

Domination Workshop #2

Fucow
MASOCHIST

Crimson Rose

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“Hello?” Sandy answered the phone, half asleep and three-quarters irritated at having her nap interrupted.

“Hi, may I speak to Sandy Upton please?”

“Speaking.”

“Hi Sandy, may I call you Sandy?”

“Look, whatever you’re selling I’m not buying.”

“Don’t hang up just yet. This is Fiona Heathcliff calling on behalf of the build-a-dong workshop.”

“Oh. Is there a problem? I sent in all the paperwork as requested.

“No, no. There’s no problem at all. I’m just calling to let you know that we got your papers and everything is in order. With the date quickly approaching I’m calling all of the contestants to make sure they’re still participating. Given its location, many are hesitant about what may or may not happen to them while on the Domination Farm and two have dropped out of the competition.”

“I’ll be there. I assume you can’t guarantee nothing will happen to me while there, right?”

“I’m afraid the best I can offer is if you obey all of the rules you will not be registered a Farm submissive and no one else can collar you as long as you’re wearing the orange collar. Other than that, it’s completely on you whether you participate in the Farm’s many activities, or shut yourself in your room for the duration of your stay.”

“I figured as much. What about anyone I bring with me? My new fiancé is interested in visiting with me.”

“He’ll have to follow all of the rules as well. Men are not immune to being

collared and registered.”

“She, actually. So, she will have to arrive as a bare-neck then? No chance of her getting one of these orange collars?”

“Afraid not. Only those working at DF Productions and the build-a-dong contestants are permitted to wear it. And at midnight on the fifth you’ll be required to remove it. At that point you will be considered a bare-neck as well and subject to collaring just as any other. Also, if your fiancé does decide to pay you a visit she will have to place her own money on the bracelet before entering the Farm. Once through the doors you cannot add any further money other than through Farm debt which must be worked off prior to leaving.”

“Can she stay in the same room as me?”

“Of course.”

“So, do I have the Farm send her the same papers to sign, or how does that work?”

“When you arrive at the Domination Farm you will see kiosks near the wall. One is for Dominants, another is for submissives and a third is for bare-necks. If she is entering as a bare-neck she will go through that line, fill out all of the necessary paperwork and then be given her bracelet. Once she has her bracelet she will have to wait in the waiting room to be given the tour ending in her receiving her free set of submissive clothing. After that, she’s free to explore to her heart’s content.”

“Do I have to go through the tour as well?”

“No.”

“I mean, I’ve never been to the farm either. Can’t we take the tour together?”

“You can join the tour if you’d like, but since you already have three sets of submissive clothing curtesy of DF Productions you will not get another.”

“I only meant that if there’s a tour that shows newbies around then I should be on it, right?”

“Honestly, the tours don’t usually last long and are really only there to make sure all bare-necks and submissives are given the same opportunity to get their free outfit as street clothes are not permitted beyond the wall with the exception of the pre-approved clothing Dominants are permitted to wear.”

“Um, so, if normal clothes aren’t permitted on the farm, do we get our clothes back when we leave?”

“It is advised you leave everything in your car including purses, cell phones and any other recording devices as they are also not permitted. The Domination Farm is designated a nudist resort so it is perfectly legal for you to go naked the second you pull into the parking lot. And don’t worry, in all the years we’ve been in business there have only ever been three instances of vehicles being broken into and they were caught before leaving the premises. Your belongings are as safe as they can be with us. Any other questions?”

“If I decide to show up early am I still protected by the collar? I may have inadvertently put it on to see what it looks like and, well, it’s kind of stuck.”

“Yeah, without the removal tool they are a bitch to get off, but there are some that manage it somehow. And the answer is yes. You are protected from registration from now until the fifth of June as long as you follow all of the rules.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re very welcome. And good luck in the competition.”

Hanging up the phone, Sandy leaned back and stared up at the ceiling as she thought about what she was doing and where she was going – a direction she never thought her life would go down. Not just going to the Domination Farm to compete in a dildo building contest, but confessing her love for her best friend and asking for her hand in marriage. Looking down at the barbells in her nipples and hood and the eyelets running down both outer labia, she let out a soft sigh before picking the phone back up and calling her fiancé Connie.

“Hey babe, what’s up?” Connie answered the phone. “You calling to put on another cam show?”

“No, but we can if you want. I just got off the phone with Fiona from the

Domination Farm.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, she as calling to confirm whether or not I’ll still be attending as I guess a few have dropped out due to the location.”

“Better chance for you to win, right?”

“That’s one way of looking at it. I asked her about you going and she said you’d have to go through the kiosks and enter as either a bare-neck or submissive and that you need to put money on the bracelet before entering or you’ll have to work off any debt you incur while visiting. On the bright side though, you are able to stay in the same room with me.”

“Well, at least there’s that. How much does it cost?”

“According to what I saw on their website it’s two-hundred-fifty per day.”

“DAMN!”

‘Don’t worry about it. If you want to go I’ll cover the cost for your stay. Fiona also said I am protected, or at least as much as I can be from now until June fifth so we can take off and go whenever you want.”

I have a few more things to take care of packing and transitioning out of my old job so, how does Saturday sound for taking off?”

“Sounds good. And are you sure you want to move in with me? I’m more than happy selling my place and moving into yours.”

“That would be silly. I rent, you own. Plus, you’ve already got the entire house wired to the hilt with microphones and cameras for the shows.”

“Then at least let me come help you pack. You don’t have to do it all on your own, you know?”

“I know. But you’re busy with the cam shows and I don’t really want to prevent you from making money.”

“Honey, taking a few hours off isn’t going to ruin me. And since we’re getting married you’re going to have to get used to me doing things to you. I mean for you. Doing things for you.”

“And to me,” Connie giggled. “You’re not kidding anyone. And neither am I. I want your tongue and fingers in me something fierce, but there’ll be plenty of time for that once we’re settled in.”

“Or we can both take a break and fuck each other silly for an hour or three. I’ll be over in half an hour.”

“But I just...”

“No buts. I’ll be there in half an hour. We will screw each other’s brains out and then we’ll work together on getting you all packed up and ready to move in.”

“I love you so much,” Connie said.

“I love you to. Thirty minutes and I’m going to rock your fucking world.” Hanging up the phone, Sandy rushed upstairs, got dressed and grabbed her bag of toys before heading out to see her fiancé.

No sooner was Sandy in Connie's house then she tore her clothes off and kissed her fiancé hard on the lips while playing with the barbell in her right nipple. "I know we have a lot of packing to do, but I brought a few toys for when we take breaks," she said, sitting the big black duffel bag on the floor and kissing her way down Connie's body.

"You better stop that right now or we'll never get anything done," Connie cooed, placing her hand on the back of Sandy's head and gently nudging her down towards her pussy.

"I thought you wanted me to stop?" Sandy purred, kissing her fiancé on the clit while looking up into her eyes.

"I changed my mind. I've been at it for hours and need a break now. And I want to spend it with your fists and tongue in my pussy and ass."

"How can I say no to a request like that? Are you sure you're okay to play rough? After all, we did pierce each other only last week."

"I fisted myself this morning in the shower and I was fine," Connie said, taking a step back and dropping onto her knees – giving her fiancé's right nipple a quick suck before turning and lowering her head to the floor. "But as great as it feels doing it myself, nothing beats having another person's hands filling and stretching me open."

"Man, you've really taken to this kinky shit haven't you?" Sandy asked as she opened the duffel bag and grabbed the large bottle of lube.

"It's all your fault! You corrupted my poor body and mind, turned me into a sexual deviant just like you," Connie fake pouted. "I was so pure and innocent until you did all those...unspeakable acts of perversion to me! And now...now I'm reduced to begging for your fists to keep me satisfied!"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Sandy smirked, lubing her hands and roughly shoving them full force into Connie's pussy and asshole – the latter going in to the elbow

before stopping. “You’re a perverted slut through and through and you love it!” she added, pulling her arm back until only her hand was in her lover’s ass before slamming it in to the elbow again. “Admit it! Admit that you love my fists ramming your pussy and ass! Admit that you get off drinking my piss!”

