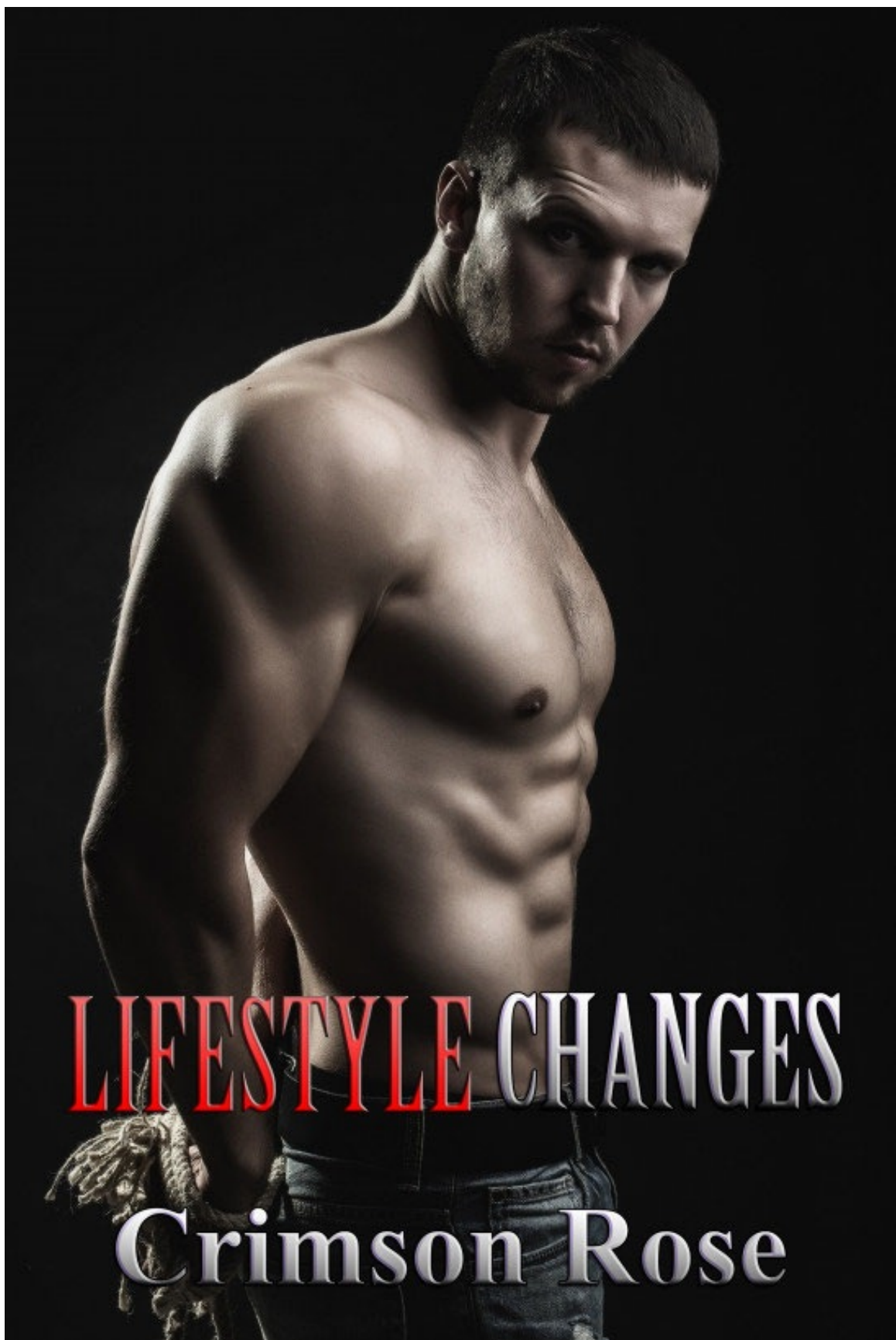
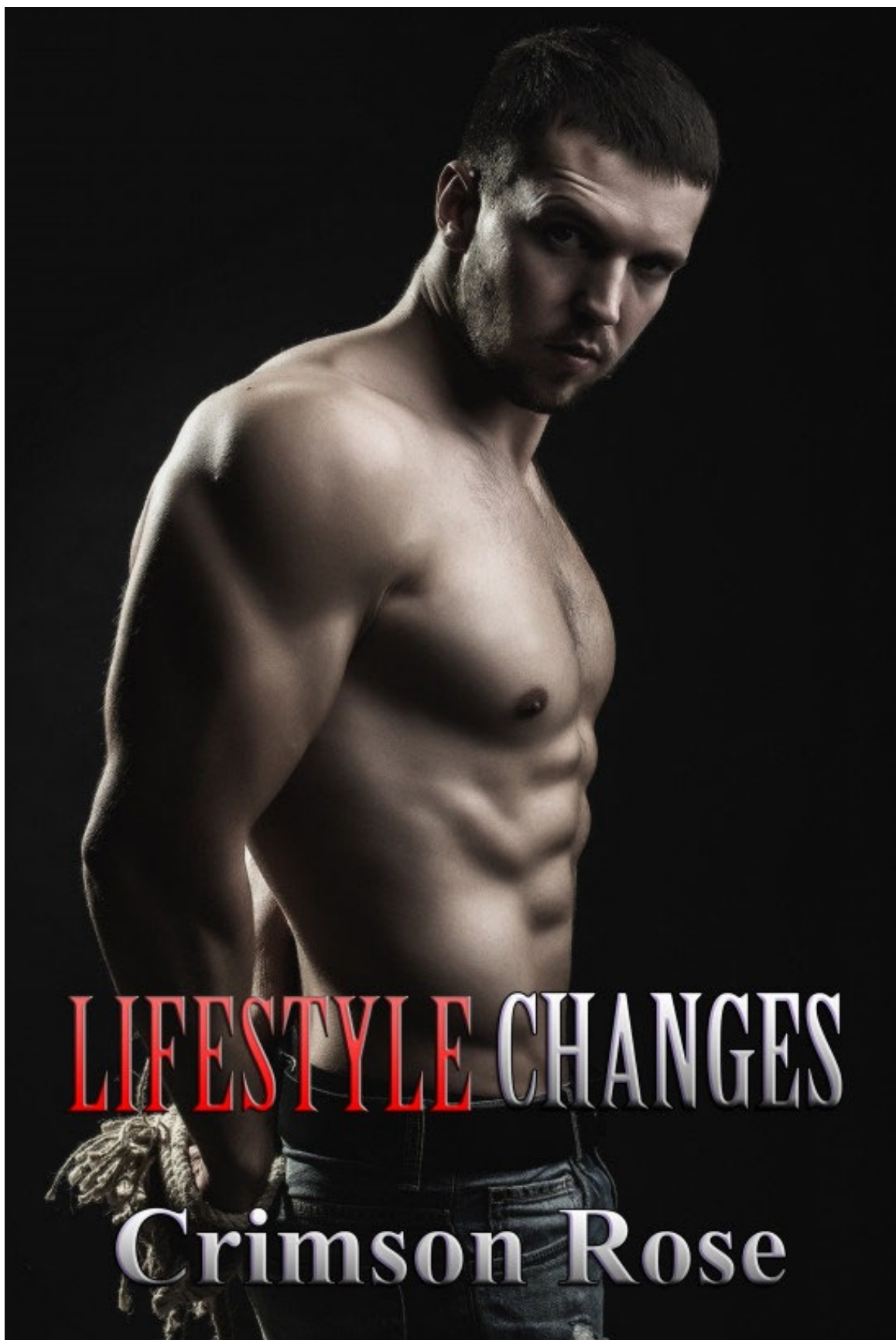




LIFESTYLE CHANGES

Crimson Rose



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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Sitting at his computer looking for porn to jerk his gherkin to, Maxton stumbled upon a website that would forever change his life in ways not even his perverted mind could conceive. The Domination Farm. Promising unlimited bdsm related content via access to their five hundred cameras for only fifty dollars a month, he skeptically perused their free section which only showed short snippets of what the resort truly had to offer but it did not take him long to know he had to join so out came his credit card and a few minutes later he was in the member's section which broke the resort into a five by five grid. He clicked on the one in the top left corner and it zoomed in to another grid giving him access to each of that section's twenty cameras.

