

SCHOOL OF DISCIPLINE #5

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is posed against a black background. She is wearing a black leather harness that covers her chest, waist, and thighs, with multiple straps and buckles. She is also wearing a chain around her neck and holding onto it with her right hand. Her left hand is resting on the ground, and she is looking upwards and to the left with a slight smile. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her figure against the dark background.

BRIBING BRIANNA

Crimson Rose

SCHOOL OF DISCIPLINE #5

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is posed in a dramatic, kneeling position against a black background. She is wearing a black leather harness that covers her chest, waist, and thighs, with multiple straps and buckles. A heavy metal chain is draped over her shoulders and held in her right hand. She is looking upwards and to the left with a slight smile. The lighting is focused on her, creating strong highlights and shadows.

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Nervous as hell, worried her inexperience would cost her a much needed job, Brianna never the less walked up onto the front porch of the huge ranch-style house and knocked on the door. Hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, she turned and was just about to walk back off the porch when the door opened and a woman spoke.

“Can I help you Miss?”

“Um, I’m here for the job, but I really don’t have any experience with farms. It was silly of me to even think I’d get hired at a place like this.”

“A place like this?”

Turning to face the woman, Brianna’s eyes grew large and her jaw dropped open in a very unladylike manner when she saw the tall, green-eyed brunette standing there topless in a short skirt that did little to hide her shapely behind. “Um... you’re half naked!”

“So I am. Does that bother you?”

“Not...no, not really. I just wasn’t expecting it. Look, I really don’t want to waste anyone’s time so I should probably just go.”

“Do you need a job?”

“Yes but...”

“Are you willing to put in an honest day’s work?”

“Yes but...”

“Are you willing to listen to instructions and do the job you’re tasked to do?”

“Yes, but like I said I...”

“What’s your name?”

“Brianna, but most people call me Brie.”

“Pleasure to meet you Brianna. I’m Celeste Demarco and this is my farm. And if you’re willing to learn, I’m willing to give you a chance. The hours are six to six Monday through Thursday with Fridays and weekends off and the starting pay is fifty-eight thousand. Benefits include two weeks paid vacation after six months, all federal holidays and ten personal days off per year. Still not interested?”

“Fifty-eight...um, what exactly will my duties be?”

“For the first four months you will be learning the ropes so to speak. You will spend time doing every job save fixing the equipment. Once you’ve gotten the routine down and know how to do each job satisfactorily, you will be placed where you are needed. I like to call it a floating position and honestly, most of my workers love it because it gets them out of the boredom of doing the same job for twenty years. Also, I should add that there are personnel reviews every six months and if you do your job without too many screw-ups there are some substantial bonuses to be had.”

“How substantial?”

“The top employee gets a yearly bonus of twenty-five thousand dollars, second place gets fifteen thousand and third gets five thousand.”

“WOW! And, um, what exactly is it that you do here I never realized there was so much money in farming.”

“We do everything from growing crops to milking cows to breeding livestock and horses. You still look a little unsure. Why don’t I give you a tour and then you can make up your mind?”

“That’s okay. I think I’ve made up my mind. I’d be a damn fool to pass up such an opportunity as this. I just hope I’m able to keep up and last more than a week as I really, really need the job.”

“Can I ask why you’re so desperate for work?”

“I was laid off five months ago and have been unable to find anything coming even remotely close to enough to pay the bills without drowning in debt. My savings are depleted and I just got a letter from the bank threatening foreclosure

if I don't make a payment soon."

"How much are you behind if you don't mind me asking?"

"With the house or everything?"

"Everything."

"About seven thousand dollars," Brianna said, her face going red from the admission.

"How would you like to make a hefty sign-on bonus right now today?"

"How hefty and what would I have to do to earn it? I'm sorry if I sound greedy, but I really am that desperate."

"It's perfectly understandable. I require two things from you and I will cut you a check for ten grand."

"T-TEN GRAND! Are you serious? That'll get me out of debt right now!"

"I know. First, and you'll learn this about me soon enough so I like to get it out of the way in the beginning, I am bisexual. That being said, the first thing I would like for you to do is strip down to your panties and remain that way until you leave."

"R-Really? But what about the others?"

"What about them? They won't do anything to you that you don't want them to do and in case my near nakedness wasn't proof enough, they are used to seeing beautiful, half-naked woman wondering around. Especially on a hot day like today."

"And what's the second thing?"

"I'll tell you that only if you do the first."

Thinking about it for all of ten seconds, Brianna pulled her blue tee shirt off over her head, bit her lower lip and unhooked her bra. Once it was off, she unbuttoned her pants and removed them as well. Her blush spreading, she looked around

nervously, but the only eyes looking back were Celeste's and a few horses grazing in the fields to her left.

"You really are an incredibly beautiful woman Brianna."

"Thank you."

"If you'll follow me I'll show you the second thing I would like to see you doing to earn your sign-on bonus."

Staying close, Brianna followed Celeste into the house and her first assumption was sex. But when her new boss took her through the living room and into a large kitchen where three topless women were preparing a lunch of chili, she thought maybe she was going to have to do a bit of cooking.

"Ladies, this is the new farmhand Brianna. Brianna, this is Jenna," she said motioning towards a busty brunette with pierced nipples. "Yvonne," she motioned to a pale-skinned, raven-haired beauty with icy blue eyes "and Vicki," she said pointing at a very petite blonde with a dragon tattoo that went from her left thigh, up her back and over her right shoulder.

"Nice to meet you," Brianna said, shaking each of their hands.

"I will totally give you a grand right now if you give me your panties," Yvonne said with a seductive smile that made Brianna's heart thump even more in her chest.

"R-Really?"

"Hell yes."

"One thing you'll learn working here is the employees make a game of trying to bribe each other to do all manner of things. I allow it so long as it does not interfere with anyone's work. That being said, a grand for a pair of panties is a pretty damn good deal if you ask me, but it's your decision to make. All I ask is that if you refuse an offer you do with politely. There's no need to raise a stink if you're not interested in making a little extra on the side.

"Show me the money," Brianna said, surprising even herself.

“Give me two minutes.” Stirring the pot of chili, Yvonne ran out of the kitchen, up to her bedroom and quickly dialed the combination to her personal safe. Counting out a thousand dollars, she returned to the kitchen and flashed the wad of cash. “Hand me your panties and the money is yours.”

