



RITE OF PASSAGE #1

CURIOUS CARRIE

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When it comes to the Domination Farm the three general schools of thought are that it's the work of the devil and should be shut down and everyone working there tossed in a deep hole never to be seen again, that it's an interesting concept for those into such things, and that it's god's gift to the BDSM community and should be lauded not only for being a place where all walks of life and sexual openness are accepted, but for the vast amount of charity work they do. For many in the burgeoning city of Rome, Wisconsin the fetish resort is seen as something of a rite of passage, a place where the curious and hardcore alike go to test their sexual limits. Every visitor learns something new about themselves. Most accept it and add the new experiences to their love lives. Others accept that they gave it an honest try only to find it not their style and move on with their lives.

Their extreme religiousness bordering on zealotry, Mark and Laura Atwood fell into the first train of thought to the point they told their children every horror story imaginable in the hopes of keeping them away from what they firmly believed to be the work of the devil – going so far as to vow to disown them should they break that most sacred rule. The oldest, now twenty-three-year-old Jenna, took the threats to heart. As did twenty-one-year-old twins Nathan and Sean. The same, however, could not be said for their eighteen-year-old sister Carrie. Valedictorian of her graduating class. State champion at track and field. Volunteer at the local animal shelter. Curious about everything life has to offer. Black sheep of the family. Virgin. Atheist in spite of years of indoctrination. Knowing with every fiber of her being that she would one day visit the place her parents warned her against, Carrie got a job at sixteen and then spent the next two years working her butt off and saving every penny for what she truly believed would be the experience of a lifetime. Not only out of insatiable curiosity, but to prove to her parents once and for all that the Domination Farm was nowhere nearly as bad as they made it out to be.

It was the Friday after graduation. All the pieces had been set in place. Waking earlier than usual, Carrie hopped out of bed and tiptoed into her private bathroom for a quick shower; every nerve tingling with excitement for what was to come. Her parents not allowing her to own anything that could even remotely

be construed as sexy, she put on a tee shirt, pair of jeans and shoes before sneaking out of the house with purse in hand. To avoid the creaky boards of the front porch from waking everyone up, she left through the back door. Sticking close to the house prevent the motion sensor lights from activating, she fast-walked through the yard to her car which was always parked on the street so that her parents could leave for work without having to wake her. Getting in, she put the key in the ignition and a moment later was off. But not to the Domination Farm.

Having spent months looking into the most infamous fetish resort in the world, Carrie knew exactly what could, and in all likelihood would happen to her once inside the tall stone walls. Which is why she prepared for everything. Driving twenty-three miles in the opposite direction, she pulled her car into the parking lot of a sleazy motel. Room already rented; she quickly made her way to it. Not out of fear anyone she knew would see her, but because anyone seeing her entering one of the rooms might think she was a sex worker and proposition her for sex. Not that she was opposed to taking money for sex, but that was not how she planned on losing her virginity.

Although it had a bad reputation, the room she entered was actually quite nice and surprisingly clean with a king-sized bed centered against the back wall with nightstands on either side and a very comfortable looking dark gray recliner in the corner. To the left, glass-front doors slid open to a sizeable closet. And to the right an open door led into a small but functional bathroom. Going first to the closet, she grabbed two duffel bags – one black and the other navy blue. Sitting the black one on the bed, she carried the navy blue one into the bathroom where she sat it on the vanity before stripping naked.

Opening the duffel bag, she reached in and pulled out a large blue rubber bag, a coiled length of clear tubing, a bottle of lube and a small black plastic case containing numerous attachments. From that, she plucked a long slender one and then attached it to one end of the tubing. The other end was attached to the bag. Next, she turned on the tub and got the water to as hot as she could stand it, added a bit more cold water and then began filling the bag. Once it was bulging at the sides, she hung it on the rod, got down on all fours, lubed the nozzle and then very slowly pushed it into her ass. About the same thickness as her pinky, there was no pain as it easily went deeper. When it was fully inserted, she opened the valve on the tubing about halfway allowing the hot water to begin filling her up for her first ever enema.

Carrie had the overwhelming urge to relieve herself within seconds of her bowels being filled with water, but thanks to her research she was expecting it. Not that it made it any easier to hold it in, but even as her stomach churned and roiled, she managed to remain head down and ass up for a full eleven minutes before discomfort turned to painful cramps. After her first full enema, she took a fifteen-minute break and then repeated the process four more times until all that came out was virtually clear water. Before taking another shower, she went out to the bed and opened the black duffel bag. From it she withdrew several clothing items and a small wooden box that made her shiver with nervous anticipation. With it in hand, she returned to the bathroom where she got back down on all fours.

In her research into the Domination Farm, Carrie knew that street clothes of any kind were forbidden and that anything she wore inside would be confiscated and tossed into the trash no matter how much she might protest. She also knew that first-time visitors were given a free approved outfit. Signing up online, her clothes were shipped to a P.O. Box she had set up just for the occasion. Cupless purple latex bra. Matching chaps accentuated with quarter-sized chrome eyelets around the waistband and leg/crotch openings. Hoof boots that took her weeks of practicing in private to get the hang of walking in with rings along the outer sides for easy restraint. And then there was the final piece. The piece in that wooden box sitting on the floor in front of her. The piece she had been dreading for months but now had no choice but to wear.

Opening the box, Carrie looked down at a smooth silicone butt plug on the left and a horse tail attachment on the right. In years past, the Domination Farm had only one size toy they offered to new visitors and that was MASSIVE. Fortunately, due to numerous complaints and millions of suggestions, they relaxed their rules a bit and now offered most outfit specific toys in a wide range of sizes. Being an anal virgin, Carrie had chosen the smallest plug available, but at seven inches of insertable length and two inches at it's thickest it was still a very sizable toy.

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Giving herself a few enemas, fucking herself up the ass with a large butt plug for the first time in her life and wearing fetish clothing, while mildly embarrassing, paled when compared to exposing herself and her soon to be sexual exploits to thousands of people in person and hundreds of thousands to millions more

watching live all around the world. Not that every single camera would be focused on her, but there was no doubt in Carrie's mind that at least one would catch her in the action.

Arriving at her destination more than an hour before sunrise, Carrie pulled into the massive, newly constructed parking garage and went up and up until finally finding an open spot of the sixth floor. This was it. This was the moment she decided her fate. Chicken out and go home, or let curiosity get the better of her and explore all that the Domination Farm has to offer? Although there was no one in sight, she knew the cameras were watching. Looking down at the tail attachment in the passenger seat, she inhaled deeply through her nose and then slowly exhaled out of her mouth. Okay, I can do this. This is what I've been waiting two years for. I can't back out now. She thought as she removed the tee shirt and shorts she put on over her latex bra and chaps for the drive. Grabbing the tail from the passenger seat, she opened the driver's side door and stepped out. Reaching back, she pushed the tail into the base of the plug, took another deep breath and then followed the signs to the elevator that would take her to what once served as the resort's original parking lot which had long since been turned into constantly busy ticket booths.

Carrie had spent more than a year researching every aspect of the Domination Farm available. She knew the names of every street and building. She knew which ones required participation upon entering and a mark upon completion. She knew where she could eat, use the bathroom, take a shower and find a bed to rest in after a long day of sexual exploration. What she did now know, however, was that the farm's perverse attitude extended to the parking garage elevators. Stepping inside the large compartment, the first thing she saw were angled rods sticking out of the left, right and back walls – each ending in two long, thick dildos. The second thing she noticed was the imposing, barrel-chested man standing near the panel of buttons. Clean-cut with short brown hair and goatee, his well-toned upper body was naked save for the red band around his right bicep.

“Going down?” the man asked.

“Yes Sir.”

“Go ahead and get on and we can descend.”

“Get on?”

“First time riding the elevators?”

“Um, yes Sir.”

“Nice. Go ahead and position yourself on any of the rods and we can go down. There are condoms in the boxes in the corners.”

“Um, My ass is already plugged, Sir,” Carrie said, turning to show the man the tail sticking out of her perfectly plump behind. “And... and, um, I know you’re not going to believe me, but I’m actually a virgin and even if I wasn’t those things are massive!”

“Be that as it may, the rules are the rules and if you wish to ride the elevator you’re required to stuff yourself with the dildos,” the man said, pointing to a sign hanging on the wall to the left of the doors.

“Maybe after I’ve been here a while and have gotten used to taking cocks and larger toys,” Carrie sighed. “Sorry for wasting your time, Sir.” Taking a step back, she was met with the closed door.

“If you’re concerned about size you may use the beginner ones there in the corner to your right. “They might be long, but they’re no thicker than the average man’s dick. Also, if you read the sign you’ll see that in order to leave without riding the dildos you’ll have to accept ten swats of the cane on your breasts. The decision is yours to make, sweetheart, and you’ve got thirty seconds to make it.”

Just then, the doors slid open. Spinning around, Carrie saw two women in their early twenties – one with long brown hair pulled back in a high ponytail wearing a cupless black and silver corset, spanking skirt and knee-high boots, and the other a dirty blonde wearing thigh-high boots, long opera gloves, headband with ears, garter belt and tail in a distinctly bovine black and white pattern and the light blue collar of a farm submissive. “Pardon me,” the dirty blonde said.

