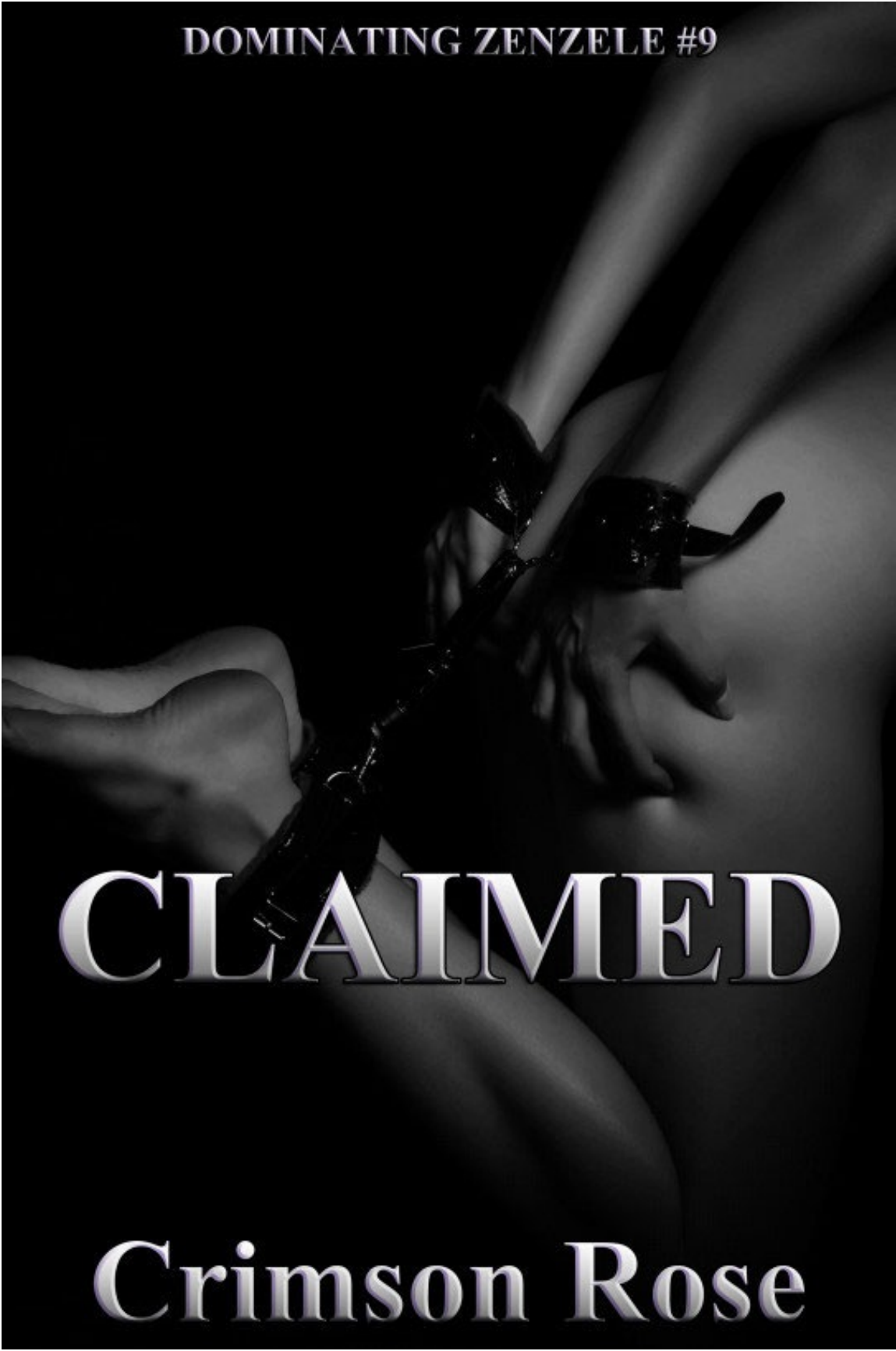
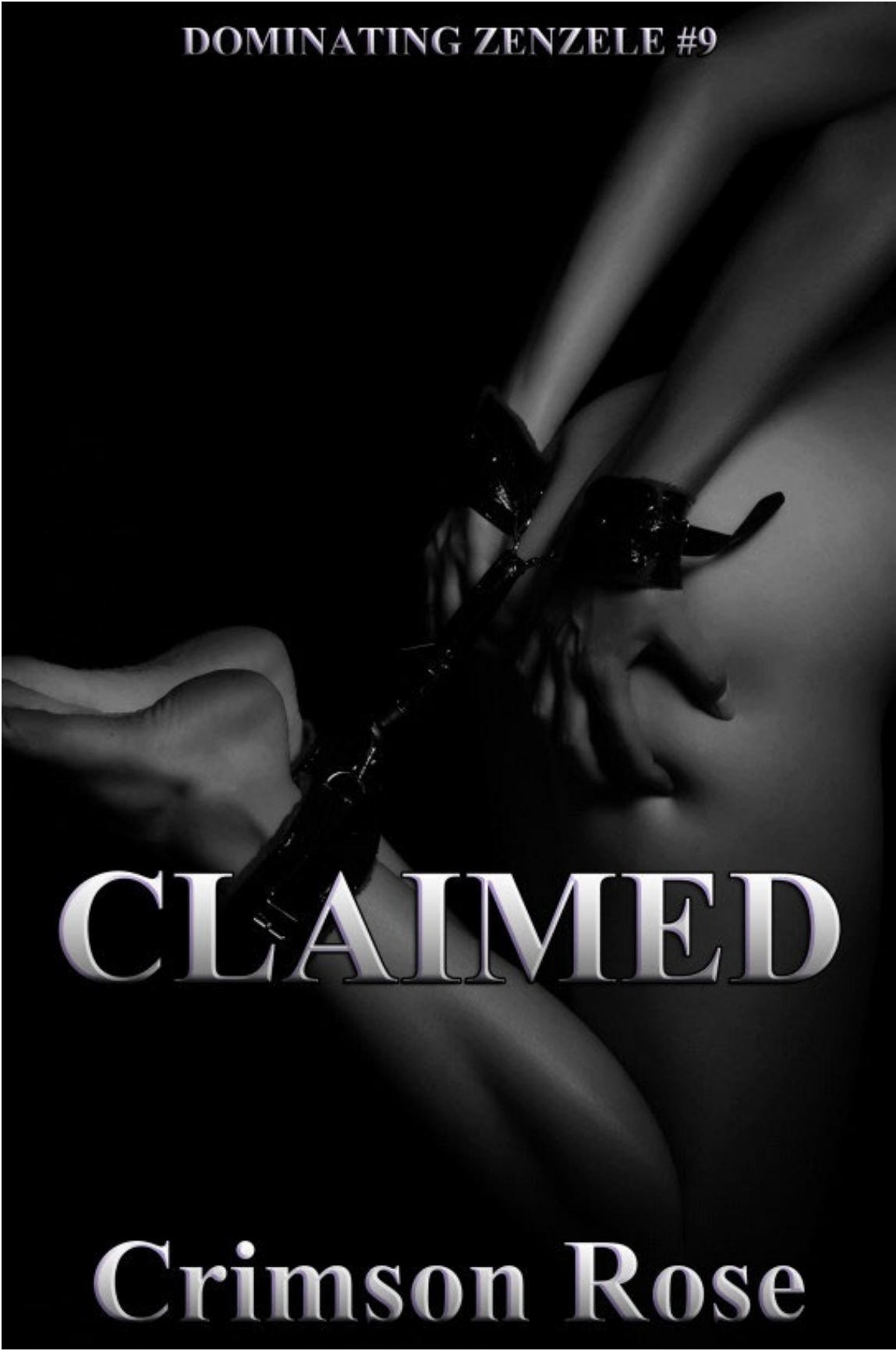




DOMINATING ZENZELE #9

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Crimson Rose



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Standing by the fence surrounding the Whorsie Track, Zenzele watched as her mother – dressed in full pony gear, pulled a cart around the dirt track as the male rider used reins attached to her nipple rings to dictate speed and direction. After screwing up so many times her three days of training had been increased to two weeks, Zenzele knew this was her mother's last chance to get it right before she was enrolled in the program fulltime. Come on mom, you can do it, she thought as her mother rounded the first bend. That's it. You got this. One lap. All you've got to do is make it one lap.

