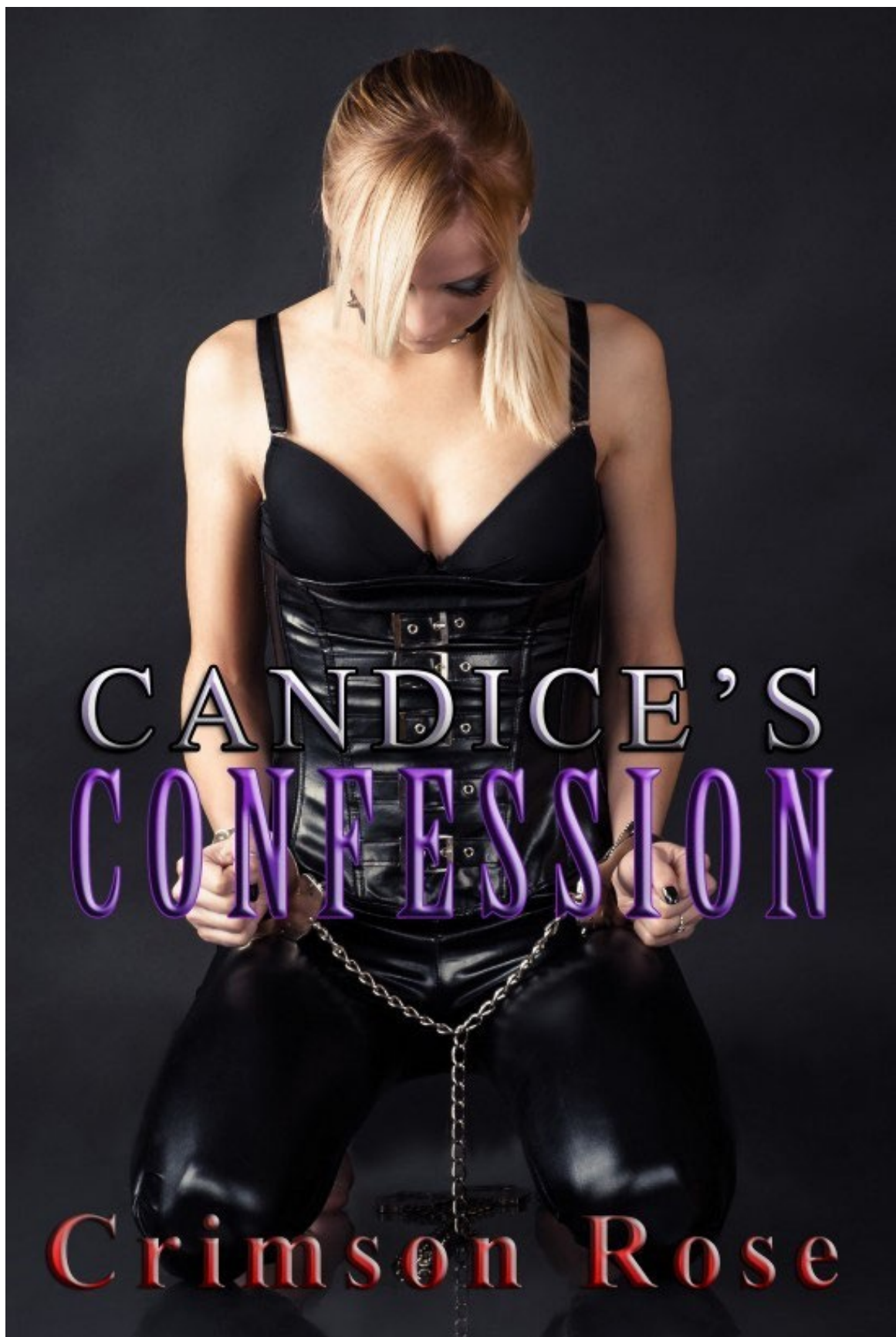
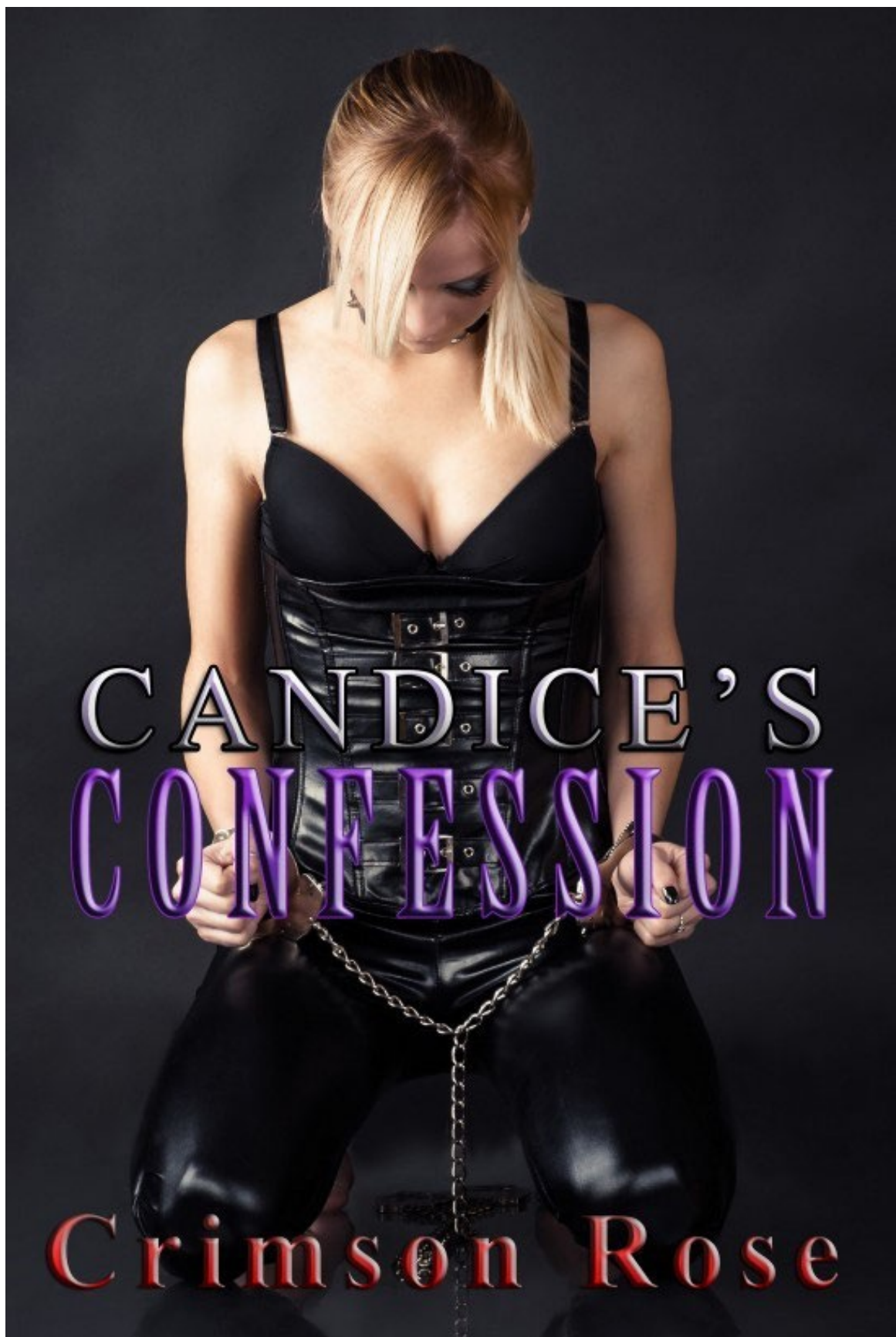




CANDICE'S
CONFESSION

Crimson Rose



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Candice's Confession

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Twenty seven year old Gwen Price sat quietly at the defendant's table, her demeanor calm and collected despite her very freedom being on the line. On trial for trafficking in sex slaves she had been assured by her lawyers that the police and prosecution had no case, and she was inclined to agree. Not because she thought herself above the law, but because the authorities have been trying to shut her place of business down for years without fail and whether the people liked it or not, the law was on her side.

