

A close-up portrait of a woman with long, dark hair with vibrant pink highlights. She has light blue eyes, dark eye makeup, and a small silver nose ring. She is wearing a black choker with a large silver ring. The background is dark.

Crimson
ROSE

TESTER OF TOYS

Tester of Toys

By: Crimson Rose

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Acknowledgement

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Tester of Toys

By **Crimson Rose**

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Part 1

Job Interview

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Ah Rome, The Eternal City, home to such world wonders as the Coliseum – where countless millions went to watch games involving gladiators and wild animals, St. Peter's Basilica – the largest church on the planet, and the Vatican. What's that you say? The Vatican isn't in Rome it lies within Vatican City. True enough, but Vatican City lies within the city boundaries of Rome.

One could get lost in the glory and wonder of such an ancient place, so I guess it's somewhat fortunate that I'm not talking about it at all. No, I'm talking about Rome, Wisconsin. Home of 2,710 and such marvels as Lake Arrowhead, Lake Camelot, and a whole lot of farmland.

My parents moved here about a decade before I was born to take care of my aunt and uncle's farm in their failing health. When they passed four years later my parents were pretty much stuck in their ways. The farm was doing great and they saw no reason to sell their hard work to someone else that might then sell it off to a corporation to make way for a mini-mall, and so here we are.

There isn't much for a girl to do in a small farming town where the closest neighbor was a quarter mile down the road, and the only friends I really had were the animals. That's not exactly true. There was Becky. There was always Becky. She was the daughter of the couple the next farm over and one year older than me. We became fast friends because it was that, or have no one at all. That's not to say I dislike her. Far from it. Although our friendship was born of convenience, I'd take a bullet for her and knew she'd do the same for me. We

learned to ride horses together, my mother home-schooled us both from the first grade all the way through graduating high school, and we both lost our virginity to the same dildo she pilfered from an older relative.

Becky and I dreamed big. We were going to leave this town before it trapped us forever like our parents. We were going to the big city to college and then get high-paying jobs. We wanted to live life in its fullest and we both knew that wasn't happening on the farm. And here we are at twenty-two and twenty-three respectively still living on our parent's farms helping with the day to day chores of keeping the places running.

Two years ago I got desperate enough to find a job, any job, that I posted my pitiful resume on several websites in the hope someone would hire me for something other than farm work. When days turned to weeks, weeks into months, and years started passing by without a single inquiry, I resigned myself to the life of a farmer. But things were about to change for me in ways I could have never imagined if I only dared take the opportunity offered.

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"Hello," I said answering the phone.

"Hi, may I speak to Anastasia Crane please?" the bubbly voice of a woman replied.

"Speaking."

"Hi, Miss Crane, can I call you Anastasia?"

"Um, sure. Who is this?"

"My name is Renee Muller and I'm calling in regards to your resume on monster dot com."

"Oh my god!" I gasped "you're the first person in two years to call me about it."

"Well, forgive me for saying, but it is a bit...lacking."

"Yeah, I know. I don't have any experience but working on a farm with my parents. You're not going to offer me another farm job are you?"

“Far from it. I’m a recruiter for DF Productions. Have you ever heard of us?”

“Can’t say that I have.”

“What about the Domination Farm? Have you heard of it?”

I’ve heard of it. Everyone living in Rome, Wisconsin has heard of the walled in compound that was a small town unto itself. I guess by comparison it was our Vatican City without all the holiness. “Um, I’m not into all of that domination and submission stuff,” I replied.

“Oh, you don’t have to be for the job I’m calling to offer you. DF Productions is located within the Domination Farm, that much is true, but all of the workers are exempt from the rules of the Farm.”

“And what exactly do you do?”

“We manufacture sex toys,” Renee said bluntly.

“Excuse me?”

“We manufacture sex toys. You know, dildos, vibrators, butt plugs, that sort of thing. We have several positions open for testers and we’d love for you to join our team.”

“Um, two questions,” I said with apprehension. First, what do you mean by tester. And second, why me?”

“A tester is someone that, well, tests out our products before we offer them to the Farm Patrons, or to the general public. As for why you, I ask why not you? I don’t mean to sound rude but you are lacking in job experience and we can offer not only a fun and satisfying job, but also high pay, great benefits, and a change of scenery from the farm life.”

“By having me come work on another farm?” I replied.

“Well, we’re not much of a farm in the sense that you know the word.”

“Ok, so, um, you want me to come work for you testing sex toys? By that I assume you mean using them on

myself?”

“And others if you are open to such things, but yes. You would have to test a wide range of toys and accessories before we make them available for purchase.”

“How many testers do you have?”

“Currently, we have eleven testers and are looking to hire nine more.”

“How much does this tester job pay? What are the benefits?”

“We pay \$20 an hour to start with regular raises every six months based on performance. As for the benefits you get free medical insurance, two week’s paid vacation after the first year, ten paid sick days per year, paid holidays, and free access to the entire Domination Farm. You don’t have to make use of your free access to the Farm, but it there if you choose to.”

“I know of only one woman to ever enter the Domination Farm and she was collared within three hours, registered as a submissive and tattooed with a humiliating name,” I replied. “What’s preventing the same thing from happening to me if I took this job?”

“Very good question. The answer to which is the orange collar all staff at DF Productions wear. It affords us the same protections as the bare-necks without the fear of someone else collaring us. As long as we wear it while out on the Farm no one may touch us without our expressed permission.”

“And that rule is always obeyed?”

“By all who wish to continue visiting the Farm, yes. In the eight years since the collars were implemented we’ve only had four cases where an overzealous Dominant overstepped their authority and re-collared one of our workers.”

“And what happened to them?”

“The Dominants were banned for life and in the two instances where the worker was registered and given her

submissive name, we paid for the tattoo removal and gave them free admission for life.”

“Who in their right mind would come back after that?” I exclaimed.

“They did,” Renee answered. “They knew it was unlikely to ever happen again and it hasn’t. Every inch of the Farm is video monitored and any infraction of the rules is dealt with severely. So, what do you say? Interested in the job?”

“When would I start? What are the hours?”

“You can start first thing in the morning if it suits you. Since you’re a farm girl I assume you’re used to getting up at the crack of dawn, but the hours are negotiable. We don’t really conform to set shifts as most places, but you are required to put in a minimum of four hours per day five days per week.”

“So how do I get into the farm and to your building without risking someone collaring me?”

“Does that mean you want the job?”

“Yes,” I said nervously “I think it does. Anything is better than spending the rest of my life mucking out stalls.”

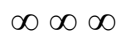
“Alright. Then come to the farm at your earliest convenience. We’re open 24/7 so don’t worry so much about what time you get here. I’ll leave a collar and instructions at the ticket booth. Just tell whomever is on duty your name and they’ll get you to us safe and sound. There is one thing I should mention before you get here. Although we are not subject to the collaring rules other bare-necks are, we are still obligated to follow the rules of the farm. That being said, before you are brought to DF Productions you will be taken to the Fetish Clothing store where you will be fitted with the uniform all Farm-goers must wear.”

“I see. And what is this uniform?”

“I’ll let you discover that for yourself, but suffice it to say it’ll be far different from anything you’ve probably ever worn. And if that hasn’t scared you off then I look forward to meeting you tomorrow morning.”

“Thanks,” I replied. Now all I had to do was tell the folks about my new job. I hung up my cell phone and tossed it on the bed as I began pacing back and forth. I stopped in front of the full-length mirror hanging on the back of the door and stared at myself. I may have lived on a farm my entire life, but that didn’t mean I didn’t have my rebellious phase like everyone else. Three years ago, to piss my parents off, I dyed my long brown hair a pinkish-purple and got a piercing in the ridge of my nose. Although my hair was returning to its normal shade it was still mostly that pinkish-purple color they’ve now grown to like as much as I did.

“I wasn’t a virgin, but I’ve also never been with a man. I knew my way around a dildo like no one else and could bring myself off in minutes if the mood suited me. Which it often did. I don’t know if my parents knew about my small collection of sex toys, but they did know I had never been with a man, or woman for that matter. So to suddenly break the news to them that I had just taken a job at the infamous Domination Farm was going to be the hardest thing I’ve ever done. Their position on the place was well-known and for their daughter to work there was tantamount to treason in their eyes, but I had to do what was best for me and that meant taking whatever job came my way so that one day I could see myself far from this place.



I waited until after dinner to inform my parents of my decision to take the job at DF Productions. As we all gathered in the living room to watch our favorite TV shows I called for their attention. “Mom...dad,” I said with apprehension “I’ve got something to tell you.” I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. “I’ve got a new job.”

“That’s wonderful sweetie,” mom said with a genuine smile. “Where at?”

“That’s the thing,” I said, my trembling voice giving away the fear I was feeling within. “You’re not going to like it but...”

“Don’t tell me you got a job at that new strip club!” my dad exclaimed.

“No daddy,” I assured him “I’m not working as a tripper. I um, got a call earlier today from DF Productions. They saw my resume online and offered me a job.”

“DF Productions?” mom asked. “What’s that?”

“It’s a place that, um, makes...toys. The pay is great and the benefits are outstanding.”

“Oh? What sort of toys do they make? Where are they located? Does this mean you’ll be moving away?” Dad asked his torrent of questions.

“They make sex toys,” I said feeling my face flush. “And they are located within the Domination Farm.”

“No daughter of mine is stepping foot inside that place!” My dad said getting to his feet, the look on his face causing me to take a step backwards. “That place has been bad news for this town ever since it opened and I’ll be damned if you’ll be working there!”

“That place has brought tons of money to this shithole town for the last thirty years!” I countered. “And if they were doing anything illegal they would have been shut down the dozen or so times it’s been raided. You just want me to stay on this damn farm for the rest of my life! Well, I’m sick of it. I took the job and I start tomorrow!”

“Then you might as well pack your bags and move to the farm,” dad said in all seriousness “because you’re no longer welcome in this house.”

“Honey!” mom gasped. “You can’t throw her out on the streets. What in the hell’s wrong with you? Don’t listen to your father dear. He’ll come around eventually.”

“Not bloody likely,” dad replied with a sneer. “And I mean it. If you take that job I want you out of here. I will not be associated with some wonton whore working for that place.”

“Oh, so now I’m whore? You do know that a whore is usually someone that sleeps with a lot of other people right? How many boyfriends have I had again? Oh yeah, that’s right, none! I can’t believe you. I’m not working for the Farm anyways. I’ll be working at one of the businesses located *on* the Farm.”

“Same difference. End of discussion. You take the job then you take your belongings with you.” With that he stormed out of the room leaving me and mom in stunned silence.

Part 2

Tour of the Farm

~ ~ ~

I couldn't sleep at all that night thanks to my asshole of a father. Mom and I tried to make him see reason, but it was futile. He only got madder the more we tried to persuade him to change his mind. When he threatened to toss mom out as well we backed off, but I could tell then and there the damage was done. Things were said that could never be taken back. He not only hurt me, but mom as well and that was his biggest mistake.

I climbed out of bed at 3:27 and went to the bathroom to take a long, hot shower. I dressed in the only moderately sexy dress I owned – a form-fitting black number with plunging neckline that showed off a lot more of my breasts than I was used to showing, but I figured it was appropriate for the place I was headed. I packed the rest of my clothes into two cardboard boxes along with the few other possessions I had and loaded them into the trunk of my car. Giving the house one final look, I pulled out of the driveway for the last time.

I waited until I was miles down the road before pulling over to let the tears flow freely. I sobbed there on the side of the road knowing that I would probably never see my parents again. I was effectively homeless because my father refused to let go of his unfounded hatred.

It was closing in on 5 a.m. when I pulled into the parking lot of the Domination Farm. There was a short line of men and women waiting to gain entry and I got out of my car to join them – determined now to make the best of this job so that I could get a place of my own and show my father how

wrong he was about me and the place that so graciously offered me my first real job.

As the line slowly moved forward I stared at the tall stone wall with its massive wrought-iron gates and thought about what I might find inside. I had heard stories from Heather – the one person I knew that had been inside, and according to her it was a place of uninhibited sex where nothing was taboo and no one was judged for what they did, or how they did it. Although frequented by those serious about the lifestyle, it was also visited by those, like myself, that had no interest in it at all but were curious as to what it entailed.

“Dominant, bare-neck, or submissive?” the naked woman inside the ticket booth asked me. When it was finally my turn.

“Um, what?” I said turning my gaze from the gates to her. My eyes drifted down to her exposed chest and I gasped when I saw the name Cockfilly tattooed on her right breast, and the thick gold rings adorning her large nipples.

“Are you entering the Farm as a Dominant, bare-neck, or submissive,” Cockfilly asked again.

“Oh, sorry. My name is Anastasia Crane. I believe you have an orange collar waiting for me?”

“Yes, I do have a collar here for someone of that name. I’ll need to see some identification please. And you’ll have to fill out the paperwork before I can allow you inside.” She handed me a paper-laden clipboard and I gave her my driver’s license. While she punched information into the computer, I got busy reading. It was mostly waiver forms and the rules and regulations of the Farm that everyone had to consent to.

“Excuse me, rule four says all visitors to the Domination Farm must pay an entrance fee. Since I’ll be working here do I have to pay that too?”

“No. you will be exempt from the fee, however you must still wear the bracelet in order to keep track of any debt or money you accrue.”

“Ok, thanks.” I signed the rest of the documents and handed the clipboard back to Cockfilly. She took it and flipped through to make sure everything was in order and handed me back my license.

“Here’s your bracelet,” she said handing me a wide, silver cuff bracelet “and your collar. You’ll have to put them both on now and keep them on. Remember, if you are caught out on the farm without your collar you are subject to collaring as any other bare-neck.”

“And what does the bracelet do exactly?”

“It will keep track of any debts you incur while at the farm as well as any money you make apart from your job. You’ll need money on it in order to buy stuff while inside of the farm as we do not allow any outside goods beyond the gate. If you run out of money on the bracelet you’ll start building debt that must be paid off by participating in certain farm attractions.”

“What about my paycheck? Can’t I put that on the bracelet to make sure I don’t build up debt?”

“That is possible, but you’ll have to talk to your employer about that. You’ll have to leave your purse in your car as well as any cell phones and other recording equipment you may have on your person. Since it will be a couple of weeks before you get paid I suggest putting some money on the bracelet now unless you want to run up debt. Also be aware that once you have farm debt, your collar’s shock feature will activate preventing you from leaving the farm until it is paid off.”

“Shock feature?” I said wide-eyed. “What shock feature?”

“It was all in the rules and regulations you signed. To prevent visitors from leaving without paying off their debt, there is a mechanism within all collars that, once activated, will deliver a powerful shock to the wearer should they try to leave. It’s not deadly, but it will render most people unconscious.”

“I’ll put \$500 on it then. It’s all I have to my name.” I wasn’t about to run up a debt at this place and risk getting shocked to death.

“Everything seems to be in order. Go ahead and put the collar on and I’ll let you into the waiting room.” I placed the collar around my neck and the magnetic ends snapped shut. “Go on through that door behind the ticket booth and a Dominant will be along to take you to be fitted for your new clothes. And welcome to the Domination Farm.”

“Thanks,” I said giving her a smile. I eyed the name tattooed on her breast again and wondered how she could so brazenly show it out in public. If it were me I’d never take my top off again.

My nerves picked that moment to finally give and I started shaking inside and out. I had no idea what I was getting myself into. In fact, while lying in bed last night I nearly had myself talked out of coming altogether. The only reason I was here now was because of my father and his big mouth.

The waiting room was a small building with an open floor plan. There were padded benches along three walls where the people I saw ahead of my in line now sat nervously. I took a seat in one corner and eyed the men and women without making it obvious I was doing so. Like me, they were average, everyday people. Though, unlike me, they were all bare-necks.

“So um, you work here?” an older woman asked me. She was pointing to the orange collar around my neck.

“I start today at DF Productions,” I replied. “You?”

“No, this is my first time here.”

“Mine too,” I smiled nervously. “So are you just curious about the place, or looking to get collared?”

“I’ve been submissive for as long as I can remember,” she answered. “I ‘m here looking for a Master or Mistress.”

“So why did you enter as a bare-neck then if I may ask?”

“Well, just because I’m looking for a Dominant doesn’t mean I have to make it easy for them, right? So, what will you be doing at DF’s?”

“I’m one of the new toy testers.”

“Oh, that does sound like fun. I heard the testers get to keep all of the toys they test. You’ll be drowning in dildos before you know it. I’m Helen, by the way,” she said holding out her hand.

“Anastasia,” I said taking her hand in mine.

“Oh, what a beautiful name.”

“Thanks.”

“Before our conversation could go any further the door opened and a raven-haired woman entered. She was dressed in a tight black and purple corset dress, thigh-high latex boots, and the red armband of a dominant around her upper left arm. “My name is Mistress Yasmin and I’ll be your guide today. We’ll be taking a short tour of the Farm on the way to the fetish clothing store where you’ll all be fitted for your new gear. Before we exit this building I’ll need you all to strip out of your clothes as you’ll no longer be permitted to wear them.”

A few of the men and woman stood up and stripped out of their street clothes right away. Others were more hesitant, but in the end we all stripped naked. As much as everyone tried not to look, it was impossible not to glance at others as they walked by. I knew eyes were on my naked body, and I could feel the head to toe flush of embarrassment, but that was nothing compared to what lay beyond the waiting room.

“This, ladies and gentlemen, is Domination Drive,” Mistress Yasmin said motioning down the wide road ahead. I could see log cabins as well as brick and mortar buildings lining the street on either side as we walked along. “This is the main thoroughfare that begins at the gates and ends at the northern wall. You will soon learn that all of the streets have sexual names, so get used to it. Also, if anyone has any questions you will start by saying ‘excuse me Mistress, and wait for me to acknowledge you.’”