After two weeks of having her ass literally whipped, her nipples nearly pulled off with constant hard tugs of the reins and her feet killing her thanks to the pony boots she wore, Anya knew this was her last chance before the track became her way of life for the foreseeable future. Ignoring her daughter watching from the sidelines, she rid herself of all distractions and emotions as she poured all of her concentration into processing the course and speed changes sent to her brain via her nipples.

The first stretch begin her, Anya rounded the first corner and increased her gait from a leisurely trot to a speedier canter as her right nipple was tugged. Heading into the second stretch, she was reined into a gallop, slowed to a walk, sped up to a canter and halted altogether before resuming a gallop all in rapid succession designed to make her fail. Fortunately, she was ready for Master Jacob's antics and did not falter even a step as she took the second turn, a short trot and stopped in the starting gate.

"Congratulations, Whorsie, you've finally managed to pass the test," Master Jacob said as he stepped off the cart.

"It has been my privilege to work with such a demanding Whorsie Master."

"Shame you're not mine for the full six months of training, but such is the way of life. You may unhook yourself and saddle up for the ride to the stables. You will then be given your mark of completion and set free."

"Mark of completion, Master? I was led to believe only those completing full

Whorsie training were marked.”

“And what does one need to do to complete the training course, Fuckdoll?” Master Jacob asked, using part of the submissive name tattooed on her left breast.

“A Whorsie must be able to pull and carry her Master one full lap around the track without faltering, successfully navigate the obstacle course and assume all positions without hesitation, Master.”

“And what have you accomplished in the two weeks we’ve been together, Fuckdoll?”

“I’ve...oh shit! But I thought the training took six months, Master.”

“Nah, it takes as long as it takes for the trainee to complete the tasks and graduate to Whorsie. I was tough on you, but you persevered and did it in near record time. Thus, you qualify for the mark of completion which will be branded on your right hip. Any more questions?”

“No Master.”

“Then let’s get moving to the stables.”

“Yes Master.”

After unhooking the harness, Anya picked up a small saddle, attached it to herself and then got down on all fours. Master Jacob sat on her back and after a slight adjustment she crawled her way to the long building some three hundred feet away. Once inside, he stood and went to the back of the building while she crawled the opposite direction, removed the saddle and hung it on the wall. The rest of her gear was hers to keep courtesy of the Domination Farm so she kept it on as she returned to the middle of the stables and knelt.

Master Jacob returned a few minutes later carrying an all-to-familiar object in his right hand – a branding gun. In his left he carried a small dark green bag. “Stand.” Anya got to her feet.” Hold this,” he continued, holding the branding gun out to her. She took it in trembling fingers and watched as he opened the bag and pulled out a bottle of rubbing alcohol and a clean white cloth. Pouring the former on the latter he used it to thoroughly clean her right hip and then tossed it

in a nearby trash can.

“I’ll take that now.” Taking the branding gun, Master Jacob moved to Anya’s right side, pressed the nose of the barrel against her flesh where he wanted the mark to go and then pulled the trigger. The mechanism rapidly reached temperature and permanently seared a horseshoe with TRAINED WHORSIE written around it into the Farm submissive’s tender flesh. It was not her first branding so she managed to take it with little more than a grunt. “And now you are free to use the track anytime you desire without fear of further training. You’ve done well, Fuckdoll. I really am impressed with your improvement and abilities.”

“Thank you Master. If there’s nothing else I’d like to go now.”

“You are free to go.”

“Thank you Master.” Knowing that failure to follow proper etiquette would see her severely caned, Anya got onto all fours and crawled out of the stables – not getting to her feet until she reached the exit gate on the opposite side of the track where her daughter now waited for her.”

“You did it,” Zenzele said to her mother. “Congratulations. So, does this mean you’re finally done?”

“Yes. To my surprise I actually completed the training and have been given the mark of completion for it.”

“WOW! Would you like to sit over there for a while and talk?” Zenzele asked with a nod towards the nearby dildo seats.

“Actually, I’d like to get as far away from here as possible. The track, that is, not the Farm. I’m exhausted after that, but I’m also starving. Fancy getting something to eat with your slave of a mother?”

“Absolutely. And don’t call yourself a slave like it’s a bad thing. Where would you like to go?”

“How far is it to your place?”

“A few miles. Are you permitted to leave now? Will KittyClit be joining us?”

“Yes and yes. I’ll follow you to the parking lot so I can put your address in the gps and then we’ll be there after she gets off work. Will that be okay?”

“She works at the Dive, right? Why don’t we go there for a bite to eat so you don’t have to starve while waiting? I happen to know this sexy young Farm slave that makes a chicken parmesan to die for.”

“That’s one of...wait, you know her?”

“We haven’t sat down and talked or anything, but I’ve been coming to the farm for over a year now mom. I know the names of pretty much everyone working at the places I visit the most and as much as I love eating loads of delicious semen, I prefer the relaxed atmosphere of the Dive over the Cumeaterie.”

“Alright, but please don’t strike up a conversation with her while she’s working. I don’t want to get her into trouble.”

“I know the rules of the Farm, Mom. I work here, remember?”

“Right, sorry.”

“No need to apologize. Trust me, I was every bit as nervous as you when James first dropped me off and disappeared without explaining a damn thing to me. It took me months before I had the place completely figured out and close to a year before I read and understood all of the rules. It’s a lot to take in.”

“That’s putting it mildly. Will you show me around one of these days? Show me what buildings to ignore if I don’t want another tattoo or brand?”

“Absolutely. I’ll also fill you in on some little known secrets, but not here. We’re being constantly recorded and if I’m caught divulging this information it is Farm slave status for me. Not that that’s a bad thing, but I happen to enjoy what few privileges being a bare-neck affords me such as the freedom to say no to the Dominants that would command me.”

“I understand.” Pulling the door to the Dive open, Anya allowed her daughter to enter first. “I don’t remember seeing that tattoo in the videos James showed me. Is it new? What does trained animal slut mean? Did you go to Cummypaws or something?”

“Not exactly. I’ll tell you all about it over dinner.”

Selecting a table she knew would be served by her girlfriend, Anya no sooner had the long tapered dildos buried in her pussy and asshole then the sexy young Farm slave named KittyClit walked over. “Hey honey, can we get some sweet tea?” Anya asked.

“Of course. Do you already know what you want to eat or should I give you a few minutes to decide?”

