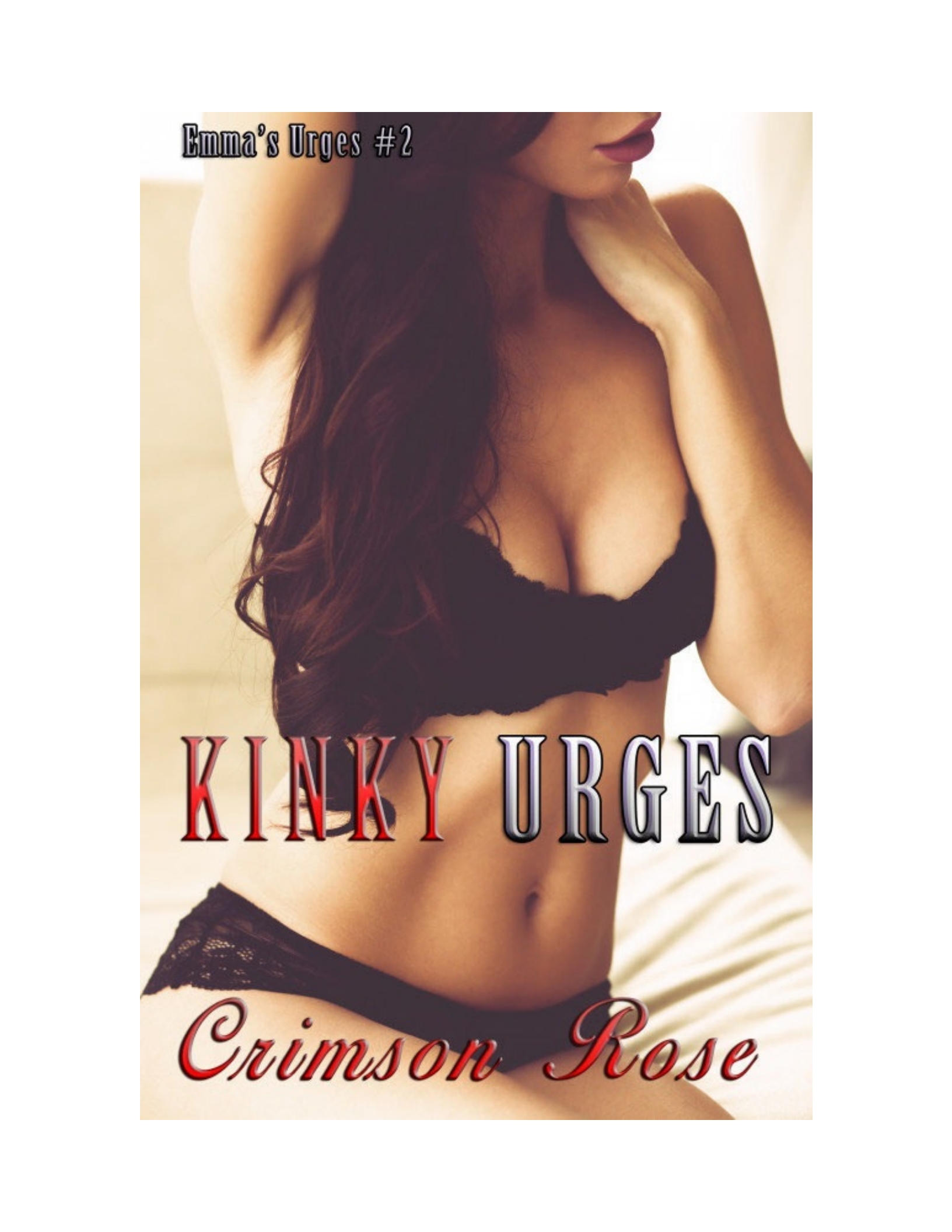




Emma's Urges #2

# KINKY URGES

*Crimson Rose*

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# **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

## King Dong

“Good god!” Emma gasped, staring down at the biggest dick she had ever seen attached to a human. She guessed it to be eight or nine inches long and about two inches thick and it was still in a completely limp state.

“Like what you see?” the man – a stocky, good-looking, clean cut man with short brown hair and a knowing smirk on his handsome face.

“Is that thing real?”

“Absolutely. Want to give it a ride? Not many women can handle it so I come here looking for those that might be able to.”

“I see. How big does that thing get?”

“Fourteen inches long and over three inches thick when fully erect.”

“Fucking hell!”

“Did you just come out of there?” the man asked, looking behind Emma’s shoulder at the Animal Training Barn where submissives and bare-necks went to learn about the kinkiest sex available at the Domination Farm.

“Yeah. I just finished my training and got the mark of completion,” Emma said, turning to show the man the tattoo of a horseshoe and puppy paw with the words TRAINED ANIMAL SLUT written around them.

“So, you can handle my big dick then? By the way, my name is Charles,” the man said offering Emma his hand.

“I’m Emma,” Emma said taking the hand. “And yes, I think after everything I did in there I can easily handle your big dick. If you don’t mind sloppy twenty-eighths you can take me right here, right now.”

“I don’t mind one bit. What hole do you want it in?”

“All of them. I’ll suck it until you’re hard and then you can fuck my pussy and ass until you blow your load.” Sinking to her knees, Emma took the massive dick into her right hand and lifted it towards her mouth. “It’s so heavy,” she purred, wrapping her lips around the bulbous head. She had to open her mouth as wide as it would go, but she managed to take it and a couple inches of cock until it began to grow larger and thicker, threatening to dislocate her jaw if she continued.

“Uhn...keep sucking,” Charles moaned, placing his hand on the back of Emma’s head to keep her from pulling away. But it did not work as she pulled off of the giant cock before it caused serious damage.

“Fucking hell!” Emma gasped. “You nearly dislocated my damn jaw!”

“Still think you can handle it?”

“Yeah,” Emma said turning around and dropping onto her hands and knees. “Feel free to fuck both holes.”