We turned east onto Bondage Boulevard and walked past several small shops including one called the Hot Momma Cafe where I saw nothing but pregnant women working. Everywhere I looked those wearing collars, or with bare necks, wore the same outfit as described in the rules – latex thigh-high boots, garter belt, and elbow length gloves. A few of them also wore butt plugs and I wondered if that was going to be part of my uniform as well. Although I had played with a great many dildos, I had yet to open that particular passage.

In the far corner of the Farm stood an unassuming three story building. “For those staying an extended period of time, that is the submissive apartments. It is the only place you’re permitted to sleep while at the Farm so remember it’s location,” Our guide said.

Mistress Yasmin guided us down Discipline Drive and brought us to a halt with a raise of her hand. Standing along either side of the road were several men and women dressed in various leather garments. “Alright everyone, Line up along the road and bend over touching the ground with your hands for your punishment.”

“Excuse me Mistress,” I said.

“Yes, what is it?” Mistress Yasmin said turning her attention to me.

“Does that go for me as well?” I said pointing to the orange collar around my neck.

“Have you started work yet?”

“No. I don’t start until after the tour.”

“Then it includes you.”

“But I was promised I would be taken to DF Productions unharmed after being fitted for my uniform.”

“And you will be. *Once* you are fitted for your uniform. Until you get to DF Productions and sign all of the necessary paperwork you are just another visitor here and are subject to the rules and regulations just as everyone else. The collar around your neck means no one else may collar you, but you must still follow the rules. I’m sure you were informed of

this. And you will refer to me as Mistress when addressing me.”

“Yes Mistress. I was informed of the rules,” I said getting into line and bending over. I didn’t like the idea of being punished, and thought for a minute of leaving, but it was a small price to pay for the job being offered to me.

“Since this is Discipline Drive, you will all be disciplined. We will move down the line and give you each three swats. One with a cane, one with a flogger, and one with a paddle. If you move out of position your swats will start over until you are able to take all three without breaking position. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” everyone replied. I could see the look on their face mirrored my own and I took a deep breath to steel myself for the inevitable. Getting spanked wasn’t exactly new to me. My parents firmly believed in the switch and I’d felt its sting more than once, but never on bare bottom.

“YEOOWWW!” I screeched when the cane bit painfully into the tender flesh of my naked behind. Never in my life had I felt such agonizing pain, and this coming from a woman that had been switched. I felt myself move forward and barely caught myself before breaking position. Others down the line weren’t so lucky and I could only assume by the laughing Dominants that this was their plan all along. We were at their mercy and they were going to torture us for as long as they could.

The flogger was the next to hit me – the many long, leather tassels wrapping over my back and around my left side. It was a different pain than that of the cane, more spread out instead of concentrated on one spot. It was also delivered to a less sensitive area than my ass and if done with a little less force might have even felt good.

“Aaahhgghhh!” I wailed when the paddle slapped hard against my ass with enough force to make sure I fell forward. I had no choice but to move my hands up to my face as I fell to the ground crying. Of the twenty of us there were only three that remained in position throughout it all.

“The three of you go sit on the dildo seats and wait for us to finish with this sorry lot,” Mistress Yasmin said to the three bare-necks. “And before you ask, yes, that includes you too,” she said looking at the only man standing. If you’re not sitting on them fully by the time this lot gets back into position you’ll join them.”

“Aahhgghhh, fucking hell!” I screamed as the cane bit into my breasts. I was wholly unprepared and hit the ground, clutching my aching chest. A few of the Dominants laughed at my misery and I wanted to jump up and rip their heads off, but I didn’t. After several minutes I climbed to my feet and back into position.

I received eight swats before finally enduring all three spanking implements without breaking position. I ached from chest to ass as I took my place on one of the dildo seats. Now normally, sitting on such a kinky contraption out in public would never cross my mind, but under the circumstances I wasn’t about to endure more of that damn torture. And the feeling of the large tapered dildo did a fair job of easing the pain I felt everywhere else. I got lucky in that the only seats remaining had one dildo on them so my ass was saved further discomfort in that regard.

When the last of the group finally took her last swat, I had been riding the dildo seat for nearly an hour. “On your feet,” Mistress Yasmin ordered us. “The tour is just about over.”

“Tour,” one of the members of the group said “you call this a tour? You hardly showed us anything at all.”

“The tour is up to the individual guide and this is as much as I felt like showing you. Now get on your feet before I use the cane on you again.” That’s all it took to get everyone in line and following behind her. “What you all experienced here today is but a small fraction of the punishment you’ll receive if you are found breaking any of the rules. Remember that.”

Part 3

DF Productions

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Fitted in my new uniform, I was finally taken to my new job at DF Productions. Although I didn't like the idea of parading myself through the streets wearing next to nothing, I had to admit that the color scheme did go pretty well with my crazy hair color. My latex boots, gloves and garter belt being nearly the same shade of pinkish-purple.

When I envisioned a dildo-making factory I thought of a huge building with massive amounts of warehouse space and hundreds of machines churning out silicone and rubber toys all day long. So color me surprised when what I actually saw was a building about the size of your average Hollywood mansion with manicured lawn. It looked like it could be anyone's home and not a place of business.

"Is this really it?" I asked my farm submissive guide, Analslut.

"This is DF Productions," she replied pointing to the sign swaying in the cool morning breeze. "If there'll be nothing else I must return to my duties now."

"Of course. Thank you for showing me the way. I don't think I would have found it otherwise."

"The pleasure was all mine, Miss."

I parted ways with my guide – She walking off to whatever her duties entailed and myself walking towards the building, still skeptical of it being the right place. I was surprised to find the glass door unlocked and a light on in what looked like a lobby.

“Can I help you, Miss?” the cute blonde receptionist asked upon my entering the building.

“Hi. I’m Anastasia Crane. I’m supposed to start working here today as a toy tester.”

“Ah, yes, we’ve been expecting you. Please, take a seat and Mistress Renee will be right with you.”

The only seats available were the dildo seats – a chair with one or two dildos sticking through the seat. I sat on one with only one dildo to save my ass once again, and waited. I didn’t have long to wait and I was soon greeted by a tall lanky woman with hawkish features, her long black hair pulled back into a ponytail. She was wearing a black latex dress and high heels that clicked on the marble floor with every step.

“Good morning Miss Crane,” Renee greeted me. “I hope the tour wasn’t too boring.”

“Anything but,” I replied. “Our entire group was swatted by cane, paddle, and flogger by a group of Dominants including our tour guide.”

“I see. The welt across your breasts look lovely, if you don’t mind me saying. And I like the uniform you’re wearing. It suits you.”

“Thank you. I really hope this job is worth it.”

“I think you’ll like it here. If you don’t mind I’d like to get the paperwork out of the way before giving you a tour of the facility.”

“Sure. Um, there is one thing, I told my parents I was coming to work here and my dad went ballistic and threw me out of the house. I don’t have anywhere else to go but my car.”

“Don’t worry about that sweetie. We take care of our own here. As part of the package deal you have free rein of the entire Domination Farm with a few exceptions. That means you can take one of the submissive apartments for as long as you want.”

“How much do those cost?”

“For you? Nothing. However, you do still have to pay for food and anything else you’d like to purchase while here. Do you have any money on your bracelet?”

“Yeah. I put \$500 on it. That’s all the money I have until I get paid.”

“That should get you through the next couple of weeks no problem assuming you don’t go on a spending spree. And if you do there’s always farm debt.”

“Speaking of which, is it possible to put some of my pay on the bracelet so I don’t have to worry about going into debt?”

“Of course. We can put as much or as little as you want on it. However, once it goes on it doesn’t come off until you leave the farm and ask for it to be removed and deposited into your bank account. Also, if you go into debt, all of your check will be deposited into your bank account until the debt is repaid and the only way to do that is by participating in certain farm activities.”

“And once the debt is repaid?”

“Then we’ll go back to putting a portion of your pay on the bracelet again. You’ll learn quickly how much you’ll need to get by on while staying on the farm.”

“Am I stuck on the Farm or can I come and go as I please?”

“You can come and go as you please so long as you don’t have farm debt.”

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“Please, take a seat and we’ll get through this as soon as we can,” Renee said as we entered her office. The two dildo seats both had two dildos on them and my hesitation was apparent. “Something the matter?”

“I’ve never um, taken it in the ass before,” I replied.

“I see, well that’ll never do if you plan on working here. We require all employees to be willing and able to use our products in every hole.”

“Do you have something a little...smaller?”

“Afraid not. At least not as far as the seats are concerned. You can stand if you like, but you’ll need to take it in the ass sooner or later. Is that going to be a problem for you?”

“No. If you’ve got some lube I’ll try to sit on the seat.”

“Sure. I always keep a few bottles here in the office. And you’ll find it located all throughout our facility and the farm itself. Each dildo seat has a bottle of lube and box of condoms underneath it.” She opened a wall cabinet and I saw row after row of bottles and wondered just how many visitors she got. She handed me a bottle and took a seat at her desk and waited, watching me intently as I lubed up the rear dildo.

I straddled the chair and took a deep breath as I slowly lowered myself on the two toys. *This was it*, I thought as the head of the tapered cock pressed firmly against my back door. “Uhgh,” I grunted when it popped into my ass. I stopped, biting my lower lip as I held back the urge to stand up. I lowered myself a little further down the widening shaft, feeling my asshole stretch open with each inch that penetrated the depths of my bowels. When it felt like I had about a foot in me I came to a halt, unable to go any further without it hurting too much.

“Very impressive,” Renee said. “I didn’t expect you to take so much your first time.”

“How...how much do I have in me? I asked, unable to tell how much of the long silicone cock was inside of me at the moment.

“Hmm, looks like about half. Maybe a little more. Hard to tell without coming over and taking an exact measurement. I can do that if you’d like.”

“Sure,” I said through gritted teeth. One thing was for sure, I took more than I wanted to, but I’m glad I did. Now out of any sense of wanting my asshole stretched open, but for the fact that it seemed to impress my employer.

Renee walked over with a marker in hand and knelt down in front of me. I've never had another woman so close to my naked loins and I was starting to feel a little self-conscious. I started to close my legs and she reached up and placed her hands gently on my inner thighs and pushed them back open.

"I can't mark the dildo with your legs closed," she said looking up at me. "You know, looking at your sexy body is giving me all kinds of ideas of what toys I'd like you to test first." She reached in with the marker and drew a line on the dildo as close to my ass as she could without marking me with it. My knees trembled and I slid further down the thickening shaft.

"Ahgh," I groaned, throwing my hands out to brace myself on her shoulders as I felt my asshole stretch open even more. "Oh my god!"

"Well, looks like there's another two inches inside of you. Why don't you go ahead and fuck yourself on it while we do the paperwork? I'm sure you'll have it all inside of you by the time we're finished. Besides, it'll be good job practice."

"Will...will I have to take it...in the ass...a lot working here?" I grunted as I began fucking myself on the dildos.

"If by a lot you mean at least once a day then yes, you'll be getting a lot of anal. Don't worry though, you'll get used to it sooner or later."

Part 4

Tester of Toys

~ ~ ~

“And that’s the last of the paperwork,” Renee said. She opened desk drawer and pulled out some sort of scanning machine and walked over to where I was sitting completely on the dildo seat – the two massive toys buried in my pussy and asshole. “Hold out your bracelet please.”

I held out my arm and she punched some numbers into the device she held and then touched it to the little circuit area on the top of my bracelet. “What’s that thing do?”

“This is a handheld scanner and transfer device. With it we can check the funds available on anyone’s bracelet as well as transfer funds to and from them.”

“You, you didn’t take money from me did you? It’s all I have!”

“Don’t worry, sweetie. I’d never take something that didn’t belong to me. No, I transferred money to you. Consider it a sign-on bonus for the show you just put on for me. You can see right here that you now have \$1,000 on the bracelet,” she said showing me the scanner. “Well done. And now that you’re officially part of the team let me take you to your first testing station.”

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As it turned out, the mansion was mainly for show and testing. The real magic was done underground where the actual manufacturing facility was located. I didn’t get to see that part of the facility and frankly I didn’t really care to. My job was to test toys, not make them. Renee led me to the

second floor to a room marked Testing Lab 003. She opened the door and motioned me inside.

The room was more of a bedroom than a lab of any kind I've ever seen. There was a large bed covered in satin sheets and a row of dildos and other toys along one wall. The other wall was taken up by the largest flat-screen television I had ever laid eyes on.

"This will be your lab for the day," Renee said. Your job is to test out all of those toys on the shelf. If you want you can turn on the TV. It's tuned to our own pay-per-view stations so you'll get to see what the other visitors are up to on the farm. If you get hungry, or need to take a break you may do so at any time, but your shift isn't over until you've tried all the toys."

"I don't even know what half of those things are," I said looking at the shelf.

"The first half are dildos and the second half are butt plugs and anal beads. They are all made with our patented material that's as close to real flesh as one can get on a toy. There are some interesting ones in there so take your time. Don't worry about writing anything down. Like the rest of the farm, everything here is monitored so we'll be able to gauge your reactions to each individual toy as you use them."

"So four hours of testing those things?" I said with a smile. "I think I can do that."

"Glad to hear it. And again, you can take breaks whenever you like and there are restaurants you can go to eat when you get hungry. Have fun!"

"Thanks," I said picking up an odd looking butt plug. Since my ass was still gaping from the pounding it took on the dildo seat I figured now would be the best time to get that part over with. Not that I really minded. Once I got into it, all of the fear and dread I had pertaining to anal sex vanished, replaced with a twisted sense of pleasure. I thought about turning the TV on, but didn't want watching what amounted to porn distracting me and giving those watching a false reading.

I ran my fingers over the plug as I turned it over in my hands. I didn't know what a real cock felt like since I've never touched one, but the material did at least feel as real as my own. It was shaped like three cockheads stacked on top of each other, each a little larger than the previous one. I grabbed a bottle of lube and a dildo – no since in not using both holes at the same time I thought as I climbed onto the soft bed.

I lubed up the plug and rolled over onto my hands and knees with my ass up and my head down. I placed the plug against my asshole and gave a gentle push, gasping somewhat in surprise when the first head popped into place. The second head soon followed and I was left to work the third one in. Clenching my ass muscles to keep the plug in me, I worked the head of the dildo into my pussy and fucked myself with it as I did the same with the plug.

Before long I had a rhythm going where I was fucking both holes at the same time. “AHGH!” I screeched as what felt like a jolt of electricity shot through my pussy. It wasn't enough to cause any real damage, but it happened without warning and scared the shit out of me. I yanked the dildo from my pussy and looked at it thoroughly. I couldn't discern anything weird with it so I pushed it halfway in again and pulled the plug from my ass. It too looked normal – or at least as normal as I imagined a butt plug to look, and I pushed it fully into my ass again.

Bzzt! I was hit with another shock, shorter and less painful than the last one, but still noticeable. “What in the hell?” I said pulling the dildo from my pussy again. I was certain that's where it was coming from, but I could see nothing amiss with the toy. Whatever was causing the shocks must have been built into it. I couldn't say that I liked the feeling of it so I placed it back on the shelf and picked up another and tossed it onto the bed. I fucked the plug in and out of my ass for another minute and returned it to the shelf with the mental note to ask about buying one when it became available to the general public.

I picked up a string of silicone anal beads and once again hopped on the bed to give my holes a well-deserved

workout. I pushed the dildo fully into my pussy, holding it in place by squeezing my muscles tight around it. The first three anal beads popped in rather easily and I flushed with embarrassment. I was an anal virgin a few short hours ago and now here I was taking sex toys like a pro.

Maybe dad is right, I thought. *Maybe I really am a wonton whore*. I shook such thoughts from my mind and concentrated on my job. And what a job it was for someone with a slight addiction to sex toys. I pushed a fourth bead into my ass and then a fifth. There were six left by my count and each a little larger than the previous one. To get my ass accustomed to being so stretched open I started fucking the beads in and out of my ass.

The dildo randomly started to vibrate inside of me and for a second I thought it had shocked me like the previous one. When I realized it was only vibrating I worked it in and out with the anal beads. It became apparent after several minutes that something was amiss. Although I was fucking the same amount of dildo and beads into my ass now as when I started, they were feeling a whole lot larger. I pulled the dildo out and looked at it. It appeared to be the same size as when I began. Tossing it to the bed I pulled the string of beads from my ass. It didn't take a rocket scientist to see they were much larger than when I began.

"Fucking hell these are some crazy toys," I exclaimed. "But how in the hell are they getting bigger in me?" I couldn't see any means to pump them up so I pushed them back into my ass. With the dildo no longer in my pussy, I was able to push another two beads in before they became too large to go in without hurting. I pulled all but the last bead out and shoved them in hard. In. Out. In. Out. With each thrust I could feel them growing larger in me. It was then that I realized what was going on. By fucking them in and out of me I was somehow pumping air into them making them grow larger. How it worked was beyond me, but I aimed to find out once my shift was over.

Finished with that set of toys I placed them back on the shelf and looked for more to test out, wondering what crazy

thing will happen next. Unfortunately I didn't get a chance to find out. The door opened and a naked man entered, closing the door behind him.

"Hi Miss Crane, I'm Randle, one of the Masters here at DF Productions," he introduced himself. I barely heard what he said as all my attention was focused on his body and more specifically his cock. It was the first real one I had ever seen and I was very much tempted to reach out and touch it.

"Hmm?" I said with my eyes still locked on his cock.

"There's been a change in plans," Randle continued. "Tina is unable to come in today so we're going to need you to take her place."

"Oh, um ok. Will I get to test out more of these amazing toys?"

"Toys yes, but not like these. Why don't you take a break and go grab some lunch while we get things set up. We'll be ready for you in a few hours. I know you're new here so take in the Farm and get yourself acquainted with all it has to offer."

"Ok. When should I return?"

"You can come back whenever you like, but we won't be ready setting up for at least three or four hours so take your time."

"Ok. See you later," I said as I left the room. Fuck I wanted to touch his cock so bad. Or to feel it ramming in and out of my gaping holes. I left DF Productions with a smile on my lips to go exploring the farm at large, the only protection the orange collar around my neck.