Looking at the woman’s left breast, Carrie saw the submissive name Bouncytits tattooed in black script. Stepping deeper into the elevator, Carrie made the first of many decisions that would change the course of her life. Grabbing two condoms from one of the metal boxes, she nervously opened the first and rolled

it down the front dildo. “Sir, since the plug is part of my outfit that I’m required to wear at all times at the Farm, may I use only the one dildo?” she asked, knowing the rules pertaining to outfits was pretty firm.

“You’re not wearing a bracer which tells me you’ve never been here before,” the man said as the other two passengers grabbed condoms. Without saying a word the dirty blonde woman removed the back dildo from one of the rods. “She, however, does have a bracer.”

“I don’t understand what difference that makes, Sir. I’ve already read, signed and returned all the paperwork so that I can get into the Domination Farm. I’ve also paid my entrance fee in advance. This outfit was chosen for me at random and per the rules all accessories including tails must be worn at all times except when using the toilet, showering or having sex with an actual human being. I may be young, Sir, but I’m not stupid, so I’ll kindly ask again. May I please remove the back dildo and use only the front one?”

“I like you,” the man smirked. “You may remove it.”

“Thank you Sir.” Face beet red despite standing up for herself, Carrie avoided making eye contact as she straddled the sex toy. Rubbing it along her vulva, she bit hard into her lower lip. Eyes closed; she unlocked her knees. “UHN! She grunted as the head popped into her. “Fucking hell!”

“Oh shit!” the brunette woman exclaimed. “Are we witnessing a virgin deflowering herself right in front of us?”

“Y-Yes,” Carrie groaned as she slid down several more inches. “I... uhn... I didn’t know I’d have to fuck myself in the elevator.”

“Oh, honey, that’s nothing. I mean, just look at how easily we take these huge fuckers. If you don’t want this to happen to you then perhaps you’re at the wrong resort.”

“I want it to happen to me,” Carrie grunted as she slowly bounced up and down on the dildo. “I just thought my first time would be with a man, not a silicone substitute.”

“Well, at least now your first time with a man won’t hurt.”

“Small victories.” Unfortunately, just as she was getting used to the feeling the elevator hit ground floor and the doors slid open. Dismounting, she removed the condom and tossed it in the trash before reattaching the back one and then using alcohol wiped to clean them both before stepping out to lines of men, women, trans and others waiting to pay their way in.

“What’s your name, babe?” the brunette asked as she and her blonde friend stepped out behind her.

“I’m Carrie.”

“Pleasure to meet you Carrie. I’m Miranda and this sexy cow is my best friend Daisy, but you may call her Bouncytits. So, was that really your first time?”

“Yes. And before coming here I spent a couple hours in a motel giving myself enemas and popping my anal cherry to take the big plug they sent as part of my outfit.”

“Nice. How big?”

“Two inches thick. I know, that’s nothing compared to some of the toys here, but for a virgin it might as well have been a fist.”

“If you want to learn how to take the largest cocks, toys and fists you can always check out the House of Gape,” Daisy suggested.

“It’s on my list, but I’m not quite ready to go that far yet. I see you both have bracers. How many times have you been here?”

“I’ve been vacationing here every summer for the last five years,” Miranda answered.

“I started coming here seven years ago and have been working here for the last four,” Daisy said. “So, what brings a virgin to the Domination Farm?”

“Curiosity and to prove my family wrong,” Carrie answered as the trio walked towards the many lines. Even at such an early hour there were at least a hundred people seeking entry so she reserved herself to a long wait. “They’re uber religious and think this place is the work of the devil. I disagree.”

“Good on you,” Miranda replied. “Well, we’re both returning guests and in her case employee so we’re going to head on inside.”

“No problem. Thanks for talking and not immediately wanting to have sex with me. Not that I would’ve complained or hesitated, but it’s nice to know not everyone goes right for sex.”

“You said you filled everything out online,” Daisy said. “Does that mean you just need to show your ID and get your bracer?”

“Yeah, but it looks like that’s going to take longer than I had hoped.”

“Nah. You see that empty booth to the far right?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s where I’m stationed so let’s go get your paperwork finalized so you can go in and enjoy yourself.”

“Seriously? You’re a lifesaver! Thanks.”

“My pleasure. All I ask is that you visit the golden showers during your visit.”

“So I get a taste for pee, or so that I’m given my first body modification?”

“Um, both. Alternatively, you can get in one of the other lines and wait an hour or more to get in.”

“Deal. I’m going to be here a full month so it’s only a matter time before I get marked in one way, shape or form so why not start now?”

“Are you looking to be collared? Hold on, don’t answer yet. I’ll see you later, Miranda.”

“Meet me at the Cumeaterie for lunch?”

“It’s a date. Now, back to my question. Are you looking to be collared?”

“Looking to be? Not necessarily. But if it happens I won’t protest too much unless the one collaring me is an absolute ass. Why do you ask?” Carrie asked while following Bouncytits across the lot.

“A monthlong stay is going to set you back about seven grand so unless you’re loaded or planning on participating in several humiliating and degrading events every day you’ll need money and being a Farm slave actually pays very well.”

“I saved every penny for the last two years and paid in advance, but please tell me more about this Farm slave position.”

“Like I said, it pays very well. A hundred thousand a year to start to be exact. Plus bonuses based on willingness to serve, kinkiness and a few other factors. Of course, it also means you’ll have to do everything commanded whether you like it or not, but from the sound of it that’s your plan anyways which is why I mention it in the first place. If you’re interested I can take care of that out here and then you’ll just have to go to Naughty Ink to receive your servonym. That’s what we call the name we give Farm slaves and those requesting it. Anyways, no pressure and I understand if you don’t want to go that route, but it is an option.”

“A hundred thousand a year?”

“To start. It’s a lot of money and comes with more perks that I haven’t mentioned, but please don’t jump into it unless you’re absolutely certain you have what it takes to be a sex slave because once you’re wearing the blue collar there’s no changing your status. You’ll forever be a registered sex slave in the system and those are the rules you’ll be required to obey every time you visit whether working or not.”

“I came here with the intent of spending the next month exploring every aspect of my sexuality without reservation. My plan was to visit every single building at least once no matter how perverse the fetish offered within if only to know whether I like it or not. I know that means receiving multiple body modifications that will permanently mark me as a sex slave even if that’s not the life I ultimately choose to live.”

“Can I ask why you’re doing this?”

“Like I said before, curiosity and to prove my family wrong. They’re under the misguided delusion that the Domination Farm forces this lifestyle on those that visit. Hell, they believe this place actively snatches people off the streets. But more importantly, I’ve always been curious about everything and knew from a rather young age that I wanted to lose my virginity here. In a way I suppose that happened, but I need more than a silicone cock to satisfy my, well, curiosity.”

“Well, if you’re planning on visiting every building at least once then you’re going to be well on the way to becoming a sex slave as many of them, at least those requiring marks of completion take weeks, and in some cases months to complete.”

“I know. I have a year before heading off to college. My hope was that I’d be able to make enough money doing the various attractions to offset the entrance fee allowing me to stay longer.”

“Unfortunately, that’s no longer a viable option,” Daisy said as she stepped into the booth. “Don’t get me wrong, there are still attractions and events that pay pretty well, but those positions are usually snatched up pretty quick so getting a spot is next to impossible. To briefly change the topic, can I please see your ID so that I may look you up in the system?”

“Of course.” Opening her purse, Carrie fished out her driver’s license and slid it through the small opening at the bottom of the protective glass window.

“Everything should be in there and I should be marked as paid in full for thirty days with an additional twenty-five-hundred to be placed on my bracer.”

“So you are,” Daisy replied as she looked over the profile. “Everything seems to be in order. Rules read and signed. Headshot and full-body nude photos provided for identification purposes. I see you even included some in your outfit. Well, it looks as if you’re all set. Let me just set up your bracer and you can head on inside.”

“Thanks. Actually, I think I’d like to know more about being a Farm slave if you don’t mind.”

“As there’s a line forming behind you I can’t right this minute, but once inside you can go to the main office on the corner of Domination Drive and Bondage Boulevard. Tell whomever is on duty that you’re interested in being a Farm slave and that Bouncytits recommends you for the position.”

“Will do. Thanks.”

Fancy silver bracer locked tightly around her right forearm, Carrie bid her new friend goodbye and then made her towards the entrance to the Domination Farm wondering if she should go straight for sexual slavery, or give it a few days to see if she really could set aside all of her inhibitions to engage in the most perverse of sexual activities. It was when she raised her arm to scan in at the gates that she realized she actually did not have any inhibitions to speak of. Or at least that was what she had spent the last few years believing. Fuck it! She thought as she walked in. You're here to try every and anything. You vowed to enter every single building at least once. That means breeding, fisting, obedience training, drinking piss and so much more. If that doesn't make me a sex slave in the making then I don't know what will.