Knowing it would leave her naked in front of a bunch of strangers, Brianna never the less hooked her thumbs in the waistband and pulled them down her toned legs. Chewing her lower lip now, she held them out. Grinning, Yvonne took them and then handed Brianna the wad of fifties and hundreds.

“Shit, now I don’t have anywhere to put the money,” Brianna said.

“I think I have a solution to that if you’re willing to make another two hundred bucks,” Vicki offered.

“And what would I have to do? I don’t have any more clothes to take off.”

“Are you willing to make two hundred bucks for a place to carry the money?”

“What do I have to do?”

“Let me give you a money clip.”

“That’s it?”

“That’s it.”

“Um, okay.”

“I’ll be right back.”

“There’s one more very important detail I should tell you about, Celeste said to her new hire. “You should always make sure you know exactly what’s expected from you in these dealings as once you make them the only way out is if you agree to pay the dealmaker three times the offered amount.”

“Now you tell me. So, what you’re saying is I’m stuck doing whatever she wants unless I pay her six hundred bucks to get out of it?”

“That is correct.”

Vicki was gone from the kitchen about five or six minutes before returning. Walking on front of Brianna, she raised her left hand and pinched the surprised woman's right nipple. Raising her right hand, the needle swiftly penetrated on side of the tender flesh and out the other, leaving behind a barbell with a clip dangling from a d-ring.

"What in the actual fuck!?" Brianna gasped, looking down at her new piercing.

"What? Now you have a place to put your money," Vicki smiled. I'll give you another three hundred if you let me make it a matching set."

Humiliated, but already making more money than she ever thought possible in such a short period of time, Brianna exhaled slowly. "Okay." Vicki's hands moved so quickly, Brianna wondered if she was even human as her right nipple was quickly pierced and she was handed five hundred dollars.

"God damn that's sexy as fuck!" Jenna exclaimed. "And if it makes you feel any better, she got me the same way when I first started here. But you made way more than I did, so congratulations on that."

"Um, thanks, I think. So, are you going to make me an offer as well?"

"Do you want me to?"

"I just figured since they did you would as well."

"Sure, You ever been fisted?"

"God no!"

"Even better. Lay on the table and let me work my entire hand in you and I'll give you three grand."

"Holy shit! As much as I could use the money I don't think I want my pussy stretched that far open. Besides, I'm not bisexual."

"Have you ever been with another woman sexually?" Celeste asked.

"Never."

“Then how do you know you’re not bisexual?”

“Um, because I’m not into having sex with other women.”

“How do you know unless you try? Let Jenna work a fist in you and I’ll add another three thousand dollars to what she offered you. That’s six thousand for that plus the fifteen hundred you already made and you haven’t even gotten to part two of earning your sign-on bonus. I’d say that’s pretty damn good money for a little bit of kinky fun.”

“But I can’t take anything close to a fist in me.”

“I promise to go slow and make it feel as amazing as possible. Trust me, you’ll be squirting in orgasm by the time I’m done with you.”

“True story,” Yvonne said. “She’s fisted me about fifty times now and I orgasm every time. I never took a fist in my life until she got her hands on me and now I’m addicted to it.”

“Remember, if you’re not interested, just politely decline. But don’t be surprised if they up the offer.”

“I’m sorry, but that’s so far outside of my comfort zone I have to decline.”

“Five grand,” Jenna countered.

“As tempting as it is, and believe me it’s incredibly tempting, I have to say no. It’s a lot of money, but I just can’t bring myself to have sex with another woman, let alone let you fist me.”

“I can go as high as ten grand,” Jenna said, making a third offer.

“And I will add the same,” Celeste said.

“I’ve got five I can add,” Vicki said.

“And I’ll add another five,” said Yvonne.”

“That’s thirty-thousand dollars,” Celeste exclaimed. “Are you really going to turn that much money down?”

“I...dammit!” Brianna swore. “But why? Why would you pay me so much money to do that?”

“Because you’re incredibly sexy and I love being the first to fist and make love to another woman,” Jenna said. “So, are you going to do it or not?”

“As much as I’d like to say no, I’d be a damn fool to pass up that kind of money. I’ll do it but I’ll need to see the money first.”

“Not a problem,” Celeste said. “Go ahead and get up on the table and we’ll be right back.”

I must be out of my damn mind, Brianna thought as she sat on the edge of the long oak table. Laying back, she stared up at the ceiling and waited, wondering how badly getting fisted was going to hurt and whether or not she'll be able to go through with having sex with another woman. Thirty-thousand dollars. I can't believe they're going to pay me thirty fucking grand, she thought, her eyes going to the dangles hanging from her newly pierced nipples – a wad of cash clipped to the left.

Hearing footsteps, Brianna looked to the right and saw Celeste, Jenna, Yvonne and Vicki walking back into the dining room with armfuls of toys which they sat on the table next to her. Celeste showed her new hire a fat stack of money and then proceeded to count it out in front of her proving there was thirty thousand dollars.

“Just so we're clear, you get the thirty thousand dollars if you let Jenna fist and have sex with you. On top of that I have an additional ten grand here if you agree to let the rest of us fist and have sex with you as well. Deal?”

“Deal,” Brianna quickly answered, butterflies swarming her stomach as she looked at the money and thought about how quickly her worries were disappearing. “Do I have to, um, lick and finger you back?”

“Yes.”

“Okay. I've never had sex with another woman before, let alone four at the same time, but I'll do my best. Is...is it going to hurt? Getting fisted that is.”

“Not at all,” Jenna assured her. “I'll go nice and slow, stretching you out a little at a time until you're able to take my fist with ease. Once I've fisted you for a few minutes I'll increase the pace until I'm punching my fist in and out of you. While stretching you open I will also lick your pussy. When I'm done the next will take over and you will do a sixty-nine with Yvonne, Vicki and Celeste. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“Actually, I think it’ll be hotter if she licks us as you stretch her open,” Celeste said. I’ll start with the sixty-nine while you stretch her open. That way, when one of us takes over the fisting you can get licked while licking her.”

“You’re right,” Jenna smiled “that is a much better idea.”

“You ready for this?” Celeste asked her new hire.

“As I’ll ever be. Please just get started as quickly as possible before I change my mind.”

“Change your mind now and it’ll cost you a hundred and twenty grand.”