“YES!” Connie moaned. “I do love it! I love everything you do to me! That’s why I agreed to marry you, Mistress!”

“Whoa! Mistress?” Sandy said, her thrusting arms coming to a sudden halt. “What are you talking about? If anyone’s dominant in this relationship it’s you, sweetheart.”

“Says the woman shoving her fist elbow deep in my ass.”

“Feel free to command me to stop at any time, Mistress,” Sandy said, slowly inching her way deeper. “Really, I’m much more comfortable submitting than I am dominating.”

“That goes double for me.”

“Then a compromise. We’ll take turns submitting and dominating.”

“And since you’ve already taken the role as Dominant, I gladly submit to your every desire, Mistress,” Connie purred, looking back and giving her lover a wink before putting her head back on the floor and spreading her legs a little further apart.

“Fine, but we’re going to have to come up with limits so we don’t get too carried away like what happened during the cam show.”

“Uhn...uhn...y-you mean the c-cam show where you stretched my pussy and asshole open? The same cam show you gave me an enema, pissed on me and pierced the shit out of my nipples and pussy?”

“One and the same. And on that note, you failed to acknowledge me as your Mistress there so you’re going to get ten swats of the paddle,” Sandy said, pulling both hands free. Grabbing the towel from the bag, she dries the pussy juices and lube from her hands and then picked up the long wooden paddle with four rows of tiny holes drilled down its length. “We’ll call that rule number one. Agreed?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Ten swats for every infraction and they are cumulative so the next time you get twenty and then thirty, forty, fifty and so on. And the same applies to me should I forget to call you Mistress when I am submitting to you.”

“What about safewords, Mistress?”

“We can discuss them after your punishment,” Sandy said, standing up and moving into position to the back and right of her kneeling and trembling fiancé. Drawing her arm back, she brought it down hard, not holding back even for her lover.

WHACK!

“Aahhgghhh!” Connie wailed, leaping forward, rolling onto her ass and scooting as far away from the implement of her torture as she could before bumping into the wall. “Oh my motherfucking god that hurt! You didn’t have to hit me so damn hard!”

“It’s meant to be punishment, remember? And since you just failed to call me Mistress again that’s another twenty swats. You’ve got twenty-nine more to go so get back in position.”

“I think you’re enjoying this way too much!” Connie huffed. “Wait! You love getting spanked, hell, you had an orgasm when I pierced you so how exactly is paddling your ass punishment?”

“You’ll have to devise some other way of punishing me when the time comes. And you just forgot again. You now have fifty-nine swats. Either you’re incredibly forgetful tonight, or you secretly love getting your ass paddled. Which is it?”

“You know damn well I don’t like getting paddled, Mistress,” Connie said, moving back into position. “Please just get it over and done with as quickly as possible so we can get back to packing, Mistress.”

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“I’ve never seen an ass so red in my life,” Sandy said, putting the paddle away

and kneeling next to her crying submissive. Taking Connie into her arms, she held her tight. "I'm sorry I had to be so hard on you, but I hope my doing so taught you a lesson."

"Y-Yes M-M-Mistress," Connie sniffed back the tears. "I'll n-never forget to call you Mistress again."

"Then lesson learned and I hope I never have to do it again. Come on, let me take a look at your ass. I have a salve in the bag that should alleviate the pain."

"No Mistress."

"Excuse me?"

"What's the point of being punished if you can just make the pain go away, Mistress? I got what I deserved and I'll live with it."

"Very well then. Since you were naughty and had to be punished I think we'll hold off on any more fun for the time-being. I'll hold you for as long as you need and then we can get back to the packing. Agreed?"

"Yes Mistress. I...I've n-never taken a spanking like that since I was a kid and my father went into his drunken rages."

"What? What do you mean?" Sandy asked, stunned at this new revelation into the life of a woman she had known for the better part of fourteen years. "You never told me your father beat you!"

"It's not something I was ever willing to talk about, Mistress. Not even with my best friend. I suppose it's just something my mother and I swept under the rug to keep up the appearances of a happy family."

"I understand. And I also understand if you don't want to talk about it."

"That's okay, Mistress. If we're going to spend the rest of our lives together it's best to get everything out in the open here and now, right? The beatings happened once...sometimes twice a week from the time I was five until he went to prison when I was thirteen."

"Did he really get arrested as a result of a drunk driving accident?"

“No, no he did not. This is the hardest thing I ever had to admit to anyone since the court date,” Connie said, looking up into her lover’s eyes. “He raped me, Mistress.”

“OH MY GOD!” Sandy gasped, the news hitting her like a brick to the face.

“It started when I was seven. He would come home late at night drunk and enter my room. He’d climb into bed with me and...”

“Are you sure you want to dig up old ghosts, Connie? You don’t have to go through it again.”

“Thank you Mistress, but I need to get it off my chest and you deserve to know everything about my past. Anyways, it went on and on and on. First I thought it was a mistake and I said nothing. But once a month turned into once a week and then two...three...four. When I questioned him about it he threatened my life, told me I would be taken away and put into foster homes where much worse would happen to me. He had me so scared I stopped protesting and let him do it if only to get it over with.”

“What happened? How did you make him stop? Did your mother know what he was doing to you?”

“She had no idea what was going on, Mistress. One night, while he was...while he raped me, he knocked the lamp off of my nightstand and it woke my mother up. She came in to see what I was doing and saw it all. She was furious. I remember her picking up the stem of the lamp and hitting him with it. He hit back and they spent what seemed like an eternity going at each other while I cried, knowing they were going to kill each other. But they didn’t. Mom struck him in the face with the lamp and he went to the floor. After that it was a lot of police, questions, court dates and my life spiraled out of control.”

“I am so, so sorry, Connie. I had no idea.”

“How could you, Mistress? It went on so long I became a master at hiding it from everyone including you. Do you remember my year and a half of hell where I was depressed...suicidal?”

“When your father was being tried for manslaughter? I remember,” Sandy replied.

“In reality he was being tried for rape and my life was falling apart. I have you to think for keeping me together, for helping me get through it with at least some sanity remaining. I never said it before, but thank you, Mistress. I really do owe you my life.”

“You owe me nothing, Connie. First and foremost I am your friend and nothing, nothing will ever change that. And while it’s impossible to erase such a horrible past, I can promise to make your future one worth remembering. And if spanking you brings back these nightmarish memories I will find another way to punish you. Or we can forget the whole domination and submission thing and just be normal lovers.”

“Normal lovers into fisting, enemas, golden showers, humiliation and breeding, Mistress?” Connie half-smiled up at her fiancé.

“Um, what was that last one? Breeding? I’m not into breeding.”

“But I am Mistress,” Connie blushed at the admission.

“Really?”

“Yes Mistress. And I’ve been thinking a lot about it since that first cam show and agreeing to go to the Domination Farm with you. We’ve both talked about having children, right?”

“One day when we got married to the men of our dreams and settled down, yes, but...”

“But we are in a lesbian relationship now Mistress with no real dicks between us,” Connie cut in. “But after doing some digging around their website, I found a solution to the problem.”

“And that would be?”

“There are two locations I want us to visit. The breeding stables and milking barn. I want us to go there and let them breed us, Mistress. I know it’s a lot to ask and I understand if you’re not ready, and if you’re not then I ask that you allow me to go and fulfill one of my deepest, darkest fantasies without being jealous that I’ve been fucked silly and impregnated by a ton of men.”

“We’ll do it together,” Sandy said, gently kissing her lover on the lips. “We’ll do it all together.”