Charles positioned his cockhead against Emma’s pussy and pushed it slowly forward, surprised at how easily it went in. It had been nearly a year since he had felt a tight, wet pussy gripping his cock and it was nearly enough to make him blow his load. Holding still with his cockhead pressed against Emma’s cervix, he took slow, deep breaths to calm down before grabbing her hips and fucking into her hard. “That’s it you dirty fucking slut! Take my big fat cock! WHACK! He slapped her hard on the left ass cheek. WHACK! This one landed on the right ass cheek. “You like it, bitch? You like my fat cock stretching your tight pussy?”

“YES!” Emma moaned, but more for being fucked hard while strangers walked by than by being stretched on the fat dick. “UHN...uhn...aahhhh! Fuck me harder! Slap my ass! HARDER!

WHACK!

“HARDER! Slap my ass as hard as you can!”

WHACK! Charles brought his arm back and brought his hand down as hard as he could, the force of it pushing Emma nearly off of his thrusting cock. He

pulled her back and spanked her at full force again. WHACK! WHACK! Two more hard swats to Emma's ass. Pulling his cock out, he repositioned and put it into her ass – shoving all fourteen, fist-thick inches into her in one powerful thrust. Reaching forward, he grabbed a handful of her long, wavy brown hair and jerked her head back.

“Aahhgghhh!” Emma groaned, but made no attempt to move away. Quite the contrary, she shoved back onto Charles's cock to make sure she took every last inch as his heavy, full balls slapped against her pussy. “Oh my fucking god! Oh my god! Uhn...uhn...fuck my ass! Stremth...” her sentence was cut short as an olive-skinned man pushed his dick into her open mouth and down her gagging throat.

As the newcomer rammed his dick down Emma's throat, Charles continued to slap her ass as hard as he could. He pulled out of her ass and went back into her pussy, shoving his monster dick in as deep as it would go, but even though it was banging against her cervix, there was at least three or four inches she could not take. As he watched her asshole gaping open and closed, he made a fist and pushed it in – stretching her even more than his, or any other cock or toy ever had before. She gasped on the dick down her throat, but still made no attempt to move away.

Charles silently got the attention of a woman dressed in a form-fitting, red and black corset dress – the red armband around her right bicep marking her as a Dominant. He pointed to Emma's neck and made a motion with his hand to indicate placing a collar around it. The woman watched the show for another minute, pulled a sleek black collar from a pack on her hip and walked over. Placing the collar against the front of Emma's neck, she quickly wrapped it around and let the magnetic clasp connect – effectively locking it in place.

The collars used at the Domination Farm were specially designed with extremely powerful magnets at the ends that required a special tool, incredible strength, or luck to remove. They were designed to remain in place while the one collared was taken to the registration office to be registered and given a submissive name. Emma was only the latest in a very long line of bare-necks and submissives.

Emma grumbled, but with a dick shoved down her throat, one in her pussy and a fist up her ass, there was little she could do about it. Charles blasted her pussy with one of the biggest loads she had ever been on the receiving end of. He



waited until he was limp before pulling cock and fist out and stepping back. The Dominant that had placed the collar around Emma's neck grabbed a handful of her hair and jerked her head back off of the dick cumming down her throat. The last few stringy blasts landed on her face.

"Come on Miss SluttyCow, time to register you as my newest submissive," the Dominant woman said using the name she intended to give Emma.

"Mmmm, w-what?" Emma said looking to her right. "Registered? I'm not your submissive."

"The collar around your neck says otherwise. Come on, do as you're told and you won't be punished."

"If you want to make me your submissive you're going to have to do more than that," Emma smirked, climbing to her feet. "Catch me if you can," she said before running down Submission Street and rounding the corner onto Breeding Boulevard. Ducking between the Milking Barn and a bathroom, she sprinted across a small courtyard and down an alley between the Girl-Mart shop and a building where bondage lessons were taught called learning the ropes. Running across Domination Drive, she opened the door of an unmarked building – only realizing her mistake when the door slammed shut behind her.

Staring across the room, Emma's eyes went wide as she read the sign hanging on the wall behind a naked woman sitting at a glass desk. BODY MODIFICATION BUILDING. She thought momentarily of turning around and running, but knew the black collar would be replaced with the blue one of a Farm submissive if she did. Sighing, she walked across the room towards the naked woman.

"Welcome to the body shop," the woman said looking up at Emma. "Please scan your bracelet." Emma scanned her bracelet at the scanner and all of her information appeared on a computer monitor. "The system indicates you have not been registered. Did you stumble in unawares?"

"Mmm hmm," Emma nodded, chewing her lower lip nervously.

"You'll have to have one piece of work done before you leave. It can be a piercing, tattoo or brand. Which do you prefer?"

"A piercing," Emma replied quickly. Preferring that over another tattoo, or god

forbid a branding.

“Very well. And what would you like to have pierced? Your options are nipples, clit hood, outer and inner labia.”

“Um, one or both nipples?”

“Both.”

“Then I suppose nipples.”

“Very well. Please scan your bracelet one more time for me please.” Emma scanned her bracelet as asked. “Thank you. You may take a seat now. Your name will be called when the piercer is ready.”

Emma walked to the left side of the room and sat down on a dildo seat. To her right was another collared woman and she wondered if she stumbled in as well, or if she was here to get her submissive name tattooed or branded on her. Across the room were two bare-neck women dressed in submissive clothes and a man dressed the same with a black collar around his neck. A Dominant woman stood behind and to the right of him.

When her name was called, Emma walked to the back of the building into a small room where the female Dominant that had called her name told her to stand in the middle of the room with her hands clasped behind her back. Emma complied, knowing the futility of making a fuss. It was all over in less than three minutes. The woman worked quickly, expertly piercing Emma’s nipples with such efficiency there was little pain involved. Giving her new piercings a look, Emma left the body modification building and looked around for the Dominant that had collared her. She was nowhere in sight, but that did not mean she was out of danger. As long as she wore the collar around her neck, and no name on her breast, any Dominant could claim her.

## Masochist

Emma tugged, pried and twisted, but was unable to break the magnetic grip of the collar around her neck. She was still standing in front of the body modification building as a slender, Dominant brunette woman led a petite redhead towards the building. She looked at the collared woman with pity, knowing in the pit of her stomach the woman was going to get her submissive name and thanked god it was not her. The Dominant pulled the door open and led her newly acquired submissive in, reaching back to drag Emma in behind her. So startled by what was happening, Emma did not react until it was too late.