Curious what dildo bikes were, he clicked the little camera icon and was instantly whisked into a building that looked more like a gym than the shop it actually was. On display all around the store were stationary as well as normal bikes in all speeds but it was the five bikes in the middle of the showroom being ridden by gorgeous naked women that drew his attention. And not just for their bodies. Eyes drifting down between their legs, he saw a huge black dildo pistoning in and out of a slender blonde's pussy in time with her pedaling. To her right a black woman was taking an even bigger dildo up her ass – the full fourteen thick inches slamming in and out so hard and fast he wondered how she could take it and remain seated. Two identical brunettes rode large purple toys that were every bit as thick as their forearms while the last woman, a busty and ever so slightly chubby blonde had both holes stuffed at the same time.

Having finally found paradise, Maxton pulled his cock out and furiously jerked off for three solid minutes before realizing there was far too much to watch to blow his load so quickly so he slowed, back out of that section and went into another. This time he zoomed in on half a dozen women dressed as various animals crawling around on all fours in a petting zoo. A man approached from one side and had a conversation with a portly man in a booth before stepping over the low fence. Looking at his choices, he decided upon a petite brunette dressed as a pony and without a word he walked over and thrust his cock into her. She purred like a kitten and repositioned herself and gave him free and unrestrained access.

“What the fuck is this place?” Maxton grunted as his hand once again went turbo on his shaft. “There’s no fucking way anything like this really exists.” Keeping that camera open, he opened another tab to read more about the site and what it supposedly represented. On the contact page he saw a button for live chat and immediately clicked it. When asked to give a reason for his inquiry he simply typed into the chat box: I just joined and I can’t believe a place like this really exists. It doesn’t, right? I mean there’s no way this is live.”

“Hi Maxton, My name is Mistress Megan and I’d be happy to answer all of your questions but first, do you have a webcam and are you willing to do a video call with me?”

Mistress, yeah right, Maxton thought. More like some old fat dude in his mother’s basement. Sure, as long as you’re on video as well, he typed.

I wouldn’t have it any other way. Go ahead and turn your camera on and then click the icon in the lower right corner of the chat box to invite me to video.

A few moments later his camera was on and he was staring at an olive skinned beauty with naturally wavy long black hair and piercing green eyes. “Mistress Megan I presume?”

“That’s me.”

“I know you probably get this all the time, but what can you do to prove you are who you say you are and this isn’t a recording or some other trick?”

“What would you like me to do?”

“Hmm...stand up, slowly spin in a circle and then sit back down.” No sooner were the words out of his mouth then he watched the woman get up from her chair revealing the form-fitting purple and silver latex dress she was wearing. She then slowly did a three-sixty and sat back down as requested.

“Satisfied?”

“Very. Thank you.”

“Well, now that that’s out of the way how about I address your concerns? First and foremost, I can assure you the Domination Farm is a very real place anyone

may visit and everything you see via access to the cameras is live. And to prove it, I would like you to pick any of the cameras. Go ahead and then let me know which one you've picked."

Going back to the membership section, Maxton clicked on section fifteen. The screen zoomed in and he tapped camera twelve for the Milking Barn where he saw eleven women of all shapes, sizes and ages hooked to machines like dairy cows. "Ok, I'm now looking at the Milking Barn."

"Nice choice. I'm going to head on over there right now but I'm taking my laptop with me so feel free to continue asking questions if you have them for me to answer."

"If this place is real then why hasn't everyone heard about it?"

"Tens of millions have. Due to the nature of our business we don't do a whole lot of televised advertisement but that doesn't mean it's completely secret either. As I said, all are free to visit."

Maxton watched as Mistress Megan walked out of the building laptop in hand and made her way down a street that was surprisingly crowded with mostly naked men and women. Some were being led on leashes like puppies. Others sat on seats and benches with huge dildos built into them. A few were being fucked right in the open as people walked by unphased.

"If you go to section seven, camera eight you'll be able to follow my trek across the domination farm as we speak," Mistress Megan said as she walked down what appeared to be a two lane street without the lines. "I'll let you in on a neat little trick. Do you see an option to follow trackers on the left panel?"

"Yeah."

"Go ahead and enable that and you should see several blue and red dots appear on your screen."

"I see them."

"Great. Open camera nine now and you should see a red one with my name next to it. Click it and your feed will auto follow me as I move through the different zones. Let me know when you're seeing me on your screen and not my laptop."

“I see you now.”

“Great. I’m going to close my laptop so I don’t run into someone or trip and fall flat on my face but before I do I’m going to tell you exactly what’s going to happen since we won’t be able to talk again until I get to the milking barn. Once there I’m going to hook myself up to one of the machines so you can watch me being milked. Will that prove this is actually live and not a recording?”

Maxton was already convinced of that but he was not about to pass up the chance to see the gorgeous woman on his screen being milked like a cow. “It might, but what would absolutely sell it for me is if you do it butt naked with my name written on your left breast while being spit-roasted by two big black cocks.”

“I’ll do that if you’re willing to do something for me.”

“Name it.”

“Two things. First, you will call me Mistress for the duration of this conversation. And second, I want to see you but naked with a plug, dildo or whatever you have on hand stuffing your ass while you jerk off.”

“Um, I don’t do anal, Mistress.”

“And I don’t take commands but I’m willing to do it for your pleasure. Are you saying you’re not willing to show me the same respect?”

“Even if I did do anal, which I don’t, the only toys I have here are the ones my girlfriend likes me using on her and they’re as big as the ones I see being used around there so there’s no way they’re going to fit.”

“Do they fit in your girlfriend?”

“Yes, but…”

“Then they’ll fit in you. Go get them and please your Mistress by stuffing your ass. Otherwise our conversation ends right here.”

“I don’t think you understand. When I say they’re huge, I mean they’re thicker than my hand fist. Hell, one is shaped like a damn fist. I’ve never even taken a

finger up my ass so there's no way I'm going to be able to shove her toys in there anytime soon."

"Go get all of her toys so I can see what we're working with and we'll go from there. Or do I end the chat and turn my tracker off?"

"I'll get them but I make no promises I'll put them up my ass," Maxton replied. "Give me a minute, I'll be right back."

"I'll be right here."

Rolling his chair back, Maxton got up and ran out of the living room giving Mistress Megan a clear view of his hard cock bouncing up and down with every step. In the bedroom he grabbed the plastic tote from the closet containing several bottles of lube and a collection of huge toys his girlfriend loved being stretched with. Carrying it back to the living room, he sat back down in his chair, adjusted his position and removed the lid.

"First of all, let me say nice cock," Mistress Megan said when she saw he had returned. "Now let's see what we're working with."

"Yes Mistress." With a ten inch long, two and a half inch thick veiny black shaft the first out of the tote was the smallest of the lot. Slowly moving it in front of the webcam, Maxton rolled it over in his hands so that Mistress Megan could see it from all angles. "This is the smallest of them," He said just before sitting it on his desk.

"Do you know exactly how big it is?"

"Not sure about the length but I know the shaft is two and a half inches thick and the head is closer to three, Mistress."

"And the biggest?"

Maxton reached into the tote and pulled out a truly monstrous blue silicone dildo that scared the hell out of him every time his girlfriend wanted to take it. "That would be this one," he said, showing her the fifteen inch long, four and a half inch thick behemoth.

"And your girlfriend takes that?"