“Not if I leave. It’s not as if you can sue me for it. Now please just do it. I’m getting nervous as fuck and...” the rest of Brianna’s statement was cut off as Celeste’s pussy was lowered onto her lips. Scared out of her mind, she extended her tongue and licked as her new boss leaned forward. Oh my fucking god! I’m doing it. I’m licking another woman’s pussy!

“That’s it,” Celeste purred. “Push your tongue in deep. And don’t forget to finger me and suck my clit.” Lowering her head, she spread Brianna open and flicked her clit with the tip of her tongue.

“Aaahhhhh,” Brianna moaned. She then stopped, her tongue buried as deep in Celeste’s pussy as possible when she felt something pressing firmly against her tightly puckered asshole. “W-What are you doing?”

“Plugging your ass,” Jenna answered. “Just relax and let me do my work and you’ll be writhing in orgasm in no time.

“A-Are you going to f-fist my ass?”

“I am.”

“But that’s not what we agreed to! You said you were going to fist my pussy.”

“Actually, I never said which hole I was going to fist. I just said I’d pay to fist you and you agreed.”

“She’s right,” Yvonne said. “No one ever mentioned which hole was going to get

fisted.”

Not saying another word, knowing she would be fighting a losing battle, Brianna did her best to relax as she felt two fingers pushing into her pussy. While Celeste continued sucking her clit. Her mind on the money, she pulled her boss’ ass back and resumed licking, adding two and then three fingers.

Ten minutes in and Brianna was already writhing on the table beneath Celeste, her pussy dripping wet as Jenna’s three fingers slammed into her hard and fast. The plug was yanked from her ass and shoved back in, but she was so close to orgasm she did not notice the increase in size. Feeling the body trembling below, Celeste stopped sucking Brianna’s clit and Jenna removed her fingers.

“W-Why did you stop?” Brianna asked, the tone of her voice one of disappointment.

“We don’t want you cumming too quickly,” Celeste answered, giving Brianna’s pussy a slap with her hand.

“Aahgh!”

Celeste slapped Brianna’s pussy again, this time a little harder and was surprised when a jet of pussy juices shot out like a geyser. Another slap, another gush of juices. The third slap was much harder than the first two and Brianna bucked her hips upward as she squirted again. “Mmmm, that is so fucking hot!” Celeste said, giving Brianna’s pussy another hard slap. “You like that? You like having your pussy slapped like a naughty little pain slut?”

“N-No...yes...oh god do it again!”

“Do what again?”

“Slap my pussy! I...aahgh!” Briana grunted as the hand came down harder than ever. “Oh god I’ve never squirted before! I n-never...never had my pussy slapped like that in my life.”

“I can tell you love it. You’re clit is so engorged it looks like a tiny dick. I’m going to give it five hard, rapid slaps and then Jenna is going to shove some fingers in you. Are you ready?”

“Y-Yes.”

THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! The swats landed as hard as promised. Her hand lubed and ready, Jenna stepped forward, scrunched her fingers into as tight a cone as possible and then shoved them in without stopping until Brianna’s pelvic muscles were clamping down around her wrist.

“Congratulations!” Jenna exclaimed. “You’ve got my entire hand in your pussy. How does it feel?”

“WHAT!?! No way!”

“Yes Way,” Celeste said, rolling off Brianna. “Go ahead and look.”

Sitting up, Brianna stared in disbelief at the arm sticking out of her pussy. “But how? How could you possibly get your hand in me so quickly?”

“I told you I’m an expert at fisting. Does it hurt?”

“No.”

“Then lay back and let me fist you while you lick Celeste to orgasm. But first, I think a larger plug is in order.” With her right hand still buried in Brianna’s pussy, Jenna tugged the plug from her ass, grabbed the next lubed one in line and slowly pushed it in place. “How does that feel?”

“I’ve never been so full in my life.”

“I can understand why. That was a two and a half inch plug I just shoved up your ass.”

“Jesus Christ!” Brianna gasped, lying back on the table. No sooner was Celeste on top of her then she resumed licking and fingering.

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After more than twenty minutes and four orgasms, Jenna finally stepped back and was replaced by Yvonne who pulled the plug from Brianna’s gaping asshole. Lubing both hands, she pushed the left into Brianna’s pussy and the right into her ass. “Congratulations, you’re taking a fist in both holes at the same time.

How does it feel?”

“A-Amazing!” Brianna purred. “P-Please don’t...d-don’t stop.”

“Stop? Honey, we’re only getting started.

Still laying on the dining room table, Brianna had her hands buried in Jenna's pussy and ass as Vicki's plowed in and out of hers. She heard footsteps and people talking, but was unable to get up. Looking to her right, she saw three women and eight men enter the dining room – their eyes lighting up when they saw what was going on. "OH GOD!"

"Don't panic," Celeste said. "These are your coworkers Heather, Kim, Lisa, Hank, Mike, Larry, Nate, Jason, Bill, Paul and George. Everyone, this is Brianna. I just hired her today and she's learning all about the bribe system we have here at Oak Haven with a bit of first time lesbian sex and fisting."

"Sweet," Hank said. "Now, as much as I'd love to see such a sexy woman fisted all day long, we've got lunch to eat and work to get back to so if you'll be so kind as to clean off the table we'd greatly appreciate it. Oh, and welcome to the team."

"Um, thanks," Brianna blushed despite everything she had already done.

"I think that's enough fisting and sex for one day," Celeste agreed. "You earned every penny of this," she added, picking up the stack of cash and handing it to Brianna.

"Thanks. My head is spinning. I can't believe I actually did it."

"You did great," Celeste smiled. "One last thing," she said picking up a large plug. "Lean over the table." When Brianna was bent over, she placed the plug against her ass and pushed it into place. "That will keep your ass nice and stretched for future fistings. You will let us fist you more, right?"

"Mmm hmm."

"Perfect. Ladies, get this mess cleaned up so lunch can be served."

"So, Brianna, do you know anything about farming?" Hank asked as he checked the young brunette out head to toe.

“Not even a little, but I’m willing to learn.”

“Glad to hear it. Is this the first time you’ve been butt naked in front of so many people?”

“It is.”

“And what about the fisting?”

“That was a first as well.”

“Nice. I think you’re going to fit in here quite well. How would you like to make a hundred bucks?”

“Doing what?”

“Ride my dick during lunch until I shoot my load deep inside of you.”

“I’m not on birth control.”

“Even better. I’ll pay you a hundred bucks a day to let me attempt to breed you.”