“I know what I’d like to eat,” Zenzele said – looking down at KittyClit’s pussy and then up into her eyes. “But I’ll settle for the chicken parmesan with extra cheese, light sauce and garlic bread.”

“Were you seriously just checking out my girlfriend?” Anya asked.

“What? Can you blame me? She’s gorgeous.”

“Thank you Sloppypuss. You’re every bit as beautiful as I remembered. I haven’t seen you here in a while. I hope you’re not getting bored of the place.”

“Nah, I bought a house nearby and only work the Farm one weekend a month now.”

“So, you know each other then?” Anya asked with a nervous tone. “I need to know, have you fucked each other?”

“Only by name and no,” KittyClit answered. “Sloppypuss used to come in at least three times a week and order the same meal.”

“Well, I’ll have what she’s having then,” Anya said. But before you go put the order in, when do you get off tonight?”

“Seven.”

“Would you be interested in accompanying me to Sloppypuss’ house afterwards?”

“I’d love to.”

“Great. My daughter has been dying to have a talk with the two of us and now that my Whorsie training is over I finally have the time.”

“Over? You did it? You passed the test?”

“I did. You can’t see it because my right side is facing the window, but I’ve added another brand to the mix. It’s on my hip.”

“Congratulations. I can’t wait to hear more about it, but as you can see we’re incredibly busy at the moment so it’ll have to wait until our talk later. I’ll be right back with your drinks.”

“Every bit as stunning as I remember,” Zenzele said as she watched KittyClit walking away.

“Seriously! That’s my girlfriend you ogling, you know?”

“She’s also a Farm slave, mom, and that means she can be used by anyone taking an interest in her. Same as you, actually. Don’t worry, I have no intentions of having sex with your girlfriend even if it’s within my rights as a bare-neck to do so.”

“I appreciate that.”

Anya and KittyClit pulled into the driveway leading up to Zenzele's home and they both gasped in surprise as they took in the massive brick house ahead. "How in the hell does your daughter afford this place on Domination Farm salary?"

"That is not for me to say."

Parking, the two lovers got out of the car and were greeted by Zenzele whom was standing on the front porch butt naked while nursing her baby daughter Jaynie while a petite, busty brunette stood off to the right equally as naked. "Hey ladies, come on up."

"Thank you for inviting us," KittyClit said. "Should we remove our clothes?"

"Yes, but under no circumstances are you to get on all fours unless you want to experience the most wonderful and humiliating sex of your lives. Where are my manners? Mom, KittyClit, this is my daughter Jaynie and my neighbor Beth. Beth, this is my mother Anya and her girlfriend...I'm sorry, I never got your real name."

"Kayla," KittyClit replied. "Pleasure to meet you. That looks like a Domination Farm brand," she added, her eyes going to the words MILKING COW on Beth's right hip."

"That's because it is. I'm a switch there. And the blue collars around you and Anya's necks make you Farm slaves, right?"

"Correct."

"Well, I know the three of you have a lot to talk about so why don't I take Jaynie to my place so you can talk in peace?"

Zenzele handed her daughter to her neighbor whom held her to her left breast. Anya and Kayla were both somewhat shocked and stared as the young woman walked towards the back yard.

“She breastfeeds your baby?” Anya asked.

“She does and there’s absolutely nothing wrong with it.”

“Wait, call her back. That’s my granddaughter she has and I’d like to spend some time with her.”

“You can spend all the time you want with her after we talk. I don’t want anything distracting us. Please, come in, and remember not to get on all fours.” Opening the door, Zenzele motioned her mother and Kayla inside where they were met by a doberman pincher.

“Now I understand,” Kayla said. “She right, honey, don’t get on all fours or you’ll be fucked by the dog. Am I right?” she added, looking from Anya to Zenzele.

“You are. Lucifer was the first to fuck me, but that’s a story for another day. Can I get you something to drink?”

“I’m fine, thank you.”

“I’ll take some water,” her mother replied. “So, what do you want to talk about?”

“Anything and everything, but most of all my offer. Did you and Kayla talk about it?”

“Um, this is the first time I’m hearing about any offer,” Kayla answered.

“Honey, is there something you were supposed to tell me?”

“I thought it best if we talked about it when here together. I know you love living at the Farm, but Zenzele has offered us a place here with her.”

“I appreciate the offer, but I don’t want to get in your way.”

“Oh, you won’t be in my way at all. My mother isn’t explaining it very well. I have some guest houses on the property. Beth stays in one and I am offering the two of you the other. It’s three bedroom, two bathrooms and has a finished basement that can be converted into two more bedrooms or maybe a dungeon. I am offering it to you free of charge for as long as you want it. The only thing you need pay for is food.”

“I don’t want to sound ungrateful, but why would you do that?”

“Because she’s my mother and I love her enough to ensure she’s taken care of.”

“I love the Farm, honey, but if I’m going to be completely honest I don’t want to spend every waking minute there. And I certainly can’t raise my baby there.”

“Um, please correct me if I’m wrong, but your baby looks to be in her late twenties.”

“Not the baby I meant. I’ve had a lot of sex with men and will continue doing so. It’s only a matter of time before I’m knocked up again and I need a safe place to raise him or her. And before you say it, abortion and adoption are out of the picture.”

“I would never ask you to have an abortion. And not to sound cold-hearted, but let’s be practical here, honey, how are you going to raise a child while living this lifestyle?”

“It isn’t really all that hard,” Zenzele answered. “I’m doing it just fine.”

“And you have someone here to take care of your daughter while you’re at the Farm.”

“As does my mother. Beth is an amazing babysitter and if you’re not comfortable with her then I’m here.”

“I don’t think I like the idea of another woman breastfeeding my baby.”

“Understandable and she will not do it unless you give her permission to do so. Why don’t we take a walk out back so you can see the place before making up your minds?”

“Good idea, but I don’t need to see it to know I want to live there,” Anya replied. “How much property do you have here anyways?”

“Seven acres. And the neighbors are great. Beth’s dad lives to the left and a wonderful young woman named Jessi lives on the right with her ailing grandmother. Full disclosure, Beth’s step-mother Debra trained her as a sex slave until we turned the tables. She now lives at the Farm as a slave. And no, she

won't mind me telling you. So, Kayla, how long have you been a Farm slave? What got you into the lifestyle if you don't mind me asking?"

"I've been in the lifestyle pretty much my entire life. Not that I really knew it growing up but I loved obeying orders and pleasing others however I could. It wasn't until I got my hands on some of my older brother's magazines when I was fifteen that I learned I was submissive. I kept it hidden from everyone until my eighteenth birthday because I feared my parents would up and leave Rome if they ever found out."

"Why would they leave over that?" Anya asked.

"Because we lived less than five miles from the Domination Farm and they hate the place with a passion. When I told them I thought I was submissive and wanted to visit once to know for sure they threatened to disown me. I went anyways. I had some money saved up and used it to pay for two weeks with the rest as money on the bracer. It took me all of a few hours to confirm my submissiveness but I stayed the two weeks. When I returned home I discovered my parents moved and did not leave a forwarding address."

"Oh my god! I am so sorry."

"Thank you, but it is all water under the bridge now. I returned to the Farm as it was the only place I knew. I participated in the attractions to pay my way and moved into the submissive apartments. My brother Carl paid me a visit about seven or eight months later. He too was disowned by our parents, but I don't get to see him too often as he doesn't want to risk being collared, registered or marked in any way and I don't exactly have a phone he can call or a computer to read emails."