Sitting on the witness stand, giving her testimony was twenty-nine year old Candice Fuller – a decorated officer with seven unblemished years on the force, and the prosecution's star witness. She had just finished answering a line of questions that painted Gwen Price as the evil mastermind behind a cleverly disguised sex-trafficking ring – who, according to witnesses forced people to come to a secluded farm in the middle of nowhere Rome, Wisconsin to partake in acts of depravity she couldn't even bring herself to mention, and she was feeling pretty good about her chances of winning.

Officer Fuller shifted uneasily in the witness seat, her body still aching from her ordeal at the Domination Farm as Anthony Goughler, Gwen's attorney approached to cross examine. Representing the Farm since its inception under the ownership of Master Joey Simms, he was intimately familiar not only with the place itself, but the many, many times various agencies have tried in vain to close it down.

"Just to clarify, it is your sworn testimony that my client forced you into the Domination Farm against your will and subjected you to all manner of atrocities. Is that correct, Officer Fuller?"

"That is correct."

"And that is what led you to arresting my client?"

"Eventually, yes."

"Would you please explain what you mean by that, Officer Fuller?"

“We got more than a dozen calls about missing friends and family members. And after months of investigation we determined there was only one thing linking them all together.”

“And that one link would be?”

“The forms they all filled out to gain entry into that...place.”

“And by that place you mean the Domination Farm currently owned and operated by my client?”

“That is correct.”

“And what were these forms?”

“Rules, waivers, consent forms, that sort of thing. But in reality they were nothing more than slave contracts.”

“Objection, your honor, Mr. Goughler said to the judge. “There is absolutely no proof that the forms those missing signed are slave contracts.”

“Sustained. The jury will disregard the witness’ opinion that the forms were slave contracts,” the judge agreed.

“So, you tracked all of the missing people to the Domination Farm, got a search warrant and went in looking for them?” Mr. Goughler returned to the questioning.

“Not exactly.”

“Please elaborate, Officer Fuller.”

“Since one of those missing was my step-sister Lori I was adamant about being on the case. I was sent there undercover to investigate the whereabouts of the missing men and women.”

“So, you arrived at the Farm and waltzed through the front door?”

“No.” Candice answered, and for the first time she felt her resolve waiver as she inched closer and closer to the hole she was digging for herself.

““No? Did you climb over the wall?”

“Of course not.”

“Then how did you get into the Domination Farm, Officer Fuller?”

“I had to sign the forms.”

There was a palpable silence throughout the courtroom at the confession and everyone from the jury to those watching were in the edges of their seats.

“You signed the forms? The same forms you said amounted to slave contracts?”

“Yes.”

“Did you read the forms before you signed them, Officer Fuller?”

“Of course I read them.”

“And was my client’s name anywhere on even a single one of those pages?”

“No, her name was not on them, but there were a lot of them to sign so I may have missed it,” Candice said, her cheeks growing redder by the second.

“If her name was not on the forms then why did you arrest my client?”

“Because she was the mastermind behind the whole operation, that’s why. She is an evil woman and deserves to be locked away for the rest of her miserable life for what she did to all those men and women.”

“All of those men and women, Officer Fuller, or you?”

Silence turned to gasps not only from the silent audience, but from the jury box as well. Candice shrank back into the witness chair, her face bright red in shame.

“I...I...that doesn’t have any bearing on this case whatsoever,” Candice said weakly. “I arrested her for what she did to countless innocent people. So many lives changed, ruined because of her.”

“Was your life ruined because of all the things she forced you to do?”

“She didn’t do anything to me directly.”

“I’m very confused here, Officer Fuller. On the one hand you’re telling us she ruined your life and the lives of everyone at the Domination Farm while on the other you’re telling us she never made you do a single thing.”

“Not directly.”

“Indirectly then. You have proof that what was done to you came from her lips?”

“No, but she is in charge. She calls all the shots.”

“I notice you are sitting uneasy in that seat. Should we get a more comfortable one for you?”

“Objection,” said Jonathon Humphrey standing up. “Mr. Goughler is clearly badgering the witness.”

“I have very good reason for these questions,” Goughler responded “as will soon become evident.”

“Overruled,” Judge Cintron replied.

“Thank you, your Honor,” Anthony said to the judge. “So, when you arrived at the Domination Farm and signed the papers to get in did you go straight to my client’s office to question her?”

“Not at first, no.”

“Why don’t you tell us all in your own words exactly what happened from the moment you stepped foot on Domination Farm property.”

“Objection!” the prosecutor yelled out, getting to his feet in a huff. “Officer Fuller was subjected to some of the most horrific forms of sexual abuse at that place and should not have to recount it here in court.”

“I disagree your Honor,” Mr. Goughler said. “Officer Fuller is accusing my client of being the head of a sex-trafficking ring – something more than a dozen government agencies have failed to prove I might add. Her very freedom is on the line and the only way we’re going to get justice is to hear the truth, the whole

truth and nothing but the truth.”

“Objection overruled. Please continue, Officer Fuller,” the judge commanded.

Taking a deep breath, Candice closed her eyes as and thought back to the start of it all.

Officer Candice Fuller arrived at the Slave Farm just after three in the morning and parked her 2011 Ford Taurus in the first empty space she found. Looking across the large lot at a row of three kiosks where men and women waited in lines in various stages of undress, she opened her car door and got out – smoothing the wrinkles out of the royal blue latex dress she bought just for the occasion. It was not her usual fair, but did an amazing job of highlighting her long, tanned and toned legs, shapely ass and ample bosom. Her once long black hair was been chopped off into a pixie do and while she preferred wearing contacts, she opted for glasses that made her look like one of the sexiest school teachers in the education system.

Nine months of investigation had brought her to this point and now that she was final here the butterflies stormed her stomach as she grabbed her purse and walked towards the only door she saw in the tall, stone wall surrounding the Farm. She made it to within thirty feet before she was called out.

“Excuse me Ma’am, the topless woman standing in the Dominant kiosk called out. “But you cannot just walk right in unless you’ve been given a bracelet. You’re also not permitted to take cell phones or other recording devices into the Farm. And you might want to strip out of that sexy dress because street clothes are not permitted either and you will not get them back if taken from you inside.”

“Excuse me?”

“I’m not going to repeat myself. Get in line like everyone else or get in your car and leave.”

“I’m an officer of...”

“I don’t care if you’re the president. The rules pertain to everyone including you. Get in line, or get the fuck off our property.”

“I’d do as Mistress Carol commands,” a petite naked brunette wearing only a light blue collar around her neck said to Candice. “I take it you’re new here?”

“Yes.”

“Are you submissive?”

“No.”

“Then you’ll want the line for bare-necks.”

“What in the hell is a bare-neck?”

“You see this collar around my neck?”

“Yes.”

“And the name branded on my breast,” the woman asked, pointing to a tattoo of Sexy Hellion on her left breast.

“Yes.”

“They mark me as a Farm submissive. Anyone wearing a collar is one form of submissive or another while those with red armbands are Dominants. Bare-necks are those that enter the Domination Farm who are neither Dominant nor submissive. They do not wear collars at all. Hence, bare-neck.”

“I see. And how long have you been here?”

‘Nearly three years.’

“WOW! And you’ve never left in all that time?”

“Not once. This is my home now.”

“Doesn’t anyone worry about you, or miss you?”

“I have a few friends and family members that come visit me on occasion and I’ve made quite a few in my time here.”

“I’m sorry, but I really must tend to other business right now, but I hope we can talk again later.”

“Likewise,” Officer Fuller smiled, thinking she just found her first interview.

Taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly, she got in the line for bare-necks behind a naked couple. When it was finally her turn, she was given a clipboard full of papers to read and sign and asked to step out of line so that others could be tended to. With clipboard in hand, she stepped to the left and began to read – her eyes growing wide as her heart beat faster and faster in her chest.

Unable to believe what she was reading, Candice walked over to her car, grabbed her cell phone from her purse and called her boss at the station. “I don’t think I can go through with this, Sir,” she said nervously. “According to what I’m reading if I sign these documents I am willingly allowing myself to be enslaved. Or at least giving the Dominants here full permission to collar and register me as their property.”