“You mean you want to knock me up?”

“Exactly.”

“Why? You don’t even know me.”

“Because you’re an incredibly sexy woman and I’ve always dreamed of having a breeding cow. And don’t tell me you couldn’t use an extra three thousand a month.”

“Make it six thousand,” Paul chimed in. “I’ll pay you the same if you let me attempt to breed you as well.”

“Raise your hands if you’re willing to pay this lovely creature three grand a month for breeding privileges,” Hanks said. All eight men raised their hands.

“Hmm, that’s twenty-four grand a month. Sure you don’t want to be our breeding cow?”

“I...what the fuck kind of place is this? I mean really? Sure it looks like a farm,

but what kind of farmers have that kind of money to just toss around like it's nothing?"

"The kind that are very well paid," Celeste replied. "Now please answer the question. Are you willing to be a breeding cow for twenty-four grand a month? And remember, if you agree there's no backing out unless you want to pay three times that amount."

"And how exactly do you plan on collecting on that? We have no contracts."

"Your word is all the contract we need," Jason answered. "This place is wired to the hilt with cameras recording around the clock so if you agree you are making a verbal contract."

"What? Oh my god! You mean...everything you did to me was recorded?"

"It was," Celeste answered. "And it will be used in court as evidence should you ever back out of a deal. Now, if you do not want to be used as a breeding cow then politely say so. Otherwise, say: I agree to let all of you use me as your personal breeding cow if you agree to pay me one hundred dollars a day each."

"You're being serious? You really want to fuck your babies into me?"

"Hell yes," Paul quickly answered. "And you got it right when you said babies. We're not going to stop at just one."

"H-How many?"

"How many do you want with the minimum being three?"

"I always dreamed of having a big family, but with the man I married, not a bunch of farmers I don't even know."

"How big a family?"

"Seven kids."

"Nice. Then let us give you that many or more. The sky's the limit babe. Just give us a number and say what Celeste told you to say and we'll start breeding you right away."

“So, all eight of you are going to fuck me every day?”

“Correct,” Hank answered.

“Jesus Christ! That’s more dick than I’ve had in my life!”

“You’ll get used to it,” Jenna smiled.

“Do they breed you too?”

“Nope, I’m on the pill.”

“We all are,” Yvonne added. “But since you’re not this is your chance to make a lot of money. Do you really want to pass it up?”

“How in the hell will I have time to work if I’m being fucked eight times a day?”

“You will become the farm’s very own breeding cow,” Celeste answered. “Your other duties will be light to give you all the time you need for breeding. When you are confirmed pregnant your other duties will increase and breeding will decrease. Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Then what is your answer?”

“Is this really a working farm or do you just trick women into doing kinky things?”

“Why can’t it be both?” Celeste asked. “You’ve already made over forty grand in a few hours. Where else are you going to go to make that kind of money legally?”

“Nowhere.”

“Exactly.”

“Which begs the question how in the hell can you afford to pay me so much?”

“Because on top of being a working farm we also sell kinky porn. And before you ask, if you agree to any bribe here on the farm it will be recorded and you

are giving your full permission for me to sell it. So every second of your breeding will be filmed and sold as porn. You know what to say if you agree or not.”

“This isn’t even close to the kind of work I expected when I arrived here this morning,” Brianna said as she looked around the dining room. “Will I make the same amount of money you earlier stated on top of the amount for breeding?”

“Of course.”

“I agree to let all of you use me as your personal breeding cow if you agree to pay me one hundred dollars a day each.”

“And how many little calves are you willing to let your new studs give you?” Celeste asked.

“I am willing to let my studs give me seven calves,” Brianna answered, her voice trembling nearly as much as the rest of her body.

“Sweet,” Hank smiled. “Come on over here and ride my cock.”

In a daze, Brianna walked over to Hank’s chair, straddled his lap and sank down on his dick. “Mmmm.” Leaning forward, arms on the table, she bounced up and down on it as the rest of her coworkers watched and smiled. “There was something else you wanted me to do for ten grand sign-on bonus,” she purred, looking to her left at Celeste. “What is it?”

“I’ll show you after lunch.”

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After being passed around the table like a party favor, Brianna was once again bent over as a plug was stuffed into her. This time it was her pussy being plugged to prevent all of the semen from leaking out. Both holes now stretched to the limit with silicone, she followed Celeste and Yvonne out of the house and to one of several large barns.

“This is going to hurt so you need to be restrained and gagged. Okay?”

“Um, okay. What are you going to do to me?”

“You see that large wooden ‘X’ over there against the wall? Go stand at it with your wrists and ankles at the four corners and while Yvonne secures you I’ll get everything ready.”

Scared, but not putting up any resistance, Brianna allowed herself to be placed on the Saint Andrews cross. And while Yvonne secured her in place by straps around the wrists, ankles, waist, bicep and thighs, Celeste was out of sight lighting the coals in the small brazier. When they were nearly white hot, she placed a short metal rod with the letters OHR inside of an oval in them. Giving it a few more minutes, she rolled the cart out of the side room and towards Brianna whose eyes went wide in terror.

Wanting nothing more than to tell them hell no, Brianna screamed into the gag, but her words were nothing more than muffled nonsense. Celeste used an alcohol wipe to clean Brianna’s right hip and then she put on a heavy leather glove before grabbing the branding iron and pulling it out of the coals. Carefully placing it, she pressed it into Brianna’s hip for several agonizing seconds. Brianna thrashed about wildly, screaming into the gag as her flesh was permanently seared with the symbol of the Oak Haven Ranch. Or at least she attempted the former. Thankfully, the leather straps held firm and she could not wiggle around too much.

“And you’re all done,” Celeste said as she placed the branding iron on the cart. “You just earned yourself another ten grand and you’re permanently marked at the property of this ranch. How humiliating is that?” Reaching up, she unfastened the gag and pulled it from Brianna’s mouth.

“Oh my motherfucking god! Y-You b-b-branded me! You fucking branded me! What the fucking fuck? Oh god it hurts!” Brianna wailed.

“The pain will go away in a few days. I thought it fitting to brand you like cattle considering you’re our breeding cow. You may take the next two weeks off from everything. No work, no breeding. That way you give the brand and those new nipple piercings time to heal some before getting back to it. But I want you here bright and early two weeks from now rearing and ready to go. Understood?”

“Y-Y-Yes,” Brianna sobbed as the pain seemed to intensify as a cool breeze blew through the barn.