Standing in the middle of Domination Drive, Carrie scanned the sprawling stretch of the resort. Or at least as much as she could take in from her current location just inside the gates. One-story brick and log cabin buildings. Pillories on the left where restrained men and women sucked the cocks of anyone wishing to use them for such services. A café on the right where lactating women expressed their milk into cups of coffee, tea and empty shot glasses as ordered by the few early-bird customers. The Hot Momma Café, Carrie thought as she walked in that direction. Pulling one of the metal chairs out, she looked down to see two large dildos. Removing the back one, she cleaned the front one with alcohol wipes and a sanitizer before placing a condom on it. Adding a bit of lube, she positioned the bulbous head, held her breath and then slowly forced herself onto it. "Uhn! Jesus Christ that's big!" she grunted.

"First time?" a female voice called out.

"Y-Yes," Carrie answered, looking over to see a petite blonde wearing a form-fitting latex dress that actually covered everything and the red band of a dominant around her right bicep. "I lost my virginity in the parking garage elevator, Ma'am." Forcing herself down a couple more inches, she stopped, hands gripping the edge of the table and legs trembling from the strain. "This is only my second dick."

“Not gonna lie, that’s pretty fucking hot. I can see you’re in some distress. There’s no rush to take the entire thing. In fact, trying before you’re ready is a sure way to earn yourself a visit to the clinic. Can I ask why you removed the other toy?”

“My ass is already plugged, Ma’am. I’d show you but I don’t think I can stand right now.” From the corner of her left eye Carrie saw a brunette woman dressed nearly identical to Daisy approaching. The biggest difference were the thigh-high boots ending in hooves instead of normal soles. She also had pierced nipples adorned with rings from which dangled tiny cow bells.

“Welcome to the Hot Momma Café,” the Farm slave greeted Carrie. “How may I serve you this morning?”

“I’d like a smaller dildo please,” Carrie groaned as another inch stretched her open.

“I’m afraid I can’t do anything about that, but I can suggest using copious amounts of lube.”

“Lube isn’t the problem. The massive toys this place uses is.”

“Lube might not be the problem, but it’s the solution,” the waitress replied. “I’ll assume based on your reaction that you’re not aware of the desensitizing effects of the lube we use here. Trust me, if you’re having trouble taking the dildos it’ll help.”

“Thanks.” Looking at the woman’s left breast, Carrie saw the name Dairy Cow #19 tattooed in familiar black script. “I don’t have to take the whole thing before being served do I?”

“Not at all.”

“Thank god because I’m not even halfway down and it’s no longer feeling good. Anyways, I’d like three shots please.”

“Will that be all for you this morning, Ma’am?”

“Do you serve food here?”

“We do. Would you like a menu?”

“Yes please.”

“Coming right up.” Walking away, Dairy Cow #19 stopped and looked back over her right shoulder. “Use some lube. It’ll help.”

“Thanks, I will.” Standing, Carrie grabbed the bottle of lube and coated every millimeter of the long, tapered dildo. She then squirt a generous amount onto the index and middle fingers of her left hand. Bringing it to her vulva, she pushed them in with a pleasure-filled moan. This was the first time she had ever fingered herself but as the digits went deeper she knew it would be far from the last.

“Using the lube will definitely ease the discomfort, but it certainly won’t alleviate the damage caused by taking too much, too fast,” the Mistress at the other table warned.

“No, but allowing us to use smaller sex toys certainly would,” Carrie shot back as she once again lowered herself onto the dildo. This time, her vulva pleasantly numb inside and out, she rode the ever-increasing thickness of the shaft like a cowgirl on a bucking bronco. “Not everyone want their pussy and ass stretched wide open.” But you’re a Mistress. You don’t have to sit on them at all so what would you know?”

“More than you think,” the dominant woman replied. Scooting her chair back and to the right so that Carrie could see, she then raised the hem of her dress and stood, showing that she had been sitting on both incredibly large sex toys this entire time. “I may not be required to sit on the sex toys, but I do it anyways because I happen to enjoy being stretched wide open.”

“I’m sorry, Ma’am, I didn’t mean to offend.” Thankfully, it was about that time Dairy Cow #19 arrived with a menu in one hand and a small tray with three shot glasses balanced on the other.

“None taken.”

“Is everything okay out here, Mistress?” Dairy Cow #19 asked.

“Everything’s fine. We were just discussing the pros and cons of relying too

heavily on the lube.

“As you say, Mistress.” After handing Carrie the menu, Dairy Cow #19 sat the shot glassed down in front of her and then held out a small electronic device. “That’ll be seventy-five dollars for the drinks please.”

“SEVENTY... seventy-five dollars for three shots of milk? Are you kidding me?”

“Selling our milk is how we dairy cows earn a living Ma’am. Would you like to cancel your order?”

“No. I’m really curious what it tastes like so I’ll buy it, but holy hell I’m in the wrong line of work.”

“If you’re lactating we’re always looking for new cows. Go ahead and swipe your chip and I’ll be more than happy to fill the glasses.”

“You’re the second person to offer me a job this morning,” Carrie said as she swiped the chip in her bracer across the hand-held terminal. “I see that you’re wearing the collar of a Farm slave. My understanding was that position pays very well. Was I lied to?”

“Not at all. Being a Farm slave is an excellent way to earn a living. “

“Then why do you have to sell your milk to earn a living?”

“Because I’m a dairy cow,” the waitress said as she held out the first full shot glass.

Taking the offered glass, Carrie brought it to her lips and knocked it back. But she did not immediately swallow. Wanting to savor her first taste, she held it in her mouth, let its warm sweetness coat her tongue. “Mmmm... that’s pretty damn good.”

“Thank you.”

Taking the second glass, Carrie stared into the woman’s large blue eyes. So, how many of these can you fill in a day?”

“Nearly everyone working here, at the Hot Momma Café that is, has what is known as hyperlactation syndrome which is a very clinical way of saying we produce way more breast milk than is normal. As for myself, I produce enough in a day to fill about a hundred shot glasses, but I typically only fill thirty to fifty during my shift.”

“Holy shit! At twenty-five a shot?”

“I unfortunately can’t go into the details on how they break down payments, but I can say we’re all very well compensated for the services we provide.”

“I understand. Your milk tastes amazing so I think I’ll go ahead and order an entire glass to go with the farmer’s special,” Carrie said, referring to a breakfast of eggs, hashbrowns, bacon and toast.

“You do understand that an entire glass will set you back four hundred dollars, right?”

“Worth every penny. Besides, between you and me, a Farm slave by the name of BouncyTits is recommending me for a position as Farm slave and I think I’m going to accept so I guess this is a little pre-hiring celebration. Assuming they’re looking for another slave that is. And if not, well, I still want to drink your milk.”

“Then you’ll have it,” Dairy Cow #19 replied. “As for becoming a farm slave and actually working here, that’s all going to depend on your skillset and what they’re looking for. Anyways, let me put your order in and when it’s ready I’ll fill your glass right here at the table so that you know it came directly from me.”

“Thank you.”

“It is definitely my pleasure.”

Belly full, curiosity for the taste of breast milk sated for the moment, Carrie walked the short distance to the Main office content on becoming the Domination Farm's newest slave, but at the last second stopped. Pulling her hand away from the door handle, she took three steps back and stared across the wide street at men and women dressed as puppies crawling around playing with each other and their owners. I want to do it, she thought. I can see myself wearing the blue collar, but not yet. If stretching myself open on that damn dildo taught me anything it's that I need to take it slow. I need to test myself, try new fetishes until I've done them all or found one I don't like. Then, and only then will I know if I have what it takes to be a slave versus just a submissive. I want some real cock.

Turning right, Carrie walked north along Domination Drive passed the Puppy Park, Gang Bang Grotto and row of Slut Machines on the left and the Cummypaws Training Facility on the right. Seeing a woman dressed in full on pony gear pulling a manned cart in her direction, she stepped aside to let them pass. Naughty Ink – the place where body modifications running the gambit from piercings to brands. The Auction Block where men and women sold themselves into servitude to the highest bidder. Girl-Mart – a shop where women could place themselves on sale for a fixed price based solely on what they were sexually willing to do. Learning the Ropes – a place where, for a price, anyone could learn the ins and outs of bondage. Those were just a few of the buildings she walked by on her way to her new destination.

Even before she opened the door Carrie could hear the grunts and moans of sexual pleasure. God, I want that to be me. Sliding the barn door open, she stepped inside knowing full well that she had just committed herself to being bred by no fewer than twenty men every day until she was pregnant or up and left the Domination Farm for good. Before the pregnant woman sitting behind a rustic wooden counter could speak, Carrie walked up to her grinning ear-to-ear. "Please tell me there's a spot open for me to be bred like a fucking cow!"

"That eager to be gang bred?" the woman asked.

“I’m that eager to try a real cock.”

“I see. Well, we’ve got several positions available at the moment. Are you looking for a mixed bag or all black?”

Knowing from her research that a mixed bag referred to men of any and all races and that all black meant black men only, Carrie was tempted to go for the latter, but as the words were forming in her brain she changed her mind. “I assume a mixed back includes at least some black men so let’s go with that.”

“Not a problem. Go ahead and scan in there at the terminal and then again at whichever pillory or stockade you decide to use. As per the rules, you are required to offer yourself up for breeding seven days a week until confirmed pregnant, you’re given a medical excuse to get out of it or you leave the Domination Farm for good.”