“Next time, don’t block the door,” the Dominant woman smirked at Emma.  
“Enjoy another piece of work.”

“You fucking bitch! You had no right dragging me in here like that!”

“I had every right. Not my fault you allowed me to drag your sorry ass in. Now shut your trap and go sign in before I bend you over my knee.”

Emma scowled at the woman, but walked ahead and went through the whole sign-in procedure again – this time reluctantly allowing the computer to pick her new tattoo because she did not know what to pick. She would have gone with another piercing, but her only options were in her pussy and she did not want to do that because she wanted to enjoy as much sex as she could while at the Farm.

“This slut’s new tattoo will be cock hungry whore and it will be located on her pussy mound if it is free of tattoos and brands,” a computerized female voice said. Emma gasped and then sighed before turning around, scowling once again at the Dominant that dragged her in. Walking to the dildo seat she used the last time she was in, she sat down and waited to be called.

When Emma left the body modification building for the second time, she was pushed back inside by another Dominant that had seen her being tricked inside

by the woman. “OH, COME ON!” Emma yelled in anger. “THIS IS COMPLETE BULLSHIT! This isn’t fucking right! You can’t keep forcing me in here!”

“Actually, they can,” a raven-haired Dominant woman said. It’s entirely up to you to make it out far enough no one can push, drag, or carry you back in. Now be a good girl and go sign in. This time, Emma received another computer generated tattoo – semen slave on her right hip. It would go just below the trained animal slut tattoo. She endured the humiliation of receiving yet another tattoo and this time, when she opened the door to step out, she looked around, saw the Dominant man standing nearby in waiting and ran out, ducking under his hand and getting away before he could push her back inside.

Not willing to risk it, Emma ran down Ponygirl Parkway, turned onto Domination Drive and continued running in the direction of the entrance. As she neared Anal Avenue she saw the woman that had collared her talking to another Dominant at the Hot Momma Café. Turning tail, she ran down caning court, north on Masochists Row and into a small building at the far eastern end of Ponygirl Parkway.

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The door shut and clicked lock behind Emma and she quickly turned around to open it. Despite her best efforts though, it remained locked tight. “Occupying slut will scan her bracelet to begin the Waxer,” a familiar female voice said over an intercom. Emma saw the scanner on the wall next to the door and swiped her silver bracelet across its front. Almost immediately, a jet of hot wax shot out of the wall to her left, coating her side as it began to harden. Jumping in shocked surprise, she scrambled to knock the wax off as another jet sprayed out of the floor behind her, catching her on the back, ass and legs.

Emma did her best to escape the hot wax, but was spectacularly unsuccessful. No sooner would she get the bulk of the multi-colored wax off of her body then another would shoot out covering her all over again. When a powerful jet shot up between her legs – coating her exposed pussy and ass, she jumped two feet in the air and backed up against the back wall as she peeled it off. It was not so hot to cause any serious damage, but it was definitely hot enough to hurt. While backed against the wall, another three streams of hot wax splashed over her body causing her to get her ass into gear once again.

The ordeal went on for a full fifteen minutes before Emma heard the door click open. Wasting no time, she yanked it open and ran right into the arms of three muscular Dominant men who gave her sadistic smirks. “Oh god!” she gasped. “Please don’t put me back in there!”

“Don’t worry sweetheart, we have other plans for your sexy ass.”

“Oh thank god!”

“I would go thanking him yet. You’re in for a long, painful ordeal before we let you go to get your mark of completion.”

“Mark? FUCKING HELL! What mark?”

“Your mark of completion for completing Masochists Row.”

“Is...is it...mandatory?”

“Nope, but good luck getting away from us,” the man said as he hooked his pinky in her left nipple ring. “Come on, you’ve completed the Waxer now it’s time for the iron Maiden.” Taking her only a few feet, he placed her in an iron maiden and closed the door, leaving her only view of the outside world a small slit in the face of the contraption.

When the rod emerged from the floor, Emma knew exactly what she had to do. Moving into position, she took the fat toy into her pussy and braced herself against the back wall as it plunged in and out of her. Another rod raised out of the floor and she took it up the ass, amazed at how they self-lubricated as they fucked her. Deeper. Harder. Faster. The dildos fucked Emma into submission as she had one powerful orgasm after another for more than half an hour. When the door opened, she was mentally exhausted and far too weak in the knees to even think about running, let alone getting her legs to coordinate with each other in such a fashion.

But that changed as she was led down a row of Saint Andrews crosses and the men talked about what they were going to do to her with paddles, canes, floggers, riding crops and belts. As much as she enjoyed Charles spanking her ass during sex, she did not like the idea of having her whole body whipped. Managing to break free before they got her strapped to the large metal X, she ran across the street and, running between buildings as she did on her earlier escape

and found herself once again standing on the corner of Domination Drive and Ponygirl Parkway.

Her heart was beating in her chest and her lungs burned as she inhaled deeply, but it was the tingling in her loins that intrigues her the most. It was a recurring theme that she pushed to the back of her mind until now. There was no longer any reasonable explanation for it other than she enjoyed being chased in this kinky game of cat and mouse. Looking down, she could see the juices freely flowing from her pussy and down her inner thighs and she smiled in smug satisfaction for her ability to get away from those wanting to do perverted things to her.

Satisfied no one was chasing her, Emma sat down on a dildo seat and tried to catch her breath and calm her nerves, but it was next to impossible to do with two fat dildos stretching her open. She watched as Masters and Mistresses led their submissives around like their personal pets, some even going as far as to use actual leashes. She watched as a woman was placed into a metal contraption vaguely resembling a lightning bolt while men lined up to fuck her exposed pussy or asshole. Across the street she saw two registered submissive women and a registered man step into a building known as the Girl-Mart – a place where registered submissives could put themselves up for sale for limited periods of time in much the same way as was done at the Auction Block. The only differences being this route did not require the sale price to be branded on the pussy mound or above the cock, and there was no auction. The submissive chose a price based on what fetishes they were willing to do and the period of the contract and hoped for the best.

