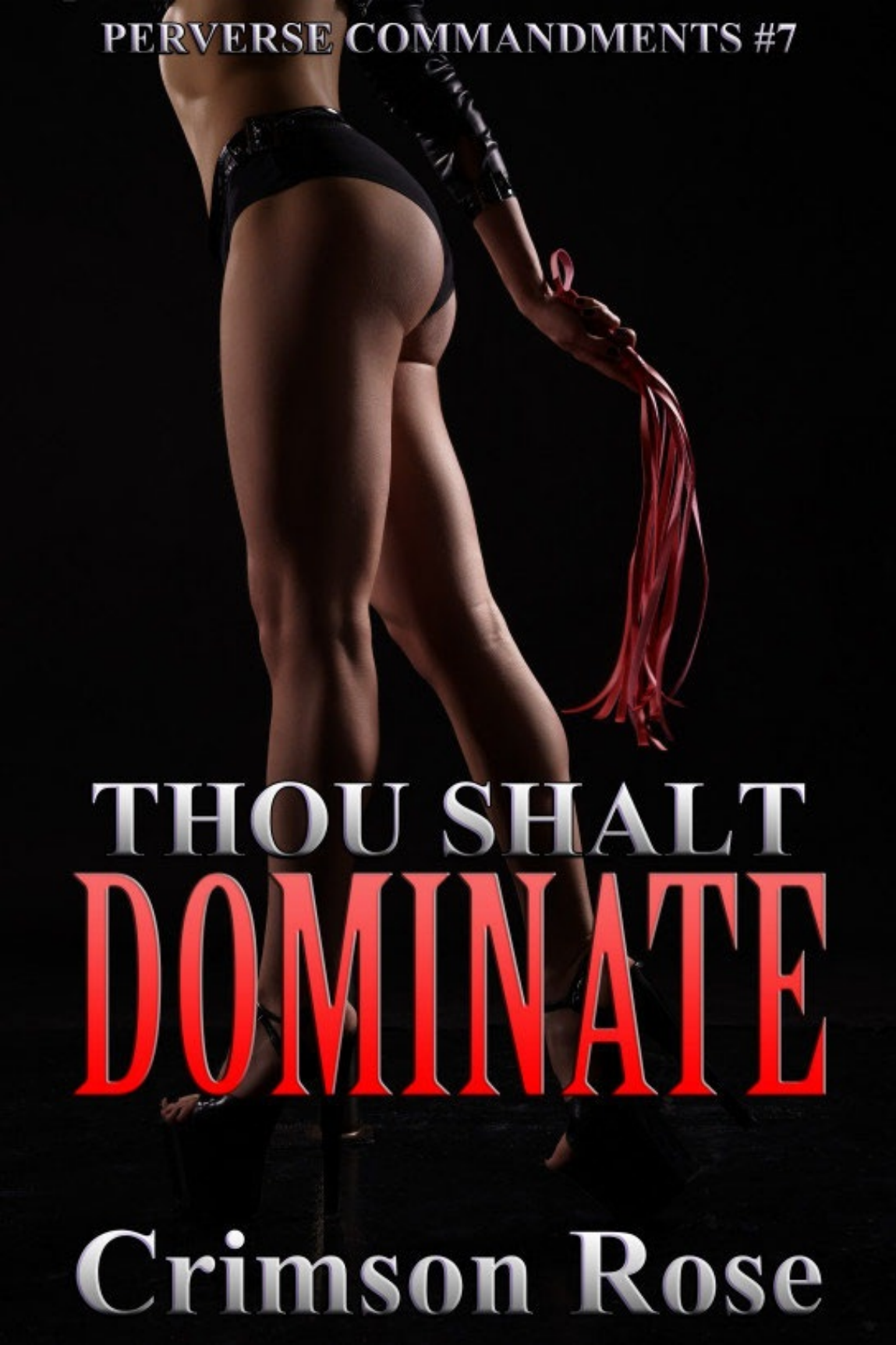