“I understand.”

“If you do not have the money to pay for such and extended stay I can help you earn at least enough to cover fees and other basic costs until.”

“Thank you. I’ve actually paid for a month and have already been recommended for a position as a Farm slave. I’m hoping the next month will tell me if that’s the right route for me or not.”

“It takes a special kind of mentality to willingly live a life of sexual slavery. I myself am submissive, but open-minded as I am I’ve got my limits.”

“I’m not sure that I have any.”

“If not, then I say go for it. You’ll be subjected to every perversion under the sun here but at least you’ll be well-paid, have a free place to live and know that you’re relatively safe from the dangers such a life entails. Anyways, go ahead and scan in and remember to scan again at the pillory or stockade of your choice or it won’t count and you’ll be disciplined for missing a day. And if you haven’t been there yet, I suggest pairing your time here with the Milking Barn so that you’re producing milk long before the baby is due.”

“I’ll keep that in mind. Thanks.” Swiping her bracer at the terminal, Carrie followed the sounds of sex. The rest of the huge building was one open room

with mechanical pillories and stockades neatly set into stalls along the two longest walls. Doing a quick count, she saw that eight pillories and four stockades were currently occupied with two of the former and one of the latter in an area marked as black cock only. While the women were being bred, the rest of the men – fifty-three in total, stood along the walls slowly jerking off to maintain hardness and waited for an opening. As she walked towards one of the stockades they perked up and no sooner was she on all fours positioning herself on the mid-section platform they descended in the hopes of being her first.

Research telling her exactly what to expect, she first scanned her chip only to be greeted by a mechanical female voice. “This cow has the seed of thirty-three bulls to take before she is released.” In for the long haul, she put her arms and legs firmly in place. Sensors were triggered and the next thing she knew padded metal cuffs bound her to the device. The tail of her plug was pushed out of the way and without much ceremony she felt the warm thickness of a man’s cock filling her womanhood and it was divine. Mmmm... I definitely made the right choice, she thought as he slammed in and out of her recently deflowered and stretched pussy.

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Having sex with thirty-three men in one day would have been rough for a seasoned professional. Carrie rode the wave of euphoria for as long as she could, having multiple orgasms in the process, but excitement alone was not enough to stave off the impending exhaustion. Sixteen men and nearly five hours later and she was starting to regret jumping into the deep end. Unfortunately, as the mechanical voice coming out of the stockade reminded everyone within earshot, she still had seventeen more to go and unless she wanted to end her stay just as it was really starting she would have to endure.

And endure she did. If only barely. Locked in place for eight long hours unable to move, cramps set in that had her in more pain than she cared for. The only positive that came from the experience other than finally having sex with men, was that when she needed to relieve herself she was greeted with a tongue happily lapping up every drop of semen oozing from her well-fucked hole before forming a seal with her mouth and then drinking her pee. Looking back over her shoulder, she saw a young fair-skinned Asian woman with pixie cut jet black hair and thanks to contacts, the sexiest purple eyes she had ever seen. “T-Thank you for cleaning me and drinking my pee,” she groaned.

“Although it’s my duty as one of the farm hands, it was my pleasure,” the woman replied, the smile on her lips one of genuine satisfaction. “Please enjoy the rest of your breeding.”

“I’m trying, but I still have like fifteen more to do and I’m exhausted.”

“Then why not take a break?”

“Um, I didn’t know that was permitted.”

“Of course it’s permitted. You see the buttons next to your thumbs? Press them down and the stockade will open. You’ll have to stay in the Breeding Stables until you’ve completed your lot of men, but at least you can walk around and stretch your aching joints.”

“Oh my god thank you! Sorry guys, but I desperately need a break,” Carrie said as she used her thumbs to press the buttons.

“Breeding Cow Carrie Atwood is taking a break with seventeen bulls remaining,” the mechanical voice said. “You have one hour to return or you’ll be disciplined for failure to meet your quota.”

“Just so you know, you only get one break per session so you might as well take full advantage of it.”

“Thanks. I’m Carrie, by the way.”

“I’m Maggie. If you have any other questions please feel free to ask.”

“Um, is there somewhere around here that I can freshen up, or a place I can get something to eat and drink?” Getting to her feet, Carrie turned and saw that the woman who had so kindly licked her clean and drank her pee looked to be four or five months pregnant herself. Expecting to see a blue collar around her neck and a name tattooed on her breast, she instead saw the purple collar and armband of a Farm switch.

“I can show you to the bathroom and a water fountain, but no food is permitted in the building so you’ll have to wait until you’re finished with today’s session to grab a bite to eat.”

“Thanks. So, can I ask if you were bred here?”

“I was. This is actually my third breeding.”

“WOW! Really?”

“Really.”

“Cool. So, when you said it was your duty to lick me clean and drink my pee...”

“We should probably walk and talk.”

“Right.”

“I work as one of the farm hands here at the Breeding Stables. Basically, our job is to clean up the cows, that’s you, and to drink their piss should they need to relieve themselves,” Maggie explained as she led Carrie out of the stables and into the lobby area.

“I don’t see the point. I mean, can’t the, um, cow just go to the bathroom?”

“Only if she has a break. Speaking of the bathroom, it’s back and to the right. You’ll also find several water fountains in the same hallway.”

“Thank you.”

“My pleasure. Good luck with the rest of your breeding.”

“Thanks. So, um, before I go freshen up, I just wanted to say that you’re actually the first woman I’ve ever done anything sexual with. I wasn’t sure how I’d feel about it, but not that I’ve done it I can honestly say I loved it so thank you for that.”

“Not to sound like a broken record, but it was honestly my pleasure. If you come in around the same time every day we’ll get to do it again.”

“I’m looking forward to it. I’m gonna go now while I’m still able to walk.” And then, without even thinking about it, Carrie leaned in and kissed Maggie right on the lips. “I don’t know if it’s permitted or not, but I’d really like to return the favor so would you like to join me in the stall when I go back?”

“I’d love to, but unfortunately only those being bred. those doing the breeding and the clean-up crew are permitted in the stalls. But if you’re interested maybe we can get to know each other better over dinner at the Cumeaterie and see where that takes us.”

“I’d like that. A lot,” Carrie said as the butterflies began bombarding her stomach. “But I really have to know...” Giving Maggie another kiss on the lips, Carrie got down on her knees. Looking up into those stunning violet eyes, she leaned in and licked. Her engorged clit throbbed. She licked again. Reaching up, she grabbed Maggie’s ass and pulled her in as her tongue slid between her inner labia.

“Looks like you’ve got yourself an admirer,” the woman behind the counter said.

“You won’t hear me complaining,” Maggie cooed, placing her left hand on the back of Carrie’s head and drawing her in deeper. “I think we’re going to get along just fine.”

“Mmmm... me too,” Carrie purred. “And now I know that I also love eating pussy. Thank you so much for allowing me the honor of trying to pleasure you.”

“Try hell! That was pretty damn good for a first-timer and had you kept going I’m sure you would’ve gotten me off.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth then Carrie’s tongue was once again licking. “I really appreciate what you’re doing, but you shouldn’t waste your break on me.”

“Waste my break? Are you kidding me? I would never call pleasuring you or anyone else a waste. On the contrary, I was going to suggest I do this during my break every session from now until I’m pregnant. If you want me to that is.”

“That’s very kind of you, but I know just how draining the sessions can be and you need to rest for the second half. What we can do is meet for dinner and get to know each other a little better. If we get on then we can see about working some playtime into our schedules.”

“God, I so want to ask for your collar but this is only my first day here and I’m sort of looking into becoming a Farm slave so I don’t want to accept yours only to immediately remove it for another.”

“No problem. Now go freshen up and drink plenty of water and I’ll catch up

with you at the Cumeaterie.”

“Yes Ma’am.” Scooting back, Carrie dropped onto all fours and then crawled towards the back of the lobby where she saw the hallway leading off to the right. Following it, she first stopped at one of the water fountains to quench her thirst before heading into the bathroom to freshen up for the last fifteen men.

The next day...

Waking to the feeling of a hand enveloping her right breast, Carrie recalled dinner with Maggie after which they returned to her tiny apartment. She desperately wanted to continue pleasuring her new friend, but they did not get past cuddling in bed before she fell asleep in Maggie's arms. "You awake, babe?" she asked, her voice low.

"Awake? Yes. Ready to get out of bed? Not even close."

"I'd like to sleep a few more hours, but I really need to pee and..."

"You can use me as your toilet," Maggie interrupted her new friend. "But only if I can use you."

"I was actually planning on going to the Golden Showers today to get it out of the way but I'd much rather have you be my first."

"You really are intent on becoming a sex slave aren't you?" Maggie asked as she tweaked Carrie's nipple between finger and thumb.

"Like I said last night, that was never my goal coming here, but seeing as how I'm going to take BouncyTits up on her suggestion of becoming a Farm slave I guess that's what I'll be."

"And if someone commands you to do something you don't want to?"

"As long as I'm wearing the collar and here at the Farm no isn't in my vocabulary. I'll do whatever is commanded of me without hesitation or complaint and just hope for the best."

"Good answer. Now get out of bed and on your knees, toilet."