“I will not order you to do this, Officer Fuller, but you know as well as anyone how much we have invested in this case. If you back out now the whole thing was for naught and all those missing men and women may never be seen or heard from again. If you’re not feeling up to the task then no one will blame you.”

“Thank you Sir.”

“If anything goes wrong just call and we’ll send in backup as quickly as possible.”

“Impossible to do, Sir. Cell phones are not permitted within the farm and I don’t know if they have any in there we can use or not.”

“Then if I do not hear from you in a few days I’ll send men in looking. That is if you’re going to continue the investigation.”

“You’re right, Sir. We have too much riding on this for me to chicken out now. I’ll continue, but I don’t like what I’m reading, the waivers and consent forms I have to sign to gain entry.”

“You do what you think is right. If I see you back at the precinct in a few hours I’ll know you backed out. Otherwise I’ll assume you went in.”

“I’m going in, Sir,” Candice said, taking another look at the lines of half-naked men and women.

“Good luck, Officer Fuller.”

“Thank you, Sir.” Hanging up the phone and putting it in her purse, Candice did something next she never imagined doing as long as she lived. After reading a section confirming what Mistress Carol said about street clothes not being returned if taken within the Farm, she took her dress and panties off and put them in the car – taking only her ID and credit card with her when she got back in line.

Giving the forms to the submissive within, her information was entered into the system and she was issued her very own Dominant Farm cuff bracelet which she put one thousand dollars of her own money on to avoid going into Farm debt. And then, as instructed, she walked over to the entrance and swiped her bracelet across the scanner. The door unlocked and she stepped into a large waiting room with padded benches around three walls and a door to her left that had no visible means of opening from this side. Taking a seat between two naked brunettes, she chewed her lower lip and tried her damndest not to stare.

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The locked door opened forty minutes later and a tall, handsome, clean cut man of about thirty-five entered, his well-toned chest bare, red band around his right bicep. “Attention, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Master Isaac and I will be your tour guide this evening.”

“Tour guide?” Candice asked.

“That’s what I said. It is my job to give you a glimpse of what the Domination Farm has to offer before you are fitted for your submissive clothing. Please form two lines and follow me.”

When everyone was in line, Master Isaac opened the door via a scanner that only worked for Dominants and led them out onto the Farm. Candice’s eyes grew large as she watched men and women walking by wearing latex boots, opera gloves and garter belts. A few of them had tails sticking out of their asses as well, but they were the exception and not the rule. To her left, she saw a row of metallic stockades with more than half of them occupied by women engaged in sucking the dicks of the men in line in front of them. And to the right was a small café – the sign swaying in the light breeze reading: Hot Momma Café.

Further up Domination Drive – the main north-south road, she saw the fenced in area of the Puppy Park where dominant men and women stood around, sat on benches and leaned against trees while their submissives – all dressed in latex and other gear giving them the appearance of dogs, hopped around and played with each other. Some of the males going so far as to mount the females. And beyond that was the Gang Bang Grotto where two women – a twenty-something blonde and a redhead in her thirties were being fucked by twenty or so men. Candice's heart skipped a beat and she wondered just how far over her head she had gotten herself when they passed a huge stage surrounded on three sides by stadium-style seating.

“Excuse me, but what is that?” a man in front asked as they neared the stage.

“That is the auction Block,” Master Isaac answered. “It is where submissives and bare-necks put themselves up for auction to fulfill a short-term contract.”

“What do you mean?” Candice asked, hoping he'd slip up and say this is where they sold all those they tricked into sexual servitude.

“I mean, bare-necks and submissives fill out a form noting everything they are willing to do and how long they're willing to do it and then we auction them off to the highest bidder. Forty percent of the sale price goes to the one being auctioned off while the Farm keeps the remaining sixty percent for fees and cost of running the auction.

As the tour continued onto Ponygirl Parkway they approached a long barn Candice knew had to hold all manner of perverse things. Stepping out of line, she walked over, pulled the door open and stepped inside. “What is this place?”

“Welcome to the Milking Barn,” an olive-skinned brunette wearing a blue, curve-hugging corset dress said. “Nice to see a bare-neck volunteering to be milked.”

“Um, excuse me? I'm not volunteering for any such thing.

“Actually, you are,” Master Isaac said from the doorway. “You enter the building of your own free will and the rules are very clear on what that means,” he added, pointing to a plaque hanging on the wall to his right. “We are in the middle of a tour right now, but I will make sure she finds her way back here once she's been fitted for her submissive clothes, Mistress Veronica.”

“Thank you Master Isaac.”

Fuming mad, Candice walked over to the plaque and read it. In short, it said all bare-necks and submissives entering the Milking Barn were obligated to have no fewer than two one hour sessions per day until they are capable of producing a minimum of ten ounces of milk per day. Failure to comply would result in immediate registration as a Farm submissive followed by a severe punishment. And at the bottom it stated that upon completion of the training all bare-necks and submissive would receive a mark of completion in the form of a tattoo or brand on their right breast.

“This seriously fucked up bullshit right here,” Candice complained. “There’s no way in hell I can stay here and be milked like a damn cow,” she added, looking around the large barn and the nearly two dozen women with machines attached to their breasts – some producing milk, others not that far along.

“Then you will be registers and marked as a Farm submissive and severely punished,” Master Isaac shrugged. “The choice is yours. Now get back in line. We have a tour to finish.”

Lost in a world of humiliation, Candice paid little attention to the rest of the tour as they were led up one paved street and down another until Master Isaac finally opened the door to the fetish clothing store and led them inside. Going along with the motions, her mind still racing to find a way out of the training sessions without being branded a slave, she was put in a pair of thigh-high latex boots, opera gloves and garter belt in matching pink latex.

“Get on all fours with your head down and ass up,” Master Isaac commanded.

Still in a daze, Candice complied. When she felt the cool lube trickle down onto her asshole she inhaled deeply and then tried to move, but it was too late. The plug was going up her ass and Master Isaac held her in place with the threat of a severe caning should she move another inch. In and out the plug went – growing larger and larger with every thrust until her asshole finally stretched open enough to engulf the two and a half inch thick base. “Oh god it hurts. It’s too fucking big!”

“You’ll get used to it. Besides, it’s smaller than the dildo seats you’ll be fucking yourself on so quit your bitching and get on all fours like a good cow.” When she was in position, he attached the tail to the base of the plug and smiled. “The

rest of you are dismissed to enjoy the Domination Farm as you see fit. And you,” he said looking down at Candice “will crawl on all fours next to me all the way back to the Milking Barn for your first lesson.”

Once back in the building, Master Isaac handed Candice off to Mistress Veronica and then left her to it. Walking around her new trainee, Mistress Veronica smiled at what she saw. “You’re a very sexy cow. What is your name?”

“Candice. And I’m not a cow!”

“You’re here to be milked like a cow, so a cow you are. And from this point forward you will call me Mistress or you will be punished. Is that understood?”

“Yes.”

“Ten swats.”

“What!? Why? I said I agreed!”

“Twenty swats.”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Candice stammered, catching on to what was expected of her before the punishment became even worse.

“Get into the punishment position while I get the cane.”

“Excuse me, Mistress?”

“The punishment position, you stupid cow. Cross your arms on the floor and place your chin on them looking forward with your ass up and legs together. You will then raise your feet until the soles are upwards. Now get into position or I’m doubling the punishment.”

“Yes Mistress,” Candice said, quickly getting into the described position as best she could. When Mistress Veronica returned swooshing the cane through the air, she felt every muscle tighten.

“After each swat you will count it and say: thank you Mistress for teaching this cow a lesson. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“If you fail to count or give thanks we start all over at one until you get it right twenty times in a row. Is that understood, cow?”

“Y-Y-Yes Mistress,” Candice answered on the verge of tears before the punishment ever began.

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Red-faced, tears forming in her eyes, Candice looked out at the jury and those watching from the gallery, the look of shock and disapproval she got from them bringing her that much more shame and humiliation as she took a break from the story.

“That...that is quite the story, Officer Fuller,” Mr. Goughler said as he attempted to hide the bulge growing in his pants. “But I still don’t see at what point you were forced into anything against your will.”