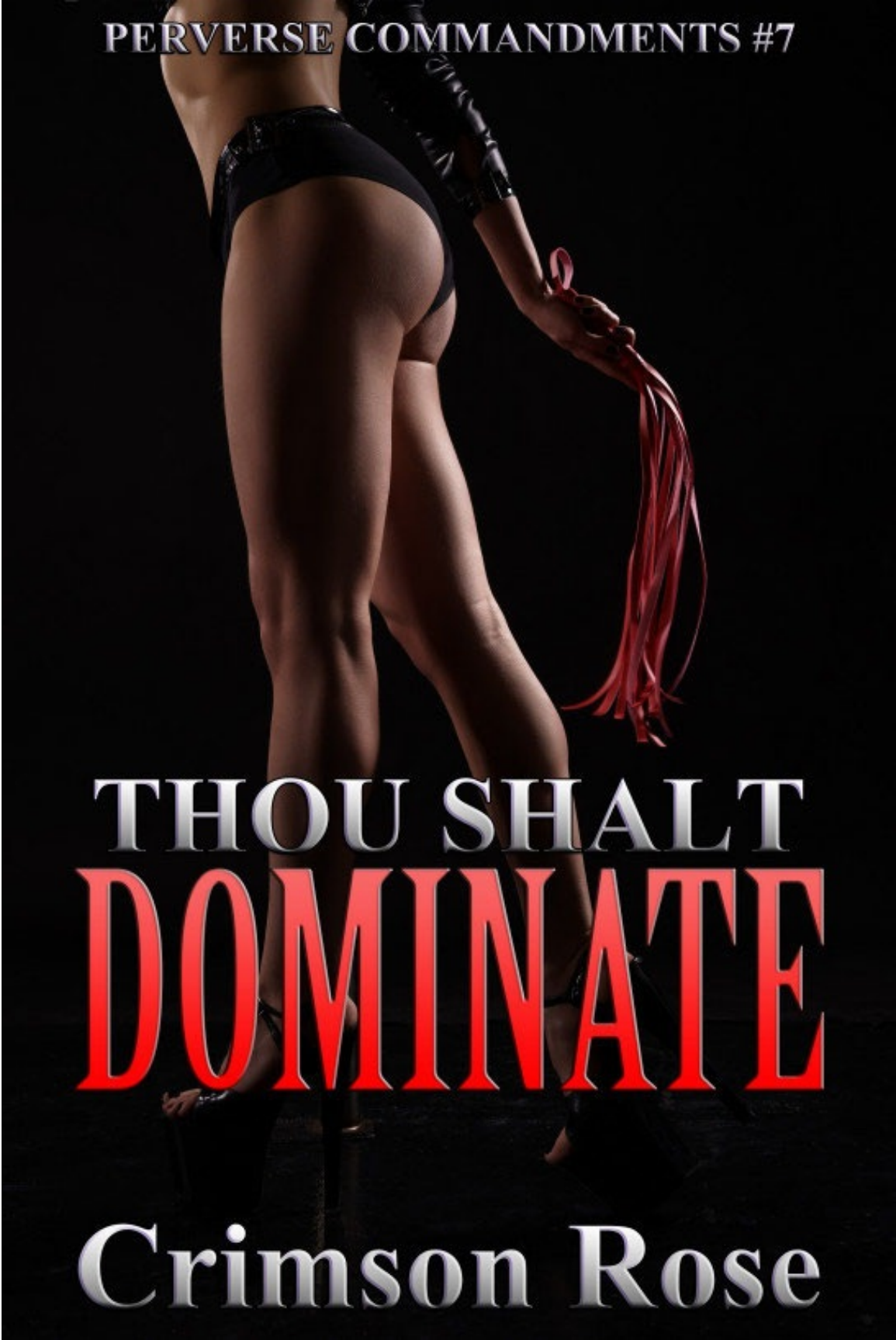