Part 5

Wheel of Sex

~ ~ ~

All I knew about the farm came from the short tour Mistress Yasmin gave us, and the short walk I had with Analslut during our walk from the fetish clothing store on Caning Court to DF Productions at the end of Ponygirl Parkway. I was feeling a bit hungry after my day of sex and recalled two places that I could go for food. The first was the Hot Momma Cafe where I saw the pregnant women working and the other was a place called The Dive. It looked trendier than the cafe so I headed that way.

From the outside The Dive looked to be a sit-down restaurant, and that was kind of the case. Although there were no greeters to seat me, there were a lot of tables, many of which were occupied by men and women dressed much as me and eating a wide range of mostly fast foods. A few chewed down pizza that looked and smelled heavenly and my mind was made up on what I wanted.

I got in line for a place called Gioninos and with every step forward the aromas that graced my nose grew more intense until by the time I reached the counter I had worked myself into a ravenous hunger. I ordered two large slices of pepperoni, mushroom, and banana peppers and a medium coke and paid the \$12.57 with the money on my bracelet as I had seen others before me doing. *With prices like that it's no wonder people go into debt here*, I thought as I sat down at a small table. As with everywhere else it was dildo seats and I got the impression that whomever dreamed up this place had a serious gape fetish. Or maybe a double penetration fetish. Hell, for all I knew he or she probably had both.

The pizza was by far the best I had ever tasted, the sauce was the perfect consistency and not too sweet, the dough was slightly crispy on the bottom and chewier throughout. There's nothing that kills pizza for me like light and airy dough and there was none of that here. The biggest surprise was the ingredients. Everything tasted fresh as if it was just made when I placed the order.

After that amazing meal I was ready to go into a food coma, but there was a lot of fun left to discover before I was due back at work for whatever toy testing they needed me for. Bondage Boulevard led to Domination Drive which then took me to Anal Avenue. I smiled at the name and my newfound enjoyment of the backdoor sex as I made my way down the street passed a row of stockades with about a dozen men and women locked inside while lines of men used their mouths one at a time for their pleasure. Beyond a restroom was an interesting sight – a huge wheel with people standing around cheering for the woman that just gave it a spin.

"Excuse me," I said tapping a young man on the shoulder "what is that?" I pointed to the wheel.

"That's the wheel of sex," he answered.

"What's it for?" I asked, my eyes drifting down to his half-hard cock.

"For testing your luck, really. You pay \$50 to give it a spin and whatever it lands on is what you have to do. There are some really good prizes on it which I guess make it worth a spin, but there's a lot more sexual activities. If you want to suck my cock you can," he said with a grin.

"Sorry," I blushed. "I didn't mean to stare." That was a boldfaced lie if I ever told one.

"No, really, you can suck me off if you really want. Trust me, I wouldn't mind one bit. Or if you like to could bend over the railing so I could fuck you. We both might enjoy that too."

"Want to hear an embarrassing secret?"

"Sure," he shrugged with indifference.

I leaned in close, his cock brushing against my thigh sending shivers up my spine. “I’ve never been with a man in any way, shape, or form,” I whispered in his ear.

“Are you shitting me? You’re a virgin? Or are you a lesbian?”

“Neither. I’ve used a lot of sex toys, in fact I started work at DF Productions just today, and I’ve been sitting on those dildo seat too, but I’ve never had sex of any kind with a man. Or a woman for that matter.”

“Damn woman. See what you just did?”

“What? What did I do?”

“You got me harder than a fucking rock that’s what you did. I think it only fair that you do something about it.”

“Oh? Like what?”

“I think bending over that railing is sounding like a really good idea about now. What about you?”

“Sure,” I giggled, excited at the prospect of having sex, real sex, for the first time in my life. “You can fuck both holes if you want. After the dildo seats and testing toys all day I’m more than prepared for it now,” I said leaning over the railing – the cold metal pressing into my skin causing me to shiver. He gripped my hips and pushed his cock into me without ceremony, fucking into me fully with every thrust.

The sensation his cock was giving me was indescribable. I’ve been using dildos and vibrators for years now so the idea of pleasure was not completely lost on me, but all those hours spent bringing myself off were as nothing compared to the real thing. The warmth of his cock plowing in and out of me. The feeling of it throbbing with every thrust deeper into my moistening pussy. I was hooked from the start and I knew in that moment I would be having a whole hell of a lot more sex from then on.

I somewhat watched the wheel of sex come to a stop and a look of terror come over the spinner’s face as she saw what act she had to perform. I barely made it out through my watery eyes and jerking head that is said something along the

lines of animal barn. I made a mental note to ask about it later, but all thoughts were fleeting as the man's cock fucked into me harder and faster.

Another woman paid the price and gave the wheel a spin as the man whose name I never knew continued to fuck me. And as the wheel came to a stop I felt the first blasts of semen splattering inside of me. I wasn't thinking about not being on birth control, or about the possibility of getting pregnant, as my own orgasm hit me nearly sending me head first over the railing. As it was, the man now filling me with his seed prevented that from happening by grabbing hold of my hair and yanking back. We landed on the ground in a heap and broke out laughing.

"That...that was fucking amazing!" I proclaimed.

"The pleasure was all mine," he replied. "We'll have to do it again sometime babe." He gave me a quick peck on the lips and sauntered off to god knew where. I returned to watching the spinners and found myself moving through the thinning crowd closer to the giant wheel.

"Only \$50 per spin! A leather-clad man yelled in my general direction. "\$50 for the chance at a lifetime membership to the Domination Farm! Or the chance to win \$2,500 worth of prizes from our many shops! You won't find a better deal anywhere else ladies and gentlemen!"

"I'll give it a spin!" I said even to my own surprise. I stepped forward and swiped my bracelet across the scanner. It buzzed briefly and I gave the wheel a spin. Taking a small step back I watched with growing anticipation as it finally started to slow down. It clicked passed the Animal Training Barn and Golden Showers. Lifetime membership came and went. And it finally settled on a space called BOD MOD.

"It looks like you're headed to the body modification building!" The announcer said with a huge grin. The audience clapped and cheered as he pulled a small envelope from the space I landed on. "And now let's see what modification you'll have to have done!" I was hating myself right about then for doing something so stupid and I stared at the announcer with

dread-filled anticipation. “Please give the wheel another spin so we can all see what you’ll have done.”

“Excuse me?” I said with confusion. “I’m not spinning again. Where does it say I have to spin again?”

“Right here on this piece of paper,” the announcer said holding the paper out for me to take. I did so and read over it. He was right. For landing on the BOD MOD spot I had to spin the wheel again and compare what it landed on to the list written on the paper. I handed it back to him and gave it a spin. It slowly came to a stop on THE MUD PIT.

“Let’s see here, number twenty-two. What does it say for number twenty-two? I don’t believe it bare-necks and submissives! Our sexy contestant here has just won two more spins of the wheel!” While the crowd erupted in cheers I snatched the paper once again from the announcer.

“Twenty-two? Where in the hell do you see twenty-two? I landed on the mud pit whatever the hell that is!”

“Look at the bottom of the spaces my dear,” he said pointing to the wheel.

I did so and right there at the bottom of each space-towards the center of the wheel, were numbers from one to thirty. The space I landed on was marked twenty-two. According to the rules I had to spin twice and receive both outcomes. My next spin landed on seven – nipple piercings. *That’s not too bad*, I thought as I gave the wheel a final spin. Eighteen – Domination Farm brand on left hip. “OH MY FUCKING GOD!” I gasped so loud I was sure my parents fifteen miles away heard it. “What...what happens if I don’t get the branding?”

“Then the shock feature of your collar will be activated and you will be registered as a farm submissive,” the announcer replied. “You’ll be given a submissive name and the branding anyways.”

“But I’m immune to that as long as I wear this orange collar,” I replied.

“Nope, sorry. That collar only stops others from collaring you. You’re still required to follow all of the Farm rules like everyone else.” He circled seven and eighteen on the paper and handed it to me. “You have until the end of the day to have the work done. Show that to the receptionist and they’ll know what to do.”

“Where do I go to get the work done?” I said in defeat. The way I saw it I had two options. One, I could leave the farm right then and there and hope to find another job and place to live before my meager savings ran dry, or I could suck it up and play by the rules. And as much as I hated to do it, this was the only place I could count on for work right now.

He took the paper back from me and wrote something on it before handing it back. It read: Corner of Ponygirl Parkway and Domination Drive. Tell no one else or you will be registered as a farm submissive. I gave him a look with raised brow and his return look told me he was being very much serious. I folded up the paper and left before finding myself in even bigger trouble than I was already in. It wasn’t as if piercings, or even brandings were uncommon around here, but none of them were on me. I wasn’t even opposed to the pierced nipples. I had thought of getting them done in the past, but never got around to it. But the branding, that was another story altogether. Unlike piercings or tattoos, a brand was permanent. Meaning that long after I left this place it would still be with me.

Part 6

Bod Mod

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I was a nervous wreck when I pulled open the heavy wooden door to the body modification building and stepped inside. On either side of the room were rows of dildo seats where a few collared submissives sat in waiting. Ahead was a counter behind which sat an all too skinny blonde with obviously fake breasts and too many tattoos and piercings to count.

“Put your real name and submissive name on the sign-in sheet and we’ll call you when we’re ready,” the woman said without even looking up at me.

“Excuse me,” I said irritably “I’m not a submissive. I held the paper out for her to take. “I was told to give this to the person working here.” She took the paper and read over it, a smile widening across her Botox injected lips.

“I see. The wheel of sex huh? Sign in and take a seat and we’ll call you when ready.”

I signed my name on the paper and took a seat if only to get away from her. An hour and a half later I was finally called back by an incredibly cute redhead wearing a corset and latex skirt. I was somewhat confused as she wore the red armband of a dominant on her arm and yet had the name Sugarcunt tattooed on her right breast as if her submissive name.

“Take a seat and we’ll get started,” she said. My name is Mistress Ashley if you’ve got any questions.” She walked over to a sink and washed her hands before putting on a pair of

latex gloves. "I'm going to start with the nipple piercings as the branding iron isn't quite hot enough yet."

"Excuse me Mistress, but can I ask why you have Sugarcunt tattooed on your breast? Isn't that a submissive name?"

"It is."

"But aren't you a Dominant?"

"I am. I'm also a masochist that loves to be humiliated and what better way than to have a submissive name tattooed on my breast like any other sub?"

"I think being collared and registered would be just as humiliating."

"So it would," she said rolling over a cart. "Lean back and place your feet in the stirrups and we'll get to the fun part."

"Um why do I need my feet in the stirrups? I'm getting my nipples pierced, not my pussy."

"Because I asked you to and I want to see that sexy pussy of yours. Do I need another reason?"

"No Mistress," I said leaning back and placing my feet in the stirrups. They were placed wide apart so that I was fully exposed to her glances.

"Mmmm, you do have a very nice pussy," she purred. When her fingertips brushed along my slit I inhaled sharply, my eyes growing wide. "What's the matter, never been touched by another woman?"

"No." I had rubbed and fingered myself a million times and it felt good, but having another person's fingers touching me so intimately was a new level of awesomeness that took me by surprise.

"Want me to stop?"

"No," I moaned softly.

"You know, back when my father ran this shop he had a tradition of fingering all the sexy women until he was able to

work his entire hand into them. What do you say I carry on that tradition with you?”

“Mmm hmm,” I moaned as she pushed three fingers into my pussy, working them in and out while rubbing my clit with her thumb. “That, uhn, feels fucking, uhn, uhn, amazing!” When she leaned in and took my left nipple in her mouth I creamed all over her fingers in my first lesbian orgasm. But that didn’t stop her. No, if anything it made her fuck her fingers into me even harder.

Mistress Ashley sucked and nibbled my nipples and rammed her fingers in and out of me like a madwoman. She added a fourth and I knew she was serious when she said she was going to work her entire hand inside of me. That was ok though. She had small hands and I had become accustomed to sitting on rather large dildos, so I saw no problems with her fisting me. Besides, it was just another thing I could add the list of sexual things I’ve tried.

When I was certain she was ready to push her hand into me she pulled out completely and stood up, smiling down at me with a wicked grin. “I think that’s enough for now. Let’s say we get some work done and play later?” She picked up a pair of piercing tongs and latched them onto my clit hood. “I’ll just let those hang there a minute.”

I watched as she picked up a long needle, place it by my right nipple, and without warning push it through until it was sticking out both sides. I gasped as it slid into place but the pain wasn’t nearly as bad as I had imagined it to be. Ten seconds later and I had a long hollow needle sticking through each nipple. She then knelt between my legs and played with the piercing tongs – moving them side to side and up and down. Her tongue licked along my slit and I moaned out in pleasure. If I had my say she could keep doing that all damn day, but she had other plans for my pussy.

What I didn’t see when she knelt between my legs was the needle she palmed before doing so. She held the tongs with one hand and drove the needle through my clit hood with the other. “Uhg!” I grunted, jerking back from the sharp pinch. “What the hell did you just do?”

“I pierced your hood, sweetie.”

“What! Why? You were only supposed to pierce my nipples!”

“Because it makes your pussy look all the more inviting,” she replied, looking up at me with those sexy green eyes. “And I’ve got the perfect rings for all three piercings.” She stood up and walked over to a wall cabinet and grabbed two small, sealed plastic packages and brought them over to the cart. She dropped the contents into a small bowl of rubbing alcohol and then one by one placed them in the hollow end of the needles and pushed them into place. The rings were platinum with little gold bells on them. “Now that looks fucking sexy,” she purred. “Every time you hear those little bells jingle I want you to think of me. Now comes the really fun part. To prevent you from squirming around and fucking it up I’m going to have to strap you down for the branding. Are you ready?”

“As I’ll ever be,” I said nervously. “What exactly is the Domination Farm brand?”

“It is a full-color bdsm triskelion brand around which is written Domination Farm Owned.”

“How bad is this going to hurt?”

“I’m not going to lie. This will probably be the most excruciating pain you’ll ever feel. The process only takes a few seconds but the pain will linger for a few days.”

“Next time I get the urge to spin a wheel please kick me in the ass,” I groaned.

“Don’t feel bad hun. There are many placed on the Farm that require marks of completion in one form or another. If you wonder around long enough you’re sure to find a few. The brand you’re getting today is done in two steps. First I’ll apply a special ink gel to your hip. The dyes in the gel will be absorbed into the brand adding color to it so that it really stands out. Then I’ll apply the branding iron for a few seconds and that’s it.”

“You make it sound easy.”

“Oh, it’s very easy for me. You’ve got the hard part and believe me, after doing this a thousand times, I’m glad it’s you and not me.”

“I thought you liked to be humiliated? I’m not even into this lifestyle. I’m only at the farm because I started working for DF Productions today.”

“Then this is really going to humiliate the hell out of you isn’t it? Everyone will think you’re a submissive owned by the Domination Farm when you’re not. That’s kind of funny actually,” she said applying the colored gel to my hip. I was strapped firmly in place, unable to move anything but my head as the white hot iron pressed into my skin. At first there was no pain, as if the nerves had been completely deadened, but that was short-lived. I let out a blood-curdling scream the likes of which I had never uttered before as I was seized with immense pain. A few seconds later and she put the iron down, inspected her work, and smiled in satisfaction.

“You’ll want to make sure no one bumps the area or removed the bandage,” she said applying a large gauze bandage over the area and taping it in place. Make sure you keep it covered until it’s scabbed over as it is an open wound and can get infected.”

I looked down at my aching hip through tear-filled eyes. The bandage had FRESH BRAND written on it in bold letters, but that did little to ease the pain I was feeling. “Can you unstrap me now?” I sobbed.

“Don’t you want me to finish trying to get my fist in you?”

“I think I’m in too much pain to do that right now.”

“Nonsense! It’ll take your mind off the pain for a little while,” she said kneeling between my spread legs once again. Her tongue flicked over my freshly pierced clit hood and along my slit eliciting a moan from me. It felt good but it wasn’t enough to dull the pain of being branded. She added four fingers – picking up where she left off before piercing and branding me, and the please increase ten-fold. Yet it still

wasn't enough to take my mind from the pain throbbing in my hip.

"I'm sorry," I sighed. "As much as I want you to fist fuck me I'm just not feeling it. I'm in too much pain for it to feel good."

"No problem sweetie, I completely understand," she said pulling her fingers from my gaping pussy. "If you ever want to play again you just come and find me." She unstrapped me from the chair and helped me to my feet. I left the shop and she called another woman back for god only knew what body modifications.

Part 7

Back to Work

~ ~ ~

There was still a lot of farm to explore, but I had wasted enough time and gotten into enough trouble for one day, so back to work it was. Although even that prospect was looking dreary considering the pain I was in. I don't know about everyone else, but I liked to be in a good mood when I played with my toys so it was going to be hard for me to get back into the swing of things.

"Welcome back," Renee greeted me upon my return to work. "I hope you had fun getting to know the farm." From her position she couldn't see my branded hip or the piercings dangling from my nipples and clit hood so I turned to face her. "Ah! I see you did have fun," she smiled. "I thought you said on the phone you weren't into the lifestyle we cater to here?"

"I'm not," I groaned. "I grabbed some lunch and then did some exploring and the next thing I know I'm bent over a railing letting a man fuck me for the first time and then spinning the wheel of sex. That's how I ended up with these," I pointed to my nipples and pussy "and this," I turned so she could see the bandage on my hip.

"Damn! What brand did you get sweetie?"

"The Domination Farm one."

"So you're marked as owned by the Domination Farm? Now that is fucking sexy. Especially for someone not into all of this. Are you up for testing more toys or would you rather take some time off to heal?"

"I'd rather just get back to work if that's ok. As long as no one messes with the brand I think I'll be ok. A man said

earlier that I was needed elsewhere. Is that still the case or should I go back to the lab I was in earlier?”

“We need you in about a dozen places to be honest. We’re really backed up on the product testing thanks to a shortage of testers.”