“Master Isaac forced me into those humiliating clothes! He forced the plug up my rear end and he forced me to crawl to that building where they...they...”

“Milked you like a cow?”

“Yes.”

“So, he put a gun to your head?”

“No.”

“A knife to your throat?”

“Threatened to harm your loved ones if you did not comply?”

“No.”

“Then where was the force, Officer Fuller?”

“They were going to cane me. Register me as one of their slaves and brand me as such!”

“Were you restrained in any way, shape or form?”

“No, but...”

“So you could have gotten up at any time and left of your own free will just as you entered?”

“I couldn’t leave because I had a job to do. All those missing men and women were counting on me to get to the bottom of their disappearances and bring them home.”

“So you stayed of your own free will and allowed them to not only milk you, but to punish you as well?? Please, Officer Fuller continue telling your story and maybe, just maybe we’ll get to the truth.

After thirty-nine swats, Candice was finally commanded to sit on her first dildo Seat. Looking at it, she was about to complain but stopped when the cane swooshed through the air and landed hard across her ass for the fortieth time. “Aahhgghhhh! Forty! Thank you Mistress for teaching this cow a lesson!” she wailed, thinking she was still being punished.

“Get on the dildo seat, cow. I fully expect you to be sitting down fully by the end of your lesson.”

“I’ll never be able to take that monster in me, Mistress. It’s way too big!”

“So says everyone, but look around, cow. Do you see any of the others complaining about how big it is? Do you see any not fully seated on it?”

“N-No, Mistress.”

WHACK! “Then get your ass in gear. Take as much as you possibly can while I get you hooked up to the machine. Each lesson will last one hour and you are required to have two such lessons per day until you reach quota. Failure to make all required sessions will result in you being punished and registered as a Farm submissive,” she said, hooking a suction tube to each of Candice’s breast over the areolas. The machines are on a timer and will shut off when the hour is up. If you are not seated fully on that cock by then you will receive another fifty swats.”

“FIFTY!”

“To your breasts,” Enjoy your first session, cow.” Mistress Veronica said with a wicked grin.

With the huge toy stuffing her ass, Candice groaned as she let herself slide down about half the length of the tapered dildo attached to the stool she was currently hovering over. Reaching down, she wrapped her hand around the base. Her fingers didn’t come close to touching and she knew she was headed for a horrible punishment as she fucked herself up and down in an attempt to take it

all the way.

“H-How fucking big is this damn thing?” Candice gasped as the minutes ticked away and only two more inches went in.

“It’s a foot long and tapers from one inch at the tip and three and four inches at the base,” Mistress Veronica answered. “And in case you’re curious, you have thirty-four minutes remaining to take the remaining half of it.”

“Jesus Christ! I only have half of it in me?”

“Give or take.”

“Are you really going to cane my breasts if I’m not sitting on it by the end of my session, Mistress?”

“Yes, I really am, cow. Fifty swats to those future milk jugs and I’m not going to go easy on them either. And you’ll get another fifty swats to them for every session you’re unable to take that dildo to the base so if I were you I’d stop talking and concentrate on working it deeper.”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Candice grunted, easing her leg muscles and allowing gravity to force her down another inch – her pussy stretching open more than she thought possible outside of childbirth. Feeling as if she were being split in half, but not wanting to feel the cane on her tits, she bounced up and down as a quickened pace, groaning through the pain but going further down the toy’s length with each passing second.

“You have one minute remaining,” Mistress Veronica said, picking up the cane and approaching Candice’s machine.

Fearing for her breasts, Candice rose up, took a deep breath and exhaled as she slammed herself down as hard and fast as humanly possible. Pain ripped through her loins and she saw tiny dots of light as she felt the cool metal seat of the stool pressing against her ass. The toy was in and she was frozen in place too afraid to move.

“Damn,” Mistress Veronica sighed. “I was really hoping to add a few welts to your tits. Oh well. Time’s up.”

“I d-don’t think I can m-move, Mistress,” Candice said, her entire body visibly shaking.

“If you are still sitting there when the machine resets you’re stuck for another hour. You have about thirty seconds to make up your mind.”

Bracing a hand on the machine rack, Candice slowly pulled herself up off the dildo. Her knees buckled right out from under her and back down she went – taking all twelve inches in one swift downward thrust. “Aaahhhh fuck!”

“Very nice. Do it again.”

“Getting back to her feet, Candice dropped back down – her pussy swallowing the monster-sized dildo with relative ease. The machine gave a series of beeps and began sucking her nipples once again.

“Oops, looks like you’re in for another hour on the dildo. Enjoy the ride, Cow,” Mistress Veronica grinned.

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Her second hour finally over, Candice fell off the stool and onto her hands and knees. Not waiting to be tricked into another hour, she crawled towards the door and out onto the street before managing to gather enough strength to get to her feet. Hands on the back of a dildo bench for support, she panted heavily as she watched three young women enter the Milking Barn giggling. But her trance was soon broken by the feeling of something brushing against the front of her neck. She jumped and spun around, but not before the black band was closed in place.

“W-What in the hell do you think you’re doing!?” she yelled, reaching up to remove the collar, but finding the magnetic clasp far too strong for her to open. “Take this off of me right god damn now! I’m not a slave!” she demanded, looking fiercely at the forty-something man that would own her.

“I can see you’re not a slave,” the man chuckled. “And seeing as how gorgeous you are, and the fact that you just came out of the milking barn I was hoping to rectify that grave mistake. My name is Master Gregory,” he said taking her by the arm. “And you are?”

“C-Candice. My name is Candice.”

“Pleasure to collar you Candice. I think you’re going to make me a very happy Master.”

“TAKE THIS DAMN THING OFF OF ME RIGHT NOW! I am not looking for a Master. I am not submissive!”

“Not yet, maybe, but with enough training you’ll realize what you truly are at heart and come to embrace your new self. Come on, I have the perfect name for a sexy cow like you.”

“Name? Oh hell no!” Candice shrieked, suddenly recalling how she had until they entered the registration office to get away before she was claimed and made the property of whomever claimed her. Jerking her arm free, she found a new strength in the adrenaline coursing through her body that carried her swiftly down Breeder Boulevard to Caning Court and into the House of Gape where she was greeted by another brunette Mistress wearing a red armband and corset dress.

“Oh god, what have I gotten myself into this time?” she gasped between breaths. “W-What is this place, Mistress?”

“This is the house of gape and before you leave you are required to complete the training.”

“Training? What training?”

“You will be trained to take two fists in the same hole at the same time. I am Mistress Diane and I’ll be your trainer this fine morning.”

“Oh lord!”

“What happens if I leave?”

Mistress Diane pointed to the rules plaque on the wall and Candice moved over to read it. Much like the one on the wall of the Milking Barn, it spelled out the rules in no uncertain terms. If she left before she was taking two fists in the same hole at the same time she would be punished, registered as a Farm submissive and branded.

“I think I can probably already take it in my pussy, Mistress. I just spent an hour

fucking myself on a dildo seat in the Milking Barn.”

“Very nice. That means your nearly there. What about your ass?”

“I’ve been wearing this massive plug ever since I got here a few hours ago, Mistress but I don’t know how big it is. Master Isaac fucked it up my ass at the clothing store.”

“Did he explain that it is now a part of your submissive clothes and must be worn at all times while on the Farm?”

“No.”

“Well, now you know. If you are caught without it up your ass you will be punished. The only exceptions are when you are using the toilet, taking a shower, or having your ass used for sex and training. Since you will be double fisted up your sexy ass before you leave here today you will also leave with a much thicker plug.”

“Yes Mistress. Um, can you take this collar off? Some random man slapped it around my neck as if he owned me and I can’t seem to be able to get it apart.”

“I’d be pretty impressed if you could. It requires three thousand pounds of force to remove without the tool. And no, I cannot take it off. You are collared as a submissive now like it or not and must follow all of the rules as such. First things first, I need to make sure you were telling the truth.” Walking over to Candice, Mistress Diane balled her right hand into a fist, swatted down and then unceremoniously rammed it into Candice’s pussy until her knuckles were pressing against her g-spot. “Okay, now that I know you can easily take my fist in your pussy we will start there and then move to your ass.”