“Not often but yes. In both holes.”

“Impressive. Well, that one is far too big for a first timer but the first one is very doable if you’re willing to stretch that sexy ass for your Mistress.”

“If I’m being completely honest, no, I really don’t want to stretch my ass. Don’t get me wrong, I want to see you being milked like a cow while being fucked by two big black cocks, but I’m into giving, not receiving.”

“Then we have nothing left to talk about,” Mistress Megan said, not bothering to hide her disappointment. “Did you have any other Domination Farm related questions I can answer for you?”

“Um, so that’s it? You’re just going to leave because I won’t fuck my ass with dildos?”

“Not to be rude, but you’re a tech call and I’m on the clock. Now I can perform farm related activities but not if you’re only willing to take. I’m not asking you to just ram huge dildo up your virgin ass because that would be as irresponsible as it is stupidly dangerous. Let’s start with a finger. If that cock of yours doesn’t stay hard then I’ll know you’re absolutely not into anal but if it does then I’m asking you to trust that Mistress knows best. Will you at least give me a finger?” Realizing the phrasing could be taken numerous ways, she gave a half-smirk. “Well, the finger will go up your ass but who knows, maybe if you pay us a visit you can tickle my fancy.”

Maxton sat in his chair staring from the screen to his dick to the huge dildos sitting on his desk and in the tote at his feet. “You talk about give and take so here’s my counteroffer. I’ll put a finger in my ass if you strip naked right where you stand and eat out the first woman that walks in your direction.”

“Well, seeing how neither of us can really make sure the other does as they promise, I’ll hold you to your word and go first.” Sitting her laptop on one of the Domination Farm’s many dildo seats – the only place submissive and curious men and women were permitted to sit, she grabbed the hem of her dress and peeled it off over her head leaving her wearing only a pair of knee-high latex boots and the red arm band that marked her as one of the resort’s professional Dominatrix. At thirty-nine she kept her fit figure by morning runs followed by long days training submissives all across the Domination Farm. Dropping her dress on another dildo chair, she extended her right arm and motioned with a

finger. A moment later a petite, alabaster skinned redhead walked over. Words were exchanged and Maxton watched Mistress Megan drop to her knees and suck the young woman's hooded clit. The woman put a hand on the back of her head and pulled her closer.

There was no set time limit to their agreement. Mistress Megan could have stopped after a single lick and still have held up her end of things, but she happened to love eating pussy as much as she loved sucking cock and really wanted to see Maxton's ass stretched wide open so decided to give him a show worth watching. Still concentrating on the woman's clit, she brought her right hand up between her legs and slowly fucked two fingers into her. The woman threw her head back, the look on her pretty face pure bliss as tongue and digits worked their magic.

Maxton could have very easily switched cameras and watched any number of Masters, Mistresses, submissives and those just curious about the lifestyle engaging in nearly every perversion imaginable, but he was a man of his word so while Megan continued eating the young woman's pussy he moved things around so that his webcam picked him up on all fours. Even though he was only using a single finger he lubed his entire hand. He then added more to the tip of his index finger and rubbed it around his asshole for several intense seconds before applying pressure. "Uhn!" he grunted mostly in surprise as it slid in fully. "Oh wow!" Instead of shriveling up in disgust, his cock throbbed with excitement. Pulling out completely, he shoved it back in. Out. In. Out. In. Faster. In and out. Out and in. Harder. When a bead of pre-cum formed at the tip of his cock he knew there was only one direction this night could go.

Pulling his finger out, Maxton added more lube, crossed his index and middle fingers and then attempted to push them both in at the same time. There was no pain as his sphincter stretched to accommodate them, but there was pleasure as his fingers slid deeper. Letting his mind drift back to when his girlfriend asked him to stretch her open, he relaxed most of his body and his fingers went in as far as possible. And it was in that moment of acceptance that he truly understood why she was so addicted. As the seconds ticked into minutes a pool of pre-cum was forming on the floor between his legs. When he felt his asshole relax to the point there was almost no resistance he quickly added a third finger. The added girth was immediately noticeable and at first he struggled to get past the first knuckle, but more lube, pressure and insistence they slipped a little deeper.

After licking the woman to orgasm to three orgasms, Mistress Megan sent her on her way and then turned her attention back to her laptop to tell Maxton it was his turn to uphold his end of their deal only to find him on all fours slamming three fingers in and out of his ass. Closing it, she walked to the large pole barn where submissives, slaves and bare-necks – those at the Domination Farm without collars or armbands, and stepped inside. The rules for dominants were very clear. Their status permitted them to come and go as they pleased even from building such as the Milking Barn where participation was mandatory, however, if they chose to participate they were under the same rules as everyone else and in the case of the Milking barn that meant hour long sessions twice a day until she was producing a minimum of five ounces from each breast followed by a mark of completion in the form of a tattoo or brand as the system chose for her.

“Ahem,” Mistress Megan cleared her throat. “Please don’t stop what you’re doing but can you turn to face the camera now?” she asked Maxton. A moment later, fingers still thrusting in and out of his ass, he was staring at her and the tall, busty woman behind her shoulder. “First, let me say nice job getting to three fingers so quickly.”

“Thank you mistress. I knew after the first there was no way in hell my dick was going to go soft so I double down and just went for it. Where are you?”

“I’m now at the Milking Barn and behind me is Mistress Lana. Before I get hooked up to the machine I just wanted to take a minute and explain why I needed you to agree to stretch your ass with huge toys for me to do this. As a Mistress here at the Domination Farm I have certain privileges that others do not. Case and point, if a submissive, slave or bare-neck entered the building their armband,” she held up her right arm to show him the sleek silver bracer that covered most of her forearm, “would be locked preventing them from leaving the Domination Farm until they have completed the fetish. In this case producing five ounces of milk from each breast. That rule does not apply to me or any other woman wearing a red or purple armband. However, if I ask to be hooked up that rule flies out the window and I’ll be treated just like any other. You only have to stretch that sexy ass of yours once. I, on the other hand, will go through months of sessions to induce lactation and then I’ll be tattooed or branded a dairy cow so I hope you appreciate what I’m doing for you.”

“Wow! Is that really true, Mistress?”

“It is. And if you don’t believe me, you can find a copy of our rules on the website. Now, I’ll be unable to chat with you once I’m hooked up but I’ll still be watching so please continue stretching your ass for that big black cock while I take a couple of my own.”

“Thank you Mistress. I’ll be sure to take a look at the rules later but right now I want to concentrate on opening my back door for you.”

Words were exchanged between Mistresses Megan and Lana – the former asking for two black men to be brought in for her and the latter agreeing. They then went to the rows of machines. Megan sat on a dildo chair – the two large toys sliding effortlessly into pussy and ass. Lana turned the machine on and attached the tubes to Megan’s breasts over her nipples. Given the size of her breasts Maxton half-expected milk to start flowing, but nothing came out. Still, it was sexy as fuck watching her, a dominant woman, submitting for his viewing pleasure. And not just for a night. If what she said was correct he would be watching months of her being milked and that had him even more turned on than ever.

Getting up to three fingers seemed like it took no time at all, but getting that fourth one in there was proving far more difficult so Maxton decided to change tactics. Grabbing the smallest of the dildos his girlfriend left behind, he coated it with lube and then brought the bulbous head to his not loosened asshole. He took a deep breath to steady his nerves and then he pushed. Time seemed to stand still as all he felt was pressure and then WHAM! His sphincter surrendered and he was suddenly penetrated by the almost fist sized head and several thick inches of veiny black shaft. He saw Mistress Megan grinning ear to ear on his screen and dared push the toy deeper.