“And make sure to keep it clean. Exposed during the day and covered at night.

Understood?”

“Yes.”

“Good girl. You did amazing today Brie. I’m very proud of you,” Celeste said as she unfastened the leather straps holding Brianna to the large wooden ‘X’.

Two weeks later...

Money deposited in the bank, mortgage and other bills paid and caught up, Brianna was starting to feel better about her decision to become Oak Haven Ranch's personal breeding cow and hand warmer. Though not fully healed, the piercings and brand no longer hurt. And while she had grown to like the former, the latter was as humiliating and degrading as ever. Refusing to wear a bikini despite the sweltering heat, she made sure everything she wore covered the brand completely before stepping foot out of the house – even going so far as to switch from thongs to boy short panties in an attempt to keep it hidden.

Arriving at the Oak Haven Ranch an hour early as requested by her new boss Celeste, Brianna walked to the same barn where she was branded and stopped in the open door. Peering in, she saw everyone she had met two weeks prior plus another six large black men. Taking a deep breath, she walked in.

“Hey Brie,” Celeste greeted the ranch's new breeding cow. “How are you feeling?”

“Much better, thanks. The brand isn't quite healed but at least it no longer hurts.”

“That's good. You're probably wondering why I have everyone gathered here this morning.”

“I figured it was so they guys could breed me, but who are these other men? They were definitely not part of the deal.”

“No, no they were not. But I'd like to make them a part of it if you're willing to take a few more dicks every day. It'll bring you up so an even thirty grand a month if you do.”

“Um, that's not right. There are six extra men. At a hundred dollars a day each that's an additional eighteen grand a month. Not six. I do believe that puts me at

forty-two thousand a month if my math is correct. Which it is.”

“Fair enough,” Celeste grinned. “And yes, I did try pulling a fast one on you there and I’m glad you were smart and quick enough to catch it. If you agree to let these six black men breed you you’ll be paid fourteen hundred dollars per day. But remember, you have to do it seven days a week.”

“Understood.”

“And you will only be paid for as long as it takes for them to breed you. When you are not being used as a sexy little hucow you will not be paid as such. Understood?”

“Understood,” Brianna agreed, happy to be getting even that much money even if it did mean selling her dignity and becoming a glorified prostitute for a gang of men she barely knew.

“I drew up some contracts that I would like for you to read and sign. Plus there’s the normal paperwork, waivers and consent forms you’ll need to fill out in order to work here. But first, we’ve all gathered together several times over the last two weeks to hammer out the details of our best bribe yet if you’re interested.”

“What is it?” Brianna asked.

“You’re already into sex with women, fisting and gang bangs so we got to talking and agreed that you seem like a very submissive woman. That being said, on top of being out personal breeding cow we would also like to train you as our personal sex slave. You will be trained to perform every sexual perversion in the book and then some and in exchange you’ll be paid a one-time bonus of half a million dollars plus ten percent of the profit from the sale of all videos pertaining to said training and breeding for as long as you live. Do we have a deal?”

“You want me to be your sex slave? I knew there was some seriously fucked up shit going on at this farm but I had no idea you were into human trafficking.”

“Sexual slavery and human trafficking are not even remotely the same thing. We are not selling you off to the highest bidder in some far flung foreign country. You will remain right here where you will be trained in all things bdsm. Do you know what that is?”

“I have a pretty good idea, but why don’t you fill me in?”

“Bondage and discipline. Domination and submission. Sadism and masochism. That is what those four letters mean, Brianna. You will be trained in obedience, etiquette, bondage, positions and of course every fetish known to man. When your training is complete you’ll be able to pleasure anyone no matter what they command of you. And in case you’re wondering, the training will take approximately two to three years to complete. Some of it will be pleasurable while others not so much, but you will learn to accept it all with grace and humility. If you agree, say nothing and kneel with your hands behind your back and head slightly bowed. If you don’t agree then say so. But before you make up your mind know that this is a one-time offer. If you refuse now you’ll never be asked again.”

“Will you agree to twenty percent of the profits?” Brianna asked.

After thinking about it, Celeste smiled. “I can do twenty percent.”

Taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly, knowing she was about to give herself over completely to a woman she barely knew, Brianna dropped to her knees and put her hands behind her back. Bowing her head slightly she heard several women gasping followed by a whole lot of male laughter.

“Holy shit! Yvonne screeched. “I can’t fucking believe she agreed to it!”

“You know what that means,” Paul said.

“Um, what’s going on?” Brianna asked.

“Well, we had a bet going on,” Celeste explained. “The women said there’s no way in hell you would agree to being turned into a sex slave while the men said you’d think only of the money and jump on it in a heartbeat. The men won the bet and as a result we’ll all be used as their breeding cows and sex slaves.”

“WHAT!? Even you?”

“Even me. That was the deal and I am as bound by the rules as everyone else working here.”

“HOLY SHIT! You’re all really going to let them impregnate you? How many

babies?”

“Seven just like you. Except they will not be breeding us. The fourteen men here today are yours and yours alone until you are with child,” Celeste explained. “I know a whole lot of kinky people and there will be fourteen men here for every woman. We will also each have our own Dominant training us. Yours will be me and while I’m not training you or being bred one of the men arriving to breed me will do my training. Is that understood?”

“Yes.”

“That’s yes Mistress.”

“Y-Yes Mistress. What in the hell have I gotten myself into?”

“Hopefully something fun because you’ve gotten us all into it.”

“Sorry.”

“No need to apologize,” Jenna said. “We all knew the risks when we made the bet and we lost.”

“So, if I’m getting half a million dollars for allowing you to train me as a sex slave how much are the rest of you getting?” Brianna asked.

“Not a penny,” Jenna answered. “You’re the only one being paid for it.”

“Oh.”

“That’s enough about that for now,” Celeste said. “Brianna, go ahead and take your clothes off. And from now on you will strip naked the second you step out of your car on this property or you will be punished. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“When you’re finished with your first breeding gang bang come into the house. There are a lot of forms for you to read and sign.”

“Yes Mistress.” Looking up at the men, Brianna offered a smile. “It looks as if I’ll be doing a lot of first here. First time with another woman. First time getting

fisted, first piercings and brand and now my first gang bang and black cock. I can't believe how quickly my life has spiraled out of control."