Emma was relaxing on the dildo seat when a Dominant man approached her. She tensed up, expecting the man to attempt taking her to the registration office, but that did not happen. The slightly chubby man aimed his cock and began to pee – catching Emma off guard as the warm liquid splashed across her face and chest. “Ahgh, oh god! What are you doing?” Emma screeched. “Stop peeing on me!”

“Shut up and open your mouth, slut!” the man commanded. When she did not open her mouth, he reached down and tugged the ring in her right nipple hard enough to make her yelp. Her mouth opened and was quickly filled with pee which she spit out. Another hard tug. Another mouthful of pee. When he was done, he lifted her off of the dildo seat and pushed her down onto her hands and knees. Gripping her by the hips, he shoved his now hard cock into her pussy and

began fucking her hard and fast. But after a couple of dozen thrusts he pulled out and shoved it up her ass. “Fucking hell! You’ve got the loosest god damn holes I’ve ever put my dick in! It’s like fucking a hallway!”

Humiliated by the Dominant’s words, Emma attempted to clench her muscled tighter, but it did no good. She had been stretched open so much and had so little control over her muscles, that she could not grip the man’s cock tight enough to please him. “Please fuck me Master!” she pleaded.

“Sorry, but I don’t want a gaping cow. Maybe you should go to the breeding barn. Having babies should be an easy affair for a loose cunt like you.” Pulling out of her ass, he walked around in front of her, made her clean his dick and then walked away, leaving her there on her hands and knees staring in shock. Since arriving at the Domination Farm this was the first time anyone walked away before climaxing and she had never felt more humiliated. Getting to her feet, she walked away in shame.

## New Toys

Finding her way to Anal Avenue and a building called Furniture Whores. Leaning against the wall, she once again worked to remove the collar around her neck – feeling for the first time that she had gone too far in her search for pleasure. Looking down at her pierced nipples and tattooed pussy and hip, she sighed and dropped her hands to sides in frustration. The collar was still magnetically locked around her neck.

Walking around the corner of the building, she pulled the door open and stepped inside to see what they had to offer. Her eyes went wide as she looked around the large, open showroom full of women posed and positioned as various pieces of furniture. To her right were women serving as tables with chairs and footstools to the left of that and beds to the right. Straight ahead was a magnificent pool table with a woman at each corner and long side positioned with their pussy to serve as the hole. Even from this distance, Emma could see the speculums keeping the women held open wide enough for a billiard ball to drop in.

The left wall of the showroom was lined with women Emma recognized from her stay at the Animal Training Barn as urinals. Each blonde, brunette, redhead and raven-haired beauty bound on their knees with a high collar around their necks to keep their head at the right angle and weighted clamps hanging from pierced nipples and labia. As interesting as she found the concept, Emma went no further, instead turning around and walking out before the saleswoman reached her.

After wondering the streets of the Domination Farm for another hour, Emma found herself at the Dive – a small restaurant that caters to the younger generation with pizza and other fast foods. Realizing she had not eaten anything except for semen since she got to the Farm, she stopped in for a couple slices of pizza and a coke. Afterwards, she made her way to the submissive apartments where she found an empty room on the fifth floor. Writing her name on the whiteboard hanging on the door to claim the room as her own, she entered,



walked into the bedroom and fell face-first into bed.

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Emma slept through the night without stirring. Without dreams. And when she woke the next morning, she felt much better and had to pee like a racehorse. After stretching, she got out of bed and looked around the small apartment for the bathroom. She found it and what served as a toilet – a large glass bowel with a long clear hose sticking out of one side resting upon a pedestal. The only way she knew it was the toilet was the sign hanging on the wall that said TOILET with an arrow pointing down. Shrugging, and knowing she wasn't going to make it out of the building without pissing herself, she squatted over the bowel and began to pee. That's when she saw another sign hanging on the wall in front of her.

*Bare-necks and submissives peeing in the apartment toilet will clean it as only an obedient submissive should. By drinking it. Any bare-neck or submissive failing to comply will be registered as a Farm submissive, be given fifty lashes of the cane and sentenced to no less than five golden showers.*

Emma knew what golden showers were and sure as hell did not want to do five of them. She did not want to drink her own pee either, but considering the alternative, knowing that the entire Farm including the apartments were wired with cameras, she did the only thing she could. When she was done peeing, she got down onto her hands and knees, put the end of the hose into her mouth and down her throat, relaxing her gag reflex and breathing through her nose as she turned the valve allowing the hot, bitter liquid to flow into her belly. When she felt as if she was going to vomit, she closed the valve, removed the hose from her throat and took slow deep breaths.

It took her more than five minutes to empty the bowel and she felt ill after doing so. Unable to keep it all down, she spilled the contents of her belly into the sink and washed it down while swearing to never use the apartment bathroom again. When she was satisfied she was not going to throw up anymore, she got dressed and left the building. Outside, she saw Charles – the huge-cocked man that fucked her so well the day before. Also responsible for the collar currently

locked around her neck, she did not know whether she should go kick him in the balls, or beg him to fuck her again.

That was a decision she did not have to make. He spotted her and began walking in her direction, but was stopped after about ten feet by a large Dominant man who pushed him onto his hands and knees. The Dominant moved behind Charles positioned his cock and pushed, penetrating Charles's ass in one hard thrust. Wanting nothing to do with anything involving a Dominant for fear she would somehow end up in the registration office, Emma walked the other way. She did, however, look back over her shoulder to see that Charles was enjoying getting his ass fucked.

With two days and nearly a grand on her bracelet, Emma decided it was time to do a little shopping. Although she felt more exposed wearing the submissive clothes than if she had been walking around naked, she did like the look. Her first stop was to the Fetish clothing store where she found a young Farm submissive named FlufferButt working the counter.

"Welcome to the fetish clothing store, how may this slut help you?" FlufferButt asked.

"I'd like to buy some more submissive clothes," Emma replied. "How much do they cost?"

"Each complete outfit is \$175."

"Wow! That's pretty cheap."

"You'll find everything is cheaper if you buy it here at the Farm. We make everything here at our very own factory. Perhaps you've seen it while exploring the Farm?"

