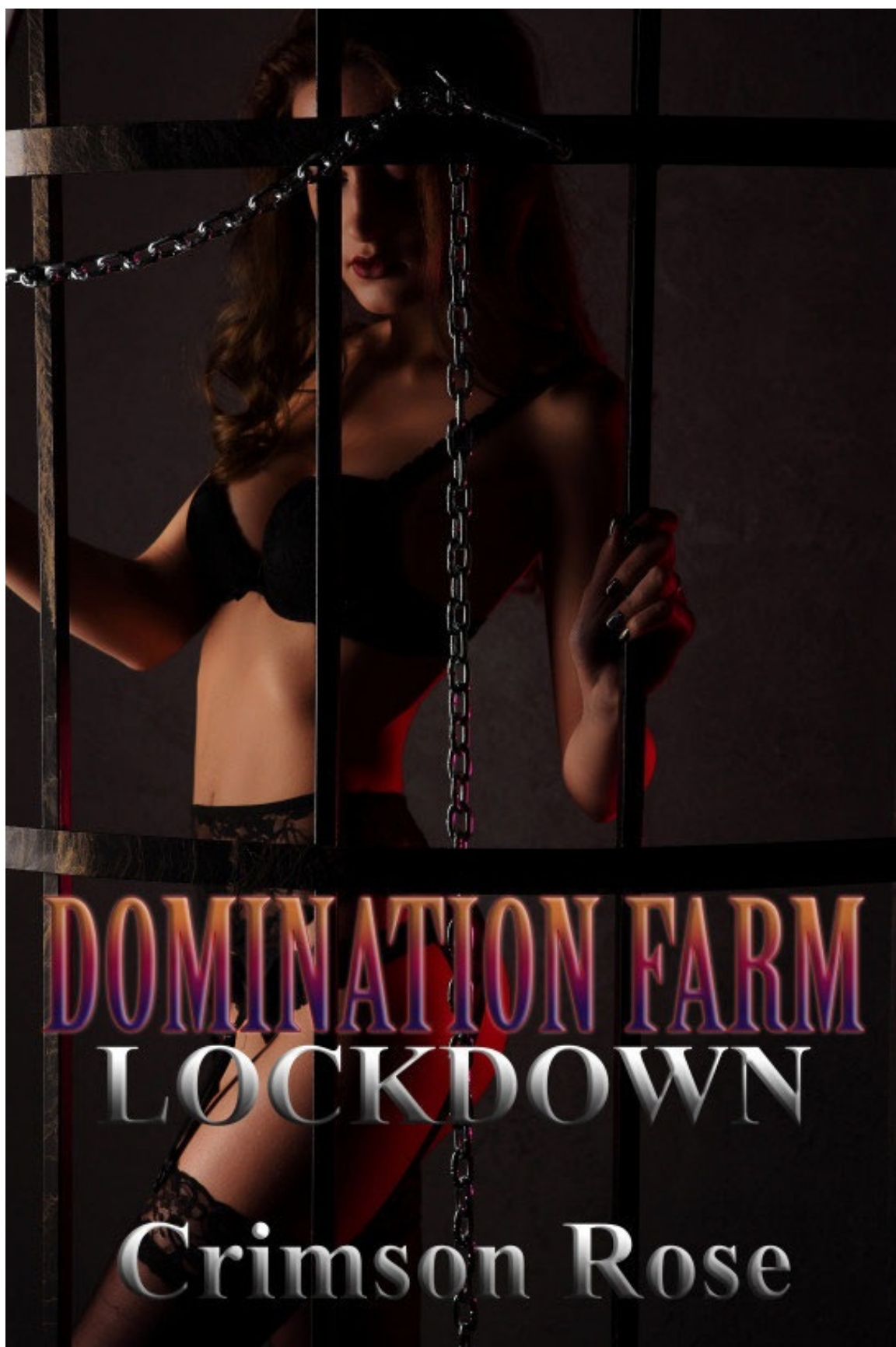
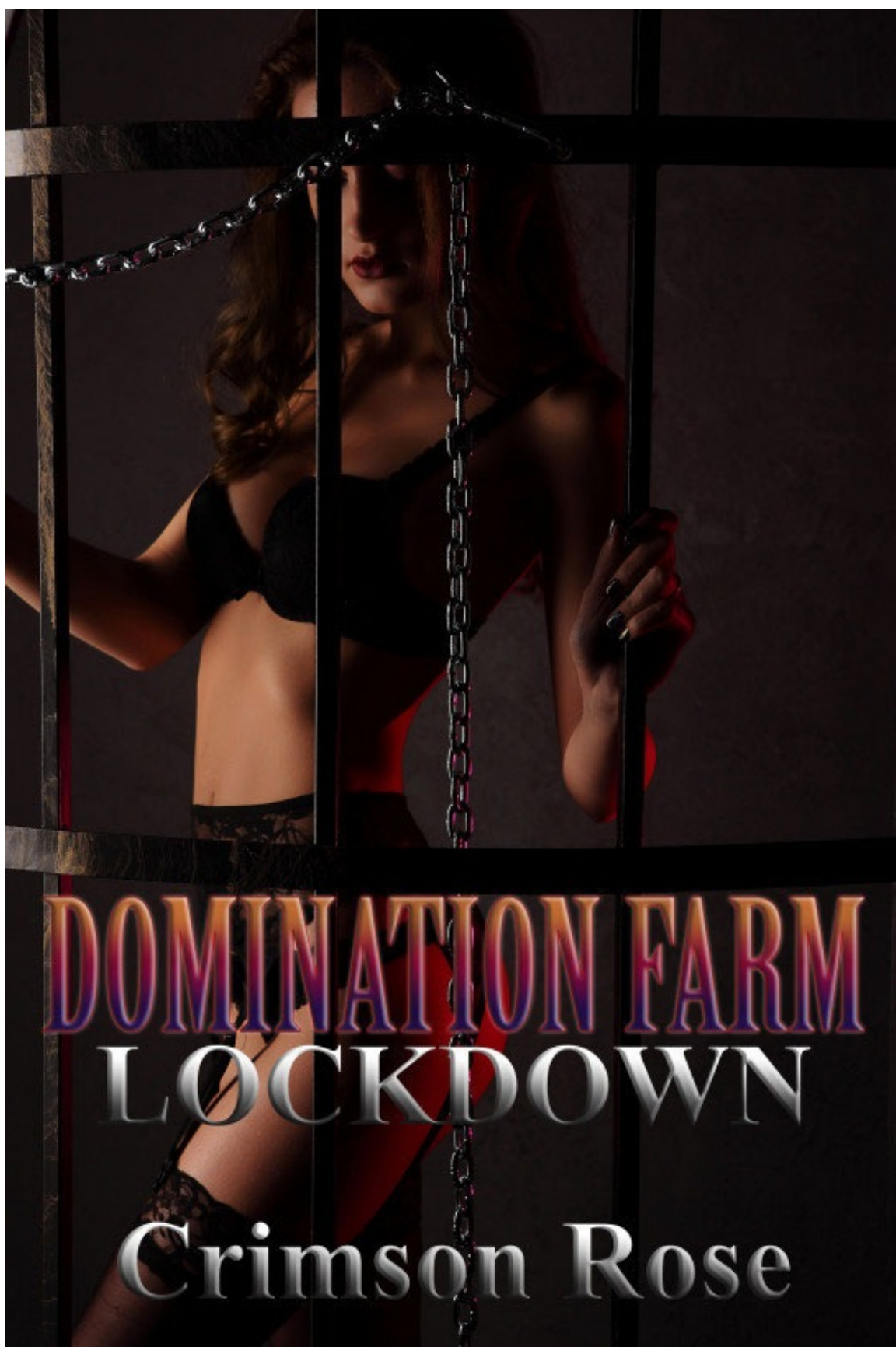