“Are you sure, Mistress? I don’t want you doing anything you don’t want to just for me.”

“You said it yourself. We both want children one day and since neither of us are men we’ll just have to go out and find some to breed us.”

“Thank you so much, Mistress. You have no idea how much that means to me.”

“In the last week you’ve opened yourself up to no fewer than half a dozen fetishes I like so I have a pretty good feeling.”

“Was that a fisting joke, Mistress?”

“What? Oh lord, no, that’s not what I meant,” Sandy said, shaking her head while smiling. Come on, forget the packing. Forget the world. All I want to do tonight is hold you tight and never let you go.” Taking her love by the hand she led the way to the bedroom.

“Are you sure she said it was okay to strip out here in the parking lot?” Connie asked.

“Look around, half the men and women in line are naked, or nearly so,” Sandy said, taking her tee shirt off and tossing it in the back seat. Next went her sweat pants leaving her sitting behind the wheel of the car wearing only her submissive clothing consisting of long gloves, garter belt and thigh-high boots all in purple latex. Reaching into her purse, she grabbed the silver cuff bracelet and put it around her right wrist. Looking in the rearview mirror, her fingers went to the orange collar around her neck. “You know, it’s kind of funny.”

“What’s funny, Mistress?”

“You’ve played the part of the submissive for the last three weeks and yet I’m the one wearing the collar.”

“I never really thought about that, Mistress,” Connie said as she took her top off.

“I didn’t either until now. I’ve gotten so used to it being around my neck that I forgot it was even there until I looked in the mirror. And the Mistress stuff stops right now. Inside the farm we are both bare-necks. Remember, according to the rules impersonating a Dominant calls for immediate registration as a Farm submissive.”

“Will you go through the tour with me?”

“Of course. I also have five grand I’m putting on your bracelet and another twenty-five hundred for mine so we should have more than enough to make it through the weekend.”

“About that, Mistress. Are you absolutely certain you want to go through with being bred here?”

“I am. Why? Are you having a change of heart?”

“No. It’s just that I did some more digging and it seems that if we enter either of those buildings we are stuck at the Farm until we are with child and lactating. To ensure we remain, they will activate the shock function of our collars to prevent us from running out on our obligations.”

“Shit! Seriously?”

“Yes. I found that on nearly three dozen pages once I started really digging and as part of the fine print in the paperwork we both had to sign to get in. It could take months before we are knocked up.”

“Then we will be here for months. After the tour and you are fitted with your clothing we will drop our things at the apartment and then go in search of the breeding stables and milking barn. We’ll start them both tonight and follow whatever rules they set forth for us until we’ve completed them.”

“I love you so much!” Connie exclaimed, wrapping her arms around Sandy’s neck and hugging her tight. I still can’t believe you’re willing to be bred like a cow for me. Just thinking about it gets me all kinds of excited.”

“Hmm, I think if we’re going to be here for months we better put more money on the bracelets. What do you think?”

“Probably a good idea. We have no idea how much things cost in there and I for one don’t want to go into Farm debt. Because they don’t let you off the Farm until it’s paid off in full and the only way to do that is to work the events and attractions.”

“Given how long it could take us to get knocked up I think I’ll go ahead and put ten grand on each bracelet. That should give us plenty of money to get everything we need.”

“What about the cam shows?” Connie asked, getting out of the car.

“Good point.” Grabbing her phone from her purse, Sandy opened the chat app, logged into her account and placed a new message at the top of her bio.

As many of you know, I will be at the Domination Farm in Rome, Wisconsin this

weekend participating in their annual build-a-dong contest. Many of you also know that my fiancé Connie has come along for the ride. But what is news to everyone, myself included, is that Connie has a breeding fetish. As it turns out, the Domination Farm has a place for that and so our weekend getaway has turned into a potential months' long adventure as we are both bread and milked like cows.

While I may be away from the camera for an extended period of time, you may still see me on one of the Domination Farm's many pay-per-view channels doing all manner of kinky things. If not, I promise to return when we are both impregnated and lactating.

“There, that’s taken care of,” she said, putting her phone away as they got in the bare-neck line behind a curvy brunette with large breasts and the largest nipples either of them had ever seen in their lives thanks to the stretchers attached to each. Looking around, the two first-timers saw men and women of every age and body type from the young and beautiful to the old and should never-be-permitted-to-go-without-clothes-again and they silently wondered what brought each of them to the Domination Farm.

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After going through the line and filling out all of the necessary paperwork and placing the money on the bracelets, Sandy and Connie swiped their wrists at a terminal next to the only visible door leading into the Domination Farm. Pulling it open, they stepped into a large waiting room – the benches wrapping around three of the walls almost completely filled with other patrons waiting for a tour guide to come along. Finding two empty spaces in the far right corner, they sat down and fidgeted nervously – feeling as if every eye was on them.

Ten minutes into their wait, a tall, lanky man of about thirty – his long black hair pulled back in a ponytail, stood up and walked over to the corner Connie and Sandy sat in. “I don’t mean this to sound creepy, but the two of you are hands down the most gorgeous women here today.”

“Um, thanks,” Sandy said with a forced smile.

“Considering where we’re all going and what’s going to happen once there,

please tell me you're open to getting fucked."

"You want to have sex with us?" Connie asked.

"God yes."

"Well, we are here to be bred," she said, giving her fiancé a wink.

"That is so fucking hot!" the man exclaimed, his dick twitching to life.

"Go right ahead, fuck your load into me," Connie said, rolling onto her knees and bending over the bench.

Sandy gave her lover a knowing look and then joined her on the floor. "We're all yours until the tour guide gets here," she said looking back over her shoulder at the other men in the room. In under twenty seconds, her pussy was filled by the short, thick cock of a forty-something year old man who held her tight by the waist as if to prevent her from getting away as he fucked a load into her.

"Thank you so much for doing this for me," Connie whispered to her lover followed by a kiss on the lips.

Sandy showed her acceptance through her eyes as when she opened her mouth to say something it was stuffed full of cock from a pudgy, middle-aged man who sat down in front of her on the bench. Though she had no particular desire to suck him off, she gave into the pressure of the hand on the back of her head guiding her mouth towards his rapidly growing shaft.

One man became two. Then three...seven...ten – the breeding gang bang showing no signs of stopping before the door leading onto the Domination Farm opened and a shirtless, well-toned man with a red armband around his right bicep entered. The men fucking Sandy and Connie stopped thrusting and looked back over their shoulders at the tour guide as if seeking permission to continue. "Don't stop on my account. How many loads have you filthy cows taken already?"

"I...uhn...I've b-been filled eleven times, Master," Sandy moaned.

"I'm on number thirteen, Master," Connie said as the man slamming his dick in her grunted as he painted the walls of her pussy in potent, baby-making semen.

“You claimed to be here for breeding and that’s exactly what you’re going to do. Everyone who’s fucked them stand against the left wall. Everyone else form a line and wait your turn.” After the room separated into two groups he continued. “By my count there are eight more men remaining. You will fuck them all before we get on with the tour. And then...why are you here?” he asked Sandy.

“Master?”

“You’re already wearing your submissive clothes and the collar of someone working at DF Productions. Employees are not required to take the tour so, why are you here?”

“Oh, s-sorry for the confusion, Master. I am not an employee. I am here as a contestant of the build-a-dong workshop. I’ve never been to the Domination Farm in my life.”

“I see. I told those fools that handing out their collars would cause confusion and would they listen to me? Wait, the build-a-dong workshop isn’t for another nine days.”

“My fiancé and I decided to arrive early to take in the Farm, Master. She has a breeding fetish she wants to fulfill and I agreed to do it with her.”

“I have to admit that’s kind of hot. When the tour is done I will personally show you to the breeding stables so you can get started right away.”

“Thank you Master, but isn’t that what we’re doing right now?”

