a few other key buildings. But be good and follow the rules and in a week I will take you off the farm to make as many calls as you need to make to let them know you’re safe.”

“Thank you Master.”