Domination Farm: Lockdown

Crimson Rose

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Domination Farm: Lockdown

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After months of following news of the pandemic and implementing every precaution humanly possible from taking the temperature of guests to requiring them to wear masks, Mistress Sydney was weighing closing the Domination Farm for the first time in its forty-year history, but a newly issued stay in place order gave her a much better idea. Leaving her home at the back of the fetish resort, she made her way towards the main office where she was greeted by Mistress Debbie – the blonde bombshell manager that took care of the day to day operations.

“Morning, Mistress,” Debbie greeted her boss.

“Morning, Mistress,” Sydney replied, showing a level of respect for the woman’s well-earned title. “I’m going to need to use the intercom. Anyone in the communication’s room?”

“No Mistress. “I’m the only one in the office at this time.”

“This’ll only take a minute. I foresee there being a lot of chaos and complaint so I’m going to need you to help maintain the calm.”

“Of course, Mistress. Is something wrong?”

“We’ll see in a minute.” Giving the younger woman half a smile, Sydney walked into the small communications room to the left of the office lobby. All four walls were covered in monitors skipping from one part of the Domination Farm to another while in the center a circular command station allowed whomever was on duty to keep an eye out for anything unusual with but a push of a few buttons. She took a deep breath and slowly exhaled before pressing the one marked INTERCOM.

“Attention! May I have your attention please? This is Mistress Sydney Adaire, owner of the Domination Farm bringing you a very important message. In keeping with the current stay in place order and to minimize the risk to staff and guests, I will be locking the Domination Farm down effective immediately. That

means no one currently inside will be permitted to leave until the order has been lifted without consequence. If you choose to leave your name will be placed on a permanent ban list and you'll never be permitted on resort property again. During the lockdown room and board will be given to each and every one of you free of charge. If you wish to leave please make your way to the main entrance in an orderly fashion and your bracer and collar if you wear a farm issued one will be removed and you'll be free to leave. You have one hour and then your bracer's lockdown feature will activate and you will not be able to leave without express permission from myself. That is all."

Leaving the communications room, Sydney looked in Debbie's direction and saw an expectedly shocked look. "I know it's an extreme measure, but I feel it is in everyone's best interest."

"I understand, Mistress, but isn't forcing people to stay illegal?"

"I am not forcing anyone to stay. Everyone, yourself included is free to leave whenever they choose."

"Upon fear of banishment."

"Would you rather I let people come and go as they please spreading COVID-19 around like the damn plague it is? Come on, Debbie, I know you're smarter than that. I need your levelheadedness now more than ever so take a breath, calm your nerves and do your job."

Debbie inhaled as deeply as possible and let it out only when her lungs began burning. "Sorry Mistress. I didn't mean to lose my head. You can count on me."

"I know. The office will no doubt..." Just then the door slammed open and a small group of men and women wearing red armbands around their right bicep stormed in like an angry mob.

"Are you out of your damn mind?" a petite, pretty-faced brunette named Mistress Ashley almost growled. "You might be the owner but you don't have the right to ban us for leaving."

"Actually, I do. And you'd know that if you've read the updated rules as required. Now I suggest you either do your jobs and help maintain some semblance of control or go to the main entrance to be escorted out."

“You’ll be hearing from my lawyer,” Ashley huffed.

“Make sure they call because if they show up, they will not be permitted inside until the stay in place order has been rescinded. Now, unless you want to start a fight you have no chance of winning, I suggest getting out of my sight while I’m in the mood to let you go without being disciplined for disrespect.”

Seeing the three women and two men standing there as if weighing their options, Mistress Debbie stepped forward. “You heard her,” she snapped. “Now get out of my office before I register you as farm slaves and have you publicly caned.”

Those two words, farm slave, were enough to make the group of rebellious Masters and Mistress think twice about what they were doing, turn tail and get out of there as quickly as their feet would carry them. Not because they had anything against an individual giving up total control of their very being to another, hell, most of them owned slaves, but to be one themselves was not something any of them desired.

“You might not be in the mood to discipline them, Mistress, but I’ll be reviewing the video of this incident and all others that occur as a result of your announcement and those that have broken the rules will be punished accordingly,” Mistress Debbie said to the owner who just stared at her with the sexiest smile she had ever seen. “Otherwise, they’ll get the idea they can do whatever the hell they want and all that’s going to do is sow even more chaos.”

“Does that include a Mistress continuing to disobey her boss?”

Taking in Mistress Sydney’s words, Debbie knowingly smiled. “Absolutely it does Mistress. And you’re right, I should be in communications and not out here telling others how to do their job, so I’ll accept whatever punishment you deem appropriate within the confines of the rules.”

“Have you ever been fisted before, Mistress Debbie?”

“No Mistress.”

“Perfect. Then as punishment, as soon as things calm down, I would like for you to go to the House of Gape and complete your fisting training.”

Thankful her boss did not choose breeding or animal training; Debbie slowly

nodded her head in agreement. I would prefer to remain tight, but I accept your command and will go straight there once I'm off duty this afternoon."

"See that you do. Otherwise the golden showers will be your next destination. Refuse that and you'll be registered as a farm slave and made to do them anyways."

"I won't even go home for dinner first, Mistress."

"You know, the thought of you drinking piss does get me excited. Maybe Both are in order. I mean, you have disobeyed my direct command twice now."

"I'm not a fully trained toilet, Mistress, but I have participated in several golden showers here at the Farm and you know how that goes when you're one of the few women in a massive group of men."

Ballpark figure, how many times do you think you've drank someone else's pee?"

"Seventy-seven times over the course of the nine golden showers I've participated in here at the Farm, Mistress."

"Nice. But I have to question how you put yourself in position to be used as a toilet so many times."

"You know how it is, Mistress. Those sorts of things tend to turn into giant orgies. Get on all fours for a couple of men to spit-roast you and the next thing you know you're drinking pee. I can't say that I enjoy being a toilet, but I've come to accept it as a small price to pay for the sex."

"Well, it sounds as if you're pretty well trained already so why not make it official? Will you go to the Golden Bathroom as the recipient for me, Mistress Debbie?"