“You are being bred, yes, but not in accordance with the rules of the Domination Farm. Only those going through the breeding stables are considered in breeding. But don’t worry, I don’t think two sexy hucows like you will have much problem taking another twenty men today.”

“T-Twenty, Master?” Connie choked on a throat full of semen.

“That’s right, slut. You’ll be bred by no fewer than twenty men per day until you’re confirmed pregnant.” Spotting a gorgeous redhead, he stopped what he was saying and gave her a wicked grin. “You, Red, bend your sexy ass over the bench next to the blondes and show them why redheads are more fun.”

“Um, excuse me?” the redheaded woman said.

“You heard me. Join the breeding or face the punishment.”

“But you’re not allowed to bark orders at us until we’ve been fitted for our submissive clothes!” the woman protested. “Besides, I’m a bare-neck and don’t have to do anything you say.”

“And you’ll never be fitted for submissive clothes if you’re tossed right back out that door and banned for life. Now get on your knees and let these men breed you like the sexy hucow that you are, or else.”

“You cannot force me to have sex with them! This is some seriously fucked up bullshit and I don’t have to put up with it!”

‘I’m not forcing you to do anything. I’m simply giving you a choice. Let them breed you so we can get this tour started, or leave the Farm and never come back. You have five seconds to decide. One...two...three...four...”

Giving the Dominant man a glaring look, the redhead dropped to her knees at the last second and bent over the bench – burying her face in her arms as the first man shoved into her pussy.

“That’s a good little hucow. We’ll start you off with five men and then you can go to the breeding stables with the other two. Understood, slut?”

“Y-Yes M-M-Master,” the woman groaned as the man fucked into her even harder and faster.

After the breeding party finally ended nearly two hours later with an additional fourteen men fucking the three hucows, and then three very irate straight women commanded to lick them clean, the Dominant man introduced himself. “My name is Master Oliver and I’ll be your tour guide this afternoon. There are Dominants that like to give long, boring tours and those that take their group directly to the clothing store to be done with it as quickly as possible. Thankfully for all of us, I fall into the latter category.”

Opening the door exiting onto the Domination Farm, Master Oliver commanded the group out of the waiting room and to for two lines of alternating men and women with Sandy and Connie at the head of each. When they were all out and in line, stood in front of them and grinned. “We’re going to play a very simple game of fuck the slut. The route I will be taking you to the clothing store will have nine intersections. As we come to each, the group will stop, the women will drop onto all fours and the men will fuck them for three minutes before stopping and continuing to the next intersection where we’ll rinse and repeat. And before anyone thinks to raise a fuss about what I am and am not permitted to do, this is my tour and I can command you to do anything I want save enter the registration office and the body modification shop. Understood?”

There were a lot of complaints, angry stares and even angrier words followed by a group “Yes Master,” as the tour got underway.

“Um, what about us?” a man in the back asked, looking at the men in front, behind and to the side of him. It’s nothing but men back here.”

“Then I hope you like it up the ass because for this tour you’re the bitch. And that goes for every man standing where a woman should be. You’ll take it up the ass without complaint or you’ll be punished accordingly.”

“Excuse me Master,” Sandy said not more than twenty feet up the long, pristinely paved path that was Domination Drive “but what are those?” she said pointing to a row of stools with one or two massive tapered dildos sticking out of the seats.

“Those, hucow, are the dildo seats and the only place in the public area of the Domination Farm bare-necks and submissives are allowed to sit.”

“Nice,” Connie said with a grin, her clit tingling with excitement. “I don’t think we’ll have much problem taking them after what we’ve done to each other,” she added with a playful nudge to her lover’s side.

“Prove it. I want both of you walk over and sit on them fully, or you’ll each get fifty swats of the cane.”

“It’ll be our pleasure, Master,” Sandy said, practically skipping over to the dildo seat. “Um, is there lube for the one going up my ass, Master?”

“There are condoms and lube underneath the seat.”

Grabbing the bottle of lube and two specially made condoms, Sandy and Connie placed the condoms on the dildos, lubed them and sat down without hesitation – not stopping until their asses were fully on the seat. “Fucking hell that feels nice!” Sandy purred. “How long do you want us to sit on them, Master?”

“That’s long enough, hucows. Get back in line so the men behind you can fuck your sloppy cunts when we reach the first intersection. I don’t want this tour lasting any longer than necessary.”

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Master Oliver called the group to a halt at the intersection of Domination Drive and Bondage Boulevard right between the Main Office and the Hot Momma Café. “Alright, cows, on your hands and knees. Bulls, you have exactly three minutes starting...now! And to make this more interesting, none of you are permitted to orgasm until we’ve reached the clothing store. Anyone breaking the rules will be immediately taken to the registration office and branded a Farm submissive.”

Though they grumbled and complained at being treated like animals, every single woman dropped onto her hands and knees and allowed the men to fuck them as suck, while in the back, four men also dropped onto all fours so that otherwise straight men could take them up the ass. Each and every one of them was humiliated beyond measure, but in their minds they told themselves that it was better than being turned into a Farm submissive.

Men fucked, women moaned and everything was great until two minutes in a scrawny, pale-skinned man pumped his cock harder and faster into the redhead's pussy, the pressure building to the point of no return. Doing everything in his power from thinking about his wrinkled old grandmother to thinking on the death of his favorite aunt, it was too little, too late. Digging his nails into her hips, he slammed in and shot his load.

"What did I saw about cumming?" Master Oliver asked. Spotting a Mistress coming in their direction, he called her over. "Hey Mistress Dori, can you do me a solid and take this pathetic two minute man to the registration office?"

"Sure think Master Oliver. What did he do?"

"He came without permission. He's to be registers a Farm submissive and his new name branded."

"I'll make sure it is done."

"Thanks hun, I owe you one. Good luck to the last man in line. When the three minutes is up you may come up here and take that man's place."

The scrawny man attempted to make a run for it, but Mistress Dori was ready for it and tripped him to the ground before he made it a single step. Twisting his arm behind his back and holding it with her knee, she placed a collar around his neck and then pressed a few buttons on a remote. "Get up, slave. And as fair warning, if you try running away again you will be severely shocked."

Not believing her, the man took off running, making it all of ten feet before a jolt of electricity surged through his naked body. Convulsing, he fell to the ground. It stopped a moment later and while any normal person would have learned their lesson and complied, he was something special. Scrambling to his knees, he ran for it again. And again he was shocked into submission. Giving Mistress Dori a defeated look, he flopped back onto the ground and started to cry – knowing there was no escaping the inevitable.

"Let that be a lesson to you all," said Master Oliver. "And that's time. Dicks out!"

By the third stop another man and a woman were hauled off to the registration office to be branded Farm submissives. They were joined two intersections later

by two more women who erupted in almost violent orgasm. Fewer women meant more man on man action as the dwindling group continued on their way. But that was quickly remedied at stop number seven – the intersection of Caning Court and Masochists Row, when four men came in the asses of four other men.

“Alright, hucows and bulls, we’re nearly to the clothing shop,” said Master Oliver as he looked at the group of scared men and women standing and kneeling before him. “Considering our current location, I’m going to add another level of fun to this game. For those of you looking around, we are on the corner of Masochists Row and Caning Court. The next part of the game is very simple. There will be three minutes of fucking and then the men will give their partners twenty swats of the cane to the ass and ten to their breasts. That will be followed by another three minutes of fucking and then the women get to do the same caning to the men. You will find canes in that container over on the far corner,” he said pointing to a tall, thin metallic cylinder with the top foot of about fifty canes sticking out from the top.

“Fuck that shit!” a slightly chubby, but never the less sexy brunette protested! It’s one thing to get fucked, but I’ll be damned if I’m just going to kneel here and let some stranger cane me!”