"Well, that can all change if you want it to." Opening the front door of guest house number two, Zenzele waved her mother and Kayla inside. "I plan on getting my mother a phone and as long as you are with her I'll add you to the family plan. I know how little Farm slaves make so I'll also furnish the house including computers and everything else you need."

"I don't understand how you can afford all of this working one weekend a month at the Farm."

"HA! So, you didn't tell her?"

“It wasn’t my place to,” her mother replied

“I appreciate that. I won’t go into the details, but I own several properties and businesses across the country. I only work at the Farm because I made a deal to do so and if I go back on it I’ll be registered a Farm slave.”

“It’s beautiful,” Anya said. Empty, but beautiful. I love the hardwood floors”

“Honey oak throughout with the exception of the bathroom and kitchen which are tiled. It comes with all new appliances, furnace and central air. No window units here. Please, take your time looking around and if you’ve got any questions don’t hesitate to ask.”

“Are you really going to tell me you don’t want to live here?” Anya asked her girlfriend.

“I never said that. I just don’t like the idea of being in anyone’s debt is all.”

“You owe me nothing,” Zenzele said. “My mother loves you and that’s good enough for me.”

“I won’t be seen as a freeloader so I insist on paying you something for rent.”

“You want to pay me something? Continue making my mother happy. Really, I have no need for more money that will never get spent. And I will never see you as a freeloader. There’s just one condition to you living here. Take care of the place and don’t tear it up. Also, no painting or remodeling without running it by me first. Other than that it’s yours to do with as you please.”

“I’m just going to say it right now so there’s no misunderstanding. I want to live here close to my daughter and there’s nothing that’s going to make me change my mind on that,” Anya said.

“Cummpaws,” Kayla said.

“What does that have to do with anything?”

“Unless I’m mistaken, you’ll be paying them a visit in the morning for your training. You won’t be able to leave the farm until it is complete and from what I hear that could take upwards of five years for what you’re going through.”

“Actually, I’m entirely certain I’m going to go through with the training. The penalty for backing out is registration as a Farm slave and since I’m already one for life there isn’t much they can do about it.”

“They can cane you and then ban you from the farm for life,” Zenzele said. “Look, I’m not going anywhere and neither is the house. Do the training and when it has been completed you can move in here to live the rest of your life as whatever animals they reprogram you to be with the woman you love.”

“I can’t ask you to wait five years for me,” Anya said to her girlfriend. “That isn’t even a little bit fair.”

“I’ll wait as long as it takes, Anya. I love you and I’m not going anywhere.”

“That’s what you say now, but five years is a long time to wait.”

“I’m a Farm slave, honey, it’s not as if I’ll be going completely without sex.”

“No, but you will go without my company. You’ll meet new people, maybe fall in love with one of them and forget all about me.”

“Never going to happen.”

“There is some good news pertaining to the training,” Zenzele offered. “If you eventually get knocked up you are permitted three months to bond and take care of the baby before training continues. Are you required to go in the morning?”

“No, but I figured now that the Whorsie training is out of the way there was no point in delaying.”

“Can I make a suggestion?”

“I’m listening.”

“Get knocked up. Go have as much sex as humanly possible. Let the men fill your pussy with their seed. When you are confirmed pregnant then go sign in for your training. At most you’ll have nine months before your first three month break. During that time let the men breed you again. I know it’s crazy, but if you’re extremely lucky you can get three months off every year or so.”

“And have five more kids in the process,” Anya replied. “It’s actually not a bad idea. Alright, I’ll go through with the training but there’s something I need from you in return.”

“Name it.”

“I want you to claim me.”

“Claim you?”

“I’ve been doing some asking around about the training and the trainees are programmed to obey their owners. I am asking you to claim me as your slave, Zenzele. Go with me tomorrow and take the vow. It’s the only way I will do it.”

“You would ask your mother to claim you and not the woman you profess to love?” Kayla asked, her tone trembling.

“I’m sorry. I really wanted it to be you, but I need it to be someone I know will be in my life until the day I die. I love you, Kayla, but my daughter is the only logical choice.”

“If you can’t trust me with this then you don’t love me at all.”

“And you attempting to use our love to gain full control over my body and mind speaks volumes,” Anya countered.

“Then we have nothing more to say to each other. You’ve made your choice and I’m obviously not it.” Storming out of the house, Kayla left mother and daughter to talk.

“I can’t claim you mom. I’m not a Dominant and I’m your daughter.”

“You don’t have to be. And just so we’re clear, I’m not asking you to use me as your sex slave, just take the vow and claim me as one. I will be programmed to obey you though and you can take advantage of that however you see fit, but I’m trusting you to do the right thing and keep the transitioning codes to yourself. I don’t even want Larissa to know them,” Anya said referring to her step-daughter.

“My lips are sealed and you have my word I will never use them to turn you into an animal. I’m sorry Kayla left like that. I did not mean to break the two of you

up.”

“No, I chose you for a reason, honey. I do love her, but I need someone I can trust with my life and that clearly isn’t her.”

“So, this was a test then?”

“It was and I’m sad to say that she failed. But I’m not going to dwell on it. Tomorrow’s a big day and I’d like to keep my mind clear of distractions.”

“You may stay in the guest bedroom for the night and I’ll take you to the Farm in the morning.”

“Thank you. Can we visit Beth? I’d like to see my granddaughter before I disappear from her life.”

“You don’t have to do it mom. Go to Cummypaws I mean.”

“Yes, I do. For the same reason you continue working at DF Productions even though you probably have enough money to buy it outright. I love the Farm far too much to give it up over a bit of training.”

“It’s more than a bit, mom. They are going to break you down until your nothing and then program you into god only knows how many different animals.”

“No more than three. From my understanding, that’s the safest number they can attempt without sending the trainee to the looney bin for the rest of their lives. And the more templates they add, the less likely they are to permanently last. That’s why part of the vow you’ll take will be to use the codes at least once a month for no less than a day each. You don’t have to do anything sexual with me, but you have to turn me into animals to reinforce the programming. But we can worry about that later. Right now I want to see my granddaughter.”

“I can’t go in with you or I’ll have to remain on the Farm until confirmed pregnant,” Zenzele told her mother. “But this is the breeding stables. Once you go in you’ll be locked in stockades and required to have sex with no fewer than twenty men before you’re released. And you’ll have to do that every day until knocked up. Oh, and you can expect a mark of completion once you’ve been bred.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I want all the information I can get if I’m going to claim you as my own so I’m going to Cummpaws to see what I can learn. We probably won’t be seeing each other for the next few months as I want to spend as much time with Jaynie as possible, but I’ll try to drop by once a week to catch up and see how you’re progressing. I’ll also be here one full weekend a month. I’ll be working, but if we time it right we can spend the nights together.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Exhaling slowly, Anya looked at the building looming before them. “I can’t believe I’m going to be bred at my age.”

“You’re only forty-five mom. I’ve seen women in their fifties getting knocked up in there.”

“You were in there?”

Zenzele pointed to the tattoo of BREEDING COW on her mound with a single hash mark below. “This is the mark of completion. Larissa and I both have one. We went through the process, but James knocked me up while she was impregnated here. Anyways, I strongly suggest doing the milking barn at the same time. Yes, it requires another mark of completion,” she pointed to DAIRY COW written around the small cow’s head on her right breast “but you’ll be producing a lot of milk by the time the baby comes and as a slave you’ll eventually have to do it anyways so might as well get it out of the way sooner rather than later, right?”