Golden showers and fisting were two fetishes that required all those completing the training to receive a mark of completion that took the form of a tattoo or brand somewhere on the body. While submissives, slaves and even bare-necks – those men and women that enter the Domination Farm without collars, can get as many as they want without repercussion, the same was not true of Masters and Mistress. Three such marks meant they had to trade in their red armband for the

purple one and collar of the switch. Five or more and they lost their status as Dominant altogether and would be registered submissive. “That’s dangerously close to three marks, Mistress.”

“And yet I can tell you’re seriously considering it. Just don’t disobey anymore of my commands and you’ll be fine with just the two.”

“I know I can’t refuse the fisting because it is my punishment for disobedience, Mistress, but if you want me to do golden showers as well then I want something in return. I want you to join me. Agree and I’ll happily accept your suggestion.”

Being the owner of the Domination Farm came with many privileges, but Mistress Sydney was still bound by the same rules that governed the rest of her employees and guests. “Unlike you I’ve never tasted pee before but I have been fisted. A lot.” Grabbing the hem of her leather skirt, she raised it up over her hips, turned and pointed to where FISTING QUEEN was branded on her right ass cheek.”

“Then doing the golden showers with me will put us on even footing, Mistress. I’m going to get back to work now if that’s okay. I get off at four so that gives you about six hours to decide.”

Three marks made her a switch. Five or more a submissive. She had no desire to take things that far, but god damn it sounded so appealing coming from the gorgeous woman standing in front of her. “Alright, you’ve got yourself a deal. We’ll meet at the Golden Bathroom when you get off work and then you can go to the House of Gape afterwards.”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Debbie said in disbelief.

“Now get back to work before...” Just then the door opened and two more women – one an Amazonian woman with long jet-black hair pulled back in a high braid, piercing blue eyes and olive skin wearing a form-hugging blue latex dress and strappy heels; and the other a lithe baby-faced brunette wearing a red and black corset dress, entered the main office. “If you’re here to complain...”

“They work here in the main office, Mistress. “Sabine,” Debbie said motioning towards the Amazonian woman, is actually the one that handles communications. And Brenda usually handles the phones.”

“Sorry we’re a little late, Mistress, but things are a bit hectic out there at the moment with everyone scrambling all over the place,” Sabine said. “A group of bare-neck men decided they wanted to have a go at us.”

“And they did,” Brenda cut in, her cheeks turning a cute shade of pink. “All eleven of them. Luckily they took us two and three at a time.”

“Lucky for you maybe, but my damn ass was not prepared for two dicks at the same time or the damn fist that followed,” Sabine complained.

“And yet you took it like a champ. Anyways, sorry we’re late but we figured it was best to jet them get it out of their system on us and then we stopped off at the apartments to freshen up for our shift.”

“For being late the two of you will join Debbie this evening at the House of Gape,” Mistress Sydney commanded. Now, I’ve got a lot of work to do myself so I’ll see you ladies later.” And with that she turned and walked out of the building.

“Is she serious?” Brenda asked.

“Very,” Debbie answered. “We’re going to be trained to take two fists in our pussies and asses and then we’re going to be tattooed or branded fisting queens. I know what you’re thinking, but there’s no fighting it. As owner, Mistress Sydney can lay down any punishment she deems fit and that includes commanding her dominant employees to undergo training in any fetish the Farm offers. Now, get to your stations before I add public caning to our humiliation.”

“Yes Ma’am,” Sabine replied.

“There are a lot of people leaving,” Brenda said as she walked towards her desk in the back corner of the large open room. “Mostly guests, but I saw at least a couple dozen Masters, Mistresses and switches lining up at the doors as well. Personally, I think Mistress Sydney is making a colossal mistake.”

“That is not for us to decide,” Debbie responded. “I understand why people would want to leave, but you have to remember, Mistress Sydney has the entire resort to think about and being a hotspot for the virus to spread is not good for business.”

“I think it’s a mistake as well,” Sabine said “but I’m no fool. I love my job and if it means staying here for a few weeks or months completely free of charge to ensure everyone’s safety, then that’s a price I’m willing to pay. Of course, my husband isn’t going to be happy about it, but he’ll get over it.”

“Mistake or not, and for the record I don’t think it is, she’s the boss and we’re bound by contract to do as she commands so let’s just keep doing our jobs and see how this all plays out,” Debbie said.”

Through cursing and other complaints dozens of people from Masters and Mistresses to submissives, slaves and bare-necks made their way towards the Domination Farm's main entrance to leave the resort for the last time. After twenty minutes the numbers swelled to fifty. And by the end of the designated hour a hundred and sixty-four people including eighteen members of staff were gone for good. It was a major blow to morale, but Mistress Sydney had a plan to fill those vacant roles as quickly as possible. On the bright side, far more remained than left.

At the end of the hour Mistress Sydney once again found herself in the communications room of the main office speaking over the intercom. "Attention everyone, this is Mistress Sabine coming to you with several very important messages. First and foremost, all of bracers, collars and armbands including mine are in lockdown mode. That means you are now physically incapable of removing them or leaving the Domination Farm without my expressed permission. If you ask, you'll be escorted to the gates, your device will be deactivated and removed and then you'll go on the banned list. The only exception is for those that have medical emergencies our resident doctors cannot address.

"Next, as mentioned earlier, your stay for the duration of the stay in place order is on me. That includes room and board. Now, even accounting for those that left, we currently do not have enough beds for everyone to have their own private room. If you are here with someone, I ask that you room together and let myself or whomever is on duty at the main office which room you're in and how many beds you need and they will be provided as quickly as possible. Normally, the slave apartments are for farm slaves only, however, given the circumstances, I am opening them up to all guests on a first come, first serve basis. If there are still people needing beds after that a few currently empty buildings will be converted into dorms.

"And finally, we are now short of staff. Given that we are currently in lockdown and no one may enter, I cannot call those currently not working so I am asking for your help. If you have any experience in being dominant then please come to

DF Productions at seven o'clock tonight and you'll be vetted accordingly. We also need chefs, maintenance and anyone with provable experience in body modifications. Being dominant is not necessary for those positions so please see Mistress Debbie at the main office at your earliest convenience and assuming the terms are agreeable you'll be hired to help keep us running through these very difficult times. Thank you."

Stepping away from central command, Mistress Sydney gave Sabine half a smile. "I'll be at DF Productions preparing for this evening so if you need me that's where you'll find me."

"Yes Mistress. May I make a suggestion before you go?"

"Of course."

"Thank you, Mistress. I know what the rules say, but given the circumstances and the fact you've already made at least one exception, eight of the farm slaves currently living here full-time were former Mistresses that had broken one too many rules. They've got the experience of both sides now so wouldn't it be better to give them their old jobs back for the duration of the lockdown rather than people that have not gone through the mandatory training course?"

"That does make a lot of sense. Thank you for bringing it to my attention."

"You're welcome, Mistress."