“Yes Ma’am.”

“That’s Mistress.”

“My apologies, Mistress.” Rolling out of bed, Carrie crawled around to the foot of the bed and then sat back in a kneeling position. “Your toilet is ready, Mistress. Well, as ready as someone about to drink piss for the first time can be.”

“The first thing you need to know is that it’s not as terrible as people think it is,” Maggie said as she got out of bed. “That being said, the first pee of the day tends to be the most pungent. Just stay relaxed and gulp it down and you’ll be fine. As per the rules of the Domination Farm, if you spit it out or move away before I’m finish you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“I understand, Mistress. So, um, do I just open my mouth and you pee in it?”

“Do you have a gag reflex?”

“Not a very strong one, Mistress.”

“Can you swallow really fast without choking?”

“My parents call me a freak and my friends think it’s the coolest thing in the world, but I can drink an entire glass of whatever in one go. I can open my throat and just let it slid right down, Mistress.”

“That’s fucking hot! And a nice skill for a sex slave in training to have. I’m going to test what you just said and if you’re lying you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“I understand, Mistress. And for the record, I do my best to never lie and I’m not about to start where I know it’ll only end in my pain. I’m ready when you are.” Relaxing what little gag reflex she had, Carrie opened her throat and waited. But not for long as Maggie stepped closer and put her vulva against her lips. A beat later and the warm, acrid fluid was flowing down her throat with ease. Resisting the urge to move away, she looked up at her would-be Mistress’ through slightly teary eyes. When the last drops were hitting her belly, she instinctively stuck out her tongue and licked.

“I’m impressed. I was watching but didn’t see you swallow once. You’re going

to make an excellent toilet slave.”

“Thank you Mistress. I don’t want to make a mess all over the floor so may I please use you as my toilet now?”

“You may.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“When we’re done her I want you to go straight to the golden showers. If you’re not marked when you come in for your breeding session I’ll be very disappointed,” Maggie said as she got down on her knees.

“My first stop is the Main Office to inquire about becoming a farm slave, Mistress, but I’ll go to the Golden Showers right after I’m given my slave name. Assuming they hire me, that is.”

“You may tell whomever you talk to that Mistress Maggie Li endorses your slavery.”

“Thank you Mistress. So, I’m assuming you can’t open your throat like I can so how do you want me to do it?”

“I’m going to put my hands on your ass and my mouth over your vulva. When you feel a light slap on the behind that means I’m ready. I’m a trained toilet so there’s no need to hold back.”

“Yes Mistress. You know, I saw every inch of your perfection last night, Mistress, and I don’t recall seeing any marks of completion,” Carrie said as she stepped closer to the kneeling Farm switch.

“Just because I’m not marked doesn’t mean I’m not a well-trained toilet.”

“True,” Mistress,” Carrie said as Maggie’s mouth and hands moved into position. A beat later she felt a light slap on her right ass cheek. Releasing the stream with a sigh of relief, she looked down and watched as Maggie gulped as quickly as her mouth filled. “I want you to go to the Golden Showers with me, Mistress. I want to see you drinking the piss of twenty to fifty people and then receive the mark of completion. I know you’re dominant, but you’re also submissive and it would mean the world to me if we could do at least this one

thing together.”

After licking Carrie clean, Maggie sat back and then got to her feet. “While I might be submissive, complete with obedience and etiquette training on top of many fetishes, I don’t want any body modifications which is why I don’t go to any building requiring marks of completion. Not that I’m against them if others are into that sort of thing, but they’re not for me.”

“I understand, Mistress. I honestly don’t want them either, but if I’m going to work here then it’s only a matter of time before I get them all and like it or not, I came to terms with that long before I ever stepped foot inside the Farm. Anyways, would you like to get breakfast with me before I head to the office?”

“Sure. I’m partial to the Hot Momma Café for breakfast, but the Dive is good as well.”

“Not the Cumeaterie, Mistress?”

“While they serve breakfast, and I’m nothing if not a cum slut, I don’t want it with every meal.”

“I went to the Hot Momma Café yesterday. It was really good, but I’d like to check out the Dive if that’s okay, Mistress.”

“Of course.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

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After breakfast, Carrie went to the Main Office where she met Mistress Brianna – a statuesque beauty in her mid-thirties with jet black hair fading to purple at the tips which hung nearly to her waist. After a brief conversation where she mentioned BouncyTits and Mistress Maggie Li by name, she was registered as a Farm slave and given the name CuriousKitten which was then tattooed onto her left breast. A high-paying job and a now free, if small, place to live secured, Carrie then made her way to a large, one-story brick building on the corners of Masochism Row, Sadism Street and Breeder Boulevard. With a glance up at the sign depicting a kneeling woman being peed on, she opened the door and two hours later earned her first Mark of completion – Trained Toilet tattooed on her

right hip.

Her promise upheld, Carrie turned her thoughts to matters outside of the Domination Farm. In particular her family whom she knew would be blowing up at her sudden, unexplained and prolonged disappearance. Knowing that going home to talk to her parents face-to-face would only lead to more harm than good, she left the resort and rode the elevator up to the sixth floor – this time making no argument as she also rode one of the large dildos. At her car, she grabbed her purse from the truck, got in and then pulled her phone from her purse. Fifty-eight missed calls. Ninety-four unanswered text messages. And those were just the ones from her parents and siblings. Shaking her head, she called her mother.

“C-Carrie?” Wendy answered the phone.”

“Hey mom...”

“Don’t you hey mom me young lady! Where are you? Your father and I have been worrying ourselves to death looking for you. When no one had seen you we called the police! We thought you had been kidnapped in the middle of the night! Who...”

“SHUT UP!” Carrie snapped.

“Excuse me? I don’t know who you...”

“I said shut up! GOD! I wasn’t kidnapped in the middle of the night. I left in the middle of the night because I knew you and dad would but in and try controlling me like you always do. I’m not a kid anymore, mom. I’m eighteen and don’t have to listen to you anymore. I’m just calling to let you know that I’m at the Domination Farm where I just started my new job as one of the resort’s Farm slaves. Feel free to disown me, I don’t care anymore. If you ever want to see me again this is where you’ll find me. I’m not allowed to take my phone into the Domination Farm but I’ll check it at least once a day.”

“Have you lost your mind? I don’t know what’s gotten into you but you’ll bring your butt home right now and...”

“You don’t get it, mom. I’m not coming home. Not yet anyways. I’ll drop by next weekend to pack up my things. If you want...”

“If you don’t leave that wicked place right now you can forget about ever stepping foot in my house again! I warned you about that cesspool! I told you what...”

“I’m done. I don’t care about your religious bullshit, mom. God, are you really that self-absorbed? God. That’s a word I need to stop using. I don’t believe it, mom. I don’t believe there’s a god and I don’t believe a word you or the preachers spout so stop trying to shove it down my throat. I’ll be there next weekend to pack up my things and if you do anything to my stuff before then I’ll press charges.” The call went dead and not because Carrie hung up. Not bothering to call back, she instead dialed her best friend Amelia.

“Hey Carrie,” Amelia answered the phone. “Where the hell are you? God, your parents have called me like fifty. You okay?”

“I’m fine. Sorry about my parents but you know how they are. I just got off the phone with my mom and, well, it went about as well as expected. Anyways, the reason I’m calling is to let you know that I’m fine and to tell you that I’m at the Domination Farm where I’ve just been hired as one of their Farm slaves.”

“HOLY SHIT! Seriously? Oh man, I would’ve loved to have been a fly on the wall when you told your mom. You did tell her, right?”

“I did. You don’t seem surprised at what I just told you.”

“That you’re at the Domination Farm, or that you’re a sex slave? We live in Rome, Wisconsin, and your parents are extremely religious. I’d honestly be more shocked if you didn’t end up there. So, what have you done so far? Is it as horrible as your parents claim? Are they forcing you into all manner of sexual perversions?”

“It’s actually quite nice here. And no one has forced me into anything. I mean, if they forced people into slavery they wouldn’t let us make phone calls, let alone leave, right?”

“Fair point. Not that I believed that crap anyways. I mean, they wouldn’t be in business long if they were practicing actual slavery, right?”

“Right. As for what I’ve done so far... oh boy! First, I took my anal cherry to wear a plug as part of the outfit they sent me. Then I lost my virginity to a dildo

on the elevator ride down to the resort itself. Once inside, I stopped at a little restaurant called the Hot Momma Café where I downed several shots of breast milk while fucking myself on a huge dildo that I was barely able to take half of. After that I...”

“Don’t stop now!”

“I went to a building called the Breeding Stables and am now doing daily gang breedings until they eventually knock me up!”

“JESUS CHRIST! Seriously?”

“Seriously. I had sex with thirty-three men yesterday and I’m headed there in a little bit for today’s session. I also met a really cool woman named Maggie who works at the Stables. I had to pee and she drank it while I was still locked in a stockade. We kind of really hit it off and I licked her back. I wanted to have sex with her last night but I was too exhausted. We woke up together this morning and before going our separate ways drank each other’s pee. I went to the office where I applied for and was accepted as a Farm slave. My new name is Curious Kitten, by the way. I then went to the Golden Showers where I spent a couple hours drinking the pee of Fourteen men and sixteen women to earn my mark of completion. And then I called my mom and now I’m talking to you. That’s pretty much everything so far.”