A woman is shown from the back, wearing a black bikini and high heels. She is holding a red whip in her right hand. The background is black.

PERVERSE COMMANDMENTS #7

THOU SHALT
DOMINATE

Crimson Rose



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Thou Shalt Dominate

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“I don’t get it,” Natalie said as she paced the small living room of her apartment at the Domination Farm. “You had to know we would be recorded and blasted all over the internet and TV. You had to know you would have nothing on us when we found out so why command us to come here?”

“Fuck off and die,” her former best friend turned submissive Kim spit back.”

“We sent you here to get you out of the way so I could put your uppity parents in their place,” her other reluctant submissive Lana said. “Now untie us so we can leave or so help me god I’ll have you arrested for kidnapping, torture, forced enslavement and anything else we can make stick.”

“Says the woman that forced me, my family and friends into slavery.”

“You think this is the first time you’ve been seen by millions?” Kim huffed. “We’ve been selling everything you all have done since day one. We’ve made a shit ton off your pathetic asses and continue doing so every passing minute.”

“I guess we’ll have to add that to the lengthy list of crimes you’ve both committed. I want the names of every website you posted us on and company you sold us to right now or instead of a few years of slavery you’ll have a lifetime of prison to look forward to.”

“Go ahead, call the cops. See who they believe.”

“Honey?”

“Yes Mistress?” the woman silently kneeling in the corner replied.

“Please go to the main office and call the police for me.”

“As you command, Mistress.” Getting up, Beth walked toward the door to the tiny apartment.

“WAIT!” Lana shouted.

“Hold on, Jizznympho,” Natalie called out to her fiancé turned submissive.

“Yes Mistress.”

“You have something to say, Milfycunt?”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Lana answered, the word rolling off her tongue like venom.

“MOM!” Kim exclaimed.

“If you would’ve just stayed with me when we got here none of this would’ve ever happened so shut the hell up! I admit I played a part in everything that has happened to you, your fiancé, family and friends as well as her sister and parents, but it was all Kim’s idea to sell everything on the internet and to a dozen different porn studios. I’ll give you everything you want including the money we’ve made. Just please don’t call the cops.”

“Way to be a fucking sellout mom.”

“Better a sellout than spending the rest of my life rotting in prison because you can’t accept second best.” Looking up at Natalie, Lana continued. “If you agree to untie us I’ll give you everything you want including all the forms Kim forged everyone’s names to, access to our bank accounts where you’ll be free to take the three-point-seven million we’ve made off your videos. And if you swear not to call the police I’ll...I’ll serve as a loyal and obedient submissive until the money keeping us here runs out.”

“We’ve been here for months. You’ve gone through the School of Discipline and came out as rebellious as ever. I have to keep you and Sluttymelons restrained every night for fear you’ll run off or attempt to kill me while I sleep. Why should I believe you now?”

“Self-preservation. Please, Mistress, activate my collar to prevent me from leaving the Farm. Command and I will obey without question. All I ask is that you not send me and my daughter to prison.”

“Call me foolish, but I believe you. Since there is only one phone and internet connection I have access to we’re going to the main office where you’ll give me everything.”

“I won’t be able to give you the forged documents without going home, Mistress.”

“Sure you can. Do you still keep the spare key in the false bottom of the plant on the front porch?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Perfect. Then you’ll give my mother permission to search your house for all relevant documents.”

“Those documents aren’t kept at the house, Mistress. I have them stored in a safety deposit box which only I have access to.”

“You’ll still give my mother permission to search the house.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“And seeing as how you’ll have no need of a house of your own, you’ll gift it to Jenna as partial compensation for what you put her through.”

“She can’t give away what isn’t hers,” Kim smirked. “The house is in both of our names and I’d rather die than sign it over to that pretentious cunt.”

“Actually, your name was never put on any of the properties I own,” her mother replied. “I only told you that to get you to stop harping me about it. Now unless you have something constructive to say, shut the fuck up because I for one am getting sick and tired of hearing your incessant whining.”

“What are you talking about? I saw them. I put my name on them.”

“Are you really that stupid to think I’d actually put your name on anything of importance? Besides, something like that is done through proper channels, not at the dining room table. Now for the love of all that is holy, shut the fuck up.” Turning to her Mistress, Milfycunt continued. “I’ll give you everything I can from here, Mistress, but if you want the contents of my safety deposit box I’ll need to go home.”

“I think they’ll be safe there for now.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Turning to the woman kneeling silently in the corner of the room, Natalie’s heart melted at the beautiful woman staring back. Prior to coming to the Domination Farm six months ago her name was Beth, but now, in accordance of the rules governing the bdsm resort, it was Jizznympho. Before arriving at the Farm with the intentions of being trained, the two women were lovers, but now, despite everything they have been through they were engaged to be married. “Honey, please ask Mistress Gwen if she can activate the shock feature of their collars.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“When my fiancé returns I’ll untie you. Until then, I need to pee.” To her surprise, Milfycunt opened her mouth. “If you bite me you’ll regret it.” Moving closer, Natalie balanced herself on the edges of her restrained submissive’s chair and placed her vulva against her mouth. A moment later she started pissing. As expected, Lana gagged and spit a lot of it out which dripped down her breasts and into her lap, but managed to swallow a few mouthfuls. “You’re definitely going to need practice, but not back, slave.”