“Oh my god! Y-You fisted me! You had your entire hand in my...m-my pussy!”

“I did. And you’ll be taking a whole lot more before the day is over. But first, you have twenty swats coming for forgetting to call me Mistress.”

“Yes Mistress,” Candice said, her shoulders slumping in defeat as she allowed herself to be led by the arm into a small back room. Getting into the punishment position, she endured another twenty swats before being placed on a padded bench and strapped in place for her fisting training.

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Her fisting training complete nearly seven hours later, Candice was confused as to why she was still strapped to the bench. But when she saw Mistress Diane return with some sort of gun, she knew right away what was about to happen. “W-What is that, Mistress?”

“This is the branding gun I will use to give you your mark of completion. It will brand a fist with the words fisting queen written around it on your mound so that everyone who sees you naked will know what a true slut you are. But first, it will inject you with ink that will be drawn up into the brand giving it full color as it heals. And so you know, the fist and words will be black so it really stands out on your pale skin.”

Strapped face up on the bench, Candice cried as the heat of the branding gun seared the image into the tender flesh of her vulva – permanently marking her as a fisting queen. The leather straps were undone and she was allowed to leave. Wanting nothing more than to escape the horrors of being turned into a sex slave against her will, she beelined for the exit, but stopped at the last moment as her thoughts turned to the missing men and women she came here to find. Sighing, she turned around and walked back up Domination Drive.

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“So, let me get this right, Officer Fuller, you were at the exit gates ready to leave the Domination Farm of your own free will but decided to turn back?”

“That is correct?”

“If you were forced to do all those horrible things then why would you willingly go back knowing what lay in store for you?”

“Because I could not leave those men and women behind without at least trying to discover what happened to them. As much as it pained and humiliated me to do so I had to stay for their sake.”

“I see. Please, do continue with your story, Officer Fuller as we’re all eagerly awaiting the point where they forced you into slavery.”

As the sun rose in the sky a very tired police officer stumbled upon the location of the submissive apartments. Following the instructions posted several times on every floor, she found a room, wrote her name on the dry erase board and entered. Finding the bed, she plopped down and was out in minutes, her fears and humiliation outweighed by the desperate need for rest. She slept until a knock at the door woke her many hours later. Getting up, she went to the door and opened it to a petite Farm submissive with a brand of SLUTTYFOX on her left breast.

“Can I help you with something?”

“I’m here to take you to the Petting Zoo,” Sluttyfox answered.

“Petting zoo? Why in the hell would I go to the petting zoo?”

“To put in your four hours of work paying off your debt to the Farm. Please come with me.”

“What in the hell are you talking about?”

“Your name is Candice Fuller, yes?”

“Yes but...”

“You’re five feet seven inches tall, brown hair, green eyes, one0-hundred-twenty-seven pounds?”

“Yes but I don’t...”

“Your listed occupation is police officer, correct?”

“Yes, but what in the hell are you talking about?” Candice screamed to get her point in before being interrupted again. “I am not in debt to anyone.”

“You are in debt to the Domination Farm for the amount of your entrance fee as per the terms of the forms you signed before entering.”

“But I paid my entrance fee. This has got to be some mistake.”

“There is no mistake. According to records you placed one thousand dollars on your bracelet but failed to pay the fee. As stated in the rules you are now required to put in four hours at one or more of the attractions to work it off.”

“Can you just take it off what I put on the bracelet?”

“I’m afraid not. That money can only be used to buy food and to pay for toys, machinery and other related toys here at the farm. If you would please come with me I will take you to the Petting Zoo.”

“Do I even want to know what I’ll have to do there?”

“You will be dressed as an animal and placed in the enclosure. While inside you will be fucked by anyone wishing to use you.”

“I really didn’t want to know that. So, you’re saying I will be forced to let complete strangers fuck me for four hours?”

“Not at all. If you fail to remain in the Petting Zoo for the required time you will be punished. However, if you would rather opt out and go to another attraction you will be punished and may spend your four hours doing something else.”

“How many of these attractions can I do that don’t involve me getting fucked for four hours?”

“None.”

“So, then I might as well go to the Petting Zoo and save myself a punishment. Is that what you’re suggesting?”

“You could always leave the farm. The money you owe will then be taken from your bracelet but you will also be banned for life. You will never be permitted on the premises again. Though in your case an exception would be made should you return with a search warrant on police duty.”

“Fine. Can we at least stop so I can use the bathroom and get something to eat?”

“Of course. The Cumeaterie has some of the best food on the Farm.

“Cumeaterie?”

“All meals are topped with twenty to thirty loads of fresh semen. If that doesn’t suit your tastes then there’s the Dive right next door.”

“Do they put semen on their food as well?”

“No.”

“Then the dive it is,” Candice said. “Can we talk about you?”

“Sure, what would you like to know?”

“How long have you been a slave?” Candice asked jumping into investigator mode.

“Only about a year,” she replied. “I met my Master at the Domination Farm last year and fell for him almost instantly.”

“Did he force you into it? I have seen so many women forced to wear the collar. I was almost forced to wear one within five minutes of arriving today.”

“I was not forced to do it. I came here willingly like everyone else. And like many, I came looking for a Master or Mistress to train me.”

“Really, so you were a bare-neck when you came here and left a slave?”

“As is the case with most bare-necks that come to the Domination Farm. Most come out of curiosity. Others come because they want to learn what the BDSM lifestyle really is all about. A few come to mock and berate us, to tell us what horrible people we are for allowing others to turn us into submissives and sex slaves, but they simply don’t understand what it means for us to submit to another. They don’t comprehend the sheer pleasure such an act can bring.”

“But why allow the Masters and Mistresses to force it on others? Don’t you think that gives the whole lifestyle a bad reputation?”

“It is all part of the game. Think of it as another form of role playing. If you put on a nurse’s outfit and play doctor that doesn’t make you a doctor now does it?”

“No,” Candice replied. “But that is different. That happens in the privacy of the bedroom.”

“Then think of this as a giant bedroom. When you take the nurse outfit off you are done role playing and go about your business as usual; same thing with the Domination Farm. While here you are subject to the rules of the Farm and the BDSM lifestyle. When you leave, the game is over and you are free to go about your business as usual.”

“What about the body modifications? You can’t simply remove a tattoo or branding when you leave.”

“That is true, but then that is a risk that we all take to be here. Think of it as a game of cat and mouse. You are the mouse being chased by a lot of hungry cats. It is fun for many to see how long they can last before they fall into the mousetrap, or get swept up in the paws of some crafty and clever cat.”

“So, people come here to participate in all manner of bizarre sexual fetishes and hope they don’t end up a slave?”

“Yes and no. Like I said, there are some, like me, that come specifically to be collared and owned and others that are merely curious. I can see by the fresh brand on your pussy that you recently passed your fisting training. Were you into that sort of thing before coming to the Domination Farm?”

“God no! I never took more than three fingers in my life until today.”

“Impressive. Have you done anything else?”

“I accidentally walked into the Milking Barn during my tour and now I have to complete that training as well.”

“Very nice. Between you and me, I fucking love it when a person with authority submits to such perversions.

“I’m not sure why I came in,” Candice said as the two entered the Dive. “I was going to leave when I read the rules, but I came in anyways.”

Sluttyfox smiled. “We all have a deep dark desire to see and live on the seedier side of life at least one even if we lie and tell ourselves otherwise.”

“So are you a slave only at the Domination Farm then?”

“Oh no, I’m a permanent slave to my Master. He brings me here so that I can learn new things and participate in the games while he tries to acquire new slaves.”

“What sort of...games, do they have here?”

“You name it. The Domination Farm caters to every legal fetish permitted. And just between you and me, if you’re here looking for something to close us down, you’re going to fail. Many have tried over the years as high up as senators and yet here we are. No laws are being broken here and never will be.”

“I’m not here to close you down,” Candice lied. “After passing this place a million times on patrol and hearing all manner of horror story I had to see if there was any truth to it. As much as it humiliates me to admit it, I...I um...oh god, I actually came here looking to be enslaved.”