“UHN! H-Holy fucking hell!” Maxton grunted. “I can’t...this is...” He felt the semen traveling up his own cock and his eyes went wide as he shot his load all over the living room floor. Not because he actually came, but because he did so without touching himself. Tightening the grip on the base of the dildo which looked like a massive pair of testicles, he pulled all but the head out and then slammed all ten usable inches in. “UHN!” Out. In. “UHN!” Out. In. “I...I fucking love it, Mistress!”

Unable to answer him back, Megan smiled and nodded. A moment later two naked and very well-hung black men walked into view. She slid off her chair and

onto the floor. They took up positions in front and behind her and a beat later she was being spit-roasted just as promised.

“I need to get a few things in order around here, Mistress, but I’m coming to the Domination Farm in about a week to meet you in person.” Now I just have to convince Mollie it’s a good idea, he thought as he continued fucking the toy in and out of his ass.

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After an hour of being milked and fucked by a total of nine black men Mistress Megan breathed a sigh of relief as she was released from the milking machine. After more than an hour of pounding his ass and cumming all over the floor twice, the second after jerking off, Maxton pulled the dildo from his ass and breathed a sigh of relief. Mistress Megan picked her laptop up and the two silently stared at each other for several long beats.

“Well, that just happened,” Maxton was the first to speak. “I can’t believe I actually love taking it up the ass.”

“And I can’t believe I’m now in training to be a dairy cow,” Megan said, looking down at her puffy nipples. “I hope you enjoyed watching the first time I ever submitted in my life.”

“I did, Mistress. And once I talk to my girlfriend Mollie and take care of a few things around here I’m coming to visit. When’s a good time?”

“Whenever you want to pay us a visit. I live here at the Domination Farm so just tell whomever is at the booth when you arrive that you’re here to submit to Mistress Megan Jameson and they’ll call me out to greet you. Of course, that means entering yourself into the system as a submissive, but I think you’ll like my particular brand of training.”

“But I’m not submissive, Mistress.”

“Says the man that just fucked his ass with a huge dildo and continues calling me Mistress. I’ll see you when you get here and I promise we’ll have all sorts of fun together. Until then, I want you to continue working on stretching your asshole until you’re able to easily take a fist. And if she doesn’t have one already, you should tell your girlfriend to get a strap-on so the two of you may

engage in a bit of pegging. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.” No sooner were the words out of his mouth then Maxton’s cock sprang to life. Grabbing the big black dildo, he shoved it balls deep in his ass and then jerked off in front of his new Mistress. “I’ll ask for you when I get there, Mistress.”

“I look forward to seeing you in person but until then I’ll be here at the milking barn every day at two and ten so you know when to log in and watch.”

“Thank you Mistress. And I’ll fuck my ass with dildos every day at two and so you know when to log in and watch.”

“Then I’ll see you tomorrow afternoon.”

“I can’t wait, Mistress. Good night and thanks for opening me up to new forms of sex.”

“You did all of the opening yourself and I can’t wait to see more. Okay, we’re starting to become a couple of teenagers waiting for the other to hang up first so I’m going now and I’ll see you tomorrow.” And with that Mistress Megan turned her laptop off and then deactivated her armband. Though she would still show up on camera they would no longer automatically switch for anyone following her beyond the milking barn.

Maxton knew he had only one chance to convince his girlfriend that a trip to the Domination Farm was the best idea since the wheel and the only way he knew to do that was by being honest and hope for the best. And if that failed he would offer up his ass for the taking whenever she wanted to fuck it. And if that did not work then he was fully prepared to go without her if it meant meeting Mistress Megan in person. After going through his morning routine which now included ending his shower with a huge plug up his ass, he called his girlfriend.

Her boyfriend being more mysterious than ever and refusing to tell her anything unless it was face to face, Mollie dropped all of her plans for the day and headed over to his house to hear what he considered life-altering news. The butterflies in her stomach hoped he was finally going to propose, but she did not want to get her hopes up so pushed that thought right out of her mind. Arriving fifteen minutes later, she was greeted at the door with a kiss and the thought of proposal popped back into her head. Following him into the house, she used her foot to close the door behind them. “Okay, what’s going on? Why are you being so secretive?”

“What I have to say is going to be as hard for you to hear as it is for me to say so please just hear me out before biting my head off,” Maxton said. “I’m going to be completely open and honest with you as always. Last night I was horny and looking for porn when I stumbled upon a site for a place called the Domination Farm and...”

“Oh my god!” Mollie said, slapping a hand over her mouth. “Please tell me you want to go.”

“Wait, what? You’ve heard of it?”

“Yeah. I know someone that’s been there multiple times and no I’m not going to tell you who. So, you stumbled onto their website?”

“Um, yeah. You really want to go?”

“God yes! But I never said anything because I didn’t think you’d be open to it. You are open to it, right?”

“I am, but you need to hear the rest of what I have to say. So, while looking around the site I found their contact page and sent them a message in text and a woman named Mistress Megan contacted me back. We got to talking and...and, well, we got to talking and I agreed to do some things if she agreed to do some things and now I’m planning to go visit her next week.”

“You plan on going to visit her? What the fuck, Max? Are you actually saying you plan to cheat on me?”

“Absolutely not! I’m saying I want to go visit her and I want you to go with me. I want us to submit to her together. I want you to finally fulfil your fantasy of having sex with another woman and I honestly believe you’ll love her. I’m actually going to watch her session at two and would like you to stick around and make your decision after. And as added enticement, you may fuck my ass whenever you want even with the big dildos you left here. In fact, I’ve got a huge plug up my ass tight now.”

“Yeah right.”

With no hesitation whatsoever Maxton stripped naked and then turned to that his girlfriend could see the rectangular base of the plug buried deep in his ass.

“Believe me now?”

“Oh my god! Is that really big blue?” Mollie exclaimed, recognizing the base of the three inch thick butt plug she kept at her boyfriend’s house amongst other toys.

“It is. Want to fist me while we watch our Mistress being milked like a cow?”

“Our Mistress? I never agreed to submit to anyone, especially a woman I’ve never met and may not even like. And since when are you submissive?”

“Not sure I’d say I’m submissive. More like I’d do anything to get in her pants.”

“You do understand how that sounds, right? I mean, my god, Maxton, you’re talking about cheating on me right to my face.”

“It’s only cheating if I go behind your back and do it without you. I want you there with me Mollie and will only do it if you are.”

“I’ve been trying to get you to try anal for years. What did she do to make you do it the first damn time she asked?”

“First of all, it was far from the first time and second, even as one of the Domination Farm’s resident Mistresses, she was willing to submit and subject herself to months of being hooked to machines until she’s lactating. And I don’t know, it just seemed like the right time. On the bright side my ass is stretched and will always be ready for you.”

“If you want me to fulfill my fantasy of having sex with another woman then I want you to fulfill my fantasy of seeing you gang banged by a dozen men. Agree to that and I’ll not only forgive you basically cheating on me last night – and yes, it was cheating even if you weren’t playing with each other in person, I’ll also fist you up the ass and go to the Domination Farm with you but I won’t agree to submit to someone I don’t know. That’s my deal. Take it or we’re finished,” Mollie said with finality.

“If that’s your final deal then let me offer a counter. I’ll have sex with a dozen men if you have sex with a dozen men and women.”

“You remember I’m not on birth control, right?”

“I know,” Maxton grinned. “A dozen men. A week until you’re carrying someone’s baby. That’s my deal. You want me to have sex with men then I want you to be used as a breeding cow. And don’t you dare say you’re not ready to have kids because we’ve had that talk a million times already so I know how big a family you want.”

“With you,” Mollie countered. “Not a bunch of random men.”

“They won’t be random. They’ll be the same men that I have sex with.”

“I want your babies, Maxton. What if I did your dozen men every week but they wore condoms until you knock me up? I think that’s a fair compromise,” Mollie said, not believing the words actually came out of her own mouth. Also, if we’re going to do this I’m gonna have to move in with you. We’re going to have to take this relationship to the next level.”