“Fucking hell! And were you tattooed or branded?”

“I chose to be tattooed.”

“They give you the choice?”

“They give you the choice in everything, Amelia. In fact, if you were to visit me here you won’t have to do anything you don’t want to unless you accept someone’s collar or become a Farm slave like me. Also if you enter one of the buildings with a mandatory fetish and mark of completion but they’re very clearly marked so entering unaware isn’t really a thing that happens. So, with that in mind do you think you’d ever visit me here?”

“On our friendship can you swear no one will make me do anything against my will?”

“That’s an easy swear. Forcing you to do anything sexual is tantamount to rape and that’s not what goes on here. Everything is consensual and before you can even get in you must read and sign a very lengthy set of rules and other consent and waiver forms. This is honestly the best place in the world for one to explore their sexuality, Amelia. That being said, I completely understand if you don’t want to visit me here, but I won’t be leaving until I’ve got enough saved to buy a house so here is really the only place we’ll be able to see each other in person.”

“You can’t leave to come to my place?”

“I can, but with the breeding sessions taking up most of my day I don’t know how feasible that is right now and unfortunately, it can take months for one of them to knock me up so I don’t know when we’ll be able to meet otherwise. I swear nothing will happen to you here unless you want it to. I’ll even pay for you to visit if you’re thinking about it.”

“So, I didn’t know you were into women. If I show up are you going to want to have sex with me? Don’t lie.”

“Yes. But I won’t lay a finger on you unless you ask me to. And I didn’t know I was into women either until Maggie drank my pee and licked me afterward. That’s my entire reason for coming here. Curiosity. I’ve been dreaming of this for years, Amelia, and now that I’m here I’m loving every second of my submission. I want to try it all and now that I’m working here that’s exactly what I’ll do.”

“Damn! How have we been best friends for so long without me knowing you were a closet pervert?”

“I hid it very well. Anyways, I need to grab some lunch and then head to the Milking Barn before my breeding session.”

“Milking Barn? What’s that?”

“It’s where they hook women up to milking machines to induce lactation. This’ll be my first session of that and from what I was able to research it’ll take a few months to start producing. With any luck I’ll start producing around the same time I’m impregnated and producing large quantities by the time I give birth.”

“You say that as if it’s the most natural thing in the world.”

“Breastfeeding is the most natural thing in the world.”

“Not what I meant.”

“I know. So, any interest in paying me a visit?”

“I’ll think about it and let you know when I’ve made up my mind.”

“Just so you know, cell phones aren’t permitted inside the Farm so I’ll be coming out to check for missed calls and texts before my daily milking and breeding sessions. That means once I hang up I won’t check again until tomorrow. Thank you by the way.”

“For what?”

“For not freaking out like my mother when I told you I’m now a sex slave.”

“Are you happy?”

“Very!”

“I wouldn’t be much of a best friend if I took that away from you. Alright, I’ll do it.”

“Do what?”

“I’ll visit. But if they force me into anything I swear to god I’ll never forgive you, Carrie.”

“REALLY! You’re coming? When?”

“When are you going to be bred? God, I can’t believe I just asked you that.”

“I’m headed back in just as soon as I hang up.”

“And you’ll be busy with that for the rest of the day?”

“That and milking. But don’t let that prevent you from visiting. In fact, I’d actually prefer you to spend your first day here without me. That way I can’t sway your decisions. As promised I’ll pay for your visit so when you get here just tell them that Curious Kitten is paying and they’ll contact me.”

“I said I’ll do it, not when. It might be today or next month. I’m not certain.”

“Either way, just give them my slave name and they’ll contact me to confirm payments. And it has to be my slave name, Amelia, otherwise they won’t let me know and you’ll have to pay the fee yourself.”

“Got it. So, why Curious Kitten?”

“Because that’s what I am. I’ve been curious about this place since I learned of its existence and about sex for nearly as long. That’s why I’ve never had a boyfriend or girlfriend and why I adamantly refused to have sex. Yes, I said I was saving myself for marriage because that’s what my parents demanded of me, but truth I wanted to lose my virginity here and I’m glad that I did. Anyways, I’m going to go so that I can grab a bite to eat. Remember, Curious Kitten.”

“Got it. I’ll talk to you later, Carrie, and I’m glad you’re okay.”

“Talk to you late.” Hanging up, Carrie slumped into her seat and sighed. One horrible call which she was certain she was now disowned by her parents, and another with the most amazing and understanding best friend anyone could hope for. Tracing a finger along the light blue collar around her neck, she smiled. I’m a sex slave, she thought, putting her phone back in her purse and opening the door. No limits. No complaints. No hesitation. Getting out of her car, she put her purse in the trunk and then made her way back to the Domination Farm for lunch, milking and another breeding session.

Three days later...

With everything available online, Amelia downloaded and scoured every sentence of every paragraph on every page of the rules, waivers and consent forms looking for anything that gave the Domination Farm the means of using her against her will. After three days, she had to agree with her best friend. There were none. Wanting to surprise her best friend, she signed and initialed everything where indicated and after emailing a digital copy back to the resort, printed a physical copy for herself. Deciding the place was worth a visit, but not sure if it was her thing or not, she paid the fee for a single day and was given an outfit consisting of a black and purple underbust corset, latex spanking skirt and thigh-high boots. No bra. No panties.

Although her parents were not against the Domination Farm, they thought it best if their one and only daughter stayed as far away from the place as humanly possible. They also made it perfectly clear that visiting would not change their views of her in the slightest. The complete opposite of her best friend's parents. And so, on a hot summer Tuesday morning as her parents were preparing to leave for work, she told them her plan. "Hey guys, before you head out, I just want to tell you I'm going to visit Carrie at the Domination Farm today so I won't be here when you get back. Depending on how it goes I probably won't be back until tomorrow."

"Make sure you read the rules and know what you're getting yourself into before entering," her father said.

"I spent the last three days pouring over them. They're already signed and sent in along with the entrance fee."

"Well, you should take extra in case you want to buy something," her mother said. "If you want, you can take a few hundred from the safe."

“From what I hear that place can be pretty expensive. Better make it a thousand,” her father said. And please be careful.

“I will. And are you sure you want me to borrow that kind of money? I don’t know when I’ll be able to pay it back.”

“Who said anything about paying it back?” her mother asked. “In fact, I want you to take enough to cover a full week of fees plus an addition twenty-five hundred for expenses. Make it a vacation.”

“S-Seriously? I don’t even know if I’ll like it a day and you want me to pay for an entire week? You know the fee is non-refundable, right?”

“Honey, don’t argue with a free vacation,” her father said with a knowing grin. “Even if you don’t like the place in general you should be there for your best friend. To let her know that not everyone in the world thinks like her parents. Take the money and we had better not see you here for the next week. Is that understood?”

“Yes sir. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, sweetie. Now we really must get going. See you next week.”

Not surprised her parents were okay with her going to the most infamous fetish resort in the world, Amelia was, however, shocked they encouraged her to stay well past what she initially intended. Nevertheless, she went up to her parent’s bedroom, entered their huge walk-in closet and after opening the safe hidden in the wall and collecting the money from within, was on her way to her first real solo vacation.

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Finding an open spot on the seventh floor of the parking garage, Amelia pulled in, turned the engine off and then got out with purse in hand. Unlike her best friend who already had her Domination Farm approved outfit, she would have to take the elevator down wearing her street clothes and then back up to drop them off so as to not have them tossed in the trash. When the doors slid open and she saw the rods ending in large dildos, her reaction was about the same as Carrie’s. “What the shit?”

“First time?” a petite, curly-haired brunette wearing a leather body harness, thigh-high boots and the light blue collar of a Farm slave asked.

“Um, yes,” Amelia answered as she stepped into the elevator.

“You’ll have to take the pants off and then saddle up for the ride down.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously. There are condoms in the boxes mounted on the walls in the corners. We can’t go down until everyone is secured.”

“Um, what about you?”

“All passengers. I’m not a passenger,” she said with a slight grin. “Before you think about leaving, the rules, which are very clearly listed outside of the elevators as well as within state that leaving before hitting bottom floor is grounds for discipline.”

“I knew I was going to get fucked here, but I didn’t think it would happen this quickly,” Amelia said as she unbuttoned her jeans. Unlike her best friend who arrived a virgin, she had a couple of boyfriends and has enjoyed the pleasures of sex many times. And while none of them were as long or thick as the dildos at the end of the rods, at 2.75 inches her favorite sex toy was. Pants, panties, shoes and socks off and folded, Amelia grabbed two of the custom-made condoms and rolled them down the length of each dildo before adding some lube and then positioning herself over them. With a slow exhale she took their full length. “So, do I have to fuck myself on them or is this good enough?”

“I mean, you don’t have to fuck yourself. But you won’t hear me complaining if you do.”

“When the dildovator, that’s what I’m calling this thing from now on by the way, when it stops take me back up to seven so I can drop my clothes off,” Amelia said as she pulled her tee shirt off over her head.