“Really?”

“Yes,” Candice continued to lie. “Why else would I subject myself to being milked, caned and fisted like an animal? I’ve heard so much about this lifestyle and had to see what it was all about for myself.”

“Cool. Well, in that case, welcome to the Domination Farm. I hope it’s everything you’re looking for. I just have one question. I see that you are collared now but you do not have a submissive name. Why is that?”

“The man who collared me took me by surprise and I kind of ran away from him and right into the House of Gape where I spent several hours being fisted by another woman. Another first for me.”

So, are you planning on seeking him out and letting him register you?”

“I honestly don’t know. I think I’d much rather prefer to get to know someone before handing over control to them.”

“A wise precaution. For the most part the Dominants here are respectful of us submissives, slaves and bare-necks, but on occasion an asshole crops up and gives the whole lifestyle a bad name. So, you looking for a Master or Mistress to

serve?”

“Probably a Master,” Candice compounded her lie. “While getting fisted by Mistress Diane was something...special, I don’t think I can see myself serving another woman. Especially in a sexual way. I have nothing against women who do, but I prefer a nice strong man with a big fat cock. Especially now that I’ve been stretched open as much as I have.”

“Well, you’re never going to find a man with a dick as big as the dildos on the seats around the Farm, but there are some pretty well-hung ones around here if you know where to look. I think you’ll really enjoy your time at the Petting Zoo.”

“Do I have to get another mark of completion for doing that?”

“No. Not every event or attraction requires a mark of completion. You just happened upon two of them back to back. You do know that you are not permitted to leave the Domination Farm until you meet the lactation quota, right?”

“I know. From what Mistress Veronica tells me that could be as long as a few months. My boss isn’t going to be happy about it, but I have no choice in the matter.”

“You always have a choice. If you must go, then go, but you will be registered a Farm submissive and if you ever return that is how you will be collared and treated. Not to mention the punishment for skipping out on your duties and the branding of your breast if you’re not already given a name before then.”

“I know. That’s why I’m staying.” Dammit, Candice thought as she chewed down another bite of her slice of pizza. They must do a hell of a job brainwashing these morons. She isn’t giving up anything I can use to shut them down.

Candice looked at the enclosed pasture labeled the PETTING ZOO and her stomach once more filled with butterflies as she wondered what animal she would represent and how many men and women would fuck her during the course of the next four hours. With a cursory glance she saw men and women dressed as dogs, cats both large and small, pigs, stallions, monkeys and even birds.

“Hello Master Terry, this is Candice and she is here to complete her four hours of volunteer work as per the rules of not paying the entrance fee,” Sluttyfox said to the man sitting at the ticket booth next to the enclosure.

“Thank you Sluttyfox. You may go now,” Master Terry said. “You, grab the cow outfit and get dressed. You’re already wearing the tail so it’s a perfect fit.”

“Y-Yes Master.”

“Your time starts when you’re in the Petting Zoo and on all fours. You will remain inside until four hours are up. Do you understand, cow?”

“Yes Master. What if I need to use the bathroom?”

“Then you will go to the designated area and use it like the animal that you are. Once in costume you are only to make the sounds of the animal you represent. No talking whatsoever, but moaning is okay. Understood, cow?”

“Yes Master,” Candice said as she stripped out of her submissive clothes and dressed in the cow costume consisting of thigh-high boots and opera gloves in a black and white spotted pattern. She was already wearing the tailed plug so left it on the shelf but picked up the ears and put them on. Her humiliation complete, she opened the gate and entered the Petting Zoo. Once it was closed behind her, she dropped onto her hands and knees and crawled around – looking at the other ‘animals’ as she went.

Expecting men outside of the Zoo to fuck her, Candice was surprised when black man dressed as a bull grabbed her by the hips and mounted her – his big black

cock going straight into her pussy without warning. Had it happened when she first got to the Domination Farm she would have been yelping in agony, but thankfully she was now somewhat used to taking larger than normal things in both holes and she lowered her head to the grass as he plowed deeper.

“Uhn...uhn...m-mooooo!” Candice moaned as the big black cock – her first, fucked deeper. Harder. Faster. No fucking wonder they dressed him as a bull, she thought – every thrust of his powerful hips driving him deeper. His gloved hands tightly gripping her hips, he pulled her back to meet every thrust as his Mistress so excellently trained him to do. Candice’s moans turned to grunts as she felt the bulbous head of his thick cock pressing ever harder against her cervix. And then it was in. and she felt him unloading right into her fertile womb. When he was finished, he dismounted and crawled off without a word, leaving her face down panting.

Twice more she was taken by the ‘animals’ of the Petting Zoo. The second time by a white man dressed as a golden retriever and then by another well-hung black man dressed as a stallion. He too, filled her womb and she wondered how much of it she could take before they impregnated her – a scenario that had her filled with as much excitement as semen.

Her fourth mating came at the cocks of three men who entered the enclosure looking for a sexy ‘animal’ to fuck silly. Spotting Candice, they went into immediate action given the limited time the ticket purchase afforded them. The first man, lay on the ground and commanded her on top. Once his dick was buried in her pussy the next moved in behind and fucked his into her pussy as well. The third fucked his cock down her throat and for the first time in her life she was taking more than one man at a time. But even two dicks in her pussy at the same time was not enough to stretch her open as much as taking both of Mistress Diane’s fists, and she was suddenly thankful to the asshole that slapped the collar around her neck that drove her into the House of Gape in the first place.

When the three men finally filled her pussy with their loads, adding to the previous three, Candice once again found herself face down in the grass panting for air after one of the best fucks in her life. Internally chastising herself for enjoying it, she was mounted by a black man dressed as a gorilla and then three men in a row dressed as dogs before she finally got a break long enough for her to gather her strength and thoughts.

Four hours and twenty-seven loads of potent baby batter flooding her pussy later and Candice was finally called out of the Petting Zoo by Master Terry. Barely able to stand, she walked over to the ticket booth as commanded and began peeling the right glove off.”

“What do you think you’re doing?”

“I’m taking off the costume so I can put my submissive clothes back on, Master.”

“Those are your submissive clothes now. I like that look on you so I’m allowing you to keep them.”

“Thank you Master,” Candice said as she rolled the glove back into place. “What about my other clothes?”

“Take them with you. Now go before I toss you back in there for another four hours.”

“Thank you Master.” Gathering up her other set of submissive clothes, Candice carried them back to her room at the submissive apartments and dropped them off. Taking a couple of hours to herself, she lay on the bed and was soon out like a light. When she woke it was dark outside and her belly was rumbling from hunger.

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“You, slave, a woman to Candice’s left said as she exited the apartment building.

“Me, Mistress?” Candice called back.

“Yes you. Come over here and get on your knees.”

Figuring she would be severely punished for disobeying a command now that she was wearing the black neckband, Candice walked over to the lanky, raven-haired beauty and knelt at her feet. No sooner was she in position then she had her first taste of pussy. But it was short-lived as the woman held her by the ears and started to piss. Candice struggled to get free, but was rewarded with pain as her ears were squeezed in a not so fun way. Gagging on the vile fluid, she was forced to gulp down several mouthfuls to stave off choking to death.

“Thank you slave. I really needed that. Now lick my pussy clean and make sure to get your tongue in there nice and deep.”

“I’ve never licked pussy before, Mistress.”

“Well then now’s as good a time to start as any. Get to licking or so help me I’ll cane the flesh off your ass.”

Hearing those magic words, Candice extended her tongue, her feelings on lesbian sex thrown straight out the proverbial window as she licked along the woman’s slit and then into her pussy as she lapped up every last drop of pee. Soon, she was tasting the woman’s pussy juices and she lapped them up as well, not stopping for fear of that wicked instrument of torture. Grabbing the Mistress by the ass, Candice licked as if her life depended on it, flicking her tongue over the woman’s clit and sucking her long inner labia into her mouth until after nearly ten minutes she was writhing on the ground in orgasm. And still Candice did not stop. Taking the initiative, she added three fingers to the mix and soon had the woman cumming again.