“Thank you Mistress,” Lana said with the same hint of hatred as before. “Would you like me to go to the Golden Showers?”

“I’ll escort you there myself once your collar has been activated. And you’ll go there once a day until you’re able to drink every drop without gagging, spitting or throwing up.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Don’t think for a second this sudden good submissive act is going to make me go easy on you. Before you go off for urinal training you’ll be caned for the blatant disrespect you’ve shown me and everyone else. And after you’re done at the golden showers and off to the body modification building to get your brand to commemorate the occasion you’ll also ask Master Jerome to brand you with owned slave on your inner right wrist.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“After that you’ll be taken to the breeding barn where you’ll be bred by black men. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“What about you, Sluttymelons?” Natalie asked, turning her attention to her former best friend. “You going to be a good slave like your mother or are you going to continue fighting me?”

“What part of fuck off and die didn’t you understand? Now untie me!”

“Sure. Right after Mistress Gwen activates your collar.” Walking over to a cabinet built into the wall, Natalie opened a drawer and pulled out a chain leash with black leather grip. Going to Lana, she hooked it to her collar and then untied the ropes binding her to the chair. Giving the leash a light tug, she was surprised when Lana slid to her knees and then all fours. “Let’s go turn you into a urinal.”

“Yes Mistress. Before we go may I say something to my daughter?”

“You may.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“Honey, I know submitting to Nat...um, Sluttycunt...dammit, sorry Mistress, this is all new to me and I’m still learning.”

“Don’t lie, mom,” Kim huffed. “You’ve been dominating bitches like her since before I was born. Hell, you even attempted to train me until realizing I’m every bit the alpha you are.”

“You tried training your own daughter to be a sex slave?” Natalie asked her kneeling submissive.

“Yes Mistress. But as she said it didn’t go over very well. Sluttymelons, are you seriously going to sit there and tell me you’d rather spend years, perhaps the rest of your life in prison rather than...”

“I’D RATHER DIE THAN SERVE THAT TWO BIT FUCKING WHORE!”
Kim shouted in anger.

“I don’t know what to do Mistress. If you send her to prison then she’ll squeal like a stuck pig and I’ll be arrested as well. And if you keep her here against her

will then you're no better than we are."

"That's just it, Milfycunt, she's not here against her will. She signed the forms and entered the Farm of her own free will. She knew there was a risk of enslavement and here we all are. Come, I'll let her cool off a few more hours before taking her for her walk."

"Yes Mistress." Feeling the leash tug, Lana crawled behind her Mistress out of the apartment, down six flights of stairs and out to the Domination Farm she had come to loathe since being enslaved only a few short hours ago. "My daughter's hatred for you blinds her, Mistress, and I honestly don't know if she'll ever come around."

"Don't worry, Milfycunt, I'll break her even if it takes the rest of her life."

"That's what I'm afraid of, Mistress. She means it when she says she'd rather die than serve you."

"Then perhaps prison is where she belongs."

"That is your decision to make, Mistress, but I will give you nothing if you turn us in."

"You do realize me, my family, Beth and her family will get everything anyways, right? I'm only playing along because you almost sounded sincere when you said you'd serve me. But if it means Kim taking her own life then I'll have no choice but to turn you in."

"I'll talk to her, Mistress. I'll try my best to make her see reason but I honestly believe the only way she'll ever give in is if she's serving someone that isn't you."

"Then she can serve the Farm. I'll have her registered right after you're in the Golden Showers."

"That is your choice to make, but I fear she's too headstrong to serve anyone, Mistress."

"We'll see."

Returning to their apartment, Beth saw her Mistress and Milfycunt gone and Sluttymelons still bound to the chair. “Where is Mistress and her other slave?”

“Fuck off.”