"I'm not entirely sure that I have. There's still a lot of the Farm that I have yet to explore."

"Understood. DF Productions is where we make all of the toys, clothing and furniture you will find here at the Domination Farm. So, how many sets of clothes would you like to purchase today and in what colors?"

"I want to leave room for toys too so, I guess I'll buy two more sets. One in red

and the other in blue if you have them.”

“Not a problem. We carry twenty shades of red and thirty-eight shades of blue. If you’ll follow me I’ll show you to the preferred colors and then I’ll measure you while you decide what you want.”

“Measure me? You did that when I got this set of clothes, why do you have to measure me again?”

“We do not keep measurements in the computer beyond the initial fitting.”

Emma followed the submissive clerk down an aisle towards the back of the store. They passed row upon row of clothes in every shade of the rainbow until they came to red. “WOW, you weren’t lying,” Emma said as she stared down the racks of latex boots, gloves and garter belts in more shades of red than she knew existed. She eventually settled on a ruby red outfit and FlufferButt picked one out in her size. They then went to the blue section for more of the same. Keeping with the gem theme, she picked out a sapphire blue one.

Emma went back to her apartment, stripped out of the purple clothes and dressed in the ruby red ones. After another stop to the Dive for a late breakfast, she headed to the Whore Store to see if they had anything big enough to satisfy her gaping holes. She had been in adult toy stores many times in her life, but she had never seen anything quite like the Whore Store. It was big. Much bigger than any such store she had ever been in. And it was meticulously laid out with sections dedicated to each toy, and each shelf organized from smallest to largest.

“Welcome to the Whore Store submissive,” a curvy Dominant woman said to Emma. “Do you need help finding anything?”

“No Mistress.”

“Can you sit fully on the dildo seats, submissive?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Can you take a large fist, submissive?”

“Yes Mistress. I can take a man’s fist in my pussy and up my ass at the same time.”

“Very good. I think you’ll look good with a tail. What’s your favorite animal, submissive?”

“Dogs are my favorite animal, Mistress.”

“Get on your hands and knees with your head on the floor and your ass up high and do not move from that position until I get back. Do you understand me?”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Emma gulped, fearing the worst as she got into position on the cold tile floor. She watched as the Mistress got up from the register and walked towards the back of the shop – emerging several minutes later carrying a large butt plug with what appeared to be a dog’s tail attached to it, a bottle of lube and something else Emma could not make out.

“Do you know the rules of the outfits, submissive?”

“No Mistress.”

“Any time a Dominant adds something to your outfit it becomes a permanent fixture, meaning you must wear it at all times while at the Farm. When I push this fat, tailed plug up your ass it becomes part of your submissive clothes. Understand now?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good. Because the plug is not the only thing I’ll be adding to your outfit today, submissive.” Opening the bottle of lube, she generously coated the plug and then squirt some up Emma’s ass. Next, she placed the tip of the plug against Emma’s ass and pushed until it was completely inside. “That looks so much better you sexy little puppy.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Emma moaned. The plug was a little larger than anything she had taken so far, giving her ass a stretching that teetered on the border between pleasure and pain. “What else are you going to add to my outfit, Mistress?”

“Kneel with your sexy loose ass on the heels of your feet and your arms behind your back hands clasp together and I’ll show you.” When Emma obediently moved into position, the Mistress walked around in front of her and leaned down. After removing the ring through Emma’s right nipple, she placed a nipple

stretcher over it, pulling the nipple out and placed a barbell through the hole – keeping the nipple stretched and unable to return to normal. She then did the same to the left and took a step back. “You will wear those every day and give them a turn whenever they start to become loose. Understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Emma said looking down at her stretched nipples.

“That’s a good little puppy. Now you may go about your shopping.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

Although the new nipple stretchers hurt Emma’s still relatively fresh piercings, she dared not take them out as she got to her feet, grabbed a cart and went about her shopping. As she walked down one seemingly endless aisle after another, she added everything from dildos and plugs to anal beads and vibrators. When she had nearly filled the cart halfway, she went to the counter to check out.

The Mistress on duty ran up each item and then hit the total button. “Please scan your bracelet to pay for your order.”

“How much is it?”

“You’ll know when you scan your bracelet.”

Emma scanned her bracelet and was greeted by the now familiar sound of a computerized female voice. “This slut is now \$487 in debt to the farm. Shock function now activated.”

“What? But how? I still had over six hundred dollars when I came in here. And what does she mean shock function?”

“You spent over a grand on new toys, puppy. That ate up any funds you had remaining and put you into Farm debt to cover the rest. Your bracelet will now shock the shit out of you if you attempt to leave the Farm without working off your debt first.”

“WHAT!? But how? That’s not legal!”

“It’s legal when you signed the forms to make it legal. If you’re a good little puppy you can work that amount off in a couple of days.”

“Tomorrow is my last day here! How am I going to make that kind of money in two days?”

“By participating in certain attractions and events. There’s the cocksucking pillories and slut-machines for starters. And then there’s the pony carts, or you could sell yourself as a nice stand or something at Furniture Whores. Each pays a different amount, but if you want my advice, do the pillories and slut-machines. You’ll earn that amount or more in a day.”

“Really?”

“Absolutely.”

“What do I have to do for them?”

“At the cocksucking pillories you’ll have to suck fifty cocks before being released and at the slut-machines you’ll have to get fucked by fifty cocks before being released.”

“Fucking hell!”

“It’s a lot of dick, but you’ll earn more than enough to work off your debt in a day. And if you want to do it another day you can earn some extra money to buy more toys.”

“What about the other places?”

“You’ll have to inquire at those locations. They may not need anyone right now so your best bet is to do like I said and place yourself in the pillories followed by the slut-machines. I hope you like semen, puppy, because you’re about to get a whole lot of it. You may go now. I have other customers to take care of. Welcome to the Whore store, submissive,” she said looking over Emma’s left shoulder at the petite blond that had just entered.

“Thanks you Mistress,” the woman replied.

“Good luck,” Emma whispered to the woman on her way out of the shop.