"Nah, you're just more open-minded than you thought," Marcus – one of the black men said as he moved behind Brianna, spread her ass cheeks open and then plunged into her pussy. Another black man stepped in front of her and shoved his long dick into her mouth. She took it to the back of the throat before gagging on it.

"Don't worry, Charles grinned "you'll be taking all ten inches before your training is complete. You have my word on that."

Five more months later...

Brianna stared at the applicator and smiled. It was the fifth one with the same result and there was no more denying it. She was pregnant. The burning question now was whose baby was it. Not that it really mattered to her as she had no intentions of suing for child support or allowing the man in the child's life unless he made a big stink about it – something she got the impression she would not have to worry about from any of them. Applicator in hand, she skipped out of the bathroom and found her Mistress out in the barn being gang banged by a group of at least thirty black men including her Master, Travis.

“Excuse me Mistress. I’m sorry to intrude on your training session but you told me to inform you when I’m pregnant no matter what. Well, I’m pregnant.”

“Congratulations,” Celeste said, pulling off the big black dick slamming down her throat long enough to respond.

“Thank you Mistress. I’ll leave you to it then.”

“Be back out here at seven for your next lesson, slave. And be prepared to get kinky.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Before you go I think there’s something you’d like to see,” Master Travis said to Brianna as she was turning leave.

“Yes Master.”

Standing well away from the horny men, Brianna watched as two of them picked Celeste up, carry her to a Saint Andrews, strap her in place and then gag her. She then watched as Master Travis wheeled over a cart with a blazing hot brazier sitting in the center. Eyes growing wide, she saw the fear on her Mistress’ face

and almost felt sorry for her. A quick look down at her right hip cured her if it though and she moved into a better position so she did not miss a second of the show.

Picking the branding iron out of the coals, Master Travis aimed where he wanted it to go and then pressed it in place. Celeste wailed into the gag as if she had just been shot. Tears freely rolled down her cheeks as her Master removed the hot metal and placed it back in the brazier. From her vantage point Brianna could see the same OHR inside of an oval on her Mistress's right hip. But the pain was not over quite yet as Master Travis plucked a second branding iron from the brazier and pressed it into Celeste's left hip – this one reading: Property of Master Travis.

“Did you like seeing that, slave?” Master Travis asked Brianna.

“Yes Master.”

“I thought you might. I know all about the bribing game you lot play here so I'll offer you a bribe of my own. I'll pay you ten grand here and now if you let me brand you with the last two.”

“Yes Master,” Brianna said, not really wanting to go through such horrible pain again, but also not wanting to pass up the money. “What are they?”

“You'll see. Men, release me slave and secure Brianna to be branded.”

Gagged and tightly secured to the large wooden 'X', Brianna closed her eyes as the heat from the branding iron drew ever closer. And when it pressed painfully into the flesh of her left hip she screamed bloody murder. It was over in seconds, but it was an agony she knew would last days. Head hanging, she drooled around the gag as the heat of the second branding iron drew her attention as it came closer and closer to her mound. Temporarily blacking out, she came to with the hot metal still pressed in place. Pulling against the bonds, she only managed to hurt her left wrist. Looking down through teary eyes she saw the words BREED ME with an arrow pointing down. And on her left hip were the words: Property of Mistress Celeste written around the bdsm triskelion.

“Men, go ahead and use these two worthless slaves,” Master Travis commanded.

“Excuse me Master, but I am not yours to command,” Brianna said. “Mistress

Celeste is the only Dominant I obey.”

“Is that right?”

“Yes Master. I’m sorry, but unless my Mistress commands me to join I must politely refuse.”

“You have work to do, slave,” Celeste said to Brianna. “Get to it.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“She’s right, Master. You may command me, but my slave and all other women on my ranch are off limits to you and your men unless their respective Masters and Mistresses command them to listen to your orders.”

“Are you forgetting who the slave here is?”

“No Master. But this is my property and my rules. And if you cannot abide by them then I will find another who can. I will not give you another warning on this matter.”

“What part of sex slave don’t you understand? You are nothing, have nothing. I am your Master, your life, and you will obey my every command to the letter or you’ll be severely punished. Now, call your slave back in here and command her to serve me, and me alone.”

“What part of I won’t give you another warning don’t you understand?” Celeste said getting to her feet and staring her Master eye to eye. “You’re letting the power trip go to your head and that’s not a good sign. I’m sorry but you’re going to have to leave my ranch. And if you ever step foot on it again you’ll be arrested for trespassing.” Turning to the men waiting to finish the gang bang, she pointed to five of them. “Will you gentlemen be so kind as to escort Travis back to his car for me?”

“Our pleasure,” a black man named Zack answered. “And know he does not represent all of us.”

“I know he doesn’t. But the same applies to you all. If you think for a second you can walk all over me you’ve got another think coming. Follow the rules and I’ll be the best slave you can ask for, but cross me and I can make your lives a

living hell. That being said, Tyrone, you have been appointed as my new Master,” she said to a man she had known more than a decade and trusted with her life.

“You heard her men, escort the asshole from the property and then get your asses back here. This slave has a gang bang to complete.”

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At a quarter past five, the women of Oak Haven Ranch walked, stumbled and crawled out of barns and other out buildings and into the house. After getting cleaned up they went to the kitchen and began preparing dinner as all but the farmhands left. Sitting at the table, Brianna informed the rest of her coworkers of her condition.

“It is official,” Briana said. “I’m pregnant.”

“Congratulations!” Jenna exclaimed. “Now you’re free to have sex with whomever you want.”

“Who whomever I don’t want. After five months of daily gang bangs I think I need a break to rest and recuperate. Speaking of which, I’m sorry I did not do as your Master commanded of me, Mistress.”

“Think nothing of it. You were in the right. Besides, Travis is no longer my Master after that debacle. I now serve Master Tyrone.”

“Thank you Mistress. Did you know he was going to brand you like that? Or me for that matter?”

“I had no idea.”

“I’m sorry Mistress.”

“You have nothing to be sorry for, slave. After all, you were branded as well. And correct me if I’m wrong, but he walked away without paying you the money bribed.”

“That is correct Mistress.”

“Then neither of us got anything out of that save for a lot of pain.”

“That’s why I need a break from all the sex Mistress. My pussy is on fire right now and I don’t want to do anything that will risk infecting the brand.”