Beth walked across the room and leaned in close to her fellow slave in training. “I know you’re the one that did all those things to my sister and you should count yourself lucky violence isn’t permitted or I’d probably kill you for what you did to her and planned to do to my parents. On the bright side, Mistress did give me permission to play with you and Milfycunt as I saw fit and right now, I see fit. Oh, I should also tell you that the shock feature of your collar has been activated so please, run.” Untying the thin nylon ropes securing Kim to the chair, Beth took a step back and waited.

Finally free from bondage, Kim leapt from the chair, glared at Beth and then ran out of the apartment. Sprinting down the stairs, and out the door, she took a look around to make sure no one was going to jump out and grab her, she ran to the exit, yanked the door open, took a single step and then hit the ground convulsing as the electric current seized every muscle in her naked body. The few seconds of pain would have been enough to make most people turn around and head right back into the Farm, but not Kim. Stubborn to the core, she got to her knees and then her feet and with dozens of men and women watching stepped the opposite direction and hit the ground convulsing.

A petite blonde wearing purple thigh-high boots with matching garter belt, opera gloves, bodice and the blue collar of a Farm submissive around her neck walked over and knelt next to the still prone Kim and shook her head. “Oh honey, unless your plan is to fry your brain you probably want to turn around and go back into the Farm.”

“FUCK YOU!” Kim shouted. “AND FUCK THIS FUCKING PLACE! You can’t do this to me! You can’t keep me prisoner here against my will!”

“No one is keeping you against your will. If the shock feature has been activated it means you owe the Farm money. Once you pay it off working the attractions

it'll be deactivated and you'll be free to leave. Come on, why don't I help you to the office to get it all sorted out?"

Her entire body weak, Kim allowed the woman to help her up and back into the Farm. "Are you new to being a slave, Sluttymelons?"

"Y-Yes."

"I know it can be overwhelming, but that's no reason to hurt yourself. Perhaps your owner will pay your debts and then you can go."

"My...my owner...I just got here last night. I don't even have any debts."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure! I got here yesterday with my mother, fucked up and went to the golden showers and then...then I was collared."

"Nice. I love being a urinal. Anyways, why don't we scan your bracer at a terminal and see if you're in debt or not? While rare, mistakes do happen but it's best not to disturb Mistress Gwen unless you're certain your collar has been accidentally activated.

"T-Terminal?"

"There are terminals all over the Farm that will tell you everything about you with a simple scan. I'm Gapyholes, by the way. I've been a slave here for quite some time now and know the place like the back of my hand so if you've got any questions please feel free to ask."

"I just want this thing to stop electrocuting me so I can go home and forget this nightmare."

"Here we are. Go ahead and swipe the top of your bracer over the scanner and we'll get to the bottom of this."

No longer using Gapyholes for support, Kim scanned her bracer. A moment later and her file came up on the screen. Reading it, everything looked correct until she came to a spot at the bottom labeled FARM DEBT: \$365,000. "HOLY FUCKING HELL! There's no way that's correct!"

“That does seem like an awful lot of debt to rack up in one night.”

“Like I said, it’s a damn mistake and when I get out of here I’m going to sue this place into oblivion.”

“Take it from me, more important people than you have tried and failed to shut this place down so don’t waste your breath. Would you like me to show you to the main office?”

“I know the way.”

“Very well. It was a pleasure meeting you, Sluttymelons.”

On the verge of exploding in rage, Kim stomped off without reply. Reaching the main office, she yanked the door open, marched up to the desk where Mistress Gwen was sitting and huffed. “How in the hell do I have three-hundred-sixty-five thousand dollars in farm debt?”

“Simple, ticket prices are two-fifty a day, there are three-hundred-sixty-five days in a year and you’ll be here for four years of training. Do the math.”

“The money my mother and I paid to keep that fucking bitch Natalie here was supposed to pay for us!”

“Yeah, about that. We thought it would only be fair to give the money to those you attempted to enslave and they opted to send it home to their families which is why you and Milfycunt have such high debt. I’d get working on that if I were you. Oh, I also heard what you said about killing yourself rather than be trained as a sex slave. If that’s the case I’ll have no choice but to have you committed in our clinic for observations and if you turn out to be a threat to yourself or the Domination Farm then being a sex slave will be the least of your problems.”