“Can’t you get some of the farm submissives, or maybe volunteers to help out? I’m sure there are plenty on the farm that would lend a hand or two.”

“We only hire bare-necks and dominants here. And we’d have to pay them so it’s better if we have people interested in the job and not just cheap thrills. So tell me, now that you’ve experience a little of what the farm has to offer has it changed your mind at all?”

“Not really. Though I have learned I need to be very careful where I go or else I’ll end up with more body modifications.”

“And how does that make you feel? Getting more piercings or tattoos, that is?”

“I love the nipple piercings, and even the hood one looks pretty good, but I think I’d rather get shot in the foot than risk being branded again. I’ve seen a lot of people with all manner of piercing and tattoo, and while I’m not judging them, it’s not my thing. The only reason I got these is because it was this or be registered as a farm submissive. I don’t know if it’s me or what, but there seems to be a lot of things that lead to being registered as a submissive around here.”

“That’s the name of the game sweetie. So, since you’re not really able to test the toys I think Randle wanted you for, how do you feel about testing out some prototype inflatable toys with me?”

“What toys did Randle need me for?”

“We have a new line of canes, floggers, and paddles coming out and we need to do extensive testing to make sure they function as planned. Would you rather go see Randle?”

“I think I’ve felt enough pain for one day thank you very much. Speaking of inflatable toys, how in the hell do

those anal beads I used earlier inflate?”

“They are designed to inflate as you are fucked with them. It’s nearly impossible to see but there are microscopic holes near the handle that allow air into special chambers that inflate the beads. From what I saw on video they were inflated pretty large. I take it you are enjoying anal now?”

“Yeah. I guess that’s a good thing considering how many times I’ve had to sit on those dildo seats.”

“How far are you willing to stretch your holes?”

“Well, Mistress Ashley nearly had her fist in my pussy if that counts for anything.”

“Very nice. I love a woman that isn’t afraid to experiment. Are you willing to see just how far your holes can stretch? I need someone willing to take the largest of toys in order to test out the new inflatable line.”

“Um, how big are we talking here?”

“As big as your holes can handle. With the new materials we’ve got the toys can inflate to incredible sizes. In fact, you’ll run out of stretch long before the toys do. So, interested?”

“Do I have a choice? I thought I had to test whatever toys you told me to?”

“I can order you to do it if that makes you feel better, but I’d rather have someone willing to go to such extremes. Or you can go see Randle in his lab. I’ll let you decide.”

“Not much of a decision,” I sighed. “Endure more pain, or have my holes stretched god knows how large. As much as I’d rather not feel any more pain, I want huge, gaping holes even less. Will Randle be able to test the toys on me with the brand and fresh piercings?”

“He is a master at what he does. He can avoid hitting the brand if that’s what you choose to do.”

“I think it is. I’d rather him flog me than have my holes ruined.”

“The decision is yours. I’ll show you to his lab.”

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Randle’s lab was a large dungeon room lined with all manner of wicked looking toys. “I brought Anastasia as requested,” Renee said to him. “Be thorough.”

“Of course,” Randle said with a smile. “Glad you could make is Miss Crane.”

“Annie. You can call me Annie or Anastasia if you want.”

“Alright, glad you could make it, Annie. Hmm, I see you’ve had some work done since our last meeting. That’s ok. I don’t think it’ll interfere with the tests. If you’re ready go ahead and stand with your feet in the footprints on the floor and raise your arms over your head so I can secure you in place.”

“Secure me in place?” I asked nervously. Why are you securing me in place?”

“So you don’t move around too much and because I love seeing a bound naked woman,” he smiled, his eyes slowly drifting down my body. I wanted to feel him inside of me more than anything as I got into position as asked. Or ordered. Suggested maybe? It didn’t matter. I would have done anything he asked if it meant feeling the caress of his hands on my trembling skin.

He locked a wide leather cuff around each wrist and pulled my arms apart so that my body formed a sort of human X and then he did the same to my ankles, securing my legs in place by hooking the cuffs to the floor. I could wiggle around quite a bit but there was nowhere for me to go. I was his for as long as he desired my use.

“Do you have any experience with flogging, caning, or paddling?”

“Only what I got this morning during my tour of the farm,” I replied.

“And how did that make you feel?”

“Humiliated.”

“Anything else?”

“It hurt like hell but nothing compared to the damn branding I got a little while ago. I’m not a huge fan of pain to be honest.”

“Well, you seem to have taken quite a bit of it in a short time for someone that doesn’t like it. Are you sure you’re not a closet pain slut?”

“Pretty sure, yeah. I’ve hated getting spanked since I was a kid and that hasn’t changed as of this morning. So, how long will this testing last?”

“How long do you want it to last?”

“I have a choice?” I said once again surprised at being given the option to choose. Everything I thought I knew about this place was quickly proving false. I imagined a place where I’d have to do as told or be severely punished or registered as a submissive, and that hasn’t been the case at all. I can’t even say I was forced to get the piercings and brand because I had a choice there too and I chose, of my own free will to get them.

“Of course you have a choice dear. You always have a choice. We can go for as long as you like. While you think about that let me tell you the rules. You will have the option of using any of three safewords during this and all future sessions. We use the same safewords throughout the Farm so there’s no confusion. They are red, yellow, and green. Just like a traffic light. And just like the traffic light they mean stop, proceed with caution, and go. If things get to be more than you can handle all you have to do is say red and I’ll stop immediately. If you are ok with how things are progressing but need me to back off a little say yellow, and if all is well say green. Understood?”

“Yeah. You’re not going to gag me now so I can’t say the safewords are you?” I asked eyeing the many gags hanging on the wall.

“Not today. But in the future we also have safe signals for when you are gagged which I can explain another time.

Have you decided how long you'd like the session to be?"

"I honestly don't know. I have over two hours I need to put in today."

"That's entirely too long for a first-timer. How about we go for thirty minutes. This isn't a full on session per say so I won't be swatting you that much."

"What will you be doing exactly?"

"The object of today's tests are to test how each of the toys feels on various parts of the body. I need you to gauge the hit itself in terms of impact. That is, does the toy hit with a thud, a sting, or maybe something in-between. I also need you to tell me how each one feels in terms of the materials they are made of and which you like more and why. We're working with some new materials here so we need all of the input you can offer."

"How many toys are we testing today?"

"I'll be using a paddle, flogger, cane, and cat-o-nine tails in three different materials each. So I guess that makes twelve in all. We'll test each one as thoroughly as possible before moving on to the next one and if we don't get through them all we can pick back up tomorrow."

"I'm ready whenever you are," I said taking a deep breath.

"Just so you are aware, I'll be testing each toy on eight locations. Your ass, stomach, breasts, pussy, inner thighs, outer thighs, bottom of the feet, and back. Since you are newly pierced I will avoid hitting the nipples and hood to the best of my ability and I'll avoid the left hip entirely."

"Thanks," I said with a half-smile.

"The first toy is a flogger. The thing about this flogger is the tassels. They are much longer than most so we need to see how viable it is as a sex toy. Ready?"

"Yeah." The first swat landed across my stomach and wrapped around my side to the middle of my back. The initial

swat was kind of gentle but the tips bit surprisingly into my back. "Oh damn!" I exclaimed.

"How did that feel?"

"I wasn't expecting the ends of the tassels to hit so hard. It felt kind of good slapping across my belly though." He wrote something down on a clipboard and then moved around to my back. The flogger again hit gently and then had a sting at the end where it hit my side this time. I gave a little gasp and jerk as he moved around my body delivering one swat after another. If it wasn't for the sting at the end I think I might have really enjoyed it. Due to the nature of the flogger I had to endure it hitting across my nipples and clit hood but thankfully they were on the gentle end of the swat.

"Do you want to move on to the next toy, or do you need a short break?"

"We can do the next one," I said sounding more eager than I intended.

When he picked up a long cane my eagerness turned to dread and I recalled the morning tour and the cane digging into my breasts. The first swat came without warning and struck the inside of my left inner thigh. "Ahgh!" I screamed in pain. "Fucking hell that hurts! What is that thing made of razor blades?"

"It's rubber-coated fiberglass actually. On a scale of one to ten with ten being the most painful how would you rate it?"

"Was that the hardest you could hit with it?"

"Not even close." He said and then gave my right inner thigh a swat that made the first feel like a slight bump.

"FUUCCCCCKKKKKK!"

"That was as hard as I could hit with it," he smiled. "So, scale of one to ten?"

"Seventeen!" I wailed and for a brief moment I forgot all about the pain in my hip. "Please don't hit me that hard again." The swat across my breasts and pussy sent me into

another jerking spasm and I almost blurted out the safeword red. How I managed to keep from yelling it was beyond me. To test its effectiveness on the bottoms of my feet, Randle would unhook one foot at a time and have me bend it at the knee so my foot was up in the air. He would then swat it and I'd cry out in pain. I think the bottom of the foot is one of the worst places to get hit like that.

"Are you ok?" Randle asked as he hung the cane back on the wall.

"Yellow!" I finally blurted out. "I...need...a break," I panted heavily, looking down at the long welts forming on my body. Two toys down and ten to go. I didn't think there was any way possible for me to finish all twelve of them in two weeks, let alone two days. But somehow I managed to endure more than I ever imagined possible.

I think deep down I was trying my damndest to impress Randle in the hopes he'd ram his cock into me, but it never happened. Day after day I went back to test those wicked instruments of torture. And day after day I dragged myself back to my tiny apartment without feeling his cock. After a solid week of thoroughly testing the toys I learned that he was gay. My dreams dashed, I moved on to testing other toys and further exploring the farm.

Part 8

Milk Me Please

~ ~ ~

As it turned out sex was something I never had to worry about while living on the farm. I got more solicitations for sex than I could possibly satisfy, but I gave it a hell of a shot. When I wasn't screwing myself silly on any number of sex toys at work, I was out at the farm where the men were all too willing to stick their cocks in all of my holes one, two, and three at a time.

The more I learned about the Domination Farm, the more I discovered about myself. I was exposed to a side of life I'd scarcely imagined and learned that there was a whole lot more to enjoy about sex than cock goes into hole. There were fetishes out there that seemed bizarre to me, but addicting to others.

For the most part I tried to stay away from the places I heard gave those dreaded marks of completion, but alas it wasn't meant to be. While wondering the farm during a break in my shift at DF Productions, I walked into the strangest little log cabin I'd ever seen. It was one large open room with about two dozen milking machines – the kind used to milk cows, evenly spaced throughout. Five of the machines were in use, but not by bovines. No, the machines were hooked to the breasts of women and were steadily pumping their milk out and into small bottles.

"Welcome to the Milking Barn," a woman said as I stood there staring at the machines and their use. "Go ahead and pick a machine and I'll be with you shortly."

"Huh? Oh, I'm not here to be milked. I was just exploring the farm a little," I replied.

“Sorry sweetie but the rules are the rules,” she said pointing to a large sign hanging on the wall. “It’s posted outside by the door as well. I take it you didn’t read before entering?”

“No,” I said now reading the sign. All submissives and bare-necks entering the Milking Barn are required to complete lactation training until they are capable of producing no less than four ounces of breast milk from each breast per day. Upon completion of lactation training a mark of completion will be given on the left breast reading: MILKING COW. Those refusing training, or stop before training is complete will be immediately registered as Farm submissives. “Fuck me!” I sighed. “Not again. Is the mark of completion a brand?”

“Tattoo,” the woman replied “but it can be a brand if that’s what you want.”

“NO!” I said quickly. “So how long will this take?”

“You have to complete two one hour sessions per day. Preferable in the morning and evening for as long as it takes for you to reach quota. Usually it take two to three weeks to start producing milk and another month or two to get up to the desired amount.”

“And what is done with all of the breast milk?”

“It’s donated to milk banks to help feed infants in hospitals around the world.”

“I take it these work just like on a cow?”

“They do. Are you familiar with them?”

“I lived on a farm all my life,” I replied. I flipped the machine on and it hummed to life. I tested the suction by placing my hand over the end of the tube and then picked up the large bottle of gel and rubbed some around my nipple and areola before putting the tube in place. The effect was immediate. My nipple and areola was sucked gently into the tube as it did its job. I did the same to the other nipple and took a seat on the available double dildo seat to start my first session.

“What are you now, about a 34D?” she asked looking over at me.

“Exactly,” I smiled in reply.

“You know, if you keep milking long enough you can go up one or two cup sizes and as long as you continue to milk they’ll stay that size.”

“Really?”

“Yep. I was a 34C when I started working here and now I’m a DD and have been for nearly three years now. There’s no end to the number of people that want to nurse on me so I keep in constant flow.”

“I don’t see a tattoo on your left breast.”

“That’s because I’m a Dominants sweetie. Read the rules. It says bare-necks and submissives get the mark of completion, not Dominants.”

“That’s not fair.”

“Such is life on the Domination Farm Sweetie. Oh, and don’t worry about keeping track of time. The machines are set to automatically shut off after an hour. I’m stepping out for a while but remember that you’ll have to come back in a few hours to complete your second session.”

The gentle sucking was kind of therapeutic after a week of pain and fucking myself silly. I leaned back on the chair and closed my eyes, enjoying the sensation for as long as it would last. I had months before I had to worry about the mark of completion so I put it out of my mind as it drifted off to more pleasant thoughts.

Part 9

Unexpected Visitor

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As is the norm, I eventually fell into a routine. Life at the farm was chaotic in the best of times, but harmony could be found if one just knew where to look. My piercings and brand were healing nicely now and I no longer hid it behind a piece of gauze. Although it still humiliated me when others commented on my dedication to the bdsm lifestyle, I had grown somewhat proud of it – not for what it stood for as I still didn't consider myself into it despite everything I had done thus far, but more for its artistic appeal. The colors stood out crisp and clear for all to see. The circle and arms of the triskelion were a deep grey that looked almost like iron, while the centers were as black as onyx. The holes were colored so they appeared 3D rather than just flat circles.

I had been back to the Milking Barn twice a day every day and was now producing milk. I was skeptical at first, doubting the validity of the method being used, but that all changed when I witnessed the first drops being gently sucked from my breasts by the machine. I thought often of the mark of completion that I would soon be getting and the possibility of others in my future. To avoid it entirely I did my utmost to stay out of buildings that weren't clearly marked. There was enough to do out on the Farm that the only buildings I ever needed to enter were the apartment, work, the communal shower, restrooms, and one of a few places to eat. I could do without all the rest.

For more than a month my routine worked for me and I was as happy as I could ever remember being. I made a few friends at work mostly for my willingness to test any and all toys no matter what their intended purpose, and I was well-

liked at the submissive apartments where I spent a lot of my hard-earned money on various dildo seats and other pieces of equipment to spruce the place up. The rumors of getting to keep the toys I tested turned out to be true so I had a truly massive collection lining shelves and hanging from the walls like ornaments.

Life on the farm was amazing and I entertained the notion of registering myself as a farm submissive to make it a more permanent deal. There were two things preventing me from doing that, however. The first, and biggest, was the fact I wasn't into the lifestyle. And the second was work. They hired only Dominants and bare-necks and though I had more toys than many shops, I didn't want to give it up. It was my first real job and I wanted to keep it for as long as humanly possible.

Life on the farm was great! Until it wasn't. I was on my way to the Cumeaterie – a very nice restaurant that served a wide range of cuisine covered in copious amounts of semen. I was getting ready to cross onto Domination Drive when I was forced to stop suddenly as a large group of men and women exited the Waiting Room on their inaugural Farm tour.

It was a mixed crowd of men and women of all ages and body types, but one stood out from the rest as I knew her face very well. “Mom?” I gasped loudly as they train of people marched by. “What in the hell are you doing here!?”

“Annie!” My mother said, leaving the group to throw her arms around my neck. “Oh sweetie I was so worried about you. We haven't heard from you in weeks and I just had to come see if you were ok.” She took a step back and looked at me, my nearly naked body with its piercings and brand. “Oh my god! What have they done to you!?”

“Is there a problem here ladies?” the Master leading the tour asked us.

“No sir,” I answered. “I was just surprised to see my mother here is all.”

“Well, you can have a family reunion *after* the tour is complete. I don't have all damn day.”

“Would it be possible for me to show her to the clothing shop, sir? I promise to take her there directly.”

He eyed us for several seconds before responding. “I’ll let you take her on one condition...”

“Anything Sir. I’ll do whatever you ask.” Sometimes my big mouth has been known to speak before it has to process what my brain is really thinking and this was one such case.

“Take off that orange collar and put mine on and you can take your mother wherever you’d like.”

“What’s he talking about sweetie?” mom asked in confusion.

“He wants me to be his submissive mom,” I replied. “As long as I wear this orange collar no one else can collar me.”

“So you are submissive to someone else then?”

“No. I’ll explain later. I’ll be waiting for you at the shop. Sorry to waste your time, Sir,” I said to the Master. I wasn’t into the lifestyle, but that didn’t mean I could go around disrespecting those that were. I learned early on to address Dominants as Master and Mistress or Sir and Ma’am to avoid harsh punishments. A million questions ran through my mind as I watched the tour resume with my mother in tow.

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“Fucking hell mom!” I gasped when she finally left the fetish clothing store. “I’m not going to lie, you look amazing!”

“Um, thanks sweetie,” mom blushed “do I really have to wear only this?”

“That’s it until the weather turns cold I’m afraid. Come on, we shouldn’t stand around too long.”

“Why not?” What is this place?”

“The longer you stand in one spot doing nothing the more likely you are to draw the attention of a Dominant

looking to collar you. Why are you here? You did read the papers you signed before entering didn't you?"

"For the most part yeah. Things aren't so great at home sweetie. Your father and I have been fighting constantly ever since you left to work here."

"I'm sorry mom, but he's the one that threw me out of the house."

"I know, I know. And I've tried making him change his mind but it's no use."

"Does he know you're here mom?"