A pair of hands spread her open and a long cock filled her pussy and still Candice continued to lick and finger the Mistress, not even bothering to look back at the black man hammering away at her cunt”

“T-That...that’s enough, slave,” the Mistress panted. “Something tells me that was far from your first time pleasuring another woman.”

“It was my first time Mistress. I just feared getting caned a whole hell of a lot more than I didn’t want to lick another woman’s pussy.”

“Well, I think I have a place where you can get over your hatred for licking pussy. Come with me, slave.”

“I have to be at the Milking Barn for my second session, Mistress.”

“Very well. I’ll meet you there in one hour and then you will go to the Lesbian Grotto.”

“Lesbian Grotto, Mistress?”

“You will be having sex with no fewer than twenty women, slave.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Eager to do it again, are you?”

“No Mistress but I don’t want punished for disobeying a command.”

“So, in order to avoid punishment you’ll do anything commanded of you?”

“Yes Mistress. I really, really don’t like pain. I received twenty swats earlier and that was enough for the rest of my life.”

“How have you not been registered yet, slave?”

“Lucky I guess, Mistress.”

“My name is Mistress Raven. And you are?”

“My name is Candice, Mistress.”

“Pleasure to meet you Candice. Come on, I have somewhere I think you’re going to like before I escort you to the Milking Barn. And if we’re late I will explain that you’ve been with me and that I held you up from your lesson.”

“Thank you Mistress, but where are you taking me?”

“You’ll see. It’s the perfect place for an obedient slave like you.”

Fear of punishment always on her mind, Candice followed Mistress Raven down several roads and into a building next to the Puppy Park she saw during her tour the night before. To the left and right were men and women fucking themselves on dildo seats as their Masters and Mistresses stood close by, prepared to grab any that thought of running. Ahead, she saw another Mistress sitting at a desk and her eyes drifted to the huge sign hanging on the wall behind her.

WELCOME TO THE REGISTRATION OFFICE

“Registration office? Regi...oh my fucking god! No, please don’t do this to me,

Mistress. I am not looking to be registered as a slave!”

“Too late for that now, slave. We are here and you entered of your own free will. You can be registered to me and treated with at least a little bit of dignity, or to the Farm where everyone can use you however they see fit no matter how you feel on the subject. Which will it be?”

“To you, Mistress.”

“I thought so. Don’t worry, I’m a very loving and fair Mistress and you’ll be treated with all the respect you deserve,” Mistress Raven said as she led her newly acquired slave towards the registration desk. “Hello Mistress Gwen. I would like to register this woman as my slave.”

“Of course, Mistress Raven. Do you have a name picked out for her or would you prefer the system to choose one at random?”

“I would like her name to be SluttyMinx and I want it branded on her.”

“Of course. Please scan your bracelet,” Mistress Gwen said to Candice.

Shocked at finally being registered as a slave, Candice swiped her arm across the screen and stood there in silence, barely hearing the conversation taking place right in front of her. Mistress Raven scanned her bracelet next and then she was being led from the building, down the road and into another right in front of the Auction block. Her mind refusing to come back to reality, she was taken into a back room and secured to a Saint Andrews cross. Only when the heat of the branding gun seared her left breast did she snap out of it and begin screaming bloody murder as she received her second brand in as many days.

“Do you live here in Rome,” Mistress Raven asked as she escorted her new slave to the milking Barn.

“Yes, Mistress. I...I’m a...”

“A what, SluttyMinx?”

“I’m a police officer, Mistress.”

“Very nice. And now you can add sex slave to that. And I do mean slave,

SluttyMinx. You will be trained to perform each and every fetish without hesitation or complaint without exception. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Does anyone know that you’re here?”

“My boss knows, Mistress. I was sent here to investigate disappearances and now I’m...I’m a...s-sex slave.”

“It isn’t all bad. In time you’ll come to enjoy bringing pleasure to every man and woman that wishes to use that stunning body of yours. I bet when you came here you never imagined getting fisted or milked like a cow either, right?”

“No Mistress. I never wanted to do any of it.”

“And yet you have and there’s no taking it back now. You are a fisting queen and soon you’ll be lactating, drinking piss, being bred like an animal and suffering all manner of pain and indignity for the pleasure of others and you’ll do it with a smile on your lips. Isn’t that right, SluttyMinx?”

“B-Bred, Mistress? Oh god! Please tell me you’re not going to impregnate me, Mistress!”

“Of course I am, SluttyMinx. It’s all part of being a slave. By serving me you agree to give me complete and total control over your body to do with as I please. And it will please me greatly to see your belly swollen with child over and over again. You may of course stop at any time, but I think we both know you’re far beyond that don’t we? Here you are, the Milking Barn. I’ll return in an hour for you.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Hello again SluttyMinx,” Mistress Raven greeted her slave outside of the Milking Barn. Are you ready to continue your training?”

“Hello Mistress. And yes, I’m as ready as I’ll ever be, but is there somewhere I can take a shower? I haven’t found a place since I got here and I’m starting to smell pretty ripe after all this sex.”

“Of course. In fact, we can go ahead and make that your next lesson in being a good sex slave. Follow me, SluttyMinx.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Going down several streets, Mistress Raven eventually stopped and pulled the door of a large brick building open and ushered her new slave in. “Welcome to the golden showers.”

“Golden showers, Mistress?” Candice said stepping into the huge open shower room. “I see nothing golden in here.”

“Not yet you don’t. Go to that scanner there by the door and scan your bracelet.”

“Yes Mistress.” Doing as she was commanded, Candice was soon greeted by a female voice coming over an intercom.

“Hello SluttyMinx and welcome to the golden showers. Before you are permitted to leave the building you will be pissed on and in by…” there was a long pause and then she spoke again. “Thirty-four men and women. If you leave before the shower is over you will be registered as a Farm submissive. Do you understand the rules?”

“Thirty-four men and women are going to use me as their toilet? What do you mean they are going to piss in me?”

“They may piss anywhere they choose including down your throat and up your ass. I hear a piss enema is something to experience. The participants will arrive

soon. Enjoy your golden showers. Oh, and before I forget, your mark of completion will be tattooed on your left hip.”

“Understand what a golden shower is now, SluttyMinx?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“And are you going to be a good slave and let them piss on and in you without hesitation and complaint, or are you going to be a bad slave and resist the inevitable?”

“I’ll be good, Mistress. I drank yours so at least I sort of know what to expect as far as taste is concerned. Do you know what the mark of completion will be?”

“It is several water droplets falling into a pool of urine with the words trained piss drinker written around it. And before you ask, the droplets and pool will be a golden color so there’s no mistaking what it represents.”

“Yes Mistress. How many of these marks of completion will I be getting before I’m allowed to leave the Domination Farm, Mistress?”

“By my last count there were thirteen marks of completion to be had. Actually, there are fourteen, but you won’t get the last one until you’ve completed every attraction and event this Farm has to offer. Only then will you be worthy of being branded a sex slave.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Go ahead and strip out of your clothes now. Including the plug. You must give the men and women free and unrestricted access to your entire body. And if they wish to use you for sex you will let them. Understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

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The door opened and a line of men and women poured in – the last closing the door behind him and sitting a small black bag in the corner far out of the way of where they would be pissing. Though she could not see inside, Candice had a pretty good idea what it contained.

“Who are you?” a woman asked Mistress Raven.

“My name is Mistress Raven and this slave is registered to me. Not only will I be participating in this event, but watching as well. I’ve given my slave very specific orders and I intend to make sure she follows them to the letter. Is that going to be a problem?”

“None at all. Just asking who you were in case you were here to be used as a toilet as well.”

“Now that’s something I haven’t done in a long time.”

“Then feel free to join in if you like,” one of the men said, stepping forward and offering his cock to Mistress Raven. Looking around the room, from the waiting Dominants down to her slave kneeling on the cold tile floor, Mistress Raven shrugged and then removed her clothes before kneeling and accepting the man’s dick. No sooner was it in her mouth then she was gulping the acrid liquid down. Though it had been more than three years since she last drank pee, it came back naturally and it was down before she knew it. Another dick was offered and she drank again as Candice was fed her first load with a great deal more difficulty and choking.