## Debt Repayment

Emma dropped her new toys off at the submissive apartment and then made her way to the cocksucking pillories located on the corner of Domination Drive and Anal Avenue. From a distance, she watched as men stepped up to the bent over women, scanned their bracelet and then pushed their cocks into open mouths. She counted six occupied stockades and a total of fifty-three men waiting in six different lines.

Slumping her shoulders, Emma approached an empty pillory, scanned her bracelet and then placed her neck and wrists in the appropriate slots. The top came down locking her tightly in place – the cuffs inflating to ensure she was unable to pull free. “This slut has fifty cocks to suck before being released, the computerized female voice said. It was no surprise to Emma that the men rushed to her in the hopes of being first. The honor fell to a tall, older man in his forties with what at one time must have been a well-toned body that was now seeing the ravages of time around the mid-section.

The man scanned his bracelet and offered Emma his cock. She took it without complaint and did her best to bring him off as quickly as possible. That was seven minutes and she quickly calculated that at that rate it would take her nearly six hours to suck enough dicks to be set free. After remaining bent over for that long, she had serious doubts she would be able to stand up, let alone go to the slut-machines for another fifty.

As one cock turned into another, Emma began to learn what got the men off the quickest and was able to make more than a few fill her mouth with semen in under five minutes. She wanted to shave as much time off as she could as, after fifteen cocks and an hour and a half, her jaw was not the only thing beginning to ache.

Another hour brought with it another ten cocks and she was halfway through her ordeal. When a familiar face stepped up to her, her eyes went wide and her

mouth gaped open, but she knew she could not take more than the head and a couple inches of Charles's enormous dick. "We meet again," Charles smiled. "I like the tail," he added, pushing his dick into Emma's open mouth. As when he fucked her the day before, he was not gentle with her. Grabbing hair in both hands, he rammed his thick cock into her mouth and down her gagging throat. Tears formed in her eyes as she choked on it and she was certain this was it. She was going to die being throat-fucked by a massive cock.

But death did not come to the budding submissive. Nor did unconsciousness. This was not Charles's first time at the Domination Farm, nor his first time choking a woman on his dick. When Emma's face turned red indicating she couldn't breathe, he would pull out, allow her to catch her breath and then ram it back in. Emma prayed it would be over quickly, but unlike the other men, Charles had staying power. Twenty-seventeen minutes' worth of staying power. When he stepped away, his semen running out of Emma's mouth like drool, no one seemed in a hurry to take his place.

It was a full eleven minutes before anyone stepped up to the plate after Charles and Emma was glad for it. Sure, her back and legs were cramping from being in the same position for so long, but it allowed all of the semen on her face to dry and gave her jaw time to recover from being overly stretched for so long. But finally, men did begin to throat fuck her again and she found it a lot easier now, no longer gagging on it, or the semen shooting into her belly.

Four hours and thirty-two minutes after placing herself into the cocksucking pillories, Emma had swallowed her fiftieth load and had a new appreciation for the taste of semen. The wrist sections deflated and the top bar unlocked and raised of its own accord allowing her to finally stand. Her back nearly locked in place, she had to brace herself on the contraption and raise up one agonizing inch at a time until she was fully erect.

Curious how much money she had worked off, Emma walked over to one of the many scanners located throughout the farm and swiped her bracelet. "This slut has \$237 of Farm debt that must be worked off before the shock function is disabled." \$250, Emma thought I sucked fifty cocks and only made \$250? Son of a bitch! Somewhat pissed off she basically prostituted herself for nothing, she made her way to the slut-machines one block up from the cocksucking pillories in order to get her Farm debt paid off as quickly as possible.



Emma was locked in the slut-machine for seven hours and fifty-six minutes before she was finally released – her debt to the farm repaid in full with a couple of hundred dollars to spare. Exhausted, barely able to walk straight, she somehow managed to make it to her submissive apartment before passing out.

“What in the hell am I becoming?” Emma said as she sat alone in the darkness.

“You’re becoming an obedient, cock-craving submissive,” a familiar, computerized female voice replied. “And don’t kid yourself, you know you’re loving every second of it. You love the feeling of your pussy and ass stretched around a long, fat dick.”

*And suddenly, Emma felt her pussy and ass being stretched open as something pushed into her holes at the same time. The darkness around her receded and she found herself sitting on a dildo seat. “Mmmm, y-yes, I do love it, but...but why? Why do I love such humiliating and degrading things?”*

“Because deep down you’re a true slut and its taking you until now to realize it. Just look at you, sitting there on those two fat dildos as if they aren’t even there. Look at the nipple stretcher stretching your nipples longer and longer, the tattoos on your pussy and hips marking you as the kinky whore that you are.”

*The darkness receded further and Emma found herself surrounded by mirrors so that she could see every angle at once. The nipple cages rotated of their own free will until her nipples were stretched more than an inch as her eyes were drawn to the tattoos she had received at the Farm. “More than a hundred men,” she sighed. “I’ve sucked and fucked more than a hundred men in two damn days! That’s not being a slut, that’s being insane!”*

“And you love it. You love the feeling of all those cocks pounding you into submission. You love the feeling of semen filling your pussy and shooting down your throat. You’ve drank piss and learned first-hand what it truly means to be a bitch in heat. You, Emma Gaines, are the epitome of a submissive slut. There isn’t anything you won’t do for pleasure and the sooner you realize that, the sooner you’ll know your true place in this world.”

“And...and w-what place is that?”

“At the feet of your Dominant, of course.”

“But until then, you can enjoy my monstrous dick,” said the familiar voice of Charles.

*And as the darkness receded once more, Emma could see him walking towards her, his dick already hard. Lifting off of the dildo seat, she dropped to her hands and knees. “Uuuhnnnn!” she moaned loudly as he sank into her pussy until he was pressing against her cervix. “Fuck me Master! Fuck me into submission!”*

## KinkyPuppy

Emma woke and bolted upright, sweat pouring off her body and her pussy feeling stretched open and dripping wet. Which was no surprise considering she had somehow managed to work her hand in during her vivid dream. Pulling her hand from her pussy, she looked down at her nipples. The stretchers were still there, but her nipples were no bigger than the day before. Reaching up, she felt the collar around her neck and her pussy began to tingle. Sighing, she got out of bed and went to the bathroom. As she had done the day before, she peed in the bowl and then knelt in front of it as she drank it all down, a voice in the back of her mind encouraging her to be the kinkiest submissive she could be.