"No. He's not worried about you but I am. That's why I had to come see you. I tried calling you a hundred times but you never picked up and then I started calling DF Productions but you were always out and I feared the worst."

"No one ever told me you called. We're not allowed cell phones in here and there are only a few phones around the Farm for emergencies. I'm so sorry mom. I'm fine, really I am. I love it here."

"Are they treating you ok? When did you get those piercings? And that brand? Oh god, what does it mean by Domination Farm owned? What have you gotten yourself into sweetie?"

"Calm down. It's not what you think. As you know from reading the waivers you signed there are rules we all have to follow, yes?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was only following the rules so I could stay and keep my job. I participated in one of the attractions and the piercings and brand were my, um, reward. I do not belong to anyone but myself and that's how I intend to keep it. That being said, you really shouldn't be here. Without one of these collars to keep you safe, you can be collared at any time and there's little I can do to help you if you are."

"Where are you staying now? Are they paying you properly?"

“I’m staying here on the farm mom, and yes, they pay me very well for what I do.”

“Show me.”

“Show you what?”

“Where you’re staying. I want to make sure you’ve got everything you need. Your father might be right about this place dear. I don’t think it’s a good place to be.”

“That’s all a matter of perspective,” I replied. “The people here are some of the nicest I’ve met. They don’t judge anyone for anything they do and everyone is always so polite.”

“Well at least show me where you’re living now. I at least deserve that much.”

“Ok, but don’t get too excited. It’s only got the bare essentials.”

My apartment was located at the end of the fourth floor. I would have liked something lower down, but everything was taken and they work on a first come, first serve basis around here. I stopped in front of my door and took a deep breath. “Remember, I only use this place to sleep and entertain a few guests. Everything else is done out at the Farm.” I opened the door and ushered my mother inside.

“This...this is where you’re living?” mom gasped as she took in the dildo seats and sex toys lining the walls. “It’s a...a whorehouse!”

“Gee, thanks mom. So you think I’m a whore now too?”

“Do you have a bed or do you sleep on one of those as well?” she asked pointing to a dildo seat.

“I have a very comfortable bed in the bedroom. And through there is the bathroom. As for all the sex toys I get to keep everything I test.”

“You’ve tested all of these?” she said, her eyes growing wide.

“Yes. Can we not talk about that?”

“Where’s the kitchen? Where do you eat?”

“There are no kitchens. Everyone eats at one of the restaurants on the Farm. Same with showering. There’s a communal shower we all use.”

“Good grief it’s the sixties all over again.”

“Ok, you’ve seen that I’m ok and where I live. Will you please go now? I don’t want to see you getting collared because of me.”

“Why are you so quick to get rid of me?” mom said suspiciously. “I haven’t seen or heard from you in more than a month and all you can say is *leave*? What’s really going on here, Anastasia?”

My mother never calls me Anastasia unless there’s cause for concern and I could tell she was genuinely concerned for me, but I didn’t know how else to tell her I was ok and more concerned for her than she was for me. I had the protection of the orange collar. She had nothing. “I’m not trying to brush you off mom, really I’m not. I’m incredibly happy to see you, but I really am worried that if you stay too long you’ll be collared and registered. If that happens there’s no telling what dad will do.”

“To hell with your father!” mom snapped. “He’s been nothing but an asshole ever since you came to work here. To be perfectly honest, I don’t give a rat’s ass what he thinks anymore. And so what if I’m collared. I can just take the damn thing off. It’s not like they weld it in place!”

“Oh really? You think you can just reach up and take it off easy-peasy? Go ahead, try taking mine off.” She reached around the back of my neck and searched for a clasp to unfasten but there were none to be found. She gave it a tug and it held firm.

“Where’s the clasp? How do you take it off? Oh god sweetie, they didn’t weld it on did they?”

“No mom, it’s not welded on and there are no clasps. The ends have extremely powerful magnets in them to keep it on. The idea is to make it hard to remove giving the Dominant

more time to get the newly collared person to the registration office.”

“What happens at the registration office?”

“Did you see the submissives with humiliating names tattooed or branded on their right breast?”

“Yes.”

“That’s what happens at the registration office. You are registered in their database and given a submissive name that will be either tattooed or branded on your right breast. Now do you see why I’m worried for you? I don’t want to see that happen to you mom.”

Part 10

A Mother's Confession

~ ~ ~

“What about you sweetie? Look what they’ve done to you since you’ve been here.”

“As I said, I got these of my own free will. I played a game and lost and this is what I got for following the rules.”

“And you don’t regret doing it?”

“I did at first, but not anymore. To be honest I’ve always wanted my nipples pierced. The hood piercing was just a gift from the wonderful piercer.”

“And the brand?”

“More painful than anything I’ve ever felt. It is humiliating, but I’ve grown to like it and wear it as a badge of honor now. How long did you pay to stay her by the way?”

“Two days.”

“You’re not planning on staying here for two days are you?”

“I hadn’t planned on it. I didn’t know how long it would take to find you. Had I known I’d run into you in the first hour I wouldn’t have paid for the extra day.”

“I was on my way to get breakfast.”

“Oh, that sounds wonderful. I’m starving!”

“Um, I don’t think you’d like where I was going.”

“Is the food good?”

“Amazing?”

“Then why wouldn’t I like it?”

“To be blunt, it’s served covered in semen.”

“Are you serious?”

“Very. And it’s the only place that serves breakfast around here. There are other restaurants but I’m really in the mood for one of their delicious omelets.”

“Well, you go there to eat and I’ll go elsewhere,” mom suggested.

“Not a good idea. I don’t want to let you out of my sight. We can go someplace else. We don’t even need to eat here on the Farm.”

“Then why do you if they serve everything in semen?”

“Because it’s there and the food is amazing. And forgive my bluntness, but the semen is freaking to die for too.”

“Really? To die for? I’ve swallowed my fair share of semen in my time and I’ve never tasted any good enough to die for,” mom said to my surprise. “What? You don’t think I’ve tasted a load or two in my time?” she laughed.

“Not something I care to think about.”

“You decide. We can go wherever you want. If it’s semen-covered food you want then let’s go.”

“Just like that? You’d go to a place serving semen-covered food without a second thought?”

“Don’t you?”

“Yes, but I live here.”

“So what. Do you know all the men whose semen you eat?”

“No.”

“Then how is it any different if I did it? Kids these days,” she said shaking her head in disbelief “I’ll never understand you.”

“Mom! When I say semen-covered I’m not talking one or two loads here. You’ll be eating thirty loads minimum. Not

only is it on the food but they give you a dish filled with it that must be completely eaten before you're allowed out of the place."

"Sounds yummy, let's go."

"You're serious?"

"Absolutely. Look sweetie, there are things about my past you don't know about me, but I guess considering where we are I might as well come clean. I'm not the virtuous woman you think I am. I've done a lot of...stuff...in my past, things that would make even you squeamish. To put it bluntly, drinking thirty loads of cum is nothing new for me." I had no response to that. I just stood there with my jaw hanging open and my eyes wide in shock at her confession. "Come on, show me this amazing restaurant and we can talk about it."

"I don't want to see my mother eating semen!" I gasped. "That's just...wrong."

"Oh, stop being a prude about it. If it really bothers you that much then let's go somewhere else."

"Thank you," I sighed. Though I kind of did want to see if she would really do it to back up her claims of a whorish past. We left the apartment building and headed for the Dive. They didn't serve breakfast, but they did have that amazing pizza all day long. "So, what exactly did you do in the past? Does dad know about it?"

"He knows. We both vowed to never speak of it, but like I said, considering the situation. Long before you were born I worked in the porn industry."

"You were a porn star?" I gasped

"Of sorts. Nothing mainstream, mind you. Back then porn was a whole lot more taboo than today and a lot of women, myself included worked for low-budget studios and sleazy producers just to make a fast buck. It started out normal, well, as normal as porn can be I guess, but as time went by I was persuaded to do kinkier and kinkier scenes. I went from doing one man to two and then to three and before I knew it I was auditioning for my first gang bang."

“HOLY SHIT! Are you kidding me? You did a gang bang?”

“Bangs. Plural. And no, I’m not kidding you. That was my life back then. I was addicted to sex in a huge way and there was little I wouldn’t do for a fix.”

“Have you ever, you know, been with another woman?”

“I have. Many times. Some of my fondest memories are the scenes I did with other women. But it didn’t end there. The more I was willing to do the more I was paid for what I loved and for about two years I did nothing but bdsm porn. I usually played the part of the submissive, but on occasion I’d be the dominant one.”

“And dad knows all of this?”

“Every bit of it. Why do you think he was so adamant about you not coming here? He didn’t want to see you turn out like your mother. He didn’t want a sex-addicted slut for a daughter. The truth is, I met your father here.”

“WHOA! Wait just a god damned minute! What do you mean you met him here? He gave me all that shit about coming here and he’s been here? What kind of double standard shit is that?”

“I know, he has no right to judge, but we put that life behind us long ago and he’s been adamant about it ever since. He was here mainly to see what the place was about with the hopes of getting laid a few dozen times. I was here because it was at the peak of my addiction and bdsm phase. Long story short, I met your father, we fell in love and left this place together. Three months later I was pregnant with you and the rest is history.”

“No, the rest isn’t history. Why tell me this now? Why didn’t you say something before I was thrown out of the house? You’re as much to blame for my moving here as he is!”

“I wanted to tell you, honey. Honestly I did, but your father wouldn’t have it. Back when we were both trying to get him to change his mind I tried desperately to get him to open

up about our past, but you know how stubborn he is. He was embarrassed and didn't want you to think badly of him for his past."

"Fat lot of good that did. Look where we are now. Man, what a fucking hypocrite."

"I agree. And deep down he knows what he did was wrong but he's too proud to admit it. If you came home, told him you know the truth, maybe he'd change his mind."

"Fuck that," I said angrily. "If he wants forgiven then tell him to come here himself and apologize to me like a man. I love what I do and I'm more than willing to spend the rest of my life here doing it. I have to get back to work now."

"Please don't go like this," mom pleaded. "Can't we talk a little longer?"

"I have nothing more to say. You've both lied to me, deceived me my entire life by telling me what a horrible and evil place this was even after you both met here. You tossed me out of the house with little money and no place to go all because you were too ashamed to tell me the truth. Well, too little, too late if you ask me."

I stormed out of the restaurant so fuming mad I could almost smell the smoke. I really did need to get to work but I wasn't in the mood for pleasure. I was betrayed in the worst way and needed an outlet to vent my anger. I didn't look back at my mother as I felt. I didn't want to see the look on her face. I rounded the corner onto Masochist Row, passing by the iron maidens, Saint Andrews crosses, and spanking benches as I took the longest route to work that I possibly could.

Part 11

The Auction Block

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I turned onto Domination Drive and stomped passed Extreme Restraints – a store selling all manner of bondage equipment, the Breeding Stables where women with an impregnation fetish go to get knocked up, and the Animal Training Barn where I discovered a few weeks back that it isn't for training animals at all.

At the corner of Domination Drive and Submission Street I stopped and stared at the large stage surrounded by stadium seating dildo seat style. It was the Auction Block – the place Dominants went to purchase submissives and bare-necks for pre-determined periods of time. I imagined myself standing up there while the auctioneer rattled off my vitals and what I was willing to do sexually for my temporary Master or Mistress. My pussy tingled at the idea and for a brief moment I entertained the idea of signing up for the next auction. They only held them once a month and the next was only a few days away.

Might be fun if I were into the lifestyle, I thought as I walked along the stage, looking out at the hundreds of dildos and imagining all those people fucking themselves while they watched the show. My pussy started tingling, my clit throbbing as I found myself walking not passed the place but down one of the corridors towards the information and registration area.

Though the auction was still a few days off there were several Dominants talking amongst themselves. They gave me looks as I walked by and I wondered if any of them would bid on me and how high they would go to get a bare-neck not into it at all. I picked up one of the sign-up forms and glanced at it.

I noticed the closest Dominants now eyeing me up and down, assessing me.

I paid them no mind as I picked up a pen and put a check mark in the boxes of the fetishes I was willing to do and a dash in the boxes of my soft limits. Hard limits got an X and that was that. I held the paper in trembling hands, looking at it as if it was a lifeline I dared not let go of. I put my name on it and dropped it into the registration box. There was no turning back now. In a few days' time I would go up for auction to the highest bidder for a period of three months. *That'll teach my parents for betraying me*, I thought as I walked away. Yeah, I know. But it made perfect sense to me at the time.

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The day of the auction was always a huge affair at the Farm. Dominants and submissives the world over came to buy and sell. And I was a nervous wreck. Renee assured me that if I was bought my position with the company would still be there when I returned at the end of my three month term and not to worry about a thing. Easy for her to say. She wasn't the one being auctioned off.

I took a seat with the other submissives and bare-necks going up for auction and got the distinct feeling I was the only nervous one here. I tried my best to calm down, but again that was easier said than done. I paid little attention to those walking across the stage one by one as the auctioneer rattled off their terms of service. My mind was going in a million directions at once and for the first time since arriving at the farm I was considering running away.

"Will Miss Anastasia Crane please come to the stage," the announcer called my name. I got up from my seat and walked towards the stage. I could feel every eye on me, drilling into my skin like a thousand shards of glass.

"Please give a round of applause for Miss Anastasia Crane ladies and gentlemen!" the announcer said when I finally made it to center stage. "It's ok dear, no need to be so nervous." The crowd laughed at me expense and I flushed all over in embarrassment. I wanted to crawl in a hole and die.

“Let’s see here,” the announcer continued “Anastasia, such a beautiful name for an equally beautiful woman,” he said with a smile. “Anastasia is a bare-neck, twenty-two years of age, 5 feet 7 inches tall and 137 pounds. Her measurements are 34D-25-37 and as you can see she has pierced nipples and clit hood. Now, she says she’s not into the lifestyle at all and yet on her first day here she got branded with the Domination Farm brand! Go on sweetie, show them your brand.”

I walked across the stage so the audience could see the brand on my left hip. They clapped and cheered and my blush deepened. “Anastasia is currently employed as a toy tester for DF Productions so she certainly knows her way around a dildo. What about whips and chains babe? Do you like being tied up and spanked like the naughty woman you are?”

“Yes,” I said meekly into the microphone he held in front of me.

“According to her sign-up sheet she is willing to do most basic fetishes including lactation which she is currently training here at the Farm by the way. And with the right nudge she’s willing to go through the gambit of submissive training as well. She has set a term limit of three years so do I hear \$5,000 for the lovely Anastasia Crane?”

“WAIT!” I yelled out. What do you mean three years? I marked three months. Not years!”

“It says three years.” He held the form out for me to take and I did. In my pissed off state I inadvertently put the three in the spot for years instead of months. I was being auctioned off for three years and I could only imagine the things I’d have to do for so long a period.

“Ten thousand,” a woman yelled out.

“Twelve,” a man quickly outbid her.

“Fifteen.” Another man bid and the war was on.

“Seventeen thousand,” came the familiar voice of Mistress Ashley.

“Twenty.”

“Twenty-five.”

“Thirty thousand,” Ashley bid again. I had no idea why she was bidding so high considering I never took her up on her offer the day she pierced and branded me, but at least she was someone I sort of knew.

“I’ll bid a hundred thousand if she’ll marry me,” an older man yelled out.

“What do you say?” the auctioneer asked me. “Will you marry him for a hundred grand?”

“Sorry,” I said apologetically “I’m not looking to get married.”

“No, but she is looking for someone to fist both of her holes!” the auctioneer exclaimed. “Just imagine your hand sliding in and out of her pussy and nice round ass at the same time while she’s tied to your Saint Andrew’s cross! Imagine the look of ecstasy on her face as you take the flogger, crop, and cane to her! Can you imagine it my fellow Dominants? Can you imagine her kneeling before you begging to wear your collar when she finally submits body, mind, and soul!?”

The crowd was going nuts now and the bidding was climbing ever higher with every praise the auctioneer gave me. A lot of it was fluff to make me more desirable than I really was, but I didn’t mind. Whatever I went for I got to keep 60% of. I still wasn’t happy about the term limit fuck-up but there was nothing I could do about it now other than walk off the stage and out of the farm. And while that was always a viable option, there was something altogether thrilling about watching a large crown go insane bidding on me. It made my pussy tingle in a twisted sort of way.

Fifty...sixty...seventy thousand and the bidding continued. I was shocked and amazed at the time but I would later learn that the longer the terms of service the higher the bidding went and for a bare-neck such as myself to go longer than a month was rare enough let alone the three years I accidentally signed up for.

The bidding finally started to slow down around one hundred and fifty thousand and came to a stop at two hundred from a Mistress I has never seen before. "Two hundred thousand going once...going twice...this is your last chance to get a bare-neck for a three year term ladies and gentlemen! Don't miss a chance of a lifetime! Do I hear two-twenty-five?"

"Three hundred thousand if she agrees to be registered as a farm submissive," I heard my boss Renee call out.

"Sorry Renee," I replied. "I like my job too much!"

"Three hundred and fifty. You'd never have to work again! All you've got to do is let me register you as my submissive."

Sixty percent of \$350,000 meant \$210,000 for me not counting interest. Not bad for three years in this small town but hardly what I'd call retirement money. "I'll do it if you agree to three exceptions," I replied.

"Go ahead," Renee smiled.

"First, I get to keep my job at DF Productions for as long as you're in business. Change the rules to allow submissives if you have to. Second, you have to abide by the terms of the auction for the first three years. And third, make it half a million and I'll gladly march into the registration office with you."

"The balls back in your court Mistress Renee," the auctioneer said. "Will you agree to her terms or is the price too high? How badly do you want this beautiful young bare-neck?" A hush fell over the crowd and all eyes turned from me to Renee. No one dared even a whisper for fear of missing her reply. I too stood there in silence, the anticipation killing me.

"I have to give you credit Annie," Renee smiled at me. "It takes a lot of guts to make demands of me and you pulled it off with grace. You've got yourself a deal. I agree to all of your terms."