“Agreed. From this moment forward Brianna is off limits to everyone for the next month. And Brianna, you are forbidden to have sex of any kind with anyone for the next month. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“That included fucking yourself with fingers and toys.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“But you will still be required to continue your daily training sessions.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“After dinner we will all meet in barn four where my slave will begin her toilet training.”

“Toilet training, Mistress?”

“If you don’t know what I mean by that then you’re in for a hell of a surprise,” Celeste smiled.

“Are you ready to get kinkier than you’ve ever gotten before?” Mistress Celeste asked her slave.”

“Yes Mistress,” Brianna answered, dropping onto her knees in the middle of the barn as her fellow coworkers stripped out of what little clothing they wore and surrounded her.

“We’ll start with Hank and go around the room until you’ve all taken a turn,” Celeste continued. “Brianna, you will remain kneeling while everyone pisses in your mouth. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

“If you swallow it, great. If not, that’s okay for now as you’re new to it but you’ll eventually have to drink it all down without spilling a drop or gagging on it. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“If you move from that position for any reason before the person pissing is done you will be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Welcome to toilet training one-oh-one,” Celeste grinned. “Go ahead Hank, feed the little urinal your pee.”

Brianna opened her mouth. Hank stepped forward, aimed and let the stream flow. Brianna’s mouth filled to capacity in no time at all, the excess pouring from the corners of her mouth like little waterfalls as she struggled to remain in position as the warm, bitter and extremely salty fluid continued. Feeling it in the back of her throat, unable to prevent the inevitable she closed her mouth and gulped it down – immediately regretting not spitting it out instead. Doubling over coughing, the rest of Hank’s pee soaked her hair.

“Aawww, and you were doing so well,” Mistress Celeste said. “I’m proud that you actually swallowed some of it on the first try, but you broke position and must be disciplined.”

“Y-Yes M-Mistress,” Brianna choked out. “God that was so gross.”

“That’s one load down and fourteen more to go. Don’t worry, with drinking fourteen loads per day you’ll get used to it in no time at all. Now assume the punishment position.”

Without word, Brianna lowered her head to the barn floor, stretched her arms out in front of her and raised her feet so that she was on her knees – ass raised high and begging to be spanked. Grabbing the cane from the far wall, Mistress Celeste took up position, aimed with a few light taps to her slave’s behind and then brought the length of bamboo down hard. To her credit, Brianna did not move or cry out as she learned long ago doing such things would only increase the punishment.

“One. Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson.”

“Wrong thanks, slave. This time you will say: I’m sorry Mistress. I’ll work harder at being a better urinal.”

WHACK!

“One,” Brianna started over, knowing those were the rules for screwing up. “I’m sorry Mistress. I’ll work harder at being a better urinal.”

WHACK!

“Two. I’m sorry Mistress. I’ll work harder at being a better urinal.”

WHACK!

“Three. I’m sorry Mistress. I’ll work harder at being a better urinal.”

WHACK

“Four I’m sorry Mistress. I’ll work harder at being a better urinal.”

WHACK!

“Five. I’m sorry Mistress. I’ll work harder at being a better urinal.”

WHACK!

“Six. I’m sorry Mistress. I’ll work harder at being a better urinal.”

WHACK!

“Seven. I’m sorry Mistress. I’ll work harder at being a better urinal.”

WHACK!

“Eight. I’m sorry Mistress. I’ll work harder at being a better urinal.”

WHACK!

“Nine. I’m sorry Mistress. I’ll work harder at being a better urinal.”

WHACK!

“Ten. I’m sorry Mistress. I’ll work harder at being a better urinal.”

“Assume the kneeling position. Heather, who don’t you go next?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I am not your Mistress so you do not have to call me such.”

“But Mistress Julie said it was a sign of respect and I respect you, Mistress Celeste. But I will stop if that is what you wish.”

“No, it’s okay. If that is how your Mistress trained you then who am I to argue?”

“Thank you Mistress. And for what it’s worth, I really, really want to be your slave as well.”

“Um, me too,” Jenna said.

“And me,” Yvonne added. “Don’t get me wrong, Master Luke is amazing. And

don't even get me started on that magnificent big black dick of his, but I've known you much longer and trust you to train me right, Mistress."

"Fuck, I'm not even submissive and I'd let you train me," Paul smiled.

"Um, okay, just how many of you want me to train you?" Mistress Celeste asked her employees. And to her surprise every single woman and three of the men raised their hand. "Damn! Really? Even you Bill?"

"I'd be lying if I said the thought hadn't crossed my mind," the tall, lanky man answered.

"I don't think I can train ten slaves at the same time. That's why I brought in damn near every kinky person I know to help."

"I believe you can do it Mistress," Brianna said, as she moved into a kneeling position. "You can train us all at the same time like one big class of submissives. I think youmph..." her words were cut off by Jenna's pussy pressing against her lips.

"Sorry, but I can't hold it back any longer," Jenna said. No sooner were the words out of her mouth than her pee was filling Brianna's.

With a pussy pressed tight against her lips and a hand on the back of her head preventing her from backing away, Brianna had no choice but to gulp the acrid liquid down as quickly as it came – not stopping until Jenna did. Panting, she looked up at her friend and coworker through teary eyes. "Oh my fucking god! I just drank every fucking drop of your piss!"

"Yes you did. How are you feeling?"

"Like I'm about to throw up," Brianna said, looking over at her Mistress with pleading eyes.

"Stay your position to the count of twenty. If you still feel the urge to throw up after that you may."

"Thank you Mistress," Brianna said, starting the count in her head.

"Are you all serious in that you want me as your Mistress?"

“Yes,” nine of her employees said in unison. “I’ve seen the way you train Brianna and I trust that you know what you’re doing,” Vicki added. Moving beside Brianna, she knelt with her arms behind her back, hands clasped above opposite elbows. “Please me by Mistress.”

“And mine,” Yvonne said as she too knelt.

One by one the nine men and women knelt on the barn floor in a long row as Mistress Celeste watches in stunned silence, the urge to cry welling up inside at their show of loyalty. “Very well. But there’s one condition. If you want me as your Mistress you must all get the same three brands as Brianna. Well, the men will get a different one to replace the breed me brand, but you must all get three. If you agree then remain kneeling. And if you’re unwilling to be branded as cattle then please get up and know there will be no hard feelings between us.” To her surprise all nine men and women remained kneeling. “Very well. Then resume Brianna’s toilet training and I will go get the branding irons.”