“The choice is always yours. Follow the rules of the tour, or be registered as a Farm submissive,” Master Oliver shrugged. “You have five seconds to get back on all fours like a good hucow and let your bull breed you, or you know what happens.”

Face beet red, the woman looked on the verge of saying something else, but at the last second decided to keep her mouth shut and get back on her hands and knees so the man could fuck her.

“And since you forgot to call me Master twice, that’ll be an additional twenty swats to your ass and another ten to your breasts.”

Too frightened of the impending caning to be excited enough to some, only one woman got into position with a smile on her face and everyone else looked at her as if she were bat-shit looney. But Sandy did not care. Looking straight ahead, she waited for the swat to land while steeling her mind and body against orgasm she was on the cusp of having. When the long, thin slip of rattan came down hard across her round ass, her back arched and she let out a moan that took

everyone by surprise.

“HARDER!” Sandy purred. “Tear my naughty ass up!” THWACK! “YESSS! That’s it! HARDER! Hit me like you hate me you son of a bitch! Make me feel it in my bones!” The next swat hit with such force she was certain she was bleeding, but she begged for more as the orgasm built to bursting. The cane landed again and again – each strike bringing her closer and closer to bliss. But then she remembered all the other men and women that broke the rules...so many that were sent off with Master and Mistress to be registered and branded Farm submissives.

Branding, Sandy thought as the cane struck again. I bet that hurts so fucking good! The hot iron searing my tender flesh, forever marking me a...oh god! STOP IT! Stop that sort of thinking right god damn now! She chided herself as she felt the damn about to burst wide open. Hating herself for doing it, she looked over at her suffering fiancé and thought about what Connie had told her about her horrific past. And suddenly all joy and pleasure was gone.

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“I can’t believe you made it through that without cumming,” Connie said to her lover. “I thought for sure you’d have at least three or four.”

“That makes two of us, love,” Sandy sighed. “But I managed to think of something that took the pleasure right out of it.”

“And what would that be?”

“I’d rather not say.”

“No more secrets, remember?”

“Fine, but you’re not going to like it. I thought about what you told me about your past.”

“Oh. Well, if it worked, it worked, right?”

“You’re not mad at me?”

“Mad? Why would I be mad? Actually it’s kind of a relief to know that it’s such

a buzzkill for you. Honestly, given your incredible masochism I thought you might secretly get off on my suffering.”

“God no! Seeing you in pain is the last thing I want. Besides, it’s only my own suffering and humiliation that really gets the juices flowing. I may have a few sexual wires crossed, but I still have a heart, you know.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it like that. I know you love and care for me greatly and that’s why I said yes when you asked me to marry you. Well, that and your sexy body, huge collection of toys and that brilliantly kinky mind of yours. Speaking of your body, I think you need to see a doctor about those cuts. Excuse me, Master, while Sandy here may love the pain of being caned and not too worried about the cuts that man gave her, I, on the other hand am very concerned she might get an infection. Isn’t there a clinic here where she can get them looked at?”

“There is. And I will take her there right after we leave the clothing store.”

“Thank you Master.”

While the rest of the group were in the clothing store being fitted for their submissive outfits, Sandy went up and down the aisles grabbing two of every color available. Thinking that if she and her fiancé were going to be her for potentially months, they needed more than one or two things to wear. And while the rest of the group got away free of charge, she was set back more than three thousand dollars.

“Holy hell!” Connie gasped when she saw the number of bags Sandy was carrying in her direction. “What did you do, buy out the entire store?”

“Not exactly. We’re going to be here for a while so I figured we’d need something to wear. Unless your content going around in the same clothes for three or four months.”

“No, you’re right. I wasn’t even thinking about that. I suppose now that I’ve been fitted I should do the same thing.”

“No need. I got two of everything.”

“Are you insane? Or are you trying to spend all of your money in one place?”

“I got the clothes, you can get the toys, deal?”

“Deal. But we had better watch our spending or we’ll be racking up Farm debt in no time.”

“That’s enough chatter hucows,” said Master Oliver. “Now that you’re all wearing submissive clothing there is one more stop for some of you to make and then you’re free to explore the Domination Farm as you see fit.” Going down the lines, he picked out the nine prettiest women including Sandy, Connie and the redhead whose name no one ever did get. “The nine of you stay with me. The rest of you, get out of my sight before I have you all collared and registered.” No one needed telling twice as the remaining men and women scattered like teenagers at a raided party. “You ladies are with me to the next stop and then you’re on your own.”

“Excuse me, Master, but what about taking my fiancé to the clinic?” Connie asked.

“I will see to it after our next stop. Now keep your mouths shut until we get to our destination.”

With the women in line, Master Oliver led them north on Breeder Boulevard past the Cummypaws Training Facility – the largest building on the Farm, the Mud Pit, Milking Barn, Lesbian Grotto and the Kennels. Turning west on Sadism Street, he took them to a long building with closed double doors. Opening the left door, he stood aside and motioned them all in.

“Welcome to the Breeding Stables, ladies,” a tall, busty and very pregnant Farm submissive named Fucktits said to the group of mostly stunned women.

“Breeding Stables? What in the fuck do you mean breeding stables!?” A petite and very irate brunette in the group named Vikki demanded to know. “I never agreed to come to the Breeding Stables! You’re out of your fucking minds if you think I’m going to keep letting strange men attempt to knock me up!” Red in the face, she turned towards the doors.

“Before you go you should hear the rules,” Fucktits suggested.

“I don’t give a damn about your rules! You cannot force me to get impregnated against my will!”

“No one is forcing you to do anything,” Fucktits explained. “You entered this building of your own free will and the rules are very clear on that. Anyone entering is required to get fucked by no fewer than twenty men per day until they are confirmed pregnant. If you fail to comply you will be registered as a Farm submissive.”

“Register away! This place is so far beyond fucked up I don’t even know where to begin! Have fun making me do anything when I’m not on the farm. Giving Fucktits and Master Oliver a glaring scowl, she stormed out of the Breeding Stables and down the street out of view.

“Anyone else wish to break the rules and leave the Farm before breeding commences?” Fucktits asked. When no one did, she led them all to row upon row of metal stockades with padded wrist and neck holes. “The rules are very

simple. You will come in each day and lock yourself in one of the stockades by first scanning your bracelet here,” she said pointing to a computer panel on the top right of each device. It will keep track of your arrival and will only open when twenty men have used you. If you fail to show up for any reason other than medical you will automatically be registered in the system as a Farm submissive and that is how you will be treated should you leave and ever come back. Understood?”

Everyone nodded their understanding and one by one they scanned their bracelets and were locked in the stockade bent over at the waist. “You,” Master Oliver pointed to Sandy “you’re with me. Don’t worry, I’ll bring her back once the doctors have had a chance to look her over,” he said to Fucktits.

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“How long have you been a trained submissive?” master Oliver asked Sandy as they walked down the street in the direction of the clinic.

“I am not trained, Master.”

“Really? After everything I’ve seen I find that incredibly hard to believe.”

“It’s true Master. My fiancé and I have no training whatsoever. Well, not by an actual Dominant, that is. A few weeks ago we agreed to submit to and dominate each other, but that’s about it. And since then I’ve played the role of Dominant. Which is kind of funny given that I’m the one wearing the collar,” Sandy said, running her fingers along the soft orange leather strap around her neck.

“Well, you could’ve fooled me. How long have you been a masochist?”

“Probably all my life, though it wasn’t until a couple of years ago when I became a cam model that I really understood what that word meant, Master. At the urging of my fans I bought a paddle and used it on myself. One paddle turned into a dozen plus other toys such as clamps, needles and candles as I quickly discovered just how much pain I got off on. As for the rest, well, Connie and I did a lot of research into what it means to be Dominant as well as submissive in preparations for our journey into this lifestyle. That, and I read every line of every page sent to me when I was selected to participate in the build-a-dong workshop and I know the rules of the Domination Farm as much as it is possible to know them.”