The roar of the crowd was deafening as the gavel slammed down on the auctioneer's podium marking the end of my sale and the beginning of my life as a submissive. Or at

least my training as one. I had a job for life and enough money after three years to have a comfortable next egg. Add to that all the money I would save by living at the farm and all in all I think I made a wise choice in fucking up my term limit. The agreement made at the action was the law of the farm and since everything was recoded I didn't have to worry about Renee...Mistress Renee reneging on the deal. It would be the end of her here at the farm and I knew her well enough to know she would never allow that to happen.

Part 12

Registration

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“I’m so glad you’re the one that won the auction,” I said to my new Mistress as we walked around the auction block on our way to have me registered.

“To be honest I’ve always believed you were submissive and just denying it to yourself. During your three years of training I plan to see if my assumptions are true. And if not then at least we’ll have fun trying, right?”

“Yes Mistress. Do you have a name for me Mistress?”

“I do. I’ve been thinking about it since you started working for me actually. I just never thought I’d have the opportunity to use it.”

“Well?”

“Well what?”

“What’s my submissive name going to be, Mistress?”

“Considering how much you enjoy stuffing your pussy and ass I think Pleasurepuss Analwhore suits you. And with you getting milking cow tattooed on your left breast when you complete your lactation training, it’ll be hard denying who and what you really are.”

“I agree Mistress. And I think you’re right. I’ve been lying to myself since I started working here and that ends now. I’m not saying I’m submissive because I honestly don’t know, but I’m willing to give the training my all and if it turns out that I am then I’ll embrace it with all my heart.”

“That’s all a Mistress can ask for. Now you know that once you are registered you belong to me for as long as we are at the farm, right?”

“Yes Mistress. But you did agree to abide by the terms of the auction.”

“And I will.”

“Will I have to replace the orange collar with a black one in order to be registered, Mistress?”

“You will. But don’t worry. Your job is still safe. Once we get back to the shop I’ll make the rules changes as necessary.”

“Thank you Mistress. I really do love my job and plan on being there for as long as possible.”

“And that’s why I’m willing to change the rules for you. Tell me, do you know *why* we hire only bare-necks as toy testers?”

“No Mistress.”

“It’s because submissives are required to obey everything we dominants tell them. Meaning they will use the toys mostly because they are told to. Whereas a bare-neck has the option of saying no. To me, there’s nothing sexier than a woman willing to use toys she normally wouldn’t and finding she like them. There’s an honesty in that that we can’t get from a submissive. And you Pleasurepuss Analwhore are one of the best toy testers we’ve had in a very long time.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“I mean it. Don’t get me wrong, all of our testers like their jobs but you’re the first in a very long time that has been so willing to test out every toy we throw at her without hesitation or complain.”

“Well, to be fair I did hesitate when I had to test those punishment toys with Randle.”

“But when given an option to test something else you still put aside your feelings and did it anyway. That takes guts.”

“And an addiction to sex toys doesn’t hurt either,” I giggled. “I’m not going to lie Mistress, this is a dream job for me. I’ve had a thing for sex toys since my friend Becky snuck one to my house years ago. I’ve used them multiple times a day ever since so you can understand why I wanted, no needed to keep my job.”

“And you will for as long as you are able. I’ll add it as a clause when I change the rules.”

“So, what exactly does it take to be trained as a submissive, Mistress?”

“That’s entirely up to the individual Dominant and submissive involved. There really is no clear-cut, defined set of rules governing training. Some come at it with a heavy hand, while others believe a more gentle approach makes for more loyal submissives. Now, there are some basics that all submissives must learn such as etiquette which you are excelling at right now by the way.”

“I am, Mistress?”

“You are. As long as you’ve been here you’ve referred to every Dominant you see as Master and Mistress, or Sir and Ma’am. That is a sign of respect and very much a part of etiquette. Then there’s the position training. We’ll have to work on that but I don’t think you’ll have a problem with it. After that we have obedience training and then we can move on to other areas as you become more comfortable in your new life. We cater to nearly every fetish here as you know so you’ll have all the time you need to test things out and better determine what you do and don’t like.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I do require that all of my submissives go through puppy and pony training so I hope that isn’t going to be a problem.”

I stopped dead in the road and stared at my new Mistress in shock. “I’m not getting fucked by animals!” I protested. “That is clearly marked on my auction form!”

“Not what I meant Pleasurepuss. Puppy training is when you are trained to act like a puppy. You will crawl on all fours, wear a tailed butt plug at all times, and bark instead of speak. You will eat and drink from dog bowls and generally behave as a puppy would.”

“No sex with dogs, Mistress?”

“None whatsoever. You have my word on that. As for pony training it’s a little more complicated than puppy training. You’ll be trained to carry a rider, namely me, on your back while wearing a saddle. You’ll also be trained to pull the carts and race at the Whorsie track.”

“But I thought the Whorsie Track was only for those trained at Cummypaws, Mistress.”

“Where do you think you’ll be receiving your training? But that’s further down the road. I have to make the reservation a year in advance just to get you in.”

“So what happens if or when I decide to leave the Farm, Mistress? You said I was only your submissive while we’re at the Farm.”

“Well, for the next three years you will continue your training as per our arrangement. After that you are free to go your separate way, or stay and continue being my submissive. I sincerely hope you choose the latter, but the choice is yours as always.”

“What happens if I’m unable to complete three years of training? It really was supposed to be three months you know.”

“If it becomes medically impossible for you to complete the terms of your service, or you just get tired of it and want to stop, then the portion of money you would have gotten at the end comes back to me and that part of our deal is done. We’re here,” she said coming to a stop in front of a log cabin building I’ve passed a hundred times. “Are you ready to begin your life as a submissive?” she said reaching out to open the door.

I placed my trembling hand on hers and looked into her eyes for a long moment, afraid to speak for sounding a fool.

“Wait Mistress, there’s something we forgot.” I dropped down on my knees at her feet and looked up at her with a smile.

“Will you please remove this orange collar and replace it with your own? Will you please collar me, Mistress?”

“God, I love you,” Mistress Renee proclaimed. “You are simply perfect and it would be my honor to collar you as my submissive.” She removed a small tool from a bag and used it to deactivate the magnetic lock on the collar. It fell into my lap and I caught it before it touched the ground. Next she pulled out a sleek black collar and placed it around my neck. When it snapped shut I was filled with a sense of happiness that brought me to tears. I leaned forward and wrapped my arms around her legs, hugging her tight while I cried for joy.

“Thank you, Mistress,” I said when I regained my composure.

“That’s only a temporary collar while I have your permanent one made.”

“Thank you, Mistress.” I got to my feet, brushing the dirt from my knees. I opened the door to the registration office and stepped inside, content in the knowledge that I was in good hands for the next chapter of my life.

Part 13

The Perfect Gift

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Life as Mistress Renee's submissive was about as great as life could get. Although I still fought it in my own mind, I knew deep down that she was right. I've had submissive tendencies from the minute I stepped foot on the Domination Farm and they've show themselves in subtle ways in everything I did. And it wasn't only the respect I showed the Dominants even when I was still a bare-neck. It wasn't that I followed the rules no matter how much I hated some of them. It was in the way I comported myself when dealing with difficult decisions. It was my willingness to remain open-minded and an almost insatiable hunger to broaden my horizons. And I'm not talking strictly about sex here though that is a big part of my new life.

Three hours after my submissive registration I was in my Mistresses' office learning the basic submissive positions. She told me there would be time enough later to learn them, but as promised I embraced my new life wholeheartedly and practically begged her to show me so that I could practice them at home. Since then, I arrived at work early so that I could greet her when she came into the office. I would kneel with my knees together, my butt resting on the heels of my feet and my hands clasped behind my back. My back was kept straight as an arrow and I looked straight ahead, unmoving for as long as it took for her to come in.

I quickly learned the little things she liked such as her coffee with exactly five squirts of breast milk – which I was now able to provide her myself thanks to continued training at the Milking Barn. She loved tulips and roses so every morning on the way to work I would stop off at the Hanging Gardens

and pick them fresh for her. I honestly think it was me remembering the little things that impressed her more than my eagerness to learn about the lifestyle and I found it also brought me a great amount of pleasure seeing her come to work with a smile on her face. When she sniffed the fresh-cut flowers and sipped her morning coffee it almost made my heart burst with joy.

Bzzzt, the ring in my clit buzzed signaling my Mistress wanted to see me in her office. Two days after my registration she gifted me with a new clit ring equipped with a little buzzer. Not only was it good at getting my attention, it had an immediate effect on my clit. It has been nearly three weeks and I love it as much now as when she gave it to me. I wanted to ask her for a pair for my nipples but reconsidered for the fact that once all three went off I'd never get any work done.

I pulled the fist-shaped dildo from my gaping asshole and washed it off in the sink before placing it back on the shelf. As much as I hated keeping my Mistress waiting, it was bad form to leave used toys lying about. I entered her office and knelt in front of her desk.

"I hope I didn't disturb your testing," Mistress Renee said to me with a sly grin. With the whole place under constant monitoring she knew exactly what I was doing before she buzzed my clit. It was her idea for me to stretch my asshole with the fisting toys in the first place.

"No Mistress," I replied. "I'm never too busy for you."

"You know, it's only been a few short weeks since I collared you Pleasurepuss Analwhore and I do believe you're the best submissive I've ever had."

"Thank you Mistress. That means a great deal to me." And I wasn't just saying it to impress her. I meant it with every fiber of my being. There was something about serving her that made me feel...complete. My pussy tingled at the smallest of praises and my nipple hardened at the sound of her voice.

"I've got a present for you Pleasurepuss. I was hoping for it to arrive long ago, but they kept screwing up the color."

She lifted something from the center desk draw and rolled her chair back to stand up. She walked around the desk and stood in front of me holding a square box that was perhaps eight inches on a side and two inches deep. "This is for you my pet."

"Thank you Mistress," I said taking the box from her. I opened it slow, my eyes growing wide as I caught the glint of what lay inside. It was a new collar. But not any ordinary black collar. No, this one perfectly matched the pinkish-purple color of my hair. I remember now Mistress saying she was going to get me a new one, but so much time had passed since that day I had forgotten until now.

I jumped to my feet and wrapped my arms around my Mistresses' neck and kissed her hard on the mouth in the most passionate, love-filled kiss I could. Unlike some Dominants I had gotten to know throughout the Farm, Mistress Renee didn't mind open displays of affection. She made that clear early on in our new relationship.

"Thank you so much Mistress! I love it!"

"You're more than welcome, Pleasurepuss. Of course it means you'll have to keep your hair that color for as long as you serve me." That was a running joke between us. She loved my quirky hair color as much as I did and for her to get me a collar to match meant a lot to me.

"Will you please put it on me Mistress?"

"Of course."

I handed her the collar and took my place kneeling at her feet, looking up at her through tear-filled eyes. She removed my plain old black collar, tossing it onto her desk before snapping my new permanent collar in place.

"There now," Mistress said taking a step back "that looks absolutely stunning on you. Now for the second part of the gift."

"Thank you Mistress so much for this gift. It really does mean the world to me."

She picked up another box about the same size as the one my collar came in and held it out to me. I took it slightly

confused why she was giving me another collar. I opened the box and stared at the contents. “What is this Mistress?” I asked as I removed a pinkish-purple armband from the box.

“That, my pet, is my new armband. I had it made to match your collar and I’d like for you to be the one to put it around my arm.”

“It would be my pleasure Mistress,” I said choking back the tears. She used her tool to remove her red armband and with trembling hands I put the new one in place. When it snapped shut it was as if we were one, joined in a way so deep and meaningful that I had no words to describe it.

“Thank you, Pleasurepuss. So, what do you think?”

“Honestly? It looks a hell of a lot better than that red one,” I smiled. “I love it Mistress and I love that you got an armband to match my collar. Or my collar to match your armband.”

“We are now part of the elite here at the Domination Farm. Throughout its long history there have only been a few Dominants and submissives permitted special armbands and collars. Now, I think you have some more toys to test if I’m not mistaken.”

“Yes Mistress,” I said getting to my feet to leave her office.

“And Pleasurepuss...”

“Yes Mistress?” I said turning back to face her.

“It would mean the world to me if you were able to work the largest of the new fisting toys in both of your insatiable holes at the same time.”

“Yes Mistress. I’ll get to work on that right away. And thank you once again for the beautiful gift.”

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I returned to Testing Lab 006 and picked up the next fist-shaped toy in the long line of fist-shaped toys that I had spent most of the day testing. And by testing I mean fucking myself silly with them. Not only was I testing the quality of

the toys, but their ability to give a nice gradual stretch as I worked them in deeper and deeper until the hand part entered me fully. There were two designs I was working with today. The first looked like a hand with the fingers extended and bunched together. There were eight of them in various sizes. And then there was the actual fist toy where the hand was formed into a slightly angled fist. There were ten of them in various sizes with the largest being more than four inches wide at the widest. I had my work cut out for me but I would not disappoint my Mistress especially after receiving such a touching gift.

Part 14

Training Complete

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I woke up to the sun's warmth bathing my face and sighed. I would be finishing my milking lessons today at the end of which I would receive my mark of completion - adding yet another humiliating tattoo to the ones already adorning my body. Getting my submissive name tattooed on my right breast was incredibly painful so I knew what I was in for. I also know it wouldn't be my last. In several months I would enter the Cummypaws Training Facility for puppy and pony training and would receive two more marks for that. But it's what my Mistress wants so I was more than happy to get them.

After my morning breakfast at the Cumeaterie, I made my way to the Milking Barn for my final lesson. I knew it would be my last one as I was producing well over the required four ounces per breast now. Afterwards, I would stop off at the communal showers and then head to work for more testing of toys.

I hadn't seen or heard from my mother since that day she laid the bombshell on me that she and my father met here at the farm before I was born, and I stormed out feeling more betrayed than I imagined possible. At first I hated them both for being such hypocrites, but now I only felt sorry for them. So imagine my surprise when I see none other than mommy dearest when I get to the Milking Barn. She was hooked up to one of the milkers and sitting on the dildo seat as if it was nothing new. And for all I knew it probably wasn't.

"Mom?" I said walking over to my mother. "What in the hell are you doing here?"

"The rules state if I leave before completing my session I would be registered as a farm submissive," mom

replied pointing to the bid sign hanging on the wall.

“I meant, why are you at the farm again? And you know you have to do two sessions per day until you’re producing four ounces per breast, right?”

“That’s what the rules say.”

“And if you don’t complete the training you’ll be registered as a farm submissive.”

“That’s what the rules say, yes.”

“And you plan on staying here for a couple of months to do that? What if you’re collared and made someone’s submissive?”

“I’ll leave long before that happens. And look at you, sweetie. It looks like your breasts have grown considerably since I was last here. And is that a new collar around your neck? OH MY GOD!” she gasped as it finally dawned on her that I had a submissive name tattooed on my right breast. “You...you’re someone’s submissive? How? When did that happen? Did he force you to do it?”

“First of all, why do you even care? It’s not like you gave two shits the last time you were here. Second, I did it of my own free will. And third, *she* is the greatest thing to ever happen to me. As for when it happened, that was a few days after you were here. I was pissed off and for some reason I’m still not completely sure of, I registered myself to be auctioned off. Mistress Renee – the woman I work for at DF Productions was the winning bidder and I couldn’t be happier.”

“And I believe that, sweetie. I really do. I can see it in your eyes.”

“So, are you going to tell me why your here this time? Is dad with you or is he still refusing to talk to me?”

“I’m here alone, although he knows I’m here this time. I told him everything we talked about the last time. He was furious with me, but in the end agreed we were both being foolish and, as you say, very hypocritical of your decision to work here.”

“Do you love me mom?” I asked with all sincerity.

“Oh honey! How could you ask such a question? Of course I love you. And I’ll never stop loving you no matter what you do.”

“And you’re not mad I’m a submissive now?”

“No sweetie. I’m not mad at all. Surprised maybe, but not mad. You forget, back in the day I was a submissive too.”

“But you left the lifestyle behind. I don’t ever see me doing that even though I only have a three year contract with my Mistress.”

“Contract? What do you mean contract?”

“It’s all part of how the auction works. A submissive or bare-neck signs up to be auctioned for a specific period of time to do certain tasks and Dominants bid on them. I thought I put down three months, but in my pissed off state of mind I inadvertently put the three in the years column. I didn’t know my mistake until it was too late to change it.”

“And you are happy with this new life?”

“Happier than words can describe.”

“Then how could I be mad at you for that?”

I sat down at the machine opposite my mother and hooked myself up. The milk started flowing within seconds and I caught the look on mom’s face. “Today’s my last day here I think. I should more than meet quota.”

“So you’ll get the mark of completion today too?”

“Most likely after this session.”

“You know, none of this was here when your father and I were here. It was all tents and hastily cobbled together shacks. Now there are dozens of actual buildings, each dedicated to a different fetish. It’s really amazing how far this place has come.”

“Have you been in any other buildings mom?”

“Yes,” she replied in such a way I knew I wasn’t going to like the answer.

“Which ones?”

“Can you see my right hip?”

“Not the way you’re sitting. Why? What did you do mom?” I didn’t have long to wait as she turned to the side so I could clearly see her hip and the fresh PISS SLUT tattoo on it. “You did the golden showers? How many peed on you? You didn’t drink it did you?”

“In my defense I didn’t know it was the Golden Showers until I went in. I think there were twenty-five or thirty men and women in there to piss on me. And yes, I drank some but not by choice. A few of the women pressed their pussies to my mouth and it was swallow or choke. But that’s not all. As per the rules many of them also fucked me.”

“How many, mom?”

“All of them,” she said hanging her head in shame. “I’d appreciate it if you didn’t mention that part to your father.”

“Not like he’s ever coming here to see me. Is that the only other building you went into?”

“I went to the Cumeaterie first since you said you liked the breakfast. And you were right about it by the way. They do have amazing semen. I also looked for you at the apartment but I guess you were already gone.”