“I agree. And assuming our trip to the Domination Farm goes well I’ll ask you to be my wife.”

“And if not?”

“Then we’re probably better off going our separate ways because while I’d rather have you at my side I’m one hundred percent going to submit to Mistress Megan.”

“I honestly think that’s the stupidest thing you’ve ever said. Wait,” Mollie said, holding up her right hand to cut off her boyfriend’s rebuke. “I don’t think being submissive is stupid. Quite the opposite actually. But what is stupid is submitting to a woman, or any person for that matter that you don’t know. BDSM isn’t something you just waltz into as if you’re taking a stroll through the park, babe. Now, if you just want to go to the Domination Farm to fuck her then fine, I’ll join you in that, but submit? No damn way in hell. I wouldn’t even do a session with someone I didn’t know and trust with my life.”

“Then why do you want to go to the Domination Farm? It’s not to dominate others because not only would that go against their rules, but what you just said about trust.”

“You don’t have to be dominant or submissive to visit. They accept everyone including those that are simply curious about the lifestyle and I want to go because a certain someone makes out to the greatest thing since sliced bread and I have to see it for myself at least once before I die.”

“I think you need to read the rules because there are a great many that may dissuade you from going.”

“I’ve heard all about their insane rules designed to turn men and women into sex slaves. What I’m more interested in is that plug up your ass and how long it took to get it in.”

“I fingered myself for more than an hour before grabbing the smallest of the dildos you left here, which is still fucking massive by the way, and shoved it up my ass. I may have fucked myself with it for another couple of hours. I did it again this morning in the shower and stepped out stuffed with big blue,” Maxton said.

“Pull it out so I can see it’s actually big blue and not a smaller one you bought and are claiming it’s big blue.

Reaching back, Maxton grabbed the base of the plug and slowly tugged it free, grunting as his asshole stretched for the thickest part. He then held the nine inch long, three inch thick blue silicone toy up in front of him. “As you can see it’s very clearly big blue.”

“What the shit, Maxton? It took me weeks before I was able to take that thing. Are you seriously telling me you took it in one night?”

“What can I say?” he shrugged. “I was highly motivated.”

“I see. So, were you planning on wearing that thing all day?”

“Only until you asked me to take it out or until I started watching Mistress Megan at two. So, are you willing to fist me while we watch her being milked?”

“I am, but like I said, don’t expect me to call her Mistress and I’d prefer it if you didn’t either because as far as I’m concerned she has done nothing to deserve that level of respect. That being said, we have a few hours to kill so why wait for me to fist you? Actually, have you given yourself any enemas to clean yourself out yet?”

“Um, no.”

“Then we’ll start there and you’ll make them a regular part of your routine so you’re always open and ready. Is that understood?”

“I feel like yes Mistress is the appropriate response,” Maxton said, his cock twitching to life as the words passed his lips.

“I do like the sound of that, but I certainly haven’t done anything to deserve that title so I don’t think it’s appropriate.”

“Nevertheless, I like how excited I get saying it so I’m going to continue doing so.”

“If I’m your Mistress then Megan isn’t. You can’t serve us both.”

“Sure I can.”

“Not if I tell you I want you all to myself. So, who’s it going to be, the woman you’ve been dating for the last five years, or someone you met online last night and know nothing about?”

As Maxton weighed his options an idea popped into his head. “How about I submit to you fulltime and we both submit to Mistress Megan when we’re at the Domination Farm?”

“I won’t give an answer to that until I’ve met this woman.”

“Fair enough, Mistress.”

“Okay, who the hell are you and what have you done with the real Maxton?”

“What do you mean, Mistress?”

“I mean, since when are you submissive and don’t tell me since last night.”

“But that’s the truth, Mistress. Okay, maybe I’ve thought about it in the past but I didn’t actually consider myself submissive until meeting Mistress Megan last night. I’m telling you babe, I’ve never come so hard in my damn life as I did obeying her commands and I want more of it. Not necessarily by her, but I definitely feel the need, no, desire to serve.”

“Then put that plug back in your ass and meet me in the bathroom in ten minutes for your daily enemas.”

“Yes Mistress.” His dick now at full mast, Maxton reached down and started stroking it with his left hand as the right guided the plug through his back door.

“I’ll take care of that for you,” Mollie said as she got onto her knees. “But after this you’re going to have to earn my attention by being a good boy and obeying my command.”

“Nothing would make me happier Mistress.”

After five enemas – each bigger and held longer than the previous to maximize cleaning, Maxton moved his laptop to the bedroom to record being fisted by his girlfriend for the first time but it was already a quarter to two so they decided to wait until they were talking to Mistress Megan. It was then he remembered what she had said the night before about not being able to talk while being milked and that he would just have to settle with watching until he arrived. “So, um, I just remembered we’re not actually going to be able to talk to her.”

“Okay, and why’s that?”

“The only reason she talked last night was because she was near her laptop and took it with her. She said she wouldn’t be able to do that anymore and I’d have to be happy watching until I paid her a visit.”

“Right.”

“I’m serious.” Logging into the Domination Farm website, he noticed her name on his saved list was lit up indicating her tracker was activated. He double clicked and the view immediately went to her walking down one of the streets wearing matching blue latex thigh-high boots, long gloves, and garter belt and harness bra. He also noticed the band around her right arm was now purple and that she also wore a purple collar around her neck. Remembering what he had read the night before he knew the armband and collar combination meant she had gone from dominant only to switch, meaning she could and would be used as any other submissive at the resort while maintaining most of her dominant privileges. The last and most shocking thing he noticed was Cocksocket tattooed on her left breast. “Fucking hell!”

“What? Damn! Is that her?” Mollie said, looking over her boyfriend’s shoulder.

“Yeah.”

“Nice. Okay, I can see why you want to watch her so badly.”

“So, you see that purple armband and collar she’s wearing?”

“Yeah, what about them?”

“They mean she’s no longer fully dominant. Last night she was wearing a red armband and no collar. The purple ones means she’s now a switch. And that

word tattooed on her tit is new as well and is what they call a submissive name. Apparently hers is now Cocksocket.”

“A certain someone mentioned those to me. While they were visiting the last time they were tricked into getting one of their own. Actually, if what they says is true they’re now registered as a farm slave which is why they haven’t been back since it happened.”

“Oh come on, you can’t tell me something like that and not tell me who you’re talking about. Besides, we’re talking about visiting, me being fucked by a dozen men and you being bred like a fucking cow. We’re obviously into some kinky shit so who are we to just them for the same thing?”

“I swore on my life I’d never tell anyone and I’m not about to break a promise to my best...” Mollie gasped and slapped a hand over her mouth before the last word came out but it was too late. She had said enough for her braindead monkey to put the pieces of that puzzle together and her boyfriend was no idiot.

“HOLY HELL! Wendy? Wendy’s been to the Domination Farm? She’s been tattooed with a submissive name?”

“Branded actually,” Mollie sighed.

A bead of pre-cum formed at the tip of Maxton’s cock. “That is so fucking hot and I can’t even tell you why.”

“Yeah, well, please keep it to yourself. I made a promise and besides that I don’t want to embarrass her more than she already is.”

“If she didn’t want branded and registered as a farm slave then why did she let them do it?”

“Because she loves the lifestyle and everything the Domination Farm represents and her only alternative was to leave and never return and that was something she is not prepared to do.”

“I won’t let on that I know, but I seriously think you need to invite her over for some fun. I mean, you did agree to have sex with all the women and she’s bisexual so why not start with your best friend?”

“For the reasons I’ve already stated. As for the woman on your screen, how do I even know that’s who you claim it is?”