“Are you looking to be formally trained by a Master?”

“No Master. Connie and I are perfectly happy exploring this lifestyle together and for right now we only want to serve each other. Besides, unless I break the rules this collar protects me from serving anyone I choose not to until after the contest is over.”

“Fair enough. But considering you’re both going to be here for a few months at least, you might want to give in and allow yourselves to be trained in everything the Domination Farm has to offer. That includes being Dominant. Well, not being Dominant per se, but the best techniques to make you the best Dominant you can be so that you don’t hurt the one you’re training.”

“So, I can be trained as a Dominant and a submissive here?”

“That’s right. If you’re interested go to the School of Discipline over on the corner of Discipline Drive and Bondage Boulevard and ask for switch training. Anyways, this is the clinic. Do you think you can find your way back to the Stables on your own?”

“Yes Master. And thank you so much for the wonderful tour. You have no idea how hard it was for me not to orgasm myself unconscious.”

“My pleasure, Sandy. Good luck and enjoy the rest of your stay.”

Waiting for Master Oliver to walk away, Sandy pulled the door to the clinic open and stepped inside. Going up to the reception area she gave the nurse on duty her symptoms – which were plainly evident for all to see, and after a fifteen minute ride on the dildo seat as she waited, she was greeted by a handsome, middle-aged man wearing a white lab coat, stethoscope around his neck.

“Sandy, you may come back now,” the doctor said. “I’m Doctor Taylor and I’ll get those nasty welts and cuts sorted out for you today.”

“Thank you. Honestly, they’re not that bad but my fiancé worries to death over me.”

“You’re lucky to have a man care so much about you.”

“Woman actually, but thanks. And you’re right, I am very lucky. Given my

masochistic side I sort of rely on her to make these sort of decisions as I never would have.”

Back in the examination room, Dr. Taylor gently cleaned Sandy from head to toe, making sure to give her breasts, pussy and ass plenty of attention. With the blood gone, he got a much better idea of the damage and the look on his face told his patient he was not too concerned.

“How bad is it, Dr. Taylor?”

“The welts should mostly be gone in a few hours with the worst of them lasting maybe a day or two. You’ll have bruising to the ass and breasts at least another week and I strongly suggest you lay off the canings until you’ve healed. Taking multiple beatings in a short time is a risk in more ways than one and while you may get off on the pain I don’t think you’d like the infection and complications that come with having constant open wounds.”

“This is all from today. We were caned during our tour and I begged the man to hit me harder.”

“My statement still stands. You have eleven of them that broke the skin. They aren’t too deep and should heal fine on their own in a few days, but I am putting a seven day restriction on corporal punishment on your bracelet. If you are faced with caning, flogging, paddling, or anything else of the sort you are to scan your bracelet and the restriction will show. If anyone continues after that they will be severely reprimanded and registered as a Farm submissive. Is that understood?”

“Yes,” Sandy sighed, seeing her fun at the Domination Farm dwindling. “What about other forms of pain such as hot wax, needles and that sort of thing?”

“No needle play or anything else that may cut or puncture the skin for at least a week. Everything else is fine.”

“Thank you. Can I go now?”

“Not yet. I’m going to apply a salve that should aid in the healing process and minimize the risk of infection. You may go after that.

Arriving at the Breeding Stables nearly two hours later, Sandy saw her fiancé taking a big black cock while six men waited in line behind to have a turn. Walking over to the next stockade, she scanned her bracelet and locked herself in. No sooner was the restraining bar down then her pussy was stuffed with her first ever black cock. “Mmmm,” she moaned as the thick pole filled her deep.

“So, what did the doctors say about your cuts?”

“I’ll be fine but he put a no corporal punishment restriction on me for a week so that I have time to heal. God damn your dick feels good!” she said to the man fucking her. “I’ve never had a black man before, but I’m sure as hell glad I have now! How many have fucked you?” she asked Connie.

“He’s my eleventh man since we were brought in and my fifth black man. And I agree, they have the biggest, best cocks I’ve ever felt in my life. The last one was so fucking long and brutal he slammed his cockhead right past my cervix. Talk about painful!”

“Sounds like fun!” Sandy exclaimed. “Here’s to hoping I get to experience it before I’m knocked up.”

Lying in bed with her head on her fiancé's arm, Sandy stared up at the ceiling and thought about their visit to the Domination Farm so far and what potentially lay ahead for them. Not just in a few days or weeks, but months when they become pregnant with their first children and years down the line when questions would be asked and answered demanded. She wondered what she would tell her future sons and daughters about the life she chose to live and what impact it would have on. "Are we doing the right thing?" she asked, taking her lover by surprise.

"What do you mean?" Connie asked back.

"Coming to the Domination Farm, getting bred like cattle. Doing what we're doing. Is it the right thing to do? The right environment to raise children in? Don't get me wrong, I'm loving every second of it, but right now we've only got each other to worry about. What happens when we have kids? Will we give this lifestyle up until they're grown and out of the house, or will he continue doing it...sneaking around behind their backs for the next thrill?"

"Honestly, I don't think I have an answer to that," Connie sighed. "Before last month I never imagined I'd live this sort of kinky life and until last night my breeding fantasy was just that. But I haven't regretted a single moment of it or how close it has brought us together. And if we decided to walk away right now and never look back, or jump in even deeper and throw all inhibitions out the window, well, I could live with that as well."

"Are you saying you want to do more?"

"No...yes...maybe. All I know is that we're still young and we're at the Domination Farm – a place designed for experimenting with the kinky. You don't have to do it, but I say we give it all a try. We should let ourselves go and take everything this place has to offer. And then, when we've sampled every kink they provide, when we're knocked up with our first babies and back in the comforts of our own home we can sit down and discuss our future and the role this lifestyle has in it with a much clearer understanding. That is if you're open to doing so."

“Honey, I’m as open to experimenting as you want, or need me to be and if that is what you want to do then I’m on board one hundred percent. I just don’t want us doing anything we’ll regret later down the line.”

“Are you having doubts about what we’re doing? If you are it’s not too late to pack up and go home right now. I won’t be upset in the least.”

“I don’t want to go home,” Sandy said, snuggling up to her fiancé. “I want to stay right here with you for better or worse. I’m sure we’ll get in way over our heads with everything this place has to offer, I mean, on day one we were fucked by like fifty men, were caned and turned into hucows. It’s hard telling what we’ll do today, let alone a week or months down the line, but whatever it may be I’m here for you. And like you said, even if we do something we don’t like at least we gave it a try, right?”

“Exactly. We talked about making a limit list so that we would know what each other were into, but how can we possibly know what we like if we don’t try everything possible? Does that even make sense?”

“Yes, yes it does. And I agree. What I’m most curious about now is how many of the places here require marks of completion.”

“I’ve been wondering the same thing.”

“Are you okay with getting tattooed and branded lord knows how many times?”

“I’d much rather not, but in for a penny, in for a pound, right?”

“I love you so fucking much!” Sandy said. Rolling onto her belly she took Connie’s right nipple into her mouth, gently tugging on the barbell with her teeth before sucking.

“Uuhnnnnn,” Connie purred “I fucking love the way you suck my nipples, but I really, really need to use the bathroom.”

“That’s okay, I’ll drink it for you and then you can drink mine,” Sandy said, hopping off the bed and kneeling on the floor without hesitation. “And then we can go find a shower and a place to eat since these rooms don’t have either.”

“I think that’s the whole point,” Connie said as she got off the bed and placed her

pussy against her lover's lips. "The less time we spend in the rooms the more time we spend on the Farm which increases the odds of us being collared and registered." Looking down into Sandy's eyes, she smiled. "That's it you dirty fucking urinal, drink my piss! Gulp down every last drop like you love it."