“So why are you here?”

“Because your father and I miss you sweetie. And...”

“I’m not coming home,” I said cutting her off. “I love my life here and plan on staying for as long as my Mistress asks me too.”

“I understand. And since you’re not allowed access to phones, and you won’t drop by for a visit, this is the only way I get to see you.”

“I’m sorry mom but until dad apologizes to me I will not step foot on that property. I really don’t want you risking getting collared and registered because of me, mom.”

“So you never want to see me again? Is that what you’re saying?”

“No, of course not. But I’m willing to meet you someplace that isn’t here if that makes you feel any better.”

“I don’t know,” she smiled “these milkers and the dildos stuffing my holes are making me feel pretty good. Kind of brings back old memories.”

“Yeah, they are relaxing aren’t they?”

“I might complete the training after all.”

“But you’d have to remain here on the farm for the duration. You would most likely become someone’s submissive. Besides, there are milkers at home you can use.”

“True, but we don’t have seats like this.”

“I can give you one of mine, or we can go to the shop and buy one of your own.”

“Really? Now that sounds like a great idea. Let’s do that after we’re done here. Or do you have to get to work?”

“I have to get to work to greet my Mistress but after that we can head to the store. I don’t have set hours.”

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Mom’s milker stopped fifteen minutes before mine. She unhooked herself and we talked some more until mine finally shut off too. I picked up the two small bottles of breast milk and looked at the measurement marks on the side. The one for the left breast was a hair under five ounces and the right was five and a half. I had surpassed the quota. My training was complete.

“Excuse me Mistress Darleen,”

“Yes, what is it Pleasurepuss?”

“I’ve completed my training. I’ve produced five ounces from each breasts this morning.”

“Congratulations! Will you go to the body modification building willingly, or should I call Mistress Ashley here to do the mark of completion?”

“I’ll go there right after I greet my Mistress at work if that’s ok. You have my word on that.”

“Alright, let me just write you a note here to give them. You don’t want any unnecessary work done, right?”

“No Mistress.”

It took her a minute to write out the letter and give it to me. In short, it said I had completed my milking training and was to be given the mark of completion for doing so. Mom and I left the Milking barn and headed for the hanging gardens where I picked several roses and tulips. Next was a stop at the Hot Momma Cafe for her morning coffee, and finally DF Productions. Mom commented on the size and look of the place much as I had my first day here and then I took her inside and to Mistress Renee’s office.

Once in my Mistresses office I replaced the flowers, sat the coffee on the coaster on her desk, and took my place kneeling in waiting. “You kneel like that every morning?” mom asked.

“I do. It is the proper way to greet my Mistress. I also get her coffee and fresh flowers every morning. And before you ask, no, she does not force me to do this nor even ask it of me. I do it because it makes her happy and that makes me happy.”

The door opened a few minutes later and Mistress Renee entered. “Good morning Pleasurepuss Analwhore.”

“Good morning Mistress.”

“I see we have a visitor today.”

“Yes Mistress. This is my mother Gail. Mom, this is Mistress Renee, my Mistress.”

“Pleasure to meet you Mistress Renee. My daughter speaks highly of you.”

“The pleasure is all mine, Gail. Can I call you Gail? Or would you prefer Mrs. Crane?”

“Gail is fine Mistress.”

“I can see manners run in the family,” Mistress smiled.

“Annie must not have told you I was a submissive way back in the day.”

“No, she did not.”

“Well, I don’t blame her. I only recently told her and besides, I really only did it for the movies I did. But that doesn’t mean I forgot how to be polite.”

“Mistress, if it is ok I’d like to take my mother to Slave Seats before I begin work. She’s interested in purchasing a seat for home.”

“Of course. Take as long as you need.”

“There’s one more thing, Mistress. I completed my milking training this morning. I’m producing five ounces per breast now.”

“Congratulations. I don’t see the mark of completion though. Did they forget to give it to you?”

“No Mistress. I asked to be able to come greet you at work first and Mistress Darleen said it was ok.”

“You are just the sweetest thing,” Mistress said leaning down to kiss me. It was a long, passion-filled kiss that lasted several seconds and left me breathless. “I have a lot of paperwork to take care of for a new contract we’ve acquired so take all the time you need. When you return, you can finish off in Lab 006.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

Part 15

Life's Little Complications

~ ~ ~

“I must say, it looks like Mistress Renee loves you as much as you her,” mom said as we made our way towards the body modification building. “So, are you’re lovers too I take it?”

“We do make love to each other yes, but we’re not dating or anything. Or maybe we are. I don’t really know to be honest. Our relationship goes far beyond dating, or even marriage for that matter.”

“I’m just glad you’re happy. That’s all that matters to me.”

“Thanks, mom. Well, this is it. I don’t know how long I’ll be in there so why don’t you go back to my apartment and wait for me? I’ll come get you and we can go purchase you a dildo seat.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

I entered the building and mom wondered off I hope to go back to my apartment. I knew at once it was going to be a long wait. There were so many bare-necks and submissives here today that every dildo seat was taken and there were three people in line at the counter to sign in. I joined the back of the line and when it was my turn I handed the submissive working the counter today the slip of paper Mistress Darleen gave me.

When there are no seats remaining, something I had never personally seen before, all bare-necks and submissives had to kneel in waiting. Personally I had grown to love the seats, but kneeling it was. People came and went and I realized they were working both rooms due to the vast amount of

people needing work done so early in the day. But my wait was still a long one and I worried for my mother. I may have told her to wait for me at my apartment, but she had a way of getting distracted and could be anywhere on the farm by now. Except here of course. I think I might've seen her if she walked through the door.

Even with what turned out to be five Dominants and two trained submissives doing the work, it still took them nearly three hours to get around to me. Unfortunately I didn't get to see Mistress Ashley and the man tattooing my breast wasn't much of a conversationalist. He did do great work though and I was out of there fifteen minutes later.

I arrived at the apartment fully expecting it to either be empty, or mom there but collared and registered a submissive and going hysterical. "Hey sweetie," mom greeted me when I finally got home. "What took so long?"

"They were filled beyond capacity and I had to wait my turn. Sorry it took so long."

"That's ok."

"Are you ready to go buy a dildo seat?"

"I am. Afterwards we can get some lunch."

"Sure."

"So, do they sell all of these toys here at the farm?" mom asked as she waved a hand at the dildo-lined shelves hanging on my living room wall.

"Some of them, yes. But most I got for testing them at work."

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Slave Seats – the sole shop selling dildo seats, was clear on the other side of the Farm. There was a lot of risk on my mother's part, but she would not be persuaded. She had to pick out her own seat. And that was that. I took the shortest, most direct route there and when mom laid eyes on the vast amount of options she was like a kid in a candy store.

“Dear god they have a lot of options to choose from,” mom said.

“I know. I’d love to have them all, but I’m only allowed one apartment.”

“I don’t even know where to begin. Do I get a single dildo, or a double? Chair, or a bench? Do they sell different sized dildos here too?”

“They do. The dildos for the seats are specifically designed for the seats. Why don’t you go ahead and try some out? There are condoms and lube underneath them for your use.”

I watched somewhat embarrassed as my mother hopped from seat to seat, testing them all to find the perfect one. After she sat on about the tenth one I stopped paying attention to her and wondered around the shop.

“Oh damn!” I heard mom gasp. “This one really hurts. I don’t think I could sit on it very long.”

“WAIT MOM!” I yelled. “Don’t get up yet!” I ran over to see her sitting uncomfortable on a metal, nub-covered chair known as the Punishment seat. “You can’t get up no matter how much it hurts!”

“Why the hell not?” she said standing up. I immediately face-palmed myself and the Mistress running the store rushed over.

“You still had forty-eight seconds remaining before you were allowed to stand up,” the Mistress said. “Please kneel on the floor for your punishment.”

“Punishment? What punishment? What’s she talking about Annie?”

“That’s what I was trying to warn you about mom. If you sit on that chair you must remain seated for a full minute before getting up. If you don’t you get punished.”

“Well it would have been nice if someone told me that *before* I sat down on the damn thing.”

“There’s a sign hanging on the wall behind it,” the Mistress pointed out. “With Forty-eight seconds remaining that is ten swats of the cane across the breasts. One for every five seconds left on your time.”

“How do you know how long I was sitting on the damn thing? You weren’t there with a watch timing me!”

“It is monitored and I was watching from the counter. If you’d like I can show you the footage.”

“Trust me mom. If she says you were sitting for twelve seconds, then you were sitting for twelve seconds. Please just kneel and get it over with.”

“She wants to cane my breasts and you want me to just let her? No fucking way!”

“It’s that or the alternative,” the Mistress said.

“What’s the alternative?”

“Registration as a farm submissive. So what’ll it be?”

“Please take the swats mom. It’ll hurt like hell but then it’ll be all over and we can buy whatever seats you want and go.”

“You let her swat your tits with a cane!”

“I’m not the one that sat on the chair. But I can if it’ll make you feel better.” Without waiting for a reply I eased myself down onto the massive dildos and the nub-covered seat. The nubs were designed to cause the most discomfort possible, but I had long ago figured out how to put the pain out of my mind. It came in handy on the days I tested the new canes, floggers, and other punishment tools. I steadied my breath and steeled my mind against the building pain. Mom and the Mistress just stared at me.

“It looks like you’re daughter has a high tolerance for pain. I hope she got it from you because the cane really is going to hurt when it slices across those big breasts of yours.

“What if I get back on the seat and finish the time?” mom pleaded.

“If you get back on the seat your times starts over but you are still subject to the first punishment. There are no do-overs. And if you can’t complete the time again its additional swats. Do you want to risk that?”

“No.”

“Then unless you want to be a farm submissive I’d kneel on the floor. This is the last time I ask. If you’re not kneeling in the next five seconds then we can go straight to the registration office. One...two...three...four...”

I breathed a sigh of relief when my mother dropped to her knees in front of the Mistress. “Just get it over with,” she said nervously.

THWACK! The first swat landed hard across mom’s nipples. She screamed in agony and fell back onto the floor clutching her breasts. “Get back into position bare-neck,” the Mistress said “Or it won’t be bare for long.

WHACK!

“Aaahhgghhhh!” mom wailed again, this time staying her ground.

WHACK!

WHACK! Mom fell over from the pain again and a buzzer went off somewhere towards the front of the store. “Your time is up Pleasurepuss Analwhore. You may get up now.”

“Thank you Mistress,” I said slowly standing up. I gritted my teeth against the pain of the blood returning to certain areas as I moved to the side and waited for my mother’s punishment to end.”

THWACK! Another painfully hard swat across her nipples.

“PLEASE! NO MORE!” mom begged. “I...I can’t do it!”

“You only have three more to go bare-neck. Are you saying you’d rather be registered as a submissive? Before you answer know that if you say yes the punishment stops and we

go right to the registration office. There's no changing your mind."

"YES! Yes, yes, yes! I don't fucking care anymore. Just please, no more!"

"I can't do anything to stop her taking you to be registered mom. I'll go with you, but I cannot and will not prevent this. I've warned you time and time again that something like this might happen and you've ignored me. Now you'll see I wasn't lying to you."

"I'm...sorry...sweetie," mom sobbed. "I just... couldn't...take it anymore."

"What is your name?"

"Gail. Gail Crane."

"Get on your feet Gail. And follow me. If you try running away you better leave the farm and never come back. In fact, if you do leave you will be banned for life for breaking one of the cardinal rules."

The implications were not lost on my mother and she climbed to her feet obediently. It was either go through with being registered as a farm submissive, or risk never being able to see me again. Despite our earlier conversation I knew there was no way she would back out of it now.

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"I'd like to register this woman as a farm submissive," the Mistress from Slave seats said to Mistress Claudia – the woman running the Registration office.

"Name?" Mistress Claudia asked my mother.

"Gail Crane."

"Date of birth?"

"April, 8, 1968."

"Height?"

"5 feet 5 inches."

"Weight?"

“133 pounds.”

“Measurements?”

“36D-24-35.”

“Hmm, brown hair, blue eyes,” Mistress Claudia said looking from the computer screen to my mother. “Do you have a submissive name for her or would you prefer we pick one at random?”

“Pick one at random. And can you see that she makes it to the body modification building? I’ve got to get back to the shop.”

“Of course. Alright, let me start the program and we’ll have your new submissive name all picked out for you.” She clicked a few screens and then smiled. “Well Gail Crane, it looks like your new name is going to be Sweetcunt Gapingwhore. And that is to be branded on your right breast. I’ll just go ahead and send the information over to Mistress Ashley. You, Pleasurepuss, can you see that this new submissive makes it to the body modification building?”

“Yes Mistress I’ll take her right away.” I guess she thought since I came in with them I was working for the other Mistress and could be trusted to do this menial task.

“Then see to it.”

“Yes Mistress.” I said taking my mother by the arm. We left the office in a hurry. “You see what you’ve gone and done? Leave this place before it’s too late. I’ll make arrangements to come see you more regularly. You don’t have to go through with this.”

“I thought you were all about following the rules?” mom replied.

“I am. But...”

“Then why should I be any different? I fucked up and should accept the consequences for my actions.”

“They are going to brand your submissive name on your breast mom. Do you understand what that means? It’s

permanent. FOREVER! It's not a tattoo that you can have removed later. What will dad say about you being registered?"

"Let's just go get this over with."

I can take you as far as the building but I can't go in unless I want to get more work done. When they are done I'll take you back to my apartment. I'm going to call off for the day so I can look after you."

"You don't have to do that. I don't want you to get into trouble."

"It's ok. I think under the circumstances Mistress Renee will understand. When you go in, go straight to the counter and tell them you are there to receive your submissive name. They'll ask a few questions and then tell you to take a seat and wait your turn. I'll be right outside waiting for you."

"Thanks sweetie."

Mom entered the body modification building, the door swung closed as I watched her walk towards the counter at the far end of the room. I was proud and disappointed in her at the same time. Proud that she was willing to play by the rules no matter the consequences, and disappointed that she repeatedly ignored my warnings.

Fifteen minutes after my mom entered the building I heard a blood-curdling scream and knew she was being branded. My brain told me to stay put, but instinct said to rush to my mother's aid. Unfortunately for me instinct wins every time. I yanked the door open and ran inside, not stopping at the counter to sign in. I jerked open the door to the little side room and stepped inside. Mom was on strapped to the chair much as I was when I received my branding a couple of months ago.

"MOM!" I yelled. "Are you ok?"

"You've got to be kidding me," Mistress Ashley said. "Is this really your mom?"

"Yes Mistress. Is she alright?"

“She’ll be fine. She was branded on an incredibly sensitive area so is in a lot of pain right now. Well, you know how that feels.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“It’s good to see you again, Pleasurepuss. So what work will you be having done today?”

“I hadn’t planned on having any done, but I heard my mom screaming bloody murder and ran in. So, I guess give me an outer labia piercing. Do you have any more rings with the little bells? I’d like to keep them all matching if possible.”

“I think I might have a couple. Go ahead and get on the table and I’ll get everything set up. Oh, did you sign in?”

“No Mistress.”

“Then go do so now or I’ll have to give you another after you sign in.”

I left the room, signed my name on the clipboard and put down outer labia piercing. I gave the Mistress working the counter an apologetic smile and rejoined my mom and Mistress Ashley in the back room. When mom and we finally emerged I was sporting a ring in each outer labia – the rules state that all labia piercings are done in pairs, and mom was finally able to stand and walk. The brand on her right breast was bandaged but I saw it when I rushed in to her rescue. From the looks of it she had color added to it.

I put mom to bed and finally went to work. I was going to ask Mistress for the day off, but with mom passed out in bed I saw no reason to do so. No sooner was I in Lab 006 then my hood ring buzzed. I quickly made my way to my Mistresses office and took my place on the floor.

“You wanted to see me Mistress?”

“I did. So tell me, how did things go with your mother? Is she enjoying the Farm?”

“Things went from bad to worse, Mistress. My mother is hardheaded and wouldn’t listen to a thing I said. While at Slave Seats she sat on the punishment seat and got up after

twelve seconds. After arguing with the Mistress she finally took her punishment but then called a stop to it and begged to be registered as a farm submissive so she didn't have to endure the rest of the swats."

"I see. And what happened next? I went with mom and the Mistress to the registration office where mom was given her submissive name. Mistress Claudia tasked me with taking my own mother to be branded with her new name."

"Oh my! They branded her breast? Poor woman, that had to hurt like hell."

"I heard her screaming all the way outside and ran in to help her. As a result I now have a set of outer labia rings, Mistress."

"Very nice Pleasurepuss. So your mother is now a registered Farm submissive?"

"Yes Mistress. She is currently at my apartment passed out from the pain of being branded."

"Are you sure you are able to work? You may take the day off if you want."

"Thank you Mistress, but I see no need to do that. There's nothing I can do for Sweetcunt Gapingwhore even if I did take the day off."

"Oh, how wonderful! I take it that's your mother's submissive name?"

"Yes Mistress."

"I like it. Not as much as I love yours, but it does have a nice ring to it. Well, it seems as if you've had a very productive day so far. If you really feel up to testing those monster toys go right ahead. I won't delay you any longer."

"Thank you Mistress. To be honest I'm looking forward to seeing if I can fit the largest ones in me today."

"I think you really love stretching your holes open don't you Pleasurepuss Analwhore?"

“Yes Mistress. I really think I do. I didn’t at first but now I can’t get enough of it.”

“And have you been fisting yourself every day too?”

“Yes Mistress. Pussy and ass just like you requested.”

“Perfect. After you work the largest of the fisting toys into your gaping holes I’d like for you to pay the House of Gape a visit. Tell them you are ready to take the fisting test in order to receive your mark of completion.”

“Yes Mistress.” I knew of the House of Gape of course. It was where men and women went to learn how to fist. But they went to the extremes there and in order to receive the mark of completion a person had to be able to take two fists in both holes at the same time. If Mistress thought I would be ready after I stuffed the fisting toys in my holes today then so be it. I trusted her judgment. It did mean another tattoo, but then again with everything I’ve gotten thus far another one really didn’t matter.