“Because that’s who the tracking system says I’m following and that’s the woman I talked to last night,” Maxton said as he watched Mistress Megan entering the Milking Barn. “Alright, we’ll have an hour while she’s being milked. Or at least she’s going through the process. According to what she said it’ll take a couple of months before she’s actually producing. Anyways, my ass is all yours to fuck and fist for the next hour, Mistress.”

“Why only an hour? You got a hot date or something?” Mollie said as she fetched the bottle of lube from the tote.

“Nope, but I do need to get some work done before she gets back on at ten, Mistress. If you’re still here you can fist me again then.”

“So, you’re saying I can fist your ass for a solid hour twice a day?”

“Fuck it. Fist it. My ass is yours to stretch however you see fit Mistress.” As he watched Mistress Megan being milked the plug was yanked from his ass and his girlfriend’s right hand was shoved in wrist deep. Already extremely excited, his cock throbbed and jizz was suddenly spraying out all over the floor. “FUCKING HELL! That’s twice now.”

“Twice?” Mollie said, pulling her right hand out and pushing the left in.

“That I came without touching myself, Mistress.”

“Like it that much, huh?” Mollie asked, pushing her hand a little deeper.

“I love it, Mistress.”

“That makes two of us. Lay down so we can do a sixty-nine and I’ll see if I can suck another load from that big pole of yours.”

The hand was pulled from his ass and As Maxton lay on his back he knew he was in for a long and very pleasurable day.

Being self-employed and working from home meant Maxton and Mollie could take time off whenever they pleased and that meant the following Friday when they planned to leave for the two and a half day drive to the Domination farm. In the intervening eleven days they spent their time watching Mistress Megan being milked twice a day while Mollie fucked and fisted Maxton's ass. Deciding they would put the gay and lesbian aspects of their deal on hold until they arrived at the resort, Maxton spent his free time attempting to breed his girlfriend before a gang of men beat him to it.

Knowing street clothes were not permitted beyond the parking lot, Maxton and Mollie planned ahead by ordering several outfits from the Domination Farm's webstore, one of which they now wore. For Maxton it was a leather vest, chaps and boots. And for Mollie matching burgundy thigh-high boots, long gloves, spanking skirt and harness bra that left her breasts and ass on full display. They each also wore the resort's patented sleek leather wrapped metal collar with strong magnetic clasp though they would be entering as unclaimed. Before getting out of the car Mollie removed the blouse she had been wearing so they did not get pulled over and Maxton removed his shorts.

This was the first time either of them had exposed themselves in public and Maxton found the sensation so exciting his cock instantly went full mast. Seeing a long line ahead of them, Mollie dropped to her knees to suck him off, but he wanted more so he flipped her around, pushed her head to the pavement and slammed into her pussy. Her initial grunt at being so forcefully penetrated – something she had grown to love, drew the attention of those nearby and before they knew it they had an audience of about fifty men and women nodding and smiling in approval. Three of the men stepped forward and from the looks on their faces Maxton and Mollie knew what was coming next but waited for them to speak.

"Nice show," one of the men, a stocky well-built black man with buzzed cut and goatee said. "Mind if we join?"

"You'll have to take turns using her mouth," Maxton replied.

The black man grinned and walked over to Maxton. “Actually, it’s your ass that I want,” he said, stepping behind him. “If you’re okay taking a big black cock that is.”

“My fiancé fists me so I have no problem with big,” Maxton admitted “but I’ve never been with another man before.” He let out a long exhale. “But I made a deal with her so go ahead. You can fuck me up the ass.”

“What’s your name?” the black man asked as he put the head of his cock against Maxton’s ass.

“Maxton. And she’s my fiancé Mollie.

“I’m Darnell and it’s a pleasure meeting you,” the black man said as he easily slid into Maxton’s ass.

Maxton had been fingered, fucked and fisted more than two dozen times now and when he was not experiencing those things his back door remained plugged except when showering or using the toilet. He was used to his ass being filled with something. But this was his first real cock and while he psyched himself up for it by watching hours of gay porn and listening to sissy hypno recordings, it was not until this very moment that he knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that he was going to thoroughly enjoy having sex with men. So much so that he nearly blew his load the second Darnell went balls deep. The feeling was almost indescribable but definitely pleasurable.

Wanting to watch her fiancé’s first gay experience, Mollie pulled herself off of his cock and told one of the waiting men to get on the ground. He did so and she straddled his hips. A beat later his dick was buried balls deep in her pussy. The third man quickly filled her ass and she watched Maxton being lowered onto all fours so that Darnell could really give him a pounding. It was without a doubt the hottest thing she had ever seen and she could not have been prouder or hornier that he was holding up his end of their crazy deal.

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As the line progressed Maxton and Mollie engaged in sexual activities with a dozen more men before it was finally their turn to read and sign the stack of paperwork required of all first time patrons, pay their fee, put money onto their Domination Farm issue identification bracer and finally enter the resort they had

spent the last week and a half viewing on a computer screen. In the past large groups would sit in a waiting room until a Master or Mistress came to give them a guided tour, but that practice was done away with in favor of visitors exploring as they saw fit. And instead having an hour to get fitted for their free outfit they had an entire twenty-four hours from the time they paid their fee which suited an incredibly exhausted Maxton and Mollie just fine.

It being well after midnight, they opted to go straight to the submissive apartments to pick out their room for the next two weeks and get their outfits and visit Mistress Megan in the morning. “So, now that you’ve done it, what do you think about having sex with men?” Mollie asked as they turned down Bondage Boulevard.

“I can say in all honesty that I love it,” Maxton answered. “And not just taking them up my ass. I loved sucking those two guys off as well and don’t even get me started on eating their loads. Had I known it tasted that damn good I would’ve started eating mine years ago.”

“Nice. Six more and you’ll have completed your end of the deal and then you never have to do it again.”

“Yeah, like that’s ever going to happen. We’ve got two weeks here and I plan on keeping my ass filled for as much of that time as possible. That being said, when are you going to start upholding your end?”

“Tomorrow. After we get some food, our free outfit and meet up with Mistress Megan I plan on spending the day at the Kitty Kat Club,” Mollie replied, referring to the resorts premier lesbian club where sex with at least five women was mandatory. What about you? I mean, what are your plans?”

“Well, I had planned on spending the day exploring the place with you, but seeing as how you’ve already made plans I think I’ll head to the dick girl grotto and have the best of both worlds.”

“Technically, you’re supposed to have sex with men, but I’ll let it count.”

“How kind of you.”

As they were passing a large building with a sign depicting a beautiful blonde engaged in a bit of triple penetration with some sort of tentacle alien, Maxton

and Mollie heard a voice calling out. “Maxton?” a woman said.

Looking across the street, Maxton and Mollie saw Mistress Megan stepping out of the Kitty Kat Club wearing a cupless spanking dress and strappy heels.

“Mistress Megan!” Maxton exclaimed. “I was going to come see you tomorrow but tonight works too.”

“I thought you were supposed to tell whomever is at the booths to call me when you got here?”

“Yes Mistress, but it was late and we wanted to get some sleep so figure it would be better to see you tomorrow. This is my fiancé Mollie by the way. Mollie, well, you know who she is.”

“I do,” Mollie said. “And it’s a pleasure finally seeing you in the flesh.”

“Likewise. I take it you’ve been watching?”

“Twice a day every day. But what I want to know is what the actual hell? What happened that you’re now switch?”

“I entered the milking barn and asked to be hooked up. That single act of submission was enough for those in charge to change my status. I’m still dominant with all the rights and privileges that come with that title, but I’m also submissive and must obey all the rules governing that as well. You headed to the apartments?”

“Yes Mistress. I guess this is where we part ways for tonight so...”

“Actually, I’m heading to the same place so mind if I walk with you?”

“Not at all, but I thought Masters and Mistress weren’t permitted in the submissive apartments?”

“Normally we’re not, but as a switch I am no longer allowed in the dominant apartments so had to move. Also, my name is now Cocksocket so that’s what you’re required to call me.”