"Go through the system and see exactly how many are still present. Bring them in and inform them their status has now been updated to switch and depending on how they handle themselves during the lockdown they may be able to re-earn their status as Master or Mistress."

"Um, I shouldn't leave my station so can Mistress Debbie or Brenda take care of the informing part?"

"That's fine. I'll let them know of my decision on my way out."

"Thank you, Mistress."

Believing Mistress Sydney was making a bad decision, Debbie could not help but voice her opinion as she stared at the list of names on the monitor sitting on front of her. “The names on this list have been knocked down to slave status because of repeated rules violations – many of them egregious to say the least. They have been given multiple chances to change their behavior and have refused to do so. They cannot be trusted, Mistress.”

“I’d say deciding to live here and be trained as sex slaves is a pretty significant behavioral change,” Mistress Sydney countered. “But that’s beside the point. They have the training and knowledge of how this place is ran and I need them to fill the vacancies of those that decided to quit. Now call them in and give them my decision.”

“Yes Mistress.” Waiting for her boss to leave the office, Debbie turned back to the list on the screen. Of the eleven, she knew five personally including one farm slave named Humpbunny – formerly Mistress Janine, whom she dated for nearly five years before breaking up when the woman’s sadistic side became too much for her to handle. Despite her feelings, she nevertheless sent each of them a text via their bracer telling them to immediately come to the main office. They began filtering in several minutes later, but a full fifty-five passed before the last – a petite, busty blonde with the slave name of CreamyPie, finally arrived. “About damn time,” Debbie stated annoyingly.

“Sorry, Mistress, but I was in the middle of my milking lesson when you sent the text and had to wait for the machine to finish before I could leave.”

“Now that you’re all here I have a message from Mistress Sydney. Yes, that Mistress Sydney. Personally, I think she’s making a huge mistake, but her word is law and I’ll obey them to the letter. You heard her statements. We’re short multiple dominants. While you might be slaves now, Mistress Sydney had commanded me to give you a means of potentially earning your status back starting with making you switches. If you do your jobs and obey the rules you might become Mistresses again with all the rights and privileges that entails. If not, then you’ll once again be registered as farm slaves and that’ll be the end of it.”

“Is this Mandatory, Mistress?” CreamyPie asked.

“She did not say one way or another.”

“Then I’d much rather return to my role as farm slave, Mistress. Don’t get me wrong, I appreciate her gesture, but if three years of slavery has taught me anything it’s that I was never meant to be dominant. That being said, I’ve got eight years’ experience in body modification including four working here so if you still need someone to fill that role, I’m more than happy to do it.”

“Then consider yourself rehired. I don’t know if they need anyone now, but head over and I’ll make the changed to your profile in a moment.”

“Yes Mistress. And if Mistress Sydney makes it mandatory please let me know and I’ll do as she commands.”

“I think she would much rather have people in charge that want to be in charge.”

“Yes Mistress. May I be excused?”

“You may.”

“Thank you, Mistress.” And with that, CreamyPie turned and walked out of the main office still a sex slave.

“Brenda, would you please make the changes to CreamyPie’s profile for me while I finish with this lot?”

“Consider it done,” Brenda replied.

“Thanks babe. Remind me to bring you to orgasm when we get a break. Now, what about the rest of you?” Debbie asked, her eyes locked on those of her former girlfriend. “Are you willing and able to resume your role as Mistress, or do you prefer the life of a slave?”

“I think we both know the answer to that, Mistress,” Humpbunny replied, the last word full of venom.

“We do, and you’re the biggest reason I think Mistress Sydney is making a mistake but you’ll be given another chance to prove me right. If you wish to be registered as a switch then line up at my desk. If you prefer to remain a slave them go see Mistress Brenda and assuming you’re not already working in one of our shops and attractions you’ll be assigned a job based on experience,” Debbie commanded. To her surprise only six of the remaining ten formed a line at her

desk. Unfortunately, her former girlfriend was one of them.

Her shift over, Mistress Debbie finally confessed to Mistresses Brenda and Sabine that she first had to meet Mistress Sydney at the Golden Bathroom before she went to the House of Gape and that the two of them were going to be on the receiving end. Bidding them goodbye, she made good on her promise and made her way directly there – taking the shortest possible route in the hopes of somehow getting there before her boss. Unfortunately, Mistress Sydney was waiting at the door when she arrived, but did not look displeased. “I hope you weren’t waiting long, Mistress.”

“Only about a minute. You ready to be used as a toilet slave?”

“I should be the one asking you that, Mistress. By the way, did you get the news about the slaves you decided to give a second chance?”

“I did. And I’ll make sure several eyes are kept on Humpbunny at all times.”

“Thank you, Mistress.” Reaching out, Debbie grabbed the handle and pulled the door open. “I do hope you like gang bangs because we’re going to get royally fucked before this is over.”

“As long as they’re finished by seven.”

“Seeing as how it’s a little after four and we still have to wait for them to arrive I doubt that, Mistress. We’ll be lucky to leave before nine or ten.”

“I think I can move things along in a more expedient manner once everyone arrives,” Mistress Sydney said as the door slammed shut behind her. “Spinning on her heels, she swiped the chip in her bracer across the scanner set into the wall and a voice immediately responded.

“Um, Mistress Sydney?” the confused woman on the other end said. “You’re not scheduled to participate in any golden showers today.”

“I’m here to be on the receiving end alongside Mistress Debbie so send the

participants as quickly as possible. And make sure they know I don't have time to spend hours being used as their personal cumdumpster."

"I'm sorry, Mistress, but if you're on the receiving end then you must obey the rules just as any other toilet. The participants will begin arriving shortly, but the golden shower will not start until all..." there was a brief pause as the woman pressed a few buttons on her keyboard to determine the actual number "thirty-nine arrive," she continued. "It probably goes without saying, but I am required to say it anyways. "You are not permitted to leave the building until all participants have used you as their toilet. Once they have, you'll take a shower after which you'll be..." another pause. "Branded a trained toilet on your inner left thigh. Mistress Debbie, I'm going to need you to scan in as well."

Debbie swiped her bracelet and the woman continued.

"Thank you. The same thirty-nine people will use you as their toilet and then you'll also be branded a trained toilet, but yours will go on your inner right thigh. Alright, now that that's out of the way give me a moment to...oh! I see here that this is both of yours second mark of completion. One more and..."

"We'll be registered as switches," Sydney and Debbie said in unison. "We know," Sydney added. "Please just get the people here as quickly as possible and tell Mistress Erica at DF Productions to start the interviews without me."

"Yes Ma'am."

"I never asked, Mistress, have you drunk pee before?"

"Nope."

"SERIOUSLY, Mistress? Holy shit! I know it won't count, but I'd be honored to be your first. Wait, before you answer let me sweeten the deal. Agree and I'll show you a trick that'll allow you to do it without gagging. It even works for deepthroating assuming you're not already able to take dicks down your throat without gagging that is."

"I'll agree if you agree that if it doesn't work, you'll head straight to the Milking Barn right after your lesson at the House of Gape."