“Dildovator! HA! I love it! I hope you don’t mind if we steal that from you.”

“Actually, I do mind. If that name hasn’t been used before then I deserve the credit for coming up with it and whomever is responsible for such things can ask

my permission to use it. I don't need remind you this place is covered in cameras, Amelia said, looking directly at one in the corner of the elevator.

"You can take your idea to the main office," the Farm slave said with far less enthusiasm.

The rest of the ride down, back up so that Amelia could drop her clothes off at her car and then back down again was done in silence. Which was perfectly fine by her. Everything filled out and paid for online, she jumped into the fast-track line where, after a brief wait she was greeted by a butt naked busty blonde Farm slave named JigglyPuss. "Hi, My name is Amelia Hartford and I filled everything out online and was instructed to come here for my bracer," Amelia said as she fished her driver's license from her purse.

"Thank you very much," JigglyPuss said, taking the ID. "Give me just a minute to find you in the system." Turning her attention to the curved monitor, she types away at the keyboard. "Here you are. According to the page scans everything seems to be in order in that regard. However, there's the matter of the required full body images."

"Right, I knew I was forgetting something. Is that something we can take care of here or..."

"Absolutely."

"You record everything everyone does. Why do you need nude photos?"

"That rule was implemented about a decade ago after a group of women went and got themselves tattooed, pierced and branded and then claimed they were forced into it here," JigglyPuss explained. "They were proven liars in the end, but since then the ownership requires all visitors to submit full body photos so that any and all body modifications are clearly visible."

"Makes sense. So, do we do it right here or..."

"We can do it right here. Or rather over there," JigglyPuss said, pointing to a small photo booth to Amelia's right. "Go ahead and step inside. You'll see several flashes followed by a green light. When you see the light you may step out and I'll finish your application and issue your bracer."

“Um, I’ve already paid for one day but I’d like to pay for an entire week plus put money on my account. Should I do that now or after the pictures?”

“We can take care of it now.”

“Thanks. Oh, I know it’s possible to track individual visitors and especially workers. My best friend just started working here. She’s actually the reason I’m here. Anyways, is it possible you can tell me where I can find Carrie Atwood? Um, her Farm slave name is Curious Kitten.”

“I’ll look it up and let you know after we’ve taken some pictures.”

“Thanks.” Stepping into the spacious booth, Amelia heard JigglyPuss’ voice.

“Can you hear me okay?” JigglyPuss’ voice came from a small speaker in the top right corner of the booth.

“Loud and clear.”

“Great. So, for optimal coverage We’ll start with you standing with arms down at your sides, legs together and eyes forward and then go from there.”

Getting into position, Amelia saw several rapid flashes.

“Great. Now spread your legs to the footprints on the floor and put your hands behind your back. If you can, please try to put your hands on your elbows.”

Again complying, Amelia easily put hands on elbows. A beat later several more flashes of light.

“Now keep your feet where they are and put you arms out at the sides.”

More pictures were taken.

“Now, I need you to keep your feet where they are and then put your hands on the prints on the wall. When done correctly you should be nearly bent over at the waist.”

“And on full display for whomever wants to sneak in and fuck me,” Amelia replied even as she got into position.”

“Very true. Would you like that?”

“Um...”

“Be honest.”

“Yes, yes I would. But I’d rather hold off having sex until meeting up with my friend.”

“No problem. Go ahead and take a step back and then bend over with hands on knees. Legs closed and then after the flashes spread ‘em.”

Following the instructions, Amelia allowed even more pictures to be taken. “So, how many more of these are you going to take?”

“Just a few. Now you may kneel with arms behind your back like before. Kneel together and then after the flash spread as wide as possible and move your hands to behind your head.

Wanting to get it over with, Amelia did as commanded.

“Almost done. Now get on all fours and then lower your head to the floor with arms out in front of you and legs together.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously.”

“Okay then.” More flashes, more pictures taken.

“Now bring your arms in and rest your chin on them while raising your feet until your basically on your knees but make sure your feet are below your ass.”

Again, Amelia obeyed.

“Okay, last ones. I need you to squat up on your tippy toes with knees spread wide open and hands behind your head. Please wait until the green light before getting up or you’ll be disciplined.”

Amelia waited. And waited. And continued waiting. Muscles straining, her entire body began trembling. Hearing a hiss and click, she looked down just in

time to see a small section of floor opening between her legs and a dildo attached to a short metal rod extend upward. “What the shit? You can’t be... UHN!” she grunted, watching as the silicone cock pushed into her pussy. “Fucking hell!”

“You’re doing great. You may kneel while the toy fucks you.”

“And... uhn... and h-how long is that g-g-going...”

“Until you orgasm. Alternatively, you can stop and take fifty swats of the cane.”

“I’ll let it get me off.”

“Good girl. And since you didn’t seem to recognize any of them, all of those positions I had you get into are just a few of the basic ones all submissives and slaves must learn as part of their training.”

Amelia heard the words, but paid little attention as the long, fat dildo pistoned in and out of her. After taking the elevator up and down twice, she was already horny so it did not take much for the juices to start flowing and for her to loudly moan in orgasm. But there was no green light as the machinery continued pounding her hard, seep and fast. Five minutes. Ten. Fourteen. And then she felt it. Something shooting into her as if a man erupting like a volcano. As the sex toy slowly pulled out she reached down and scooped some of it up. To her surprise it looked and felt just like semen. Bringing her covered hand towards her nose, she sniffed it and then lapped a bit of it up with her tongue. “What the fuck? This taste like the real thing!”

“Because it is the real thing,” JigglyPuss replied. “While the dildo was fucking you, a dozen men were jerking off so that they could pump it into you.”

“Jesus Christ! Had I known that I would’ve taken the damn swats!”

“Really?”

“I’m not on birth control!”

“Oops! Also, on the off chance that you end up pregnant let me be the first to congratulate you.”

Just then, Amelia saw the green light. Getting up, she did her best to wipe herself clean before exiting the booth. “Have anything back there I can use to clean myself up?”

“Unfortunately I do not. But that’s okay because if you want to find your friend you need look no further than the showers,” JigglyPuss said as she slid the fancy silver bracer to the Domination Farm’s newest guest.

“And how do I find that?”

“Follow Domination Drive north and then hang a right onto Sadism Street At the second block it’ll be the only building on your right.”

“And you’re sure she’s still in there?”

“I’m looking at the camera feed as we speak,” JigglyPuss lied. What she was really looking at was Amelia’s profile. “Make sure you wear that only on your right forearm or you’ll be disciplined.

“I know.” Taking the bracer, Amelia put it on as she walked towards the entrance to the resort. After scanning at the gates, they slid open to allow her passage. She wanted to take it all in, but finding and surprising her best friend was of the utmost importance so, after spotting the street sign, she fast-walked north, hung a right onto Sadism Street and then entered the only building two blocks on the right. Only when a computerized female voice spoke through an intercom did she realize she had been tricked. She was definitely in a huge open shower room, but she was the only one. At least for the moment.

“Welcome to the Golden Showers. Twenty-four men and seventeen randomly selected women will arrive shortly to use you as their personal toilet. If you leave before the last one has done so you’ll be severely disciplined. Once your golden shower has concluded you have one hour to go to Naughty Ink on Domination Drive and Ponygirl Parkway to receive your mark of completion. That is all.”

“What the fucking fuck! That god damn bitch! She fucking tricked me!” Amelia fumed. Staring at the door, she knew her options were limited. On the one hand she could stay and accept forty-one people using her as their toilet and then marked and go on with her life, while on the other she could walk out the door and leave the Domination Farm for good. Which also meant losing the thousands her parents gave her for the extended stay. “This is fucking bullshit! That god damn cunt tricked me into this and I don’t think that’s right!”

“Who tricked you?” this time it was a smooth, human female voice coming out of the intercom.

“That bitch at the ticket booth. JigglyPuss! She said this is where I’d find my best friend. I thought there were rules against forcing people to do things against their will?”

“Did she force you to enter the building?”

“She... no, but...”

“No buts. I can very easily view the recording of you walking in. The rules are very clear. Anyone entering...”

“I didn’t see any rules!” And that was true. In her excitement to surprise her best friend, Amelia completely ignored the neon sign that said: READ BEFORE ENTERING with an arrow pointing down at a plaque containing the list of rules.

“They’re kind of hard to miss.”

“Well, I missed them.”

“Did you even stop to read them before entering?”

“No, but...”

“I said no buts. Ignorance or refusal to read the very clearly posted rules is not grounds for releasing you from your required duty. Your golden shower will continue as planned. Alternatively, you may accept being disciplined or you may leave the Domination farm for good.”

“Yeah, I know that much. Let’s just get it over with. Can you at least tell me where I can find Curious Kitten?”

“Maybe.”

“Please! She’s my best friend. I only came here to surprise her and to support and congratulate her on her new job.”

“Tell you what, since you asked so nicely and are accepting your usage as a toilet I’ll contact and add her to the shower and I won’t even tell her whom she’ll be using. Is that acceptable?”

“As acceptable as I can hope for. Thank you.” Now up to forty-two men and women, Amelia nervously paced the cool tile floor until the door swung open and the participants entered. Ignoring the men, she looked from one woman to the next. When their eyes met, a loud gasp echoed off the walls.