Managing to keep the pee down without throwing it back up, Emma picked out a blue outfit and left the apartment for the communal showers, going naked except for the tailed plug in her ass. After a shower with thirty or so other bare-necks and submissives she got dressed, had a bite to eat and then went exploring the Farm to find out what other kinks she could give a try.

Entering the Gang Bang Grotto, she was fucked by another twenty-six men and received her mark of completion on her left hip. The same went for the Lesbian Gang Bang Grotto and the golden showers. Three attractions and three marks of completion, Emma wondered how many she would get before the day was over and it was time to leave.

As it turned out, the answer was one. She was walking down Anal Avenue towards the Cumbath Club to see what it was all about when a young woman called out to her. Emma looked over to see the twenty year old brunette woman waving her over. "How may I help you, Mistress?"

"I need an obedient submissive to help me with something," the woman replied. "Are you an obedient submissive?"

Thinking about everything she had done since arriving at the Farm, Emma could

only conclude that she was. “Yes Mistress.”

“Great, then follow me and you can help with my little project. My name is Mistress Alice. What is your name submissive?”

“No mane is Emma, Mistress.”

“Pleasure to meet you Emma. Come on, let’s go in.” Mistress Alice pulled the door open and motioned for Emma to enter first. She did, not realizing where she was. Like the obedient submissive she decided she was, she followed Mistress Alice through the lobby to a long glass desk where another Dominant woman was typing away at a computer. “Hello Mistress Diana, this is Emma and I would like to register her as my new submissive.”

“Of course. Scan your bracelet, submissive,” said Mistress Diana.

Emma scanned her bracelet and then gasped. “WAIT! WHAT!? Register me? What are you talking about?”

“This is the registration office,” Mistress Alice replied with a grin “and I’m going to register you as my submissive. What do you think of the name KinkyPuppy? I think it fits you considering the tail and the tattoo on your hip,” she said pointing to the horseshoe and puppy paw on Emma’s right hip. “Of course, if you don’t want to be registered to me you can always become a Farm submissive.”

“So, your project...”

“Is to see how many bare-necks and unregistered submissives I could get to enter the registration office with me. You’re the fifth one today. Don’t worry, I’m a pretty fair Mistress as far as this place goes. So, what’ll it be? You want to be my submissive, or the Farms?”

“Yours Mistress,” Emma sighed reluctantly. She did not want to be registered to anyone, but she knew the rules – leave now and she would not only be registered to the Farm, but punished for leaving before her registration was complete. And even if she managed to leave the Farm entirely, the punishment would still be there for the next time she visited.

“Please scan your bracelet Mistress Alice,” Mistress Diana said. Mistress Alice

scanned her bracelet and after several minutes of Diana inputting information into the computer, it was done. "Congratulations, you are now registered as KinkyPuppy. Now, do you want the submissive name tattooed or branded?"

"Oh, branded, of course. I don't want my new puppy getting it removed down the line."

"Good call. It's best to keep your pets permanently marked as the sluts they are. Done. You have one hour to get to the body modification building to have your submissive name branded on your right breast. I won't bother giving you directions. Based on the number of marks you've got you are intimately familiar with the place."

"Yes Mistress."

"I'll go with you, KinkyPuppy. I like seeing how my new pets react to being branded for the first time."

"Yes Mistress, but does it have to be a brand? I swear I'll never have the tattoo removed."

"It's already in the system as a brand. Besides, Mistress Diana is correct in that all obedient pets should be permanently marked. Of course you are free to leave the Farm before you are branded, but I don't think you'll do that will you?"

"No Mistress."

"So, you would rather suffer the pain and humiliation of being branded than to leave and never come back?"

"Yes Mistress. Although I am new to all of this I've really grown to like it, and plan on coming back as often as I have time for."

"Glad to hear it. There's no other place in the world quite like the Domination Farm and it's hard to give up once you've gotten a taste for it. Are you from Rome, KinkyPuppy?"

"No Mistress, I live about a seven hour drive from here. What about you Mistress?"

“I’m from Florida. I come to the farm two or three times a year so chances are we will not see each other after this. Although you are registered to me you are free to serve any other Dominant that catches your eye.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

The two women walked into the body modification building – Mistress Alice for the fifth time and Emma for the fourth. She signed in to get her submissive name and was called right into the back room where she took the now familiar position in the center of the room and waited for further instructions.

“Please place your submissive on the Saint Andrews,” Mistress Monica – the Dominant that had given Emma all of her piercings and tattoos. “I was wondering how long it would take before I gave you your submissive name,” she said to Emma. “And a brand no less.”

“Not my idea,” Emma said staring at her new Mistress as she was strapped to the large metal X at the back of the room. She watched with apprehension as Mistress Monica changed the lettering on a metal plate and then placed it in the end of a branding gun. “How bad is this going to hurt?”

“Ever been durned before?”

“Yeah.”

“Much worse than that. It’s one reason your Mistress is securing you so tightly. You’re going to want to get away from it searing your flesh and that’s the last thing we can allow. Unless you want a fucked up brand, that is.”

“No Mistress. I would rather not have a brand at all.”

“I hear ya, but the rules are the rules, yes?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Do you want color added to the brand like all the others? Mistress Monica asked Mistress Alice.

“Absolutely. I want it to really stand out for all to see. What’s your favorite color, KinkyPuppy?”

“Violet, Mistress.”

“Then violet it is. Can you do that?”

“No problem. While the gun heats up, will you be giving her any other tattoos, piercings or brands?”

“Nah, I think she has enough work done for now. Although, she did say this was her last day here at the Farm so go ahead and give her the full treatment.”

“The full treatment?” Emma said nervously. “What in the hell is the full treatment? What are you going to do to me now?”