“I’ll think about it after I see how worn out I am after getting fucked by twenty

men a day. And on that note, I'll see you the next time our paths cross."

"It won't be too long. Enjoy your breeding."

"Thanks." After giving her daughter a hug, Anya opened the door to the Breeding Stables and stepped inside. She was immediately greeted by a naked thirty-something blonde wearing only a red band around her right bicep that looked to be about seven months pregnant, and the grunts and moans of nine women being very well fucked.

"Welcome to the Breeding Stables. My name is Mistress Gina. If you'll go ahead and scan in I'll get you into one of the stockades and your breeding will begin."

"Yes Mistress. Pardon me for asking, but..."

"Did I accidentally get myself locked in the stockades and wind up pregnant?" Mistress Gina said as she gave her swollen belly a slow rub.

"Something like that, Mistress. If you don't mind me asking, is that what really happened?" Anya asked as she scanned the bracer on her right wrist at the terminal.

"It is. Come, we can talk and walk." Leading the way towards the back of the huge room, Mistress Gina continued. "It happened just as I said. I was working on one of the stockades in the black only section – that's for breeding cows who have been ordered to have sex with only black men are placed so please don't give me any racist bullshit. Anyways, I was working on one of the stockades and the arm came down and closed around my neck and left arm. Stuck, I had no choice but to let the men fuck me. Unfortunately, I was not scanned in and was screwed by thirty-eight of them before one agreed to take my bracer off and scan it for me. I was then fucked by another twenty before being released."

"WOW!"

"It was a very exhausting fourteen hours to say the least. Unfortunately, the rules are clear. Anyone, Mistress, bare-neck, submissive or slave that is locked in a stockade is required to complete the process so I was bred by black men for seventy-seven days before being confirmed pregnant."

"Holy shit! That's what, like fifteen hundred times you were fucked?"

“Counting the first time nearly sixteen hundred actually. This is you. When you come in you will find any empty stockade and scan your bracer at the attached terminal. If you forget you will remain locked in until someone agrees to take it off and do it for you and none of the sex you had up to that point will count for the daily total.”

“Understood.”

“Do you mind me asking your age?”

“Forty-five and as my daughter likes to constantly remind me, I’m in perfect health.”

“And you are not on any form of birth control, had a hysterectomy, or any other operation or condition that might make it impossible to have children?”

“No to all of that. I know it’s a bit late in life to have more kids, but I have my reasons.”

“Not too late at all. You see the brunette three rows up and six to the left? That’s MuffBunny. She’s forty-nine and this is her sixteenth pregnancy.”

“Jesus Christ!”

“And BitchyButt over there is forty-seven and going for number nine. Go ahead and scan in and then place your neck and wrists in the proper places. The top bar will close on its own and the men will line up to breed you.”

“So, if I’m locked in this thing until twenty men screw me what do I do for drinks, food or using the bathroom?”

“There will be a one hour break after ten men. There’s a bathroom in the back you may use to relieve yourself and freshen up for the next round and there’s a small kitchen through the door over there where you’ll find various food and drink vending machines. There is no need for you to leave the stables until your breeding for the day is complete.”

Anya scanned her bracer, placed her neck and wrists in the indents and flinched as the top bar lowered and locked her in. “This whore had twenty cocks to take before she is permitted to leave,” an all too familiar computerized female voice

said. It did not take long for men from other lines to form one behind her and less than a minute after the console spoke, her pussy was stuffed with a white man's cock.

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Stepping into Cummypaws for the first time ever, Zenzele took a long look around at what amounted to nothing more than a large lobby with Masters, Mistresses, bare-necks, submissives and slaves wondering about. Ahead of her was a long counter lined with computer screens and scanner terminals manned by Farm submissives and slaves. No sooner had she walked up to it then she was greeted by a Farm submissive named FoxyMuff. "Welcome to Cummypaws. Please scan in and I'll have a Dominant come take you to the training facility."

"Oh, sorry, I'm not here for training. I have been asked by someone very close to me to take the vow of claiming for her and I've come to get as much information about the process and what it means to claim her as I can before actually doing it."

"I'll gladly give you all the help you need. First, is this woman registered for training? If not there is currently a thirty-nine month waiting list."

"Yes, she won the top prize on the wheel of sex. Her name is Ebony Fuckdoll. She had other wheel related tasks to complete before coming here and now she's just waiting to complete the breeding stables so she can pour all of her attention into her training here."

"I see. Well, the vow of claiming is a simple enough process. The two of you will read some prepared lines pledging yourselves to each other for life. Once that has concluded, you will both be taken off to be trained."

"Um, say that again? What do you mean I'll be trained?"

"The claimant must go through a three month training program to ensure he or she knows exactly what to expect once training of the claimed has concluded. Don't worry, it is only ten hours a day, five days a week and unlike the one being claimed you are permitted to leave after your shift ends."

"I see. Full disclosure as you'll find out anyways once we're both scanned in, she is my mother. We have no intentions of doing anything sexual together, but I

am the only one she trusts to claim her. Is that going to be a problem or break any rules?”

“As long as you do not engage in incestuous activities on the Farm there are no rules stating a claimant can’t be a family member.”

“Is it true that I’ll have to use her transition codes at least once a month?”

“That is correct. This is to maintain the training for as long as possible.”

“So it’s not permanent then?”

“Honestly, it all depends on the person and how strong-willed they are. It lasts a lifetime on some while others are able to overcome their new personalities in years or in rare cases months. If her programming is ever broken, as in her being able to revert to her human self from animal, then bring her back and we’ll reinforce it at no extra cost.”

“And is it true you can only imprint three animals on her?”

“Also correct. Dog and pony are mandatory while the third is up to the claimant which, in this case, would be you.”

“What are my choices?”

“Pretty much any farm or zoo animal you can think of. Pig, monkey, cow, chicken and goat are all popular.”

“Hmm...as funny as seeing her swinging from a chandelier flinging poop is, I think I’ll go with pig. How long does training take?”

“Again that all depends on the person, but usually no more than five years. It takes about a year per personality and we strongly suggest a minimum of six months between imprints to give the claimed time to adjust to their new programming before we begin again.”

“I just have one more question with a potential follow-up. Can the claimed transfer her prize to someone else or is she stuck doing it?”

“Yes and yes. If she is getting the max of three imprints then she is required to

get at least one and may transfer up to two of them, but only to the claimant.”

“So I would have to go through the training to be turned into an animal?”

“Correct.”

“Thank you. You’ve given me a lot to think about.”

“My pleasure. If you have any more questions don’t hesitate to come in and ask.”

“Thank you.” Leaving the Cummypaws Training Facility, Zenzele went out to the parking lot, got in her car and called Beth.

“Hey, Sloppypuss, what can I do for you?”

“Got a few minutes to talk?”

“For you I’ve got all the time in the world.”

“How’s Jaynie?”

“Adorable as ever. I just put her down for a nap about ten minutes ago and was about to make some lunch. What’s up?”

“I’ve just been to Cummypaws and got some information pertaining to my mother’s training. It seems she is allowed to transfer at least two of her imprints to the one claiming her.”