"Agreed, Mistress. Alright, let's start by placing your mouth over my vulva and

relaxing. When you're in position I then want you to make a fist around your left thumb like this," Debbie said, placing thumb in palm and then wrapping her fingers over it. "Make sure to squeeze it tight and continue squeezing while you drink."

"Then what?"

"Then you lick me clean and we'll wait for the party to start, Mistress."

"So, you honestly think squeezing my thumb is somehow going to make me drink piss without gagging?"

"I wouldn't have agreed to your terms if I wasn't one hundred percent certain, Mistress. It's a trick my dentist taught me to prevent gagging while being worked on and it's the same technique that I've used to learn how to drink piss and suck the longest of cocks and toys with ease."

"I hope you're right, Debbie, or you'll be registered as a switch before the night is over." Quickly stripping out of her clothes, Sydney got down on her kneed in front of her employee and placed her mouth over Debbie's vulva. Breathing through her nose, she made a fist around her left thumb and squeezed. A moment later the warm, bitter fluid filled her mouth. To her surprise her gag reflex never kicked in. She swallowed. Her mouth filled. She swallowed. Still feeling no urge to choke on the tangy liquid flowing down her throat, she drank and drank until there was nothing left. Speechless, she gave Debbie's pussy a dozen or so licks and then sat back on her heels. "I'll be damned. I can't believe that actually worked. How?"

"Pressure points, Mistress. For whatever reason that particular one basically gets rid of the gag reflex. Zin time you won't need to use it, but it's damn convenient when learning."

"Agreed. I'll have to remember that for my submissives."

Just then the door opened and a group of five men – three black, one white and one Latino, walked in. Two of the black men and the white man wore the red armband designating them Farm Dominants. When they saw whom they were going to be using, their eyes went wide in shock. "Mistress Sydney?"

"One and the same. I know how this is going to play out so instead of

pussyfooting around take your clothes off and fuck us while we wait for the others to arrive.”

“You’ll get no complaints from us.”

∞ ∞ ∞

Their golden orgy ending shortly after nine, Mistresses Sydney and Debbie took a shower to clean up as the last remaining participant – a dark skinned black woman named Mistress Capria, prepared to give them their mark of completion. At nine twenty-nine she pressed the red-hot tip of a branding gun against Mistress Sydney’s inner left thigh bringing her one step closer to a change in status. While the owner of the resort groaned and hopped around like a chicken with its head cut off, Capria branded Debbie’s inner right thigh. “Remember to scan out before you leave or you’ll have to do this all over again.”

“T-Thanks,” Debbie groaned in reply. It’s over, Mistress. Congratulations on being a trained toilet.”

“Likewise,” Sydney winced as she walked across the huge open bathroom to grab her clothes from the bin where she stored them for that party.

“Seeing as how I’m headed to the House of Gape I’m not going to bother getting dressed so unless there’s something else I’ll be going now, Mistress.”

“You’re dismissed.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

Debbie pulled open the door to the House of Gape at nine forty-five and at five after ten she was being led into the back training rom where she would spend the next two hours having her pussy and asshole slowly and steadily stretched. It would be the first of thirty such daily lessons that will end with each hole being double fisted by huge male hands and then her second mark of completion.

Walking in behind the curvy Mistress Dayana, the first thing to hit her ears was the sound of fourteen sex machines followed by the soft whimpers and moans of as many women being stretched on long tapered dildos. Seeing them all from the side, she did not see Brenda or Sabine and figured their training was already finished for the day.

“Alright,” Mistress Dayana said “You indicated that you can handle approximately two inches of thickness in both holes at the same time so that’s what we’ll start with. When you come in you may pick any free machine to scan at. Once you do, you’ll have two minutes to get in position before the program starts. It will not end for two hours so make sure you don’t need to use the bathroom, eat or anything else for the duration because you will not be permitted to stop until the lesson is over. Is that understood?”

“Yes Ma’am,” Debbie answered. “And it’ll take a month before I’m tested and given the mark of completion?”

“Correct. Even if you came in already capable of taking a fist, you’ll still need to go through the entire month of training to ensure it is done properly and no damage is done.”

“One might argue stretching my pussy and asshole enough to easily accommodate two hands at the same time is damage, but we can agree to disagree Ma’am. So, do I just pick any machine?”

“Whichever one you like.”

“Um, I don’t see dildos on them, Ma’am.”

“That’s because I still have to issue them. When the lesson is over, you’ll remove and clean the toys and then take them with you so no one else can use them. When you return for the next lesson, you’ll put your toys on any free machine. Rinse and repeat for the next month. After two weeks you’ll be given a larger set that will take you to where you need to be to complete your fisting training.”

“So, will I actually be fisted or just fucked by machines?”

“To keep costs down you’ll be stretched by machine for the duration of your training.”

“Cost?” Debbie asked with raised brow. “You really think hiring a few people will bankrupt us?”

“That’s not my decision to make, but I agree with it. Not only are the machines much more efficient they don’t get sick, quit or pass off any number of diseases to those they’re fisting. They also don’t cost fifty grand a year and can run nearly

twenty-four-seven non-stop. Now, go ahead and chose your machine but don't scan in until your toys are attached or you'll be disciplined for breaking the rules."

"Yes Ma'am."

Thanks to the dildo seats and benches located all across the resort – the only place bare-necks, submissives and slaves were permitted to sit, everyone visiting the Domination Farm would sooner or later be able to take a fist up their asses and for the ladies both holes at the same time, but being a farm registered Dominant had its privileges so for the last five years Debbie had thankfully been able to avoid being stretched to such a degree. And it would all begin with the sex toys and bottle of lube handed to her by Mistress Dayana. At nearly a foot long they tapered from about an inch at the tip to three and a half at the base where they attached to the long rods sticking out of the sex machine that she now stood next to.

"This is very important," Mistress Dayana said as she handed the toys over to Debbie. "Once you scan in the machine will be set to a particular program. In your case, because you said you're able to easily handle two inches of thickness, it will add another half inch before it is finished. In order to ensure you don't take too much, or cheat and not take enough you need to be properly lying on the bench. To do so, make sure your feet are pressed against the small walls in the back, your hands are on their marks and your breasts are hanging through the holes. Is that understood?"

"Yes Ma'am. How does the machine even know how deep to fuck me?" Debbie asked as she removed the first dildo from the container.

"Basically, the program takes your height and weight plus multiple measurements of the bench, machine and toys into account and formulates speed and depth based on that. Which is why It's so important that you properly place yourself. Now, if there are no more questions, I have work to do."

"That's all the questions I have, Ma'am." Shoving the second toy onto the lower rod, Debbie coated them both with a generous amount of lube and then scanned in at the terminal before taking her place on the thickly padded bench. The tips of the dildos touched her vulva and asshole so she reached back and guided them in. Two minutes passed and then the machine hummed to life. About ten seconds

after that the rods slowly thrust in and out. Her first night of fisting training was underway and it could not have felt any better.