“The full treatment is what we call getting your nipples, belly button, hood and outer labia pierced at the same time,” Mistress Monica explained. “Seeing as how your nipples are already done and being stretched – nice touch by the way, you’ll be getting a belly button piercing, hood piercing and five small eyelet piercings in each outer labia that may be laced, ringed, or locked shut as your Mistress desires.”

“I think rings will look best. Make them small enough that she won’t be able to use her pussy for anything other than urinating.”

“Will do.”

“Wait! What do you mean? What in the hell are you talking about?”

“After I’ve placed the eyelets I’ll place a small ring in each set of holes that will keep your pussy closed tight. You won’t even be able to push a finger in there when I’m done. And the rings will be epoxied shut so you cannot remove them without cutting them off.”

“FUCKING HELL!”

“And as part of your submissive outfit you’ll be required to wear them on future visits to the Farm,” Mistress Monica continued. “I’m sure you’ll cut these off as soon as you get home so I’m going to give you a spare set that can be removed and replaced without damaging them, but I advise against removing the eyelets as the holes will be too large to ever heal completely. With time you’ll be able to stretch the holes, but you should wait at least a year before attempting to do so.”

The belly button piercing was nothing, hurting about as much as having her ears pierced. The clit hood hurt a little more, but not by much. But when that thick, razor-sharp needle cut through her outer labia, Emma screamed bloody murder. She strained against the leather straps keeping her held tightly to the Saint Andrews cross as tears poured down her cheeks like waterfalls. And the pain only seemed to get worse with each subsequent piercing.

By the time the last of the eyelets were placed, Emma wanted to die. She was crying profusely now, unable to form clear thoughts, let alone sentences. When Mistress Monica approached with the branding gun, she closed her eyes and braced for the worst. And worst it was. The pain in her pussy was suddenly shifted to her breast and intensified ten-fold as the hot iron seared the submissive name into her flesh for all time. When it was over, Mistress Monica placed the rings in the eyelets and epoxied them shut as promised.

Mistress Alice released her new submissive from the Saint Andrews and helped her out of the building and to the Submissive apartments. As she was not permitted inside the building, she enlisted the aid of two Farm submissives to help Emma to her room. They gladly obliged and practically carried the delirious Emma to the apartment and into the bedroom.

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Emma woke many hours later feeling incredibly tired and extremely sore. Every inch of her ached and she was not even sure she could get out of bed, let alone pack everything up, carry it to her car and drive seven hours home. And then she heard someone talking out in the living room. “H-Hello? Is someone there?”

A head belonging to a cute woman with pink and purple hair peeked into the bedroom. “Hi, I’m HumpyButt. I was one of the Farm submissives that helped you into bed. How are you feeling?”

“Like I was ran over by a truck.”

“I can imagine. Getting the full treatment is never fun,” HumpyButt said stepping into the doorway to show Emma that she too had the full treatment and even more tattoos and brands. “Can I help you with anything?”

“What time is it?”



HumpyButt leaned back and looked at the clock hanging on the living room wall. "It's 4:47 in the morning."

"Fuck," Emma groaned as she tried to set up in bed. "I only have a few hours before I have to leave the Farm. Do you think you can help me carry everything to my car?"

"Absolutely. I'll get a few others to help and we'll have you loaded up in no time. Are you sure you're in any condition to drive?"

"I hurt like hell, but I don't have a choice. I have to get home and back to work."

"I understand. Is it a long drive?"

"Seven hours."

"Ouch. Yeah, that's going to suck. I remember when I got the full treatment. I ached like a son of a bitch for days. Oh yeah, your Mistress dropped off a gift for you. Two gifts actually."

"Really? What did she bring me?"

"No idea. There are two boxes, one larger and one small. Would you like me to bring them in, or help you out to them?"

"I think I'll just wait until I get home to open them."

"As you wish. Why don't you see if you're able to stand and walk and I'll go get a few others to help you carry everything to your car?"

"Thanks." Emma slowly eased herself to the edge of the bed and let her feet drop to the floor. Using the headboard for support, she lifted herself up and cringed as pain shot through her anew. "Oh, this is going to be a very long day," she huffed.

"Yes it is, KinkyPuppy. Nice name by the way. I really like it."

"Thanks, HumpyButt. Can I assume that means you take it up the ass a lot?"

"I only ever take it up the ass. I have slightly larger rings in my pussy now, but

as you can see it is still ringed shut.”

“How long have you been like that?”

“Almost three years now.”

“OH MY GOD! Why haven’t you removed them?”

“Because I am not permitted. I am a Farm submissive which means I belong to the Farm. I’m one of the ones that have moved and live here fulltime.”

“DAMN! I don’t think I could go three days without sex, let alone three years! That’s got to be miserable.”

“Not really. It sucked ass in the beginning, but I’ve gotten used to it. I also get to suck a lot of dick which is nice. I love the taste of semen.”

“Me too. I didn’t before coming here three days ago, but after doing the cocksucking pillories I’ve grown quite fond of it.”

“That’ll do it. Well, it looks like you’ll be alright on your own for a few minutes. Unless you need anything else I’ll go get some help with your things.”

“Thanks.

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When Emma finally pulled into the garage at home, she got out and went into the house to strip out of the clothes that had been rubbing the tattoos, brand and piercings for the last seven hours. Going upstairs to the bathroom, she spent an hour soaking in a hot bath before going back to the garage to carry everything into the house. Once it was all in the kitchen, she picked up a small wrapped package and tore the paper off.

Underneath all of the wrapping paper was a nicely carved maple box with gold clasp and hinges. Lifting the clasp and lid, she stared inside at a felt-lined jewelry box filled with captive bead rings in sets of five. Under the top tray was another filled with more rings and under that a compartment with several different nipple stretchers, cages and other intricate, fancy and stylish pieced of jewelry including one set in the shape of sheriff badges.

Setting the box on the counter, she went to the larger of the two gifts her Mistress bought for her and opened it. She did not have to assemble it to know it was a dildo seat, but she did have to put it together to see it in its entirety. Unlike the ones at the Domination Farm where the dildos were attached directly to the seat, this one was motorized with two rods that worked the dildos up and down.

Leaving everything sitting in the kitchen, she went up to bed and was out like a light, her last thought before sleep overtook her was what kink she could get into next.