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“I can’t believe you all agreed to let her brand you three times,” Brianna said as George stepped up to use her as his personal toilet. After drinking most of it down, she did another count in her head – this time making it to twelve before she scrambled to her feet and outside where she purged the contents of her belly before returning for more.

“I trust her more than anyone,” Yvonne said. She took me in when I was at my lowest and never once took advantage of me. She’s not only the best boss I’ve ever had, but the best friend as well. I really don’t like talking about my past, but Mistress Celeste helped me through some very dark times. Being her slave seems like the right thing to do as far as I’m concerned. Now open up, I really need to piss before my bladder explodes.”

“She didn’t help me through dark times,” Lisa said “but she did give me a job when I desperately needed it and never got angry with me no matter how many times I screwed up. I’ve never known a more caring and patient person in my life and I’d serve as her slave in a heartbeat no matter how many brands she demanded I accept.”

One by one, the men and women took turns pissing down Brianna’s throat while giving a brief history of their time working for Celeste. Meanwhile, Celeste went

to another barn, gathered everything she needed to do the brands and then returned to her employees turned slaves, carefully rolling the cart so as to not spill the hot coals blazing in the four braziers. “Has Brianna broken position other than to throw up?”

“No Mistress,” Yvonne answered. “She’s actually doing very well for a first-time piss drinker. She’s been keeping it down longer and longer, but she still needs work drinking it all.”

“Glad to hear it. You should all pay very close attention as you’ll all be trained as urinals from this point forward. Now, starting with you, Yvonne, go to the Saint Andrews and let Hank strap you in place for the branding.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“If you’re my new slave and have not yet pissed down Brianna’s throat please do so now so that I can do the brandings in as orderly a fashion as possible. And if you’re not my slave then please piss down the throats of any of the other new slaves if you haven’t already used Brianna.”

As Hank strapped Yvonne to the Saint Andrews cross, Nate stepped in front of Jenna and offered her his dick. She opened her mouth and let it slide to the back of her throat. When he started pissing, she choked but kept her mouth in place as the urine gushed out in jets.

“Oh my fucking god that’s nasty!” Jenna gagged, spitting the salty liquid out as much as possible which did nothing to rid her taste buds of the flavor. “How in the hell can you drink it without gagging?”

“Relax your gag reflex and hope for the best,” Brianna shrugged. “That, and I really, really don’t want to feel the cane again.” Opening her mouth, she took Mike’s dick in her mouth and swallowed every drop of his pee, realizing in that moment how much easier it was to drink it from a man than a woman who did not have anything to slide down her throat.

Everything came to a screeching halt when Mistress Celeste pressed the first brand into Jenna’s right hip, leaving behind the ranch’s symbol in nasty red burns that would eventually heal into the letters OHR inside of an oval. Forgetting the gag, Jenna’s screams took everyone by surprise including Brianna and Mistress Celeste who had both experienced the same feeling twice that same

day.

Not giving her newly marked slave time to think, Mistress Celeste placed the branding iron in its brazier and picked out another. This one went on Jenna's left hip and forever marked her as the PROPERTY OF MISTRESS CELESTE. And finally, the last one went on her mound just above the clit and read: BREED ME with an arrow pointing down. Sobbing uncontrollably, Jenna was let down by Hank who motioned for Heather to take her place.

Having second thoughts after what she had just witnessed, the petite redhead remained motionless on her knees for several moments before finally getting to her knees and allowing Hank to strap her in place. "I hope this proves how much trust we're placing in you, Mistress."

"It means more to me than words can ever express," Mistress Celeste said as she pressed the first branding iron into her slave's right thigh.

One by one, the slaves were strapped to the large wooden 'X' while Mistress Celeste branded them – the women with the ranch symbol, property of Mistress Celeste and breed me; while the men each received the first two and breeding stud above their cock. And to everyone's surprise, after Bill, Paul and George received their brands and Mistress Celeste was preparing to clean up, Hank placed himself on the Saint Andrews.

"Please strap me in place and brand me, Mistress," he said looking into Celeste's eyes.

"Are you absolutely certain this is what you want to do, Hank. I didn't peg you as the submissive type."

"Normally I'm not, but I'll submit to you, Mistress."

"As will I," Mike said, taking a step towards the Saint Andrews.

"And me," Larry added. And before she knew it all of the remaining men formed a line to be branded her slave. Beside herself, Mistress Celeste broke down crying.

"I don't even know what to say," Celeste sniffed back the tears. "You all honor me more than I can ever put in words, but you have my vow that I'll do

everything in my power to be the best possible Mistress I can for you all.”

“And we’ll do everything in our power to be the best possible slaves,” Brianna replied.

Epilogue

Amy and Mistress Fiona sat back and stared at each other for several long moments in silence as they processed what they had just finished watching. For months they had been looking into the possibility of opening up some sort of school for training submissives and slaves and at long last they found someone with the same ideas.

“Do you think she’ll be interested in working with us, Mistress?” Amy asked.

“I don’t know, but it wouldn’t hurt to ask, right.”

“Yes Mistress. She obviously has way more contacts with kinky people than any of us, plus she has that huge farm out in the middle of nowhere where the training can take place.”

“And what will we be bringing to this deal other than ourselves?”

“A massive audience willing to spend their hard earned money on as much perverted porn as possible, Mistress. It’s a win-win for everyone involved.”

“You heard her in the earlier videos, Amy. She already records and sells porn so what will she need with us?”

“New material, Mistress? I’m not sure what you’re looking for. You asked me to look into the viability of opening some sort of training academy for submissives and slaves and that’s what I’ve been doing. This is the best I’ve come up with so far. Like you said, Mistress, it doesn’t hurt to talk to her about it, right? And if she says she’s not interested then we’ll just have to save as much money as possible over the next few years and try it on our own. That being said, I did find one other place that’s doing exactly what we want, but there’s no way to get in on it.”

“Oh, and why is that?”

“There’s a place in Rome, Wisconsin called the Domination farm. They’ve apparently been in business of training slaves for about sixty years. It’s a well-

established place with their own television stations, toy production facility and highly trained Dominants. But it does tell us that what we're trying to do is at least in the realm of possibilities, Mistress. It also tells me we're going to need a metric shit ton of money to set it up and that requires us to either go into business with someone else, or save as much as possible until we get what we need."

"I'll give this Mistress Celeste a call in the morning. Good work, Amy."

"Thank you Mistress."