After my so-called shift ended at work, with my holes gaping open more than ever, I made my way to the House of Gape where I was easily able to complete the test without going through weeks of training. I had done that to myself at work. I received a tattoo of a fist around which was written FISTING QUEEN on my right hip and was sent on my way. By the time I got home mom was sitting up in bed looking miserable.

Part 16

Rules of the Farm

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“How are you feeling, Sweetcunt Gapingwhore?” I asked my mother. It was embarrassing calling my mom such a humiliating name, but the rules were the rules. Farm submissives were never to be called by anything but their submissive name and those breaking the rules, Dominants included, were subject to punishment.

“My breast aches horribly,” mom replied.

“I know. My hip hurt for days when it was branded. “I’m so mad at you for doing this Sweetcunt. Why wouldn’t you listen to me? Why did you do it?”

“Do you have to call me that? I’m your mother for Christ’s sake.”

“Sorry. I have to use your submissive name even if you are my mother. I don’t want punished for breaking the rules.”

“I understand. Does that mean I have to call you Pleasurepuss Analwhore?”

“You can if you want. It’s only Farm submissives that may no longer use their real names at the Farm. And you don’t have to use the whole name either. You can call me Pleasurepuss or Analwhore. And I can call you Sweetcunt or Gapingwhore. Just so long as I use at least part of your name.”

“What an insane place this has become. I’m sorry I didn’t listen to you Pleasurepuss. I really am. Is that another tattoo?”

“Yes. I took the fisting test today and passed with flying colors.”

“You are looking the right whore, you know that right?”

“And you’re well on your way to the same. Out of curiosity, how long did you pay to stay this time?”

“Only the day.”

“Well, there are some rules you need to know about as a Farm submissive. First, you are required to spend no less than ten days per month living on the Farm. They don’t have to be consecutive days, but it has to be a minimum of ten. Second, as a Farm submissive you are obligated to be available for all bare-necks and Dominants to use as they see fit within the confines of your limits list.”

“Limits list? What’s that?”

“You need to go to the Main Office and fill out the limits list, Sweetcunt. It’s a comprehensive list of every fetish known to man. Your job is to make a list of everything you’re willing to do without thought, your soft limits, and your hard limits. Farm submissives that don’t make the list are assumed available for anything without question.”

“How do you know all of this, Pleasurepuss?”

“Because I’ve been doing a lot of reading on the Farm’s rules and regulations. Trust me Gapingwhore, I’m only trying to help you here.”

“Any other rules I need to know about?”

“After you’ve made your list you are then permitted to say no if a bare-neck or Dominant asks you to do something you’ve marked as a hard limit. Remember, that’s *hard* limits only. If you say no to soft limits, or things you’d normally do without question you can and will be punished. As a Farm submissive others will try to manipulate you into doing things and try to get you to go into buildings with mandatory marks of completion. You are under no obligation to obey those commands. Only your registered Dominant can tell you to go into those buildings and since you’re a Farm submissive the only one that can do that is Mistress Simone – the owner of the Domination Farm.”

“I’ve really gotten myself in deep shit this time haven’t I sweetie?”

“Yes, yes you have. But if you start listening to me life here can be very enjoyable. But you still have the option of leaving this place for good and never coming back. But here’s the deal with that. As a Farm submissive, if you do not spend the required ten days a month at the Farm you will be given ten swats of the cane for every day you miss. And if you are gone for more than a month without visiting once, you will be banned for life.”

“Why? That makes no sense to me at all.”

“Farm submissives are supposed to be those men and women looking to live this lifestyle 24/7. So they want those dedicated enough to meet the strict requirements of being a Farm submissive. Most of them have given up everything to live here at the Farm 24/7.”

“I can’t do that. I could never leave your father no matter how much of an ass he can be at times.”

“Then either deal with life as a Farm submissive and arrange to be here ten days per month, or leave now and don’t come back. I’ve told you time and time again what I thought best for you, but now it’s time you decided for yourself. Also remember you still have the milking training to complete.”

“I don’t want to lose you sweetie. And if being a Farm submissive is what it takes for me to see you on a regular basis then it’s a small price to pay.”

“I’ve told you I would come see you outside of the farm on a regular basis. I’m not a prisoner here you know. I really can come and go as I see fit, but choose to stay because of my Mistress.”

“She’s very lucky to have someone as dedicated and loyal as you, Pleasurepuss. She really is.”

“And I’m just as lucky to have her. She means more to me than anything in this world. I love her mom. I love her with every fiber of my being and I don’t think there’s anything I wouldn’t do to make her happy.”

“So why aren’t the two of you married then?”

“In a way I think we are. When we exchanged our old armband and collar for the new matching ones it was like it connected us on a level I can’t explain. It’s deeper than love. More meaningful to me than marriage. I don’t know if it had the same effect on my Mistress - I really hope it did, but even if not I’ll love and obey her to the end of my days.”

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Mistress Renee sat in her office staring teary-eyed at the monitor sitting on her large oak desk. She was watching her submissive as she had every day. She listened to Pleasurepuss’s unscripted, heartfelt, and genuine profession of love and what being collared meant to her and the tears flowed freely down her cheeks. She listened to a mother willing to live a life as a Farm submissive rather than risk losing contact with her daughter. *If that isn’t proof of unconditional love then I don’t know what is*, Mistress Renee thought as she watched the scene unfold.

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So what is dad going to say about you being a farm submissive? I mean he flipped out when I said I was going to work here.”

“Oh, he’ll be pissed. Probably file for divorce. But you know what? I don’t give a damn anymore. I’ve denied my past for far too long and if he can’t accept us for who and what we are then as far as I’m concerned we don’t fucking need him.”

“Oh my god! What are you saying?”

“I’m saying we’re going home and we’re going to have a nice long conversation with your father about everything that has transpired here since you arrived. I’m saying I’m going to remain a Farm submissive for as long as I’m able because that’s a part of my past I’ve missed the most. I’m saying if he can’t accept us for who we are then I no longer need him in my life. I want a man to love me unconditionally, not one I can’t be myself around.”

“Are you serious?”

“Very. Come on, let’s go home.”

Part 17

A Father's Acceptance

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I'd be lying if I said I hadn't thought about going home and confronting my father and his hypocritical ways. But it still wasn't something I was looking forward to. Now that my mother made up her mind to rekindle her past love for being submissive, I feared my father would disown us both as crazy, sex-addicted whores. For my part, I guess that would be a fair assessment. At the Domination Farm I discovered a wide variety of sex that I thoroughly enjoyed that were now as much a part of my life as my skin is part of my body.

"I should go tell my Mistress that I'm leaving the Farm for a few hours. Then we can go."

"Oh, and we should do some shopping while we're at it," mom replied. "I still need to buy me a few of those dildo seats. And I wouldn't mind getting a few more sex toys while we're at it. I'm a bit jealous of your collection."

"I'd give you some of them, but I think that would be just weird. Ok, so to DF Productions to tell Mistress I'm leaving then to Slave Seats and the Whore Store. Anything else you want before we go?"

"Some more of these outfits I think. I really like them."

"What there is of them," I smiled. "To be honest I'm not sure why they bother letting us wear anything at all."

"Mistress Renee isn't going to have a problem with you leaving the Farm is she?"

"I don't see why she would. I haven't left in more than two months and besides, I plan on coming back after we talk

with dad.”

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An informed Mistress and three hours of shopping later and we were in my car driving down the road towards home. It felt odd leaving the Domination Farm after so long, but it felt even stranger to wear clothes again. I found them stuffy and couldn't wait to get back so I could put on my form-fitting latex once again. We took my car because it hadn't moved in two months and that wasn't good for it. Also, I didn't wholly trust mom to bring me back if things didn't go according to plan – whatever that was.

“Hi honey,” mom said to dad whom was reclining in his favorite chair watching TV.

“So you finally managed to convince her to quite that place?” dad replied.

“Hello to you too, dad,” I huffed. “And no, I did not quit *that place*. I'm very happy there thank you very much. I knew this was a bad idea. He hasn't changed his mind at all.”

“Come on you guys, can't we all sit down and talk about this like adults?” mom asked. “Tobias Crane how can you just sit there? Get your ass out of that chair and give your daughter a hug. For Christ's sake you haven't seen her in months and you can't even greet her properly?”

“It's ok mom. I don't want a hug from him unless he means it. I thought you said he was ok with you coming back to the farm?”

“Well, he was ok with me going there to convince you to come home,” mom said with a nervous grin.

“So this was all some elaborate ruse to get me home? You went through all of that for nothing mom because I'm not coming home. I'm very happy at the Farm and with Mistress Renee. You know that.”

“I know sweetie. And I have no intentions of asking you to come home.”

“Then why are we even here?”

“Because your father has a right to know how happy you are and what I’ve gotten myself into.”

“What are you talking about?” dad asked. “What have you gotten yourself into? Who in the hell is Mistress Renee?”

“Mistress Renee is my Mistress, dad. I am her submissive in case you didn’t know what the collar meant. Oh, wait, that’s right you’ve been to the farm before. Haven’t you?”

“I saw them together dear and two people more in love I’ve never seen. The way they talk to and about each other it’s like they’re soul mates.”

“So my daughter is a submissive,” dad huffed. “I guess the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree after all. And why are you wearing that collar?” he asked mom. “For fuck’s sake, don’t tell me you’ve gone back to that shit again!”

“That *shit* is what brought us together asshole! Or have you forgotten where and how we met?”

“Of course I didn’t forget.”

“Then why are you being such a bastard about it?” I blurted out. “You and mom used to go there before I was born and you have the audacity to give me shit for going there? You’re nothing but a hypocrite.”

“We didn’t just meet there sweetie,” mom said to me. “When I met your father he was in training to be a Farm Dominant.”

“HE WHAT? Are you kidding me?”

“No, she is not kidding,” dad answered. “But those days are far behind me now. I want nothing to do with that place.”

“Tell her why. Tell her what happened to make you change your mind.”

“I don’t see how that’s relevant.”

“Tell her, or I will.” Dad sat there in silence and so mom continued. “As I said, your father was in training to be a

Farm Dominant. He was nearing the end of his training and since we were dating I was assigned to be his first official submissive.”

“Just stop,” dad said. “She doesn’t need to hear this.”

“Yes, I think I do dad. Go on mom, tell me what happened.”

“As part of his final test he was required to punish me severely for a rule I broke at the time. I was to receive twenty swats of the cane followed by a flogging. Even then I hated pain and he knew it and couldn’t bring himself to punish me so they failed him. Embarrassed we left the Farm together never to return.”

“So you’re being such a fucking asshole because you were humiliated more than twenty fucking years ago? Christ dad, the people that did that probably aren’t even there anymore.”

“It’s true honey. The place has changed so much since we were there. There are all manner of buildings and attractions. There are new rules and regulations written down instead of made up on the spot. The people there are genuinely happy to be there and so am I. I’m a Farm submissive now dear. I’ve broken the rules and allowed myself to be collared to avoid punishment. And I intend to remain a Farm submissive.”

“Great,” dad sighed “two whores in the family. Just what I fucking need.”

“Come back with us,” mom said to my surprise. “Finish your training and be my Master. Please dear. I’ve wanted you to dominate me for more than two decades but have remained silent because of how you felt. Well, I can remain silent no longer. This is who I am and I can never change that.”

“I will not go back to that place. They’ll ask me to punish you all over again and you know I can’t do that.”

“I seriously doubt it dad. They would have you punish a bare-neck like mom was the last time. It’s more humiliating

for a bare-neck to be punished as if he or she was a submissive than it is for a submissive to be punished.”

“How do you figure that?” dad asked.

“Because a submissive knows being punished is part of the lifestyle and thus expects it when he or she is caught breaking the rules. I’ve read every rule and regulation the Farm has and I can say with almost complete certainty that you will not be asked to punish mom to finish your training. Show him your marks mom.”

“Marks? What marks? What is she talking about Gail?”

“As a farm submissive I was given a submissive name and it was branded on my right breast,” mom replied. “I also got a tattoo for completing one of the attractions.” She said slowly pulling her shirt off to avoid disturbing the bandage on her breast. Next she removed her skirt to show him the PISS SLUT tattoo on her hip. Gently removing the bandage she showed him the brand. “Annie was the lucky one. Her name is tattooed. This is who I am at the Farm dear.”

“Sweetcunt Gapingwhore?” dad said. “Sweetcunt? Well, at least that part’s true. But Gapingwhore? You weren’t gaping when you went to that place. Has that changed?”

“No. I am not gaping. But your daughter is.”

“MOM! A submissive’s name is meant to be humiliating and degrading dad. Although it can have something to do with what the submissive does.”

For instance, Annie’s is Pleasurepuss Analwhore,” Mom said.

“MOM! Come on, he doesn’t need to hear about me!”

“Why the hell not? I thought we were going to be completely open about this? You should see her collection of toys. She can open her own shop.”

“Speaking of toys, why don’t we bring in the one’s you bought?”

“We can get them after it’s decided how we’re moving forward as a family.”

“What is it the two of you want from me?” dad asked.

“We want you to accept us for who and what we are, dad,” I said stripping out of my clothes to show him my piercings, tattoos, and brand. “I may have humiliating and degrading artwork, but I am proud of each and every one of them. I have a Mistress now that I love more than anything in the world, a job I enjoy, and tons of friends. What did I have before? I lived at home milking cows and mucking stalls. I had one friend I saw three times a year and no prospects at a better life. I didn’t tell mom this, but I’m fucking rich now. Not only am I making money hand over fist at the Farm, in little less than three years I’ll be getting more than \$300,000 from the Farm.”

“What in the hell!” mom gasped. “Why are they giving you so much money?”

“Remember the auction I told you I did? That is the part of the money I get.”

“Fucking hell!”

“But that’s beside the point,” I said putting my clothes back on. “I cannot stress how happy I am at the Domination Farm. I wish you could see it for yourself. And I wish you could see how happy mom is there as well. Why don’t you come back with us? Finish training to be a Farm Dominant and be the Master mom wants you to be? If you think I’ll judge you for it then you really don’t know me at all. Not only would I never judge anyone for what they did, I certainly have no room to do so now.”

“And how would that affect us? I can’t be your Master too. That would be creep and wrong on so many levels.”

“You wouldn’t have to be my Master. First of all, I already have a Mistress that I serve faithfully. And secondly, I live at the Farm now and that’s not going to change. So, if you’re willing to get over you’re supposed humiliation and accept us for who we are then I’m willing to come home for

visits now and then. Nothing has to change between us. You're still my father and I'm your daughter and you being mom's Master has no bearing on that."

"You're already collared," dad said to mom. "So who are you submissive to?"

"No one. I'm a farm submissive. That means anyone at the Farm can use me. But if you were my Master I would only have to serve you. And that's what I really want. I want you to dominate me. I've wanted it since we met at the Farm and I'll want it till the day I die. Why can't you see that?"

"I doubt they would just let me come in and take the test. I'd have to start over from the beginning again."

"How is that a problem?" I asked.

"It means you'll be used by god knows how many people while I am in training."

"You didn't have a problem with that when I was doing porn or the last time we were at the Farm. You do remember the thirty man gang bang I did, right? I mean, you were there after all and that didn't bother you none."

"Stop making excuses dammit!" I shouted. "Just come with us to the Farm and go through the training. I can see your pants tenting so I know this is getting you horny. Why don't I go unload mom's new toys while the two of you take care of... that?" I said pointing to the rather impressive bulge in my father's pants.

"Let me take care of that for you, Master," mom purred as she knelt between dad's legs. I left the house and took my time unloading the car. So as not to disturb the lovebirds I put everything on the porch. Mom went a little crazy buying stuff and it took me nearly an hour to get it all out of my car.

The front door opened and dad stepped out. "Alright sweetie, you have yourself a deal. And I'm sorry I treated you like shit for going to the Farm. When you and your mother return I'll be going with you to restart my training as a Farm Dominant. And I want to meet this Mistress of yours."

“Oh, thank you daddy!” I exclaimed, throwing my arms around his neck and hugging him tight. “You’ll like her. She’s absolutely perfect and I really do love her. And I’m not just saying that because she’s my Mistress. She completes me, dad. Like you and mom complete each other. I honestly believe we were meant for each other.”

“I still want to meet the woman that will be dominating my daughter. I need to know you’re in good hands and aren’t being mistreated.”

“Of course dad.”

Epilogue

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It's amazing how happy you can be if you no longer care what others think about you and you learn to embrace your true self. When my father tossed off his mantle of humiliation he became a new man. He approached his training as a Master the same way mom and I did being a submissive. The Domination Farm had changed drastically in the twenty plus years since he last graced it and that helped to set his mind at ease. And eight months from the day he began, he finished his training and claimed mom as his personal submissive.

As for me, I returned to my Mistress with news of what happened. She told me how she watched mom and I talked and how much I meant to her. We confessed our undying love for each other and two months later were married at the Farm. I'm still her faithful and loving submissive and she's still my amazing Mistress and love of my life.

During the three years of our auction agreement I completed my puppy and pony training at Cummpaws and received my marks of completion for doing so. Now, whenever Mistress wants either, all she has to do is give a command and I become a playful puppy, or stalwart pony ready and willing to follow her every command. I also completed a few other activities on the farm that required marks of completion such as the Golden Showers, Gang Bang Grotto, and the School of Discipline. I wear each and every mark as a badge of honor, a chronicle of my achievements there for all to see.

Mom and dad returned home as Master and submissive. Dad converted one of the smaller barns into their personal dungeon and play room and host a variety of swinger

and lifestyle parties. Mistress Renee and I visit them often but steer clear of the dungeon because that's their private space.

For a while there my life was a rollercoaster ride of ups and downs and I thought I would never see my father again, but in the end cooler heads prevailed and we're all the happier for it. Life is great when you learn to accept your true self.