"Mmmm, thank you," Sandy said when the stream had finally trickled to a stop and she could speak. "You've got the best piss around."

"How do you know? You've only ever drank mine and your own."

"I have a feeling that will change here on the farm. In fact, I mean it to. There's a building here dedicated to golden showers and I want us to pay it a visit as soon as we find it."

"Sounds like fun," Connie said, dropping onto her knees. "Go ahead, it's your turn now."

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After drinking down each other's pee, Connie and Sandy left their submissive apartment and went in search of a shower and place to eat – neither of them haven eaten anything since they arrived the day before. Walking down Bondage Boulevard, Sandy saw the School of Discipline on their right and came to a screeching halt. "That's the place Master Oliver suggested we go for switch training," she said pointing to the large, two story building.

"Did he say how long said training would take?"

"No, and I didn't even think to ask, but if we're going to be here for months anyways, why not? I mean, it is our goal to try everything the Domination Farm has to offer, right?"

"Fair enough. But if it takes longer than becoming pregnant we might not have enough money to last and we'll have to go into debt to the farm."

"Well, considering we're doing it all anyways, I don't see that as being a problem. We'll be kinky and get paid to do it, what more can we ask for?"

Past the School of Discipline were the Hanging Gardens where Dominants displayed their skill at suspension bondage with willing and eager submissives

that hung throughout the large garden like works of art. And beyond that was the kitty Kat Club on the right and another large building with what appeared to be a UFO on the roof – the sign flashing in neon reading: ALIEN ENCOUNTERS.

“That looks like fun,” Connie said. “And different. Why don’t we check it out after we shower and eat?”

“Sounds good to me. Hey, there’s a little place right there,” Sandy pointed to the Hot Momma Café where three pregnant and lactating waitresses served their customers milk straight from the breast. “Do you think they’ll hire us once we’re lactating like that?”

“Probably, but look at them all. Notice anything about them?”

“They’re all pregnant?”

“And?”

“They’re gorgeous.”

“And?”

“And what?”

“Look at their necks. They’re all wearing the blue neckbands of the Farm submissive. That might be the only ones they hire.”

“Or maybe it’s coincidence.”

“Maybe.”

“Only one way to find out,” Sandy said, walking over to a waitress with SluttyJuggs tattooed on her left breast. “Excuse me, can you answer a question for me please?”

“Of course. How may this slut serve you?”

“Do you have to be a Farm submissive to work here?”

“Do you mean the Hot Momma Café, or the Farm in general?”

“Both I guess.”

“No on both accounts. All you need to get a job at this café is to be able to produce at least twenty ounces of milk per day. Are you currently lactating? If you are I can get you the manager and you can talk about getting hired on.”

“Unfortunately no, but we’re working on it. We only arrived yesterday and started breeding. We’re also planning on visiting the Milking Barn to get that started as well.”

“Very nice. If you’re pregnant and lactating it’s even better for business.”

“Well, I can see you’re very busy so I won’t keep you. Thanks for answering my question.”

“You’re very welcome. You don’t have to be a Farm submissive to work any job here, but you will find that most locations do have one requirement or another. Good luck with the breeding.”

“There you have it. Even if we do run out of money we can always just get a job to help pay our way until we’ve done all this place has to offer.”

“What about your cam shows?”

“I don’t think the internet is going anywhere anytime soon,” Sandy giggled as they rounded the corner onto Ponygirl Parkway.

Past the Girl Mart where Dominants could purchase submissives selling themselves on contract, and the mud Pits where women wrestled with each other, they found the communal showers. Stepping inside, they saw perhaps half a dozen women and more than a dozen men showering while another five women were being fucked silly in the middle of the large open room by nine other men. Stepping around them, Sandy and Connie went to free showerheads, turned the water on and cleaned themselves as quickly as possible before being added to the gang bang. Not that they would have minded, but they were both starving and wanted to eat more than fuck at that moment in time.

Exploring the Domination Farm for another hour, Sandy and Connie saw all manner of sexual perversions taking place from men and women being caned mercilessly on Masochists Row to a submissive man taking two black cocks up his ass at the same time on Submission Street, before they finally found a place to sit down and eat right next to the apartment building they would call home for the next few months.

“Well that’s embarrassing,” Connie sighed. “How in the hell did we both miss this place when we came out this morning?”

“I chalk it up to being tired and not paying attention,” Sandy answered as she opened the door to a place called The Dive.

Feeling much better now that their bellies were full, they paid their bill and shuffled out, struggling to stave off the oncoming food coma.

“So, where to first?” Connie asked.

“I thought you wanted to give the Alien Encounters place a try?”

“I do, but we also need to get started on the lactating and we still have twenty guys to breed with before the day is over. I don’t want to do anything that’s going to interfere with at.”

“That makes two of us. As interesting as it might be to be branded a Farm submissive, I’d rather it be of my own choosing and not because I broke the rules. That being said, how about we do the breeding now followed by the milking barn, golden showers and then the alien encounters?”

“And we’ll find time for another meal in there somewhere, right? Because eating once a day isn’t going to cut it with all the running around and sex we’re putting ourselves through.”

“What, semen and piss aren’t enough to satiate your hunger?” Sandy joked.

“No, no it is not. So, how long do you realistically think you can go without your masochism getting the better of you?” Connie asked as she pulled the door to the golden showers open.

“Um, this isn’t the Breeding Stables,” Sandy answered.

“I know. I figured since we were in the neighborhood we might as well give it a go.”

“Fine by me.”

No sooner had the two lovers stepped into a perfect replica of the communal showers, then the door slammed shut and a woman spoke over an intercom. Welcome to the golden showers, ladies. Have either of you ever been here before?”

“No,” Sandy and Connie answered as one.

“The rules are simple. I will send forty men and women into the room with you, that’s twenty each by the way, and they will take turns using you as their personal pisspot. When the last of them has watered the flowers so to speak, you will take a shower and one of them will give you your mark of completion. With me so far?”

“Yes,” they answered together.

“Good. The door will remain locked until the mark has been given at which time you are free to leave. Next to the door you will see a scanner. You will both need to scan your bracelet and I will tell you the form your mark will take.”

“It was your idea to come in here so you can go first,” Sandy said to her fiancé.

Walking over to the door, Connie swiped her wrist across the scanner. It gave a few beeps and then went silent. “Your name is Connie Talbot, is that correct?”

“Yes.”

“Very well Connie, the computer indicates that your mark of completion is to be branded on your right hip. Please step away from the scanner so that the other may use it.” Letting out a long sigh upon hearing the news she was to be

branded, Connie stepped out of the way and slumped against the wall. Sandy scanned her bracelet and waited for the bad news. "You are Sandy Upton?"

"That is correct."

"The computer indicates your mark of completion is to be tattooed on your right hip."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"What the fuck!?" Connie complained. "Why does she get a tattoo and I get branded? That's not fair!"

"It is randomly picked by the system and that is what came up."

"Can I change mine to a branding?" Sandy asked.

"You may if that's what you really want, but I'll remind you that once the decision is made it cannot be unmade."

"Fuck that! I'll change mine to a tattoo!" Connie shouted.

"I'm sorry, but you can only go in the direction of more humiliating. While she can go from tattoo to brand, you cannot go the other way."

"I'm certain," Sandy said. Please change my mark of completion to a brand."

"It is done. Enjoy your golden showers, ladies."

"Are you out of your mind? Why would you do that?"

"Two reasons. First, you know I'm a masochist of the highest order and a branding should prove much, much more humiliating and painful than a tattoo. And second, I could see how upset it made you that I was getting off easy and I want this experience to be as enjoyable as possible for the both of us."

"You didn't have to do that for me," Connie said on the verge of tears. "Get it together woman," she exhaled slowly in an attempt to psyche herself up for what was to come. "You knew this was inevitable so suck it up and take it like a good

submissive.”