“Holy shit! Are you going to do it? Are you going to let them turn you into an animal?”

“I haven’t told my mother yet, but I’m considering it. The problem is, I’ll be stuck on the Farm twenty-four seven until the training is complete.”

“Say no more. If you want to go through with the process I’ll be more than happy to take care of Jaynie until you’ve been turned into an animal. Can I suggest a dog? Then you would really be Lucifer’s bitch.”

“I can’t ask you to halt your life to take care of my baby.”

“Yes you can and I accept. See, done and done. Now go talk with your mother and tell her you want to be trained as a dog with her.”

“Yes Mistress,” Zenzele giggled. “But seriously...”

“I am being serious, Zenzele. If you want to go through the training I am more than happy taking care of things around here until you get back. The question is, who is going to claim you?”

“It would have to be my mother. She would kill me if I picked anyone else.”

“Maybe, maybe not.”

“I would love for you to claim me, Beth, but unfortunately the claimant must go through three months of specialized training and that means no one to watch Jaynie.”

“I have one question: do you and Anya have to go through the training at the same time? If not, then you can go in first and be trained as a puppy while she and I take care of Jaynie and when you’re done you can come home while she goes in for her training.”

“Actually, that could work. Assuming I’m going to take one of her imprints that is.”

“I think we both know you are or we wouldn’t be having this conversation. Go find out if you have to do the training at the same time. Give them your situation and see if they’re willing to work with you and then let me know.”

“Will do. And thank you Beth. I’m not sure how, but I’ll figure out a way to repay your kindness.”

“You’ve done more for me than anyone Zenzele. That’s payment enough.”

“I’ll give you a call once I find out about the training and have a talk with my mother. It might be a while though as she’s currently being bred.”

“Nice. You know you can go in and talk to her without having to go through the breeding, right?”

“Oh, right, I’ve got the mark. Okay, I’m off of here and I’ll call you once we get it all sorted.”

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“Welcome to the Breeding Stables. I’m Mistress Gina. Please scan in and I’ll show you to your stockade,” Mistress Gina said as rote.

“I’m not here to be bred Mistress,” Zenzele replied, pointing to the tattoo on her

mound. “I would actually like to talk to one of the cows being bred if that’s okay.”

“Which cow would you like to speak with?”

“Ebony Fuckdoll. She came in a little while ago, Mistress.”

“I remember her. I do believe she’s already on her fourth cock. You may have ten minutes of her time and not a second more. Go over it and you’ll be locked in the stockades.”

“Why does every Dominant take me for a fool, Mistress? I’ve been bred here, Mistress. I work at DF Productions and have read every rulebook there is. I may take as long as I like with her and if you want to press your luck you can ask the former Mistress Alexa what happens to those that try to change the rules on me. So, you were saying?”

“She’s in there being bred,” Mistress Gina huffed.

“Thank you Mistress.”

Walking along the rows, it took Zenzele a few minutes to locate her mother whom was being fucked by a large white man who was alternating between holding her hips and using his long fingernails to scratch her back and sides. Standing in front of her, she gave her mother a smile. “Enjoying yourself?”

“What are you doing here? I thought you would be bred if you came in?”

“I had a lot on my mind. I already bear the mark of completion so it is up to me whether I want to be bred again or not. I need to talk to you about Cummypaws.”

“Uhn...uhn...um, I’m a little busy at the moment. Can it wait until later?”

“Not really. It won’t take long. I talked to someone at the facility and they told me it was possible for you to pass one or more of your personalities on to the one claiming you. If you give me one then you’ll only have to go through two imprintings instead of three.”

“What about your baby? You can’t spend upwards of a year here being trained.”

“I’ve already talked to Beth and she volunteered to take care of her while I’m in training. You will stay there with her and when I’m done I’ll come home and you will come in for training. Assuming we don’t have to do it at the same time, that is. I still need to work that bit out. So, will you give me one of your personalities?”

“Why would you want to do that? Who would claim you?”

“I was thinking you could claim me, but I just had another idea. If you give me two of them I can have Beth claim me and then give her one so we’ll all only have one extra personality.”

“And you think she would do that?”

“In a heartbeat.”

“If you’re sure it’s what you want then I’ll do it. We can go talk to them after I’m done here.”

“I’m headed that way now. I’ll let you know what I find out.” Heart pounding with excitement, Zenzele left the Breeding Stables and made her way back to Cummypaws where she walked back to the counter in front of FoxyMuff. “Hello again. I have a few more questions if you’re not busy.”

“Ask away.”

“First, if I take one or more imprints from the one I claimed do we have to go through the training at the same time? I have a young baby at home and I need someone to take care of her while I’m here.”

“Training does not have to take place at the same time.”

“Great. One more question. If I take two of the imprints can I then pass one on to the one claiming me?”

“You may. And again, their training does not need to take place at the same time as yours.”

“Well, that was easier than I thought it would be. I thought I’d have to beg and plead to work it out.”

“Nah, while training one woman as three animals is great and all, training three different women as one is even better.”

“I never really thought of it like that. Okay, I have a few more details to work out but Ebony Fuckdoll and I will be back once her breeding has concluded for the day. Thank you again for your time.”

“My pleasure.

Going back to the parking lot, Zenzele called Beth. “I have a very serious question for you and I want you to take your time answering it, but first, the training does not need to take place at the same time so I can do it while my mother is at home. Now, I’m going to ask you a question and I want you to think on it. I was told that if I took two of my mother’s imprints I could then pass one of them on to the person claiming me. Are you willing to claim me, Beth? Are you willing to be trained as an animal for me?”

“I accept.”

“Please don’t take this lightly, Beth. This is a very serious request and once you have taken the vow of claiming there’s no going back.”

“I know exactly what you are asking me, Zenzele and I accept without hesitation because I love you that much. When would you like to do it?”

“I’ll be taking the vow with my mother later tonight and then I’ll take it with you in the morning. Will that work?”

“Sounds perfect.”

“I’ll go through my training first, my mother will go second and then you can go last. Is that acceptable?”

“Wouldn’t have it any other way. So, what animal are you choosing?”

“Puppy. You?”

“I think we both know what a horny little bitch I am so puppy is the only logical choice.”

“HA! Fair enough. And thank you for doing this for me.”

“I can honestly say it’s my pleasure. Besides, I’ve wondered about that place ever since I started going to the farm and this is the best way for me to learn.”

“True. I’m going to go talk to my mother and I’ll see you in the morning.”

“Can’t wait.”

Hanging up, Zenzele went back into the Domination Farm to give her mother the good news. Entering the Breeding Stables, she gave Mistress Gina a smile and then went to her mother whom was being fucked by her seventh man of the day. “It’s done, mom. I’m taking two of your imprints at the claiming and in the morning Beth will take one after claiming me.”

“Are you sure you want to go through with this honey? I’ve accepted the fact that I’ll be trained as an animal and am more than willing to go through with all three.”

“I’ve never been surer about anything in my life mom. This is happening.”

“You’ll be registered as a Farm slave.”

“I know and I accept it. I want to do this for you mom so save your energy and stop trying to talk me out of it.”

“I love you so much honey.”

“I love you to mom.”

Mistress Gina approached from the side. When close, she grabbed Zenzele’s right hand and raised her arm towards the stockade behind her. Knowing what was about to happen, Zenzele twisted her arm at the last moment causing the Mistress to scan her own instead. “Mistress Gina has been registered for breeding. You have thirty seconds to lock yourself in the stockade,” the computerized female voice spoke.