“Are we not supposed to call you Mistress?” Mollie asked.

“You may if you’re going to submit to me but even then it’s Mistress Cocksocket. You may never use my real name while here or you’ll be disciplined and not just by me. So, I couldn’t help but notice you’re both wearing collars. Have you already been claimed?”

“No Mistress,” Maxton answered. “We bought them and a few outfits ahead of time so we could enter as submissives. The only person here I’m interested in being claimed by other than my fiancé is you.”

“That goes for me as well, Cocksocket,” Mollie said, but not until we’ve gotten to know you much, much better. No offense, but the title of Mistress is earned, not demanded and as far as I’m concerned you haven’t earned it with us yet.”

“That’s fair. I’m going to grab a midnight snack. Would the two of you like to join me?” Megan said, stopping in front of a restaurant called The Dive. “My treat.”

“Thanks for the offer, but we’ve been on the road since seven and didn’t get much sleep last night so we’re going to find a room to crash in before we fall asleep right here on the street,” Mollie replied.

“No problem. I’ll be working tomorrow until time for my session at the milking barn and then until five. If you don’t have any plans we can meet here or at the Cumeaterie for dinner and maybe get to know each other a little better.”

“I’d like that, Cocksocket,” Maxton said. “After breakfast I’m headed to the Dick Girl Grotto so that’s where I’ll be until I’ve had sex with all twenty women within.”

“Nice. So, I take it you’re still stretching that sexy ass of yours?”

“He is,” Mollie answered. “I’m fisting him for an hour twice a day. You can guess at what times. I’m also fucking him with huge dildos and he’s plugged the rest of the day.”

“Not gonna lie, that’s really fucking hot. I can’t wait to see it for myself. Anyways, I’m starving so I’m gonna head on in and grab a bite to eat and who knows, maybe we’ll run into each other for breakfast. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, Cocksocket,” Maxton and Mollie said at the same time.

Waiting until they were out of earshot, Mollie turned to her fiancé and smiled. “She seems nice enough. And my god is she even sexier in person.”

“I know, right? I actually want to go in there and fuck her brains out right now, but I’m far too tired to enjoy it so let’s find ourselves a room shall we?” Pulling open the door to the submissive apartment building Maxton waved his fiancé inside and they began the slightly annoying task of locating an unoccupied room – indicated by a blank dry erase board hanging on the door. They eventually found one on the third floor and after using the scanner to claim the room for themselves, they wrote their names on the dry erase board and then entered the living room of the barebones apartment. The only furniture was a padded bench along one wall with dildos sticking out of the seats and two chairs with the same adornments. And straight ahead was the bedroom with queen size bed, a long eight drawer dresser and closet where they could store all of their clothes and any toys they might purchase during their stay.

“Well, at least the bed doesn’t have dildos sticking out of it,” Mollie sighed.

“Shame. That would make for an interesting wakeup call,” Maxton teased. Anyways, let’s go take a shower and then try to get some sleep.”

“Sure, just as soon as you point out where the bathroom is. Or are you so tired you didn’t notice there isn’t one? Or a kitchen.”

“Shit, right, we have to use the public showers. Ugh, I really don’t have the energy to back out.”

“Well, you’re sure as hell not going to bed without taking one so let’s go. Do you know where it is or are we going to have to spend half the night searching?”

“If memory serves there should be one right across the street. Just remember the rules. We’re submissives now and here that means obeying anyone wearing a red armband or you’ll be disciplined.”

“Yeah, I know. Trust me, I’ve heard it a million times from Wendy. Disobey too many times and you’ll be registered a farm slave and branded with some humiliating and degrading name. Believe me, I have no intentions of disobeying anyone unless they ask me to do something extremely perverted or illegal.”

“Just remember to be polite when doing so.”

“You don’t have to quote the rules to me Maxton,” Mollie bit back. “Sorry, I didn’t mean that to come out sounding so harsh. Come on, let’s go find that shower before we bite each other’s heads off.”

The public showers across the street from the submissive apartments temporarily out of order due to a broken pipe, Maxton and Mollie went in search of another. After an hour of walking around without any luck and Maxton refusing to ask for directions for fear of getting them into some sort of sexual encounter that would have eaten up even more of their night, Mollie grumbled and reached out to pull a door open when her fiancé grabbed her by the wrist.

“You do not want to go in there babe. That’s the...”

“I don’t care what it is. I’m tired of walking in circles and if you’re too damn afraid to ask then I will.” Yanking the door open Mollie’s ears were instantly hit with the grunts, groans and moans of men and women having sex. Stepping inside, she saw a topless petite blonde sitting behind a counter – the purple collar and armband and Jigglyjugs branded on her left breast marking her as a switch. Turning her attention to the right, she saw the sounds were coming from more than a dozen women being fucked by a large group of men while locked in pillories.

“Welcome to the Breeding Stables,” Jigglyjugs greeted the newcomer. “No need to be shy. Come on up and scan your bracer and you can join them.”

“Huh? I’m not here to join. I just need to know where I can find a shower.”

“Sorry hun, but you won’t be showering anytime soon. This is the Breeding Stables and participation is mandatory until you’re confirmed pregnant.”

“Which is exactly what I was attempting to explain to my fiancé,” Maxton said as he walked up to the counter. “Well, you agreed to be used as a breeding cow but I didn’t think it would be here.”

“You can’t force me to stay here and have sex with complete strangers!” Mollie exclaimed.

“You’re right, we can’t and won’t. However, if you leave this building before

having sex with twenty men you'll be registered a slave," Jigglyjugs replied.

"Or I can just leave the farm."

"You could, but then you'd be proving yourself a liar," Maxton said. "You entered of your own free will. You agreed to be used as a breeding cow so do it and we'll talk about your prolonged stay later. Or do you want to leave before you've even had a chance to explore and experiment? Are you going to uphold your end of the deal or prove yourself a liar?"

"Fine, I'll stay. What do I need to do?"

"You'll need to scan in every day until you are confirmed pregnant. If more than twenty-four hours go by without you scanning in then you'll automatically be registered as a farm slave. Once scanned in you'll have three minutes to scan and place yourself in a pillory. If you don't make it in time you'll be disciplined. Once locked into a pillory it will not open until you've been bred by twenty men or there's some sort of emergency in which case it'll automatically unlock. That's it. Those are the rules so please scan in here at the counter and then choose a pillory to scan into and you're all set."

"So much for a shower and getting any sort of sleep," Mollie sighed as she placed the chip in her bracer in front of the scanner.

"I would like copies of all of her breeding sessions," Maxton said as he watched his fiancé walk towards the pillories.

"There's a fifty dollar fee per session."

"No problem. Do I pay for it now or when I pick them up?"

"You can pay when you pick up each video but I'll need you to go ahead and scan in so I know who's getting and paying for them. I should also note that due to the layout of the building it is impossible to isolate just one woman so you'll be getting everything we record."

"Even better. Is it possible to just pay for say the next three months in advance while I have enough on this thing to do so?" Maxton asked, holding up his bracer.

“If that’s what you want, sure.

“Go ahead and scan your chip.” Maxton did so and then Jigglyjugs clicked and typed through several screens. “Okay, with the extended purchase discount and taxes your total today is three thousand eight hundred and fifty-two dollars even. If you have that much available please go ahead and scan again and you’ll be all set. If not then you may pay what you can now and owe the rest as farm debt which means your bracer will go into lockdown mode and you won’t physically be able to leave the farm until it is repaid.”

“I’ll pay it all in full now,” Maxton said as he once again scanned his bracer. The charge was immediately deducted from his account.

“Thank you very much. The request will be sent to the studio and you’ll be able to pick up the previous day’s recordings any time after five. If you won’t be here for the full three months you may arrange with them to have the videos mailed to you home.”