“Fuck you! I know I’m being recorded right now so let me tell the millions of fucking pervs out there watching that I’m being held here against my will. I never consented to any of this and I can only hope someone out there does the right thing and calls the cops.”

“Actually, you agreed to it the moment you signed the consent forms to get in so the police won’t do a thing to help. Also, while everything is recorded not everything hits the internet and airwaves. Oh, and then there’s the fact you called

the viewers fucking pervs. Have you ever stopped to consider that maybe, just maybe this is exactly the sort of attitude adjustment you need? I mean, seriously, how mental do you have to be to blame all of your problems on your supposed best friend? A friend that saved your life no less.”

“And now she has you throwing it in my face.”

“I’m not throwing it in your face, Sluttymelons, I’m just...”

“MY NAME IS KIM!”

“Not here it isn’t. And for disrespecting me again, you’ll receive one hundred swats of the cane. You know, we do employ some of the most highly qualified therapists in the world.”

Lunging across the desk, Kim tackled Mistress Gwen to the floor and began swinging as hard as she could while Mistress Gwen brought her arms up to cover her face and head. It did not take long for the shouts to carry through the building. The door to a small back room opened and Gwen’s best friend Cockharlot came out to see what was going on. And behind her was her new fiancé Cummonkey.

“MISTRESS!” Cockharlot shouted in horror at what she was seeing. Quickly closing the distance, she shouldered Kim aside. “Are you okay, Mistress?”

“I am now. Cummonkey, pin that fucking bitch to the ground.”

“Yes Mistress.” Barreling across the office like the linebacker he used to be, Cummonkey flipped Kim over, sat on her ass and held her arms behind her back at a very painful angle. “I don’t know what this is all about, but I’m pretty sure you done fucked up this time.”

“Get off of me!” Kim shouted. Unfortunately, her commands fell on deaf ears.

“Cockharlot, grab the cuffs from the back and restrain her while I call the police.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“LET GO OF ME YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!” Kim yelled at one of the

former friends she manipulated into a life of sexual slavery as part of her plan to ruin her former best friend's life.

Pressing a button on her desk, Mistress Gwen spoke over the intercom to the entire Domination Farm. "Attention everyone! This is Mistress Gwen and I need your attention please. Will Mistress Natalie Holt aka Sluttycunt please come to the main office? I repeat, will Mistress Natalie Holt please come to the main office. This is all."

Emerging from the back room with two pairs of metal cuffs, a short chain with clasps at both end and a penis gag, Cockharlot first secured Kim's ankles and then her wrists. Next, she brought Kim's legs up and secured ankles to wrists so she could not stand and finally put the gag in the screaming woman's mouth to save them all the headache. "Anything else we may do to help you, Mistress?"

"Not at the moment. Thank you Cockharlot. And you, Cummonkey."

"My pleasure, Mistress," Cummonkey replied.

"Come on hun, we've got a baby to make and nothing gets me hornier than watching a bitch being put in her place."

"Right behind you, babe." Playfully slapping his new lover on the ass, Cummonkey followed Cockharlot into the back room and closed the door. In moments Mistress Gwen could hear the soft moans of her best friend having sex.

Rushing into the main office Natalie saw Mistress Gwen leaning against her desk and a prone figure hogtied in the floor a few feet away – the angle making it hard to tell who it was. “You called for me, Mistress?”

“I did. Your slave in training, Sluttymelons just attacked me.”

“She did? I am so sorry, Mistress. Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, but we have very strict rules against violence and I cannot make exceptions. The police have been called and are currently on their way. I’m sorry, Natalie, but she will be arrested and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. Unfortunately, that means she’ll no doubt attempt to claim you enslaved her and Milfycunt against their will and I think we both know the mess that’s going to cause.”

“I don’t know what to say, Mistress. I left her tied to a chair in the apartment to cool off while I took Milfycunt for a walk so I can’t even explain how she got out.”

“Um, that would be my fault, Mistress,” Beth said from the doorway. “I’m so sorry. I had Mistress Gwen activate both of their collars and when I let Sluttymelons free to play with her as you gave me permission to do she ran off. I went looking for her and someone at the exit told me she was brought here by a Farm submissive so I went back to the apartment until I heard Mistress call for you. I take full responsibility for what happened, Mistress, and accept whatever punishment you deem necessary.”