“Better lock yourself in before your registered a farm slave,” Zenzele smirked. “And don’t give me that look. It’s what you get for trying to force me to do it.”

“I’m already pregnant so I don’t have to. Nice try though.”

“Actually, you scanned in so yeah, you are required to do it. Time’s running out so you better hurry.”

“What just happened?” Anya moaned as she was filled with another load of potent, baby-making semen.

“Mistress Gina attempted to force me to scan my bracer and instead scanned her own. According to the rules she must now do daily sessions until confirmed pregnant. Again. Given her state, I’d guess she has at least five or six months of this ahead of her.”

Glaring at Zenzele, Mistress Gina placed her neck and wrists in the indents. The top bar closed and the machine spoke again. “This slut has twenty cocks to take before she is released.” Unfortunately, seeing how she was already knocked up and the men did not want to waste their seed, she was left alone until someone who didn’t care came along to start her breeding.

“And on that note, I’m going to head home for a few hours. I’ll see you later at the claiming.”

“Okay, sweetie.”

“It’s done,” Zenzele said to Beth. I will be claiming my mother tonight and you will claim me in the morning. We can stagger our training accordingly so I’ll go first followed by my mother and then you. That gives you another two years of college before you have to take a year off. Is that acceptable?”

“One hundred percent.”

“There’s just one more thing that might change your mind. If you go through the training you will lose your status as a switch.”

“How so?”

“Everyone completing Cummypaws is automatically registered a Farm slave. If you want to back out I’ll understand.”

“No, I said I’ll do it and I will. Besides, I think we both know I’m far more comfortable submitting than dominating. And the thought of you turning me into an animal has me all kinds of excited.”

“Then all that’s left is to talk to Larissa and get my affairs in order for the next year or so. If you need me for anything I’ll be in the office.”

“I’m good. You go on and take care of business and I’ll keep an eye on Jaynie.”

“Thanks Beth. You really are an amazing young woman.”

Going to the office, Zenzele called her step-sister. “Hey sis, how are things at the Den?” she asked.

“Great,” Larissa asked. “Our former Master is being broken and trained a little more every day and business couldn’t be better.”

“Glad to hear it. And Tanya?”

“I’ve promoted her to personal assistant and it was one of the best moves I ever made. Full disclosure, I did some restructuring that is bringing us an extra eight

million a year.”

“Wow! How did you manage that?”

“Redid the contracts to make it more in our favor and added breeding to the menu. While not compulsory, I did make it as advantageous to the ladies as possible. Of the one-hundred-seventy women working here a hundred and fourteen are now being used for breeding.”

“Holy shit! I’m glad to hear you’re doing so great because I’m going to need you to take care of all of my business for the next year or so. Can you handle that?”

“Of course. But why do you need me to do it? What’s going on, Zenzele? What did you do?”

“Long story short, mom spun the wheel of sex and won full training at Cummypaws. After getting some information and working out the details, she will be trained as one animal, I’ll be trained as another and Beth volunteered to take the third.”

“Wait, what? You’re going to be trained at Cummypaws? You do know what they do to slaves in there, right?”

“I am aware. And yes, I’m going to be trained there. I’m claiming mom tonight and Beth is claiming me in the morning and my training will begin. It takes about a year so I need you to take care of things while I’m away.”

“Of course. Now, what do you mean you’re claiming mom and Beth is claiming you?”

“Oh, I’ll also be claiming Beth. Basically, it means taking a vow to dominate the one claimed. And before you ask, no, I am not going to dominate mom. I am only claiming her because she asked. As for Beth, well, I suppose we’ll be dominating and submitting to each other from now on.”

“I’m happy for you, Zenzele. Beth is a wonderful young woman and I know how happy she makes you. I can’t say that I understand your reasoning, but I support you one-hundred percent. So, what animal will you be trained as?”

“Puppy. It only makes sense seeing as I’m already Lucifer’s bitch.”

“Very true. What about Jaynie?”

“Mom and Beth will take care of her while im away and you are welcome to come by whenever you want to spend time with her. Oh, and mom will be moving into the other guest house so she’ll be on the property whenever not at the Farm. And she’s a Farm slave now.”

“Jesus Christ! I missed a lot in the last few weeks haven’t I?”

“Sorry I didn’t fill you in sooner, but things have been crazy here and this is the first chance I’ve had to stop and take a breath since you were last in town.”

“I understand.”

“I’ll make all of the necessary arrangements for you to take over in my absence. Good luck with everything and I’ll see you in a year.”

“I promise I won’t let you down. I might even be able to squeeze a few more dollars from the other business if you give me permission to do so.”

“Of course. I trust you, Larissa, or I never would have put you in charge. Also, you should be getting the paperwork any day now giving you full ownership of Aphrodite’s Den. It’s yours now.”

“Thank you so much.”

“You deserve it. All I ask is that you keep that son of a bitch there until he’s nothing more than a sissy begging to be dominated.”

“That’s the plan. You didn’t hear it from me, but he may have started a very rigorous regimen of hormone replacement therapy to go along with his feminization training.”

“I can’t wait to see the results. Anyways, I need to get going if I’m going to get everything in order before tomorrow. Love you sis.”

“Love you to and take care.”

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Once again finding herself at the Domination Farm, Zenzele stood in a small side room off the lobby of the Cummypaws Training Facility with her mother and a tall, ruggedly handsome man named Master Kayden. “We are gathered here this evening for the vow of claiming,” he spoke, his voice deep and commanding. It was the type of voice that sent jolts of excitement straight to Zenzele’s clit. “You are here of your own free will?”

“Yes Master,” mother and daughter said as one.

“Then let the vow be taken.”

Looking down at the card in her trembling fingers, Zenzele read. “By the power invested in me by the rules of the Domination Farm, I claim you, Ebony Fuckdoll, as my slave now and forever. As your owner I vow to keep you safe. I vow to teach you, to discipline you with a clear mind free of anger, resentment or jealousy. I vow you take you as my pet for the rest of my days.”

“It is my honor and privilege to submit myself to you fully in mind, body and spirit,” Anya said, reading the card in her hand. “I vow to uphold my duties as your slave now and forever. I vow to listen to your words and obey every command with a clear mind free of anger, resentment and jealousy. I vow to serve as your loyal slave and faithful pet for the rest of my days.”

And now came the part both women were dreading. Taking a step forward, Zenzele gently caressed her mother’s right cheek. “Let the claiming be sealed with a kiss,” Master Kayden said. Pulling her mother closer, Zenzele kissed her in a very un-daughterly fashion that left her heart thumping in her chest even as her face flushed from embarrassment.

“The vow has been made. The claim accepted. By the powers vested in me by the rules governing the Domination Farm I now pronounce you Mistress and slave.”

“Thank you Master,” Zenzele replied. “

“Thank you Master,” Anya said. “I would not like to offer my Mistress two of my imprints if she would accept them.”

“I accept without hesitation.”

“So be it. The imprints have been passed. What animals will you both me trained as?”

“I will be trained as a pony, Master,” Anya answered to her daughter’s surprise.”

“And I will be trained as a puppy, Master,” Zenzele said.”

“And your other animal?”

“It will be passed on to the one claiming me in the morning, Master.”