Meanwhile, elsewhere on the Domination Farm those that thought the pros of staying at the resort free of charge for several weeks, if not months outweighed the cons of potentially being collared and partaking in acts of sexual perversion they might otherwise avoid at all costs, went about their night as if the chaos of the morning never happened. Friends and strangers that had men only a few short hours ago now bunked together. Rooms filled quickly. The newly renovated seven-story submissive apartments were first followed by the four-story slave apartment building on the opposite side of the street. Beds were carried from storage and across the resort like a line of ants at a picnic. Three buildings that had not yet been assigned a particular fetish or turned into a shop were converted into makeshift dorms as promised to ensure every person at least had a place to sleep.

Stepping up to do their part, vacancies were filled not only by farm submissives and slaves that had spent months, and in many cases years being trained to perform a wide range of non-sexual duties, but also by guests wishing only to repay Mistress Sydney's generosity by keeping the place up and running even if their new jobs were far outside of their comfort zone as was the case with nineteen year old Shiloh – an athletic brunette that had only recently discovered the joys of bdsm. This was her first trip to the Domination Farm. It was meant to last just the weekend. Now, she would spend the rest of the lockdown working at Alien Encounters – one of the resort's newest and some might say weirdest attractions.

Situated on Bondage Boulevard between the Hanging Gardens and Hot Momma Café, the only thing that gave away the bizarreness within was the sign in the shape of a woman entangled in tentacles, three of which were filling holes. Pulling the door open, Shiloh stepped into a small, mundane looking lobby and her eyes went straight to the lithe purple-haired woman dressed as a schoolgirl sitting at the desk on the opposite side of the room.

"Welcome to Alien Encounters," The woman said in a bubbly voice straight out of any given anime. "How may I help you this evening?"

“Um, hi. My name is Shiloh. I’ve been assigned to work here by Mistress Sydney.”

“Right. I was just looking at your profile.” Standing, the woman got up and approached her newest hire. “Pleasure to meet you, Shiloh, beautiful name by the way. I’m the night manager, Aubrie.”

“You’re not wearing a collar or armband.”

“That’s because like you I’m a bare-neck. Rare for someone working and living here but it does happen. So, what experience do you have for Mistress Sydney to assign you to me?”

“I love anime, weird sex and am not afraid to experiment or explore my sexuality. I even own several Bad Dragon dildos shaped like tentacles, animals and monsters. That’s about it really.”

“I can work with that. Bad Dragon makes pretty big sex toys. Are you able to take a hand?”

“Easily in both holes at the same time.”

“Nice. And at only nineteen. If you don’t mind me asking what got you into it?”

“An anime I saw called Inbaku Gakuen or School of Bondage. There was one particular scene in the school where Keisuke Shimizu, shoves Orie Yuki’s hand in Ms. Izumi’s pussy. That was the first time in my life I ever experienced a no touch orgasm and I knew then and there that I wanted, no, I needed to be fisted. That was like two or three days after my eighteenth birthday. A week later I owned my first sex toys and two weeks after that I was fisting myself. What about you?”

“Oh, I’m a fully trained fisting queen,” Aubrie said as she flipped the hem of her pleated skirt up with her right hand and pointed to the tattoo on her inner right thigh with the left. “The biggest thing I took before coming here for the first time was two fingers. I hadn’t even been with a guy yet. While exploring I made the mistake of entering the House of Gape. What was supposed to be a one-night visit turned into an entire month of fisting lessons before my bracer was unlocked and I was permitted to leave. By the end I had sex with I don’t even know how many people. I was hooked so decided to accept this job. My family

basically disowned me. I had nowhere else to go so I moved into the submissive apartments and this is where I've been living for the last four years."

"And you haven't been collared or turned into a slave yet? That's impressive. I can only hope I'm that lucky."

"Keep a low profile and do as your told and you'll be fine. Now, how about we get to why you're here? I need a tentacle girl and you're perfect for the job. Basically, you'll spend your shift in one of the rooms getting fucked by mechanical beasts ranging from, well, tentacled monsters and demons to beautiful futanari and, well, I don't want to give it all away. Shifts are ten hours but you'll get two half hour breaks and an hour for lunch, all paid of course so you'll actually only be working eight. Did Mistress Sydney mention anything about pay?"

"She said everything would be explained once I got here," Shiloh lied. In truth she was told she would be paid twenty dollars an hour to start with a five dollar an hour raise should she decide to stay longer than the lockdown.

"Starting pay is twenty dollars an hour during your sixty-day probationary period. If you're with us after that it increases to twenty-five. After that, you'll be evaluated once a year. Pass, and on top of your first week of paid vacation you'll receive a two dollar an hour raise. The Domination Farm also pays one hundred percent of your insurance. And now to the uniform. What you're wearing is sexy as hell, don't get me wrong, but if you're going to sell yourself as a tentacle girl, you're gonna have to dress the part. You like School of Bondage so I'm thinking sexy schoolgirl. I can't leave the lobby so go on through the door over there marked employees only and tell Mistress Kat that you're the new hire and need a schoolgirl uniform and she'll get you taken care of."

"Um, okay. Wait, you're the manager and the Mistress isn't? That doesn't sound like this place at all."

"Seniority. I've been here longer than anyone so I'm in charge. Now get that sexy ass of yours in gear and have fun."

"Thanks."

On the exact opposite end of the more than nine-hundred-acre resort, eighteen-year-old Hollie Watson pulled the door to the Glory Funhouse open and stepped inside. She was a native of Rome, Wisconsin where the Domination Farm was located and against the wishes of family and friends, she decided she was going to check the place out at least once in her life. Doing so as a virgin was probably not the best idea she ever had, but the thought of losing it to some random person that just took her as if they owned her appealed to her inner submissive. Unfortunately, with the chaos of the morning and spending the afternoon and half the evening finding and settling in a room at the farm slave apartments it was only now that she had the time to indulge her fantasies.

Entering the small, sparsely decorated lobby, Hollie was greeted by a very pregnant redheaded farm slave wearing only her light blue collar and matching thigh-high boots – the name BurningBush tattooed on her left breast. Eyes drifting down, Hollie saw that the woman did indeed have a neatly trimmed red bush.

“Welcome to the Glory Funhouse,” BurningBush said in greeting. “What’s your name, love?”

“Hollie.”

“Pleasure to meet you Hollie. I’m BurningBush. The way this particular attraction works is very simple. You’ll be assigned a booth where you’ll spend the next six hours sucking and fucking every person that chooses to use you. I know, sounds like it would get boring pretty quickly, but don’t worry your pretty little head off because a lot of interesting things can and will happen in there.”

“Um, did you say six hours?”

“I did. Now, before you turn and run out, I need to inform you that this is one of the attractions that require those entering to complete so if you leave now, you’ll be registered a farm slave.”

“I’m not going to leave. I’m just shocked how long I’ll actually be getting screwed. Um, you probably don’t hear this a lot, but I’m actually a total virgin. I’ve never even sucked a dick before, real or otherwise. The most I’ve ever done was rub myself.”