“AMELIA!” Carrie exclaimed. “What in the hell? How? Why are you... oh my fucking god!”

“I’ll explain it after we’re done here,” Amelia answered. “I know I have to let all of you pee on me, but may I please ask that my best friend in the hole world CuriousKitten there be my first?”

“We’re not just going to pee on you Amelia. You have to drink it as well.”

“Yeah, I figured as much. So, will you please be my first?”

“I would be honored. I know you can’t open your throat like I can, but if even

half of what you said about being able to suck dick is true then you should have no problem relaxing and gulping it down,” Carrie said as she moved into position. “Just swallow as quickly as you can and don’t think about it being pee.”

“Um, yeah, kind of hard to do that now.”

“You know, I’ve done this myself,” Carrie said, pointing to the Trained Toilet tattoo on her right hip. “Now just relax and drink and it’ll be over with before you know it.”

Amelia knew that was a lie, but remained silent if only to get it over with as quickly as humanly possible.

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Her golden shower complete, her inner left thigh close to her crotch tattooed Trained toilet, Amelia walked out of Naughty Ink feeling more humiliated than she ever thought possible. Not saying much during the event itself, she now had some explaining to do. “So, I told my parents that I was coming here for a day to see you and they told me to take some money and stay for an entire week. Part of me thinks they’re hoping I’ll get collared or something. Speaking of which, that one looks good around your neck.”

“Thank you. And congratulations on completing your first event. I know it’s rough, but you get used to it. Or at least that’s what everyone that uses me as their toilet keeps telling me anyways. So, how are you liking it so far?”

“Well, so far I was asked to assume numerous submissive positions so some slave at the ticket booth could take pictures of me for my account and then the same slave tricked me into being a toilet. Oh, and let’s not forget the dildo that came out of the freaking floor after fucking me shot me full of real semen from like a dozen men!”

“Nice!”

“No it’s not nice! I’m not on birth control, Car...”

“STOP! While here you may only refer to me by my slave name or you’ll be disciplined.”

“Right. I’m not on birth control and while I’m hoping nothing comes of it, there’s every chance someone in that mixture will be the father of my first child and that kind of freaks me out.”

“You do remember me telling you that I’m being gang bred my large groups of men every day, right?”

“I remember. And while that’s great for you, I’m personally not ready to start a family. So, how long do we have before you go in for today’s breeding?”

“A few hours.”

“Okay, I’ve got to ask, what in the hell are those things behind you?”

Turning, Carrie looked at the long row of oddly angled metal boxes. “Ah, those are the slut machines. Basically, a woman, or a man I suppose, gets in for a set period of time and anyone wishing to use them may pay a small fee which opened a panel at the back allowing access to pussy and asshole. Again for a set amount of time based on the amount paid. It’s actually one of the ways visitors can earn money during their stay, but from what I hear while air conditioned they’re not exactly comfortable and the slut only gets to keep twenty-five percent of the amount paid.”

“Sounds more like cheapskate machines.”

“To each their own. So, what would you like to do while you’re here?”

“Honestly, I have no idea. I’ve never felt so in over my head in my life and I’m kind of feeling a bit overwhelmed.”

“Understandable. Have you picked out an apartment yet?”

“I figured I’d stay with you.”

“Unfortunately, that’s not possible. The slave apartment building is for Farm slaves only and the submissive apartment are only for submissives and bare-necks so I can’t stay with you their either.”

“Well, that sucks.”

“I know, but those are the rules and to disobey them will get us both disciplined. I can at least show you where they are and where you can grab a bite to eat as well as the actual bathrooms and public showers.”

“So, are you going to ask or what?”

“Ask what?”

“Come on, I know you want to have sex with me. I’ve already licked you in the golden showers. How long are you going to pretend you don’t want to do more?”

“I told you when we spoke the other day that I would never lay a finger on you sexually unless you asked me to and that’s still the case, Amelia.”

“Says the slave that put her pussy against my lips and pissed into my mouth.”

“After you asked me to be your first,” Carrie immediately shot back.

“Fair enough. Why don’t you show me to the apartments and somewhere to eat and then what you do in a typical day?”

“Um, what I do in a typical day requires entering two buildings with mandatory events. Milking and breeding. I can show you where they’re at but if you go in you’ll be required to participate, face disciplinary action or leave the Farm for good.”

“I keep hearing that same thing.”

“Because those are the options here, Amelia. No one is going to force you to do anything against your will, but we all must obey the rules. To save time why don’t I show you to the Breeding Stables followed by the Milking Barn and then down to the apartments. After you’ve found a place and are settled in we can go grab a bite to eat at The Dive. Oh, before I forget, did you take the stairs or ride the elevator down?”

“I rode the elevator down. Twice.”

“Twice?”

“The first time I had to strip to ride the dildos. Already naked I told the woman

to take me back up so that I could drop my clothes off. I then rode it down again.”

“Nice. How much of them were you able to take?”

“All of them. I guess now that I’m here there’s no point hiding the truth any longer. I’ve been fucking myself with some pretty hefty toys for like the last seven or eight months. And one time I was so horny that I actually fisted myself. But only the one time.”

“God that’s hot! Sitting on the toys around here you’ll be able to easily fist in no time flat. Trust me, I went from virgin to fisting in the first day. Also, do you still need to pick up your outfit or are you planning on going naked the entire time?”

“I have to pick it up. It’s nothing like you’ve got though. They gave me an underbust corset, something called a spanking skirt and a pair of thigh-high boots.”

“Nice. A spanking skirt is a skirt with the ass cut out for ease of, well, spanking. It’s actually on the way to the apartments so we’ll stop after the stables and barn if that’s okay.”

“Everyone has already seen me butt naked so I don’t see the need to rush.”

“Then please follow me and I’ll give you a mini guided tour.”

“God damn it! Okay, fine! If you’re never going to ask then I’ll do it. Will you have sex with me?”

“You want to do it right here in the street where everyone can see it?”

“As opposed to the privacy of the apartment where all the world can see us? I don’t care where we do it as long as we do it.”

“Wow! I never thought you were that into women. Like, at all.”

“I’m not, but I’ve already licked your pussy and, well, I kind of liked the taste and want to see how far I’m able to push myself.”

“So, would you say you’re... curious?”

Yes, yes I would. Now will you fuck me or not?”

“Even if I wasn’t a slave bound to obey your command I’d have sex with you in a heartbeat, Amelia. I can promise you that if we do it right here on the street it’ll turn into a gang bang and trust me, none of the men are going to wear condoms so unless you want to increase the odds of getting knocked up I strongly suggest we find somewhere indoors.”

“Like where? You already said we can’t go into each other’s apartment.”

“I should have clarified. We can’t live with each other. There are no rules stopping us from visiting.”

Dropping onto her knees, Amelia pulled her best friend in and without even thinking about what she was doing or the warning she had just been given, sucked Carrie’s clit if only to see if she could do it. Finding it quite easy to do and enjoy, she continued sucking – alternating between clit and inner labia, and lapping up every drop of pussy juice as it appeared.

“As much as I appreciate your enthusiasm, there’s a group of four black men headed our way so unless you want them to breed you I suggest getting up so we can get on with the tour.” Seeing her best friend again ignoring her warning, Carrie sighed. “I’m serious, Amelia, you’ve got about three seconds to...”

“Mind if we join in?” One of the men – a tall, lanky black man in his mid to late thirties with shaved head wearing a pair of chaps and an open leather vest asked.

“I’m sorry, Sir, but as a Farm slave I may not give you permission on her behalf. She will have to answer for herself.” Moving back just far enough to break contact, Carrie continued. “You heard the man, Amelia, please tell them whether they may join us or not.”

“I’ve already had the jizz of a dozen men pumped into me already today so what’s four more?”

“So, is that a yes?” the man asked.

“Yes, you may join us. You may fuck us, use every hole until you’ve blown your loads. Preferably not inside of me, but I have a feeling that’s just going to make you want to do it all the more.”

“You’ve got that right, babe,” the man that had been doing all of the talking up until now replied as he got into position behind the kneeling Amelia who instinctively raised up onto all fours for him. Looking up into her best friend’s eyes, she made a decision that would forever alter the course of her life. I’m only going to be here for a week, but after these men have their way with us I’d like you to show me inside the Breeding Stables and the Milking Barn. And before you ask, yes, I’m absolutely sure. I want to see them. I want to...UHN!” she grunted as the man’s cock slammed balls deep into her pussy.

Getting down on her knees to suck another of the men, Carrie continued. “You do understand that if you go in you’ll be required to remain at the Farm for however long it takes for them to knock you up, right? If you leave for any reason short of a medical emergency you’ll face disciplinary action and can outright be banned from ever entering again.”

“I understand, slave, and I’ve made up my mind to be as curious about all of this stuff as you are. Take me to the breeding stables and milking barn.” Amelia managed to get out just before another of the small group pushed his dick into her open mouth. Mom and dad are going to kill me for this, but fuck it! It was their damn idea that I stay longer in the first place, she thought as she enjoyed her first ever interracial sex, breeding and foursome.