“Bare-neck,” Sandy corrected. “You don’t actually have a collar so you are not considered submissive here.”

“Whatever, you know what I meant.”

“I wonder how much of it we’ll have to drink.”

“No idea, but knowing this place probably every last drop.”

“Maybe. But that’s only going to drag this out even longer than it needs to be.”

“How so?”

“Can we drink and keep down the piss of twenty people? Fifteen? Ten? Hell, can we even keep down the piss of five people? The most we’ve ever done was two and that had our bellies rumbling for relief.”

“I see what you mean. Oh well, if we throw up, we throw up. Not much we can do to prevent it, right?”

“Right.”

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The door opened just as Connie and Sandy were stripping out of their submissive clothes. A trail of men and women entered – each wearing fetish clothing from leather and latex skirts, tops and dresses on the women to leather pants and vests on the men and red armbands on all of their right biceps.

A tall, handsome, well-build man of about thirty stepped forward and looked the two participants over. “My name is Master Horus and I will be administering your mark of completion at the conclusion of this golden shower. But before then, the two of you have a lot of piss to take. Which one of you is Sandy?”

“That would be me, Master,” Sandy said, putting her hand up.

“You will kneel there with your ass resting on the heels of your feet and your arms behind your back, hands clasping opposite elbows,” Master Horus said

pointing to a spot on the floor. “And that means you are Connie. You will assume the same position there,” he said indicating a spot about ten feet away from her fiancé. “We will piss on your bodies and in your mouths. If a pussy or dick is offered you will accept it and drink it all down, or at least do your best job in trying. If you fail you will be punished.”

“Excuse me Master,” Sandy said when she heard the word punished “but punished how?”

“That is of no concern to you.”

“Actually, it is very much a concern, Master. I’m sorry to keep interrupting you, but I have a one week, no corporal punishment restriction and I don’t want you, or anyone else getting into trouble for breaking.”

“Is that so?”

“Believe me, no one is more annoyed about it than I am, Master. I’s gladly let you all cane my entire body until I blacked out from the pleasure, but orders are orders.”

“She speaks the truth, Master Horus,” the woman said over the intercom. “It was placed by Doctor Taylor last night and remains in effect for another six days. You will have to find another means of punishing her.”

“What about the other one?”

“She has no restrictions.”

“Thank you Mistress Mia. I hear the two of you are lovers, is that correct?”

“Yes Master,” Sandy answered.

“Then if you spill a drop your lover will take the punishment.”

“That’s hardly fair, Master!”

“Don’t worry about it Sandy,” Connie said with a forced smile. “I accept the terms. Before we get this party started I have just one question Master. What happens when we’ve drank so much we can no longer keep it down?”

“When that happens you will signal by placing a hand over your mouth and then going to the toilets over there to purge yourselves. You will then return to position and resume the golden showers.”

“Does that constitute spilling a drop?”

“No it does not.”

“Thank you Master. I’m ready whenever you are.”

The men and women surrounded Sandy and Connie and they were each offered a dick which they eagerly sucked into their mouths. Relaxing their gag reflexes, they let the warm, bitter liquid slide down their throats and into their bellies to the surprise of everyone else in the room.

“I see you sluts have had some practice drinking piss,” said Master Horus.

“Only each other’s’ Master,” Sandy said just before taking her second dick and load.

One by one the Dominants used the kneeling women as their urinal and one by one, Sandy and Connie felt their bellies rumbling in protest. Three dicks and a pussy in and Connie put her hand over her mouth, scrambled to her feet and ran to the toilets – barely making it before the acrid contents of her stomach came pouring out. Giggling at her fiancé’s distress, Sandy soon found herself bowing before the porcelain throne as laughter expedited the urine’s urge to be expunged from her system. Unfortunately for Connie, she forgot to place a hand over her mouth before getting up – a mistake she was soon to be called out on.

“You forgot to put your hand over your mouth signaling the need to throw up,” said Master Horus. “That will be twenty swats of the cane to Connie’s ass.”

“Oh god! I’m so sorry, honey!”

“Don’t worry about it. I’m sure you didn’t do it on purpose.”

“Of course I didn’t! I would never do anything to cause you intentional harm.”

“I know that,” Connie said, retaking her position as a group of seven men formed a circle and pissed on her at the same time. “Will I get the swats now or

later Master?”

“You will be punished at the end of the golden showers and before you are branded.”

“Yes Master,” Connie said, leaning her head back in time to catch a stream of piss. As it filled her mouth she gulped it down – the rest cascading down her urine-soaked body.

Nine pissers in and Sandy was once again scrambling across the wet floor, nearly slipping as she ran to the toilet. Connie was up to number fifteen thanks to the group of men pissing on her at the same time, but she could feel the contents of her belly starting to revolt and knew it was only a matter of time before she would pay them another visit herself.

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By the time the golden shower was over, Connie was up to fifty swats of the cane thanks to forgetting to place a hand over her mouth the last trip to the toilets. Knowing there was no point in arguing, she assumed the punishment position and though she did not move, she did yelp and cry in agony after each swat. But had she any idea just how painful getting branded was, she would have gladly take a thousand more.

After they were showered and the floor cleaned of pee, Master Horus set up the branding gun. And when it was to temperature, he had seven men hold Connie so that she could not move. Bringing the gun closer – the intense heat already causing her discomfort, Master Horus placed it where he wanted and then pulled the trigger. The red-hot plate shot forwards and seared Connie’s right hip. Everything went black for a moment and then she screamed so hard she was certain she just deafened the entire room, as pain unlike anything she had ever felt in her life tore through her body like a raging wildfire. But thanks to the men holding her still, she got through it without fucking it up.

“Jesus Christ!” Sandy gasped. “Are you okay? Stupid question,” she berated herself. “You just got branded, of course you’re not okay!” Moving closer, she looked at her fiancé’s hip and saw the formation of a series of water droplets with the words PISS SLUT branded across the middle.

“You’re up next,” Master Horus said to Sandy. “Men, hold her in position.”

After seeing her lover's reaction to being branded, Sandy gave no resistance as the men took hold of her arms, waist and legs at several points to endure she did not move too much. And when the branding gun seared her flesh, she let out a blood-curdling scream – her brain temporarily forgetting all about her masochism.

“AAHHGGHHHHH! Oh my motherfucking god that hurts! Sandy wailed as she had heard Connie do only moments ago. “Fuck, fuck, fuck!”

“I thought you got off on pain,” Connie smirked, not-so-secretly thrilled to find that her lover actually had a limit to that aspect of her life.

“Yeah, but this isn't any ordinary pain! Holy fucking fuck!”

“It'll stop hurting in a few days,” said Master Horus. Now that you've been marked you are free to leave.”

“T-Thank you Master,” Sandy cringed as she and Connie walked towards the door. “And we have that to look forward to again when we're confirmed pregnant,” she said to her fiancé.

“Don't remind me. That was almost enough to make me want to say the hell with the rules and go home.”

“I have to admit I thought it would make me orgasm, but I couldn't have been further from the truth. I guess there really is such a thing as too much of a good thing.”

“I guess there is.”

“So, are you calling it quits then on the whole breeding thing? Do you want to go home?”

“I said almost enough. No, I knew this was going to happen eventually, if not with the breeding then something else and I came to terms with that last night. No, I'm here for the long haul unless you want to go home.”

“Not really. Yeah, it hurt like a motherfucker, but it's also incredibly humiliating which I love. Besides, if I leave before getting knocked up I can never come back. Meaning I'll miss my chance to design a sex toy probably forever.”

“Then there’s that. I don’t know about you, but I need to sit down for a minute. I don’t think I’m going to make it to the Breeding Stables until I’ve had a chance to get my legs back under me.”

“I hear ya. Come on, there are dildo seats right over there,” Sandy said pointing off to the right.