“Three animal slaves for the price of one. That’s the sort of open-minded slaves we love.” Now that the vow has been taken, training will begin immediately.”

“Actually, I’ll be trained first starting after I take the vow with my claimant. Ebony Fuckdoll will be trained after that and my claimant will be trained last, Master,” Zenzele replied. “I was ensured that was acceptable.”

“That is your choice.”

“Then that is how we would like to proceed.”

“Very well, but know that you are forbidden from leaving the Domination Farm for any reason until your training is complete and once you have been claimed you will not leave this facility.”

“I understand Master.” Turning to her mother, Zenzele caressed the older woman’s cheek. I love you so much mom. Take care of Jaynie and Beth while I’m in training and I’ll see you when I’ve been turned into a puppy.”

“I love you too, honey.”

“Before you go, I need to know. Why did you choose to be trained as a pony?”

“Isn’t it obvious? I’ve already completed the Whorsie training so it only makes sense.”

“Fair enough.” Taking a step back Zenzele turned to Master Kayden. If there’s nothing else I’d like to spend the rest of the night alone, Master.”

“The claiming is complete. You are both free to go until you are claimed.”

“Thank you Master.”

“I’ll walk with you to the apartments,” Anya offered.

“Thanks mom, but I really would like to be alone with my thoughts if you don’t mind. Will you please stay the night at my place so you can be there in the morning for Jaynie?”

“I can’t. I’m not allowed to leave the Farm until I’m pregnant, remember?”

“Right. I’ll give her a call from the office in the morning then.”

“Are you sure you’re okay honey?”

“I was once an independent, strong-willed lesbian Dominatrix training women as submissives and now I’m a pansexual submissive on her way to being reprogrammed as a puppy. I’ve done a lot of fucked up things since my former boss tricked me, but this is the end of the line. I told myself I would never become a full-fledged sex slave because I still had some notion I could return to my old life, but I now realize that’s all behind me now. I am a sex slave and have been for some time now.”

“Do you have limits, honey?”

“Not anymore. I tried holding onto them, but this place stripped them away one by one until there was nothing left. I told myself I was not a slave and never would be, but the fact of the matter is I’ve done everything under the sun. I’ve been trained as a sex slave in every conceivable way and no amount of denial is ever going to change that. I accept it mom. For the first time since all of this started, I accept my slavery and that scares the hell out of me as much as it relieves me.”

“I understand and I’m here for you, honey. I will always be here for you.” Pulling her daughter close, Anya hugged her tight. “I love you Sloppypuss and nothing will ever change that. I know you want to be alone, but I think I’ll stay with you anyways. We don’t have to talk, but I’ll be there if you need to.”

“Thank you mom. I’m not sure what’s left to say but I think I might need a shoulder to cry on.”

“They are both yours for as long as you need them, honey.”

Unable to sleep, Zenzele tossed and turned most of the night until finally giving up on the idea and getting up at a quarter after six. Staring at her mother whom was still sleeping on the bed, she sighed and then went to the bathroom to relieve her full bladder. Afterwards, she grabbed a black trimmed crimson peek-a-boo corset, mini spanking skirt and strappy knee-high boots and head out the door for the showers. Once clean and somewhat awake, she made her way back towards the Dive, remembered KittyClit worked there and turned the opposite direction to enjoy breakfast in peace at the Cumeaterie.

After making the necessary arrangements, Zenzele passed the time wondering the Domination Farm deep in thought. Arriving at Cummypaws ten till noon, she met with Beth in the lobby. “You sure you want to do this?” she asked.

“I am. So, you’ve claimed your mother, huh? How did that feel?”

“Like a surreal dream. We had to seal it with a kiss and it was far more passionate than I intended it to be. What kind of sicko am I for getting excited at kissing my own mother?”

“Not a sicko at all. She’s a beautiful woman and if you want to take full advantage of your dominance over her then all I’ll ask is that you permit me to join in.”

“Um, that’s never going to happen. It was a kiss. A very nice kiss, but I have no intentions of having sex with my mother.”

“But your step-sister is okay?”

“There’s no blood between us, so yes, it’s okay. Anyways, are you ready to claim and be claimed?”

“I am. Are you ready to be trained as a puppy?”

“I am.”

“You look exhausted. Are you sure this is the right thing to do?”

“I didn’t get much sleep last night, but I’ve come to terms with the fact that I’m a sex slave, Beth. Honest, for the first time in my life I feel at ease with what I am. Hell, I’m even looking forward to the blue collar snapping closed around my neck.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“Then why wait? Prove it. Go to the registration office and register yourself a farm slave.”

“I will if you will.”

“There’s no time limit to this vow thing, right?”

“Correct.”

“Then let’s go. We’re going to be collared in the end anyways so let’s do it.”

“You’re being serious aren’t you?”

“I am. And if you truly accept your life as a sex slave then you wouldn’t be hesitating.”

“No hesitation.” Taking Beth by the hand, Zenzele led the way out of Cummpaws, down the paved roads and into the registration office. Going up to the counter she scanned her bracer and smiled at the busty, topless black switch on duty. “I would like to register myself as a Farm slave for life under the name Sloppypuss.”

Stepping to the right, Beth scanned her bracer and gave the woman a nervous look. “And I would like to register myself as a Farm slave for life under the name SpunkMuff if it’s available.” Taking a step back, she looked into Zenzele’s icy blue eyes. “I...we, did it. We really fucking did it.”

“We sure did. We’re Farm slaves now for life and there’s no going back.”

Opening a drawer, the Mistress grabbed two collars and slid them across the counter. “Sloppypuss, since you’ve already been marked with your name you are free to go once the collar is around your neck. SpunkMuff, your status as switch has been revoked and you now have one hour to have your name branded on your left breast or you will be severely disciplined.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Picking up the collar, Zenzele ran her fingers along the dark blue leather. Taking a deep breath, she placed it against the front of her throat, brought the sides back and let the powerful magnetic clasp lock. “It’s now official and I can breathe a sigh of relief. I proudly proclaim myself a Farm slave. Man, you have no idea what kind of weight has just been knocked off my shoulders.”

“I think I have a pretty good idea,” Beth replied, snapping the collar around her neck. “I have to go get branded so I’ll meet you at Cummypaws for the vows when it’s done.”

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Four hours after becoming a Farm slave, Beth – now branded SpunkMuff, walked up to the Cummypaws Training Facility where Zenzele paced back and forth. “Sorry it took so long.”

“No problem. I’ve been there a few times so know how busy they can be. For what it’s worth, the brand looks good on you, SpunkMuff.”

“Thank you. What about this?” Beth asked, turning her left wrist up to show her first tattoo in the shape of a heart.

Taking a closer look, it took Zenzele’s mind a minute to realize the lines were made up of the words: CLAIMED BY ZENZELE. “I don’t know what to say. I’m honored.”

“You like it?”

“It’s beautiful. And very touching. Would you be okay if I got one saying claimed by Beth?”

“Of course. And thank you for the consideration. Alright, you ready to take some

vows?”

“Of more than one kind.”

“Then let’s head in and...wait, what?”

“You heard me, SpunkMuff. When this is all over and we’re trained as animals and our lives return to some semblance of normalcy I’m going to make you my wife. Any objections?”

Overcome with emotions, Beth wrapped her arms around Zenzele and kissed her hard on the lips. “I love you so much, Sloppypuss, and I would be honored to be your wife.”