“Thanks. So, um where do I pick them up?”

“At DF Productions on Ponygirl Parkway next to the Petting Zoo.”

“Thanks. I just have one more question. Where can I find a shower that isn’t the golden variety? I tried the one across from the apartments but it’s apparently closed for repairs.

“You can find the public bathrooms on Breeder Boulevard between the Mud Pit and Milking Barn, on Anal Avenue between the Whore Store and Whore Furniture and on Sadism Street between Slave Seats and the Wall of Cocks. The fourth is across from the submissive apartments but like you said it’s currently closed for repairs.”

“Thank you so much.”

“My pleasure.”

Looking in to see his fiancé being fucked by a black man, Maxton smiled and then walked out of the building. His eyes drifted to the street sign to his left that indicated he was on Sadism Street. He then looked at the sign hanging on the building on the other side of the side of the street with Slave Seats written under

a woman lowering herself onto a dildo seat. “Oh my fucking god!” Realizing all his fiancé had to do was walk across the street to find a shower he busted out laughing.

Up much later than normal, Maxton did not wake until a quarter to one in the afternoon and he did so alone. Rolling out of bed in desperate need of a bathroom, he rolled out of bed and headed for the door only to have it slam open in his face. Jumping back, he barely avoided a bloody nose as his fiancé walked in looking completely exhausted. “Jesus! You trying to knock my head off?”

“Not in the mood,” Mollie groaned.

“You’re not just now getting done with your breeding are you?”

“Yes.”

“Fucking hell!”

“Oh, I would’ve been back hours ago but after the twentieth man pumped his load into me the pillory opened and some asshole slammed it shut on me and I had to do twenty more.”

“Holy shit! So you were fucked by forty men?”

“Forty-nine actually. After I left I went to the bathroom which is across the damn street from the Breeding Stables by the way, where I was fucked by nine more men who added their loads to my already destroyed pussy. Now, if you don’t mind I’m going to go pass out.”

“Of course. Have you eaten anything? Do you want me to bring you something back?”

“I just want to go to bed.” And with that Mollie pushed past her fiancé and entered the bedroom where she collapsed on the bed. Her eyes were barely closed before sleep overtook her.

Knowing there was no sense in sticking around doing nothing all day, Maxton left the apartment building butt naked and made his way to the closest shower before going to the Milking Barn to see Mistress Megan being pumped in

person. Sneaking up from behind, he wrapped his arms around her and gently kissed the right side of her neck. “Afternoon Cocksocket.”

“Afternoon. I’ve still got forty or so minutes so you can pull up a stool and watch or come back later.”

“Actually, I’d like you to get on all fours so I can finally fuck you, Cocksocket.”

Megan slid off the huge dildos filling her pussy and asshole and got onto all fours. “So, I take it from you now calling me Cocksocket that you no longer wish to be my submissive?”

“Are you kidding me? I didn’t drive twelve hundred miles just to check this place out. I came here for you. It’s just that Mollie is right. I should get to know you before submitting to you,” Maxton said as he thrust into Megan’s pussy. Mollie will serve you as well. And for much longer. She went into the Breeding Stables last night so will be here for at least several months.”

“Nice. And you?”

“I’ll only be here a couple of weeks, but we can talk about that after I attempt to breed you.”

“Which one of us is the dominant on here?”

“Apparently neither of us,” Maxton said, tapping the collar around Megan’s neck. “Now stop trying to distract me or I’ll have to spank your sexy as instead of fist it.”

“Don’t even think about it! I can’t...”

“You left your tracker on one night, Cocksocket. I saw you being fisted by those seven men that gang banged you on the street so don’t lie to me.” Pulling his cock out of her pussy, Maxton shoved his hand in, knowing from the nearly four hour long show he and Mollie watched three days before they left for the resort that she loved hands being punched into her. She immediately threw her head back in orgasm and he pushed his dick in alongside his hand. “I believe the discipline for lying is ten swats.”

“I’m still a Mistress, Maxton, and that means no discipline.”

“And now it’s thirty-five for lying again. I read the rules pertaining to switches and you must follow all the rules of both sides. And that means being disciplined for breaking the rules. Which, by the way, is true for everyone at the Domination Farm regardless of their status. So, care to lie again?”

“No,” Megan answered, her voice meek.

“Good girl.” Pulling his hand out of Megan’s pussy, he made a fist and placed it against her asshole which was still gaping thanks to the fat dildo she had been fucking herself on. A beat later he was wrist deep as he punched it into her. Megan lowered her head to the floor and spread her legs a little wider. His hand went a few inches deeper and he held it there as he pounded in and out of her pussy. “I haven’t told Mollie this yet, but I’m thinking about moving to this city to be closer to you and the Domination Farm. I know you live here at the farm, but how would you like to be our live-in Mistress?”

“I’d like that, but less talking and more fucking,” Megan purred.

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After pumping his load into his prospective Mistress, Maxton then got a cane from the farm slave in charge and used it to give deliver hard swats to Megan’s ass. In accordance to the rules she counted and gave thanks after each even if it took her a hundred and sixty-three to get right. Before parting ways, he gently urged her onto her knees. She thought to suck him off and eagerly took him into her mouth but when it filled a moment later with pee, her eyes went wide. It was the first time she had been on the receiving end and while she did not like it, she nevertheless swallowed every drop if only to save herself from further discipline. When he was done, he pulled his dick out of her mouth, gave her a wink and then left with a promise to come back for her evening session, leaving her on her knees for the first time in her life feeling more submissive than dominant.

With so much perversion at his fingertips Maxton could have easily gone completely off the rails and had to constantly remind himself that he was at the Domination Farm on a mission so after a quick trip to the clothing store for his free outfit which he put on even though it did nothing to hide anything, he found his way to the dick girl grotto. Paying for a copy of the video, he stepped into the Eden-like enclosure where twenty-five of the sexiest transsexuals he had ever laid eyes on waited to show him the pleasures he could only imagine. Walking

down a narrow cobblestone path between the scantily clad beauties, he took a long look around before pointing at a gorgeous brunette with perky natural breasts and a cock that looked proportionally massive to her lithe frame. Turning his hand palm side up, he motioned her over and then dropped onto his knees ready and willing to do whatever she, and the rest of them commanded.

With the woman standing in front of him, Maxton sucked her large dick as deep down his throat as he could. Looking up into her pale blue eyes, he raised his arms and motioned for the rest to join. As they approached, he leaned back and looked around at them. "I can very easily take a hand up my ass but please use lube before fisting me. That is all." Leaning in, he sucked the huge dick back into his mouth, but the woman, showing a great deal of strength for someone her size flipped him around and pushed into his ass. His dick instantly sprang to life. Another transsexual shimmied her way under him and as his dick was sucked into her mouth, he lowered his head and sucked her. This was his second threesome in as many days and he loved it every bit as much as the first.

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Five hours. Twenty-five transsexuals. Fourteen fistings. Seventeen loads of semen filling his belly. Maxton was totally wrecked and loving every minute of it. Thanking the women for an unforgettable time, he crawled out of the grotto. Unable to stand, he continued crawling in the direction of the nearest shower and was fucked by six more men and drank the piss of three women before making it into the building.

Standing under the hot water, hands braced against the tiled wall he let out a long sigh. When he first got to the Domination Farm his mind was set on turning his fiancé into a breeding cow. Check. He wanted to have sex with men. Check. Gang banged by a large group of stunning transsexuals. Check. Have sex with Mistress Megan and dominate her at least once. Check and check. All of his goals were complete on the second day save two. He still needed to convince his fiancé to submit to Mistress Megan and that moving halfway across the country to be closer to the Domination Farm was in both of their best interests. While he had little doubt the latter would happen, the former was still on the fence but hopefully not for long as he really wanted to serve.