“First, you’re right, I don’t hear that often. In fact, I think you might be the first.

Second, that's really fucking hot. And three, please scan in so we can take care of that for you."

"I'm ready when you are."

Walking over to the curved desk, Hollie swiped the chip in her Farm issued bracer and then dropped onto her knees in front of BurningBush. The slave looked down in confusion and just as her lips parted to ask what Hollie was doing, her clit was sucked into the young woman's mouth. Hollie knew from an early age that she was sexually attracted to pretty much anything with a pulse, so it came as no surprise when her own clit throbbed excitedly.

"Mmmm, that feels nice, but you're supposed to be pleasuring cocks, not me," BurningBush moaned. But Hollie did not stop sucking. "P-Please, I'm not supposed to have sex with anyone while working."

Hollie sucked for several more seconds before stopping and looking up into BurningBush's light green eyes. "Is that true or are you lying to cover up how bad I am at it?"

"You're not bad at all. And unfortunately, it's true. Once someone views this evening's video, I'll be disciplined for not immediately making you stop."

"That's bullshit! You deserve to be pleased just as much as everyone else at this crazy-ass place."

"I appreciate that, but the rules are the rules and as a farm slave I've agreed to follow them all to the letter whether I like them or not so please get up so that I can take you back to one of the booths."

"You already got an army of men waiting for me or something?"

"Or something. We keep several on hand to get newcomers started and then I'll call in several more to keep your holes filled non-stop for the next six hours. And I do mean filled, Hollie. Don't be surprised when they use you as their toilet and cumdumpster and stretch you open to take their fists. In fact, you can count on it. Let's just hope they wait to loosen you up first."

Gulping back the lump suddenly growing in her throat, Hollie got to her feet and followed BurningBush through a side door, down a hallway and into the first

empty booth they came too. Hollie's eyes went straight to the hole cut into the metal door and when it swung open a brow instantly raised. "Um, kind of small isn't it?" she asked, as she took in the chains, cuffs and padded bench.

"You won't exactly be doing much in the way of moving around so no need to make them any bigger than needed. Okay, go ahead and strip completely naked. You may fold and leave them outside the door. You'll then lay face down on the bench with your breasts through the holes and your backside out of the large hole in the back wall. I'll then close the door and you'll clock in at the scanner on the wall to your right. Your six hours will begin when you take your first dick and will end with, well, you'll just have to wait and see that for yourself. Go on, no need to be shy now."

"So, what are all the chains and cuffs for?" Hollie asked as she unzipped her skirt. "I mean, it's not as if anyone can fit in there with me."

"Maybe not, but hands can reach through holes and you'll notice they're all very accessible."

Hollie finished stripping in silence and then lay down on the bench with her ass sticking through the large hole, leaving her fully exposed to anyone wishing to use her. BurningBush squat down and reached underneath her. She heard something moving around. Her right nipple was pinched and then she felt a sharp pain that made her inhale sharply. "W-What the hell was that?" she asked just as her left nipple was pinched followed by the same quick jolt of pain.

"Sorry, but to make sure you don't get up before you're supposed to, I just pierced your nipples. The barbells I'm now placing are attached to thin chains secured to d-rings in the floor that will allow for some wiggle room but not much." Sliding the needle in Hollie's right nipple the rest of the way through the barbell dropped in place and she screwed on the end so that together it read SEXY BITCH. When she finished with the left it read FUCK ME. "Alright babe, you're all set. I'm going to head back to my station now and the first batch of guys should be here momentarily."

"I still can't believe you pierced my nipples, but thanks I think."

"Welcome to the Domination Farm where anything and everything can and will happen. Have fun and if you're still in the mood to pick up where we left off, I'll be in slave apartment three-fifteen when you're done." Taking a step back

BurningBush closed the door, picked up Hollie's clothes and then walked back out to the lobby where thankfully no one was waiting to be served.

Hollie only had to wait a few minutes before she felt the head of a cock sliding along her vulva. This was the moment she had been waiting for but now that it was here, she suddenly felt incredibly nervous and self-conscious. Oh god, she thought. What the hell am I doing? What if...UHN! She grunted as the man slammed balls deep taking her virginity in one swift thrust of his long, thick pole. A big black cock poked through the hole less than two inches in front of her open mouth and touched her lips. She did not resist as it went deeper, but started gagging as soon as it hit her uvula. She instinctively pulled back. The chains connected to her new nipple piercings instantly went taught causing her to yelp with about four inches of dick still in her mouth. Coming to terms with the fact she had a long way to go before she could dreepthroat, she resigned herself to choking and copious amounts of saliva.

Getting her first creampie and taste of semen at about the same time, Hollie immediately experienced another first as a current traveled up the chains connected to the barbells now adorning her nipples. With a yelp, she clamped down on the dick still pumping its load into her and orgasmed hard. Before it subsided enough for her to think straight another cock thrust into her and her fourth – this one belonging to a white man, slid through the hole and into her waiting mouth.

One man after another filled her pussy and belly with their delicious cream, but it was not until the twentieth that Hollie finally lost the last of her precious cherries as her ass was taken for the first time. It was also her first triple penetration as the same man stuffed her with her thickest cock yet in the form of a massive glass dildo. She showed her love for it by having three orgasms in rapid succession.

Twenty men became thirty. Then fifty. Exhausted, Hollie was sweating buckets which made the random shocks all the more painfully pleasurable for the budding nymphomaniac. While being spit-roasted between numbers fifty-five and fifty-six the door opened and a petite brunette woman wearing a form-fitting latex spanking dress that left her firm breast and heart-shaped ass on full display walked in carrying a bag in her left hand.

“W-Who are you?” Hollie moaned.

“My name is Mistress Carla and I’m here to give you the first mark of completion.”

“M-Mark...uhn...mark of completion, Mistress?”

“Just keep sucking that cock and let me do my job and you’ll see soon enough.”

Her only other option to leave and be registered a farm slave, Hollie sucked the throbbing white cock into her mouth and tried watching Mistress Carla from the corner of her eye, but she caught very little of what was about to happen until she heard the steady buzzing of the tattoo gun echoing off the walls. “Alright guys, I don’t want to screw this up so take your dicks out of her until I’m finished,” Mistress Carla commanded. To Hollie’s disappointment they obeyed and for the first time in several hours she felt an emptiness that desperately needed filled.

“What are you tattooing on me, Mistress?” Hollie asked, making sure to show proper respect.

“Like I said, you’re just going to have to wait and see once you get out of here.”

“How many of these marks are you giving me, Mistress?”

“You’ll get two of them. The last will go on your ass just before you’re let out of here. Now, unless you want a crooked tattoo I suggest holding still.”

“Yes Mistress.”

An hour later Mistress Carla put the finishing touches on the tattoo and then packed everything up. “I’m finished boys, she’s all yours,” she said to the men waiting to resume their fucking. No sooner were the words out of her mouth then Hollie’s pussy and mouth were once again filled. “Enjoy.”