Halfway through the golden shower, face in a pool of urine while another of the men pissed up her ass, Candice saw the door open and another twenty-nine men and women enter. Wondering what was going on, she looked over at her Mistress whom appeared just as confused as she was.

“In case you’re wondering what’s going on, why I’ve sent so many more men and women into the golden showers, it’s because Mistress Raven has decided to join you,” the woman said over the intercom. “She is now subject to all the rules governing the golden showers including the mark of completion which is to be branded on your left hip. Enjoy.”

“FUCK!” Mistress Raven exclaimed as a pussy was pressed against her lips. Thinking her status as a Dominant made her safe, she did not think they would enforce the rules on her when she agreed to revisit an old fetish. But the damage was done and there was no going back now. Without another word of complaint, she resumed her drinking.

Seeing her Mistress submit to the golden showers with dignity and grace gave

Candice the strength to go on as the men and women used them as urinals. Stopping every now and then to purge the contents of their stomachs, the two women took load after load down their throats and up their asses until every last man and woman took their turn.

When it was all over, Candice and Mistress Raven took long, hot showers before returning to the middle of the room for their mark of completion. Grabbing the black bag from the corner, Master Donovan opened it and withdrew the branding gun. After plugging it in and letting it heat up, he placed it against Mistress Raven's left hip and pulled the trigger. Despite knowing what was coming, Mistress Raven never the less screamed as six men held her from moving around too much. He then put the gun away and brought out everything he needed to give Candice her tattoo.

An hour later, the Dominant men and women filed out of the building, leaving Candice and Mistress Raven behind. "Oh my god, Mistress!" I can't believe you let them treat you like that."

"The rules are the rules," Mistress Raven cringed. "And even Dominants must follow them to the letter. I had no idea I would have to get the mark of completion if I joined you, or I would never have done it. But the damage is done and there's no going back now. As you can now see my body completely naked, you'll see that was my first ever body modification not counting the pierced ears."

"Can I ask you a question, Mistress?"

"You may."

"How does it make you feel to be branded like that?"

"Honestly? I've never felt such pain and humiliation in my entire life, but I will wear it as a badge of honor. After what we did, we should do nothing less."

"Yes Mistress. So, are you planning on getting anymore?"

"I didn't plan on this one, SluttyMinx. But now that I'm looking upon your gorgeous body I think you're in need of a few more modifications."

"Yes Mistress."

“You will go to the body modification building and ask for pierced nipples. Clit hood and outer labia. The latter you will get no fewer than four eyelets in each. Understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then see that it is done. I am going to the Dominant apartments now. I’ll see you in the morning for another lesson.”

“Yes Mistress.”

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“That was quite the story, Officer Fuller,” Mr. Goughler said. “And yet, I still fail to see one instance where my client, or anyone else for that matter forced you to do anything against your will. I assume you’re getting to that point soon?”

“Have you listened to a word of what I said?” Candice gasped. “Do you think I would do any of that willingly?”

“Of course I do. Like every other man and woman that has visited the Domination Farm since its inception you are into the lifestyle, or at least curious about it. But now that your boyfriend left and your job is in ruins, you think you can clear your name by smearing my clients’ isn’t that the real truth?”

“Objection!” the prosecutor said. “The defense has no basis for calling Officer Fuller a liar. She is an officer of the law with an impeccable record.”

“Actually, your Honor, I do have reason which will be made abundantly clear momentarily.”

No sooner were the words out of his mouth then the courtroom doors opened and an officer – one Candice recognized as Lieutenant Joseph Klein, rolled a television and DVD player across the floor to the front of the room. Giving his co-worker an apologetic glance, he walked back out of the courtroom. Mr. Goughler picked up a remote control, turned the television on and started the DVD that was preset to the damning point.

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“I’m not sure why I came in,” Candice said as she and Sluttyfox entered the Dive. “I was going to leave when I read the rules, but I came in anyways.”

Sluttyfox smiled. “We all have a deep dark desire to see and live on the seedier side of life at least one even if we lie and tell ourselves otherwise.”

“So are you a slave only at the Domination Farm then?”

“Oh no, I’m a permanent slave to my Master. He brings me here so that I can learn new things and participate in the games while he tries to acquire new slaves.”

“What sort of...games, do they have here?”

“You name it. The Domination Farm caters to every legal fetish permitted. And just between you and me, if you’re here looking for something to close us down, you’re going to fail. Many have tried over the years as high up as senators and yet here we are. No laws are being broken here and never will be.”

“I’m not here to close you down,” Candice lied. “After passing this place a million times on patrol and hearing all manner of horror story I had to see if there was any truth to it. As much as it humiliates me to admit it, I...I um...oh god, I actually came here looking to be enslaved.”

“Really?”

“Yes,” Candice continued to lie. “Why else would I subject myself to being milked, caned and fisted like an animal? I’ve heard so much about this lifestyle and had to see what it was all about for myself.”

“Cool. Well, in that case, welcome to the Domination Farm. I hope it’s everything you’re looking for. I just have one question. I see that you are collared now but you do not have a submissive name. Why is that?”

“The man who collared me took me by surprise and I kind of ran away from him and right into the House of Gape where I spent several hours being fisted by another woman. Another first for me.”

So, are you planning on seeking him out and letting him register you?”

“I honestly don’t know. I think I’d much rather prefer to get to know someone before handing over control to them.”

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Candice sat in the witness seat white-faced upon hearing the damning evidence. “That was a lie! I lied to her in an attempt to get information I could use to close the Domination Farm down once and for all!”

“Really? That was just one sample of you willingly participating in everything the Domination Farm has to offer. Were you aware the entire Farm was wired with cameras and microphones? Did you know that it was possible for us to obtain every inch of footage pertaining to you? We have that evidence right here in this courtroom, Officer Fuller. Shall we watch it and learn the real truth of your visit to the Domination Farm?”

“No,” Candice cried in shame.

“Your honor, I ask that all charges to be dismissed against my client and Officer Fuller be arrested for perjury.” About to say something else, he was called back to the table by his client Mistress Gwen Price.

“If she’s willing to offer an apology here in court I will allow her to return to the Domination Farm to serve out community service if the court agrees to such a punishment for her crime,” Gwen whispered in her attorney’s ear.

“Your honor, I have a one-time offer for Officer Fuller if I may.”

“Go ahead.”

“In lieu of going to prison for twenty years for perjury, my client is willing to allow Officer Fuller to serve out no less than five thousand hours of community service at the Domination Farm. This deal end the minute we leave this courtroom.”

“Officer Fuller? You have an offer on the table,” the judge said to the distraught woman on the witness stand. “Do you wish to accept it, or go to jail pending trial for perjury?”

“I...I’ll t-take the offer,” Candice sobbed, feeling as if her life was over.

“Then it is the ruling of this court that Gwendoline Price is not guilty of all charges and Officer Fuller will perform five thousand hours of community service at the Domination Farm in lieu of going to prison for perjury.” The gavel slammed down hard. “Case dismissed.”

Upon leaving the courtroom, Candice approached Mistress Gwen Price. “Excuse me, Mistress Gwen but why would you make such an offer after everything I’ve done to ruin you and the Domination Farm?”

“Because I know a true submissive when I see one,” Gwen smiled. “And I know you only did what you did in an attempt to save face and bring back the ones you love who fail to accept this part of your life. I’ll see you at the Domination Farm first thing in the morning where that black neckband will be replaced with a blue one. Understood?”

‘Yes Mistress. And I’m so, so sorry for what I tried to do to you.’

“It’s in the past now, SluttyMinx,” Gwen said using Candice’s slave name which was still branded on her left breast. “You will contact your Mistress and inform her of your sentencing and for the duration of your community service you will be required to live at the Farm twenty-four seven. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“We can go over the rest of the rules tomorrow. And SluttyMinx, being a sex slave isn’t always a bad thing as I’m sure you very well know at this point.”

“Yes Mistress.” Seeing the look her parent’s gave her out of the corner of her eyes told her they were so disappointed in her actions they were unable to even look at her without disgust. Her boss had the same look on his face even though it was his idea to send her in the first place. Everywhere she looked she saw disappointment and she could not wait to return to the Domination Farm if only to get away from them all.