“Hank hue Histhrech,” Hollie said as the dick slid down her throat.

Fifty-six men turned into sixty. Then seventy. Her pussy and asshole stretched around dicks, fingers and toys, she thought about what BurningBush had said about being fisted. Four fingers were shoved knuckles deep in both holes at the same time and repeatedly slammed in and out of her. She did her best to relax and accept the inevitable. Another dick pushed into her mouth and she got her

first taste of pee. Her gag reflex gone for the last couple of hours, she barely flinched as the bitter liquid warmed its way down. Muscles gave in to the constant pressure. Hands filled pussy and ass. And then she felt an intense searing pain unlike anything she had ever experienced as her second and final mark of completion was branded into her right ass cheek. The hands fisted her to another orgasm before being pulled out. The door was opened and she was greeted by a young black woman she did not know.

“What the hell just happened? What did you do to my ass?” Hollie panted.

“Nothing. But Mistress Carla branded you.”

“What the actual fuck!” Unhook my damn nipples. Let me out of here.”

“Relax, that’s exactly what I’m here to do.” Kneeling, the woman removed the chains from the barbells in Hollie’s nipples.

Jumping up off the bench, Hollie looked back at her ass to see GLORYHOLE FUCKTOY in angry red letters. Unable to see what was on her shoulder she turned to the woman now standing in the doorway. “What does it say?” she asked, turning and pointing to her shoulder.

“It says daddy’s little slut. If there’s nothing else I need to go over proper care of your new work and then you’ll be free to go.”

“I’d rather...” knowing she had left her clothes by the door, Hollie looked up at the black woman. “What the hell have you done with my clothes?”

“Nothing. There were no clothes when I got here. Someone else must’ve taken them. Now, about taking care of your piercings, tattoo and brand...”

Eloise Williams had been planning her vacation to the Domination Farm for more than a year. And then the pandemic hit and threw everything into chaos. First came the loss of her job. Then her home. At the age of twenty-seven she moved back in with her parents but when they learned of her trip, they tossed her out. Now homeless and nearly broke, her only chance of getting back on her feet was at the resort she had longed to visit. On the road for two days without internet access, she was unaware of the lockdown until she arrived the morning after.

Surprised to see there were no lines, she got out of her car and stripped naked knowing street clothes were not permitted inside. With only her purse, she approached the booths to see only one farm slave wearing only a face mask on duty. "Hi, my name is Eloise Williams. I should be in the system as having paid for two weeks."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, but the Domination Farm is currently under lockdown and I am not permitted to let anyone inside."

"Lockdown? But this place never closes. Also, did you miss the part where I said I paid for this vacation in advance?"

"I heard, Ma'am, but I still can't let you in."

"You don't understand," Eloise said as panic set in. "I don't have anywhere else to go. I need to get inside so if you can't let me in then let me talk to whomever is in charge."

"Give me just a moment, Ma'am." Picking up a telephone receiver, the woman spoke. "Good morning Mistress Debbie, this is BimboBitch at the booths. I apologize for interrupting you, but I have an Eloise Williams here claiming to have paid for two weeks in advance and is demanding to be let in."

"Did you check to see if she actually paid or not?"

“No Mistress.”

“Jesus Christ, you really are a mindless bimbo, aren’t you? Check her story and if it’s true then take her temperature as instructed. If it’s normal then let her in. If not then tell she’ll have to wait until the lockdown has been lifted.”

“Yes Mistress.” Hanging up, BimboBitch turned her attention to the woman standing on the other side of the glass. “Sorry about that, but due to the pandemic we have to take extra precautions. I’m going to need to take your temperature. Is that okay?”

“Sure.”

BimboBitch raised a digital thermometer and pulled the trigger. The little screen read 98.5. “You’ll be happy to know you don’t have a temperature. Okay, you have a couple of options. Because we have to be careful, I can let you in now if you agree to entering as a registered farm slave. Otherwise I’ll have to issue a refund and turn you away.” That was a lie, of course, but she wanted to see just how badly Eloise wanted in.

While she could definitely use the money, it was a drop in the bucket and would not get her far. Having already come to terms with the fact that she would be living at the resort for at least a couple of years and that she would do many things outside of her comfort zone while a resident, she let out a soft sigh. “Fine, I accept. Register me as a farm slave.”

“Seriously? You want in that badly, huh?”

“Like I said, I have nowhere else to go.”

“I’ll need to see your ID and the card you used to make the payment. While I enter everything into the system you’ll need to read and sign some paperwork. I’ll then issue you your collar and bracer. Upon entering the farm you’ll have one hour to get to the body modification building and sign in to get your new name. If you’re late or refuse you’ll be disciplined. Continued refusal will get you permanently banned. Any questions?”

“Two. Where is the body modification building and what is my new name going to be?” Eloise asked, familiar with the resort’s practice of giving submissives and slaves humiliating and degrading names?”

“I’ll let you know that just as soon as you’ve read and signed everything and I make the changes to your profile,” BimboBitch said as she slid a clipboard through the small opening at the bottom of the window.

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With no one waiting in line behind her, Eloise took her time and read every word on every page before signing and initialing where indicated. When she was finished, she slid the clipboard back under the glass and waited. Five minutes later, she was issued the light blue collar of a farm slave which she immediately snapped around her neck, a beautiful silver and leather bracer and a new name.

“Alright, CumKitty, you’re all set. Welcome to the Domination Farm and your new life of slavery. Just scan at the door and you’ll be let inside.”

“Thanks, BimboBitch.”

“Oh, hey, all of the apartments are filled to capacity thanks to the lockdown so the only place you’ll find a bed is at one of the makeshift dorms.”

“What about your place?”

“W-What?”

“Your place. You do live here, right? You have an apartment of your own?”

“I do, but...oh god!” BimboBitch broke down. “I’m so sorry! I lied about you having to sign up as a farm slave to get in.”

“Um, what?”

“I made that part up to see how badly you wanted in.”

“Then undo it!”

“I’m sorry, but once a farm slave only Mistress Sydney, the owner, can reverse it and it’ll take a minor miracle for that to ever happen. You probably, rightfully hate me now, but I couldn’t let you move in with me without knowing the truth.”

“Right. Honestly, I’m not really all that mad so what room are you in?”

“Really?”

“You’re eating into my hour so what room are you in?”

“Right. Sorry. I’m in room five-seventeen at the slave apartments. Why aren’t you mad at me damn it? You should be furious for what I just did.”

“I plan on living here for at least a couple of years. I came to terms with being a sex slave long ago. That being said, I think you deserve to be punished for what you did so when do you get off?”

“Five.”

“Then meet me at our place at five for your punishment.”

“Farm slaves aren’t allowed to discipline each other.”

“Then let’s call it part of our first night of sex together. Now I really must be going you’re you won’t be the only one being caned today.” And with that Eloise, ‘CumKitty’ Williams walked over to the gates leading into the Domination farm, scanned her bracer and then entered her new life of sexual slavery.