“Thank you for being honest, Jizznympho, now go to the apartment and wait for my return.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“What do you want to do, Natalie?” Mistress Gwen asked. “I mean, we both know exactly what Sluttymelons is going to say so do you want to give the police your side of the story now, or wait until she talks?”

“I honestly don’t know, Mistress. I was hoping she would come around and accept her fate for what she did to me, my family and our friends, but I guess I was wrong. Somewhere along the way her wires got crossed and I honestly don’t think she’s capable of rational thought anymore. Milfycunt, on the other hand, has not only agreed to serve me without any further trouble, but to give me everything including the money they made off of illegally selling videos and all of the documents Sluttymelons forged my name to. I almost don’t want to press charges against her.”

“You don’t have to, but I can guarantee if they sold your videos to other studios they’ll definitely press charges so you might as well just cut them loose right now and we’ll find other slaves for you to train.”

“I still have Jizznympho and Sugarpussy to train, Mistress, so I think I’m still okay in that department. I left Milfycunt in the Golden Showers. Would you like me to go get her?”

“That is your decision to make, however, I think it’s for the best of everyone involved if you just washed your hands of them altogether.”

“You’re probably right, Mistress. How long before the police get here?”

“Not long, but I’ll have them stick around until you get back.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Giving her bound submissive one final look of pitied disappointment, Natalie turned and walked towards the exit when an idea popped into her head. Turning, she walked back to her Mistress and mentor. “Before I go, Mistress I’d like to toss an idea off of you. I know what Sluttymelons did was beyond wrong and she deserves to be punished for it, but for the sake of my family, Jizznympho’s family and all of our friends I’d rather not drag this through court so I was thinking, what if we sent Sluttymelons to Cummypaws?” she asked, referring to the Domination Farm’s most infamous and controversial training facility where men and women were psychologically broken down, reprogrammed and turned into the most loyal and obedient pet slaves the world over.

“You know what, that’s not a bad idea,” Mistress Gwen replied. “I’ll agree to it on two conditions. First, she remain there for the full four years of her enslavement during which time she’ll be trained as several variations of pet slave. After that, she will be returned to you to do with as you please. And

second, Milfycunt must also complete the training as the pet slave of your choice.”

“I agree, Mistress. Let me go fetch Milfycunt and we can get this taken care of now.”

“Actually, I’d like you to continue training her for the next year before we send her in if you’re up to the task.”

“I’m definitely up to the task, Mistress.”

“Then it’s...” the door to the office opened and three uniformed officers – two men and a woman, walked in. Mistress Gwen approached them with a wide smile. “I am so sorry for wasting your time, Officers, but we’ve settled things here and I won’t be pressing any charges. Please give Chief Anderson my sincerest apologies. And since it was your time wasted, what do you say to a one week free pass to the Domination Farm?”

While all three officers politely declined the offer, the female officer lagged behind as her male counterparts turned and left. “I’ll take the offer,” she said, her voice so soft Natalie barely heard it.

“Great. Come back after your shift is over and we’ll get you signed up.”

“Um, actually, I have vacation time next month, could we do it then?”

“Absolutely. Come back whenever you’re ready.”

“Thanks. Normal police rules apply, right?”

“Absolutely.”

“Then I’ll see you next month.” Cheeks blushing, she turned and walked out.

“What was that all about, Mistress?” Natalie asked. “What are normal police rules?”

“When she comes back for a week of submission she’ll wear gear specifically designed for the police which includes a mask to conceal their identity. Now, back to your disobedient slave. Leave her here with me and I’ll make sure she’s

enrolled at Cummypaws before the night is over.”

“Thank you Mistress. And if there’s anything I can do to make up for her lack of judgement please let me know and I’ll gladly do it.”

“I think four years at Cummypaws will suffice, but thank you for offering. Now, I have a lot of work to do so if you’ll excuse me.”

“Of course Mistress.” This time making it all the way out of the office, Natalie leaned against the wall next to the door and breathed a sigh of relief as she wondered whether to go back to her apartment and spend the rest of the night with her lover, going to the Golden Showers and telling Milfycunt she won’t be going to prison or calling home to give her parents the good news. Opting for the former, she pushed off the wall and made her way to the submissive apartments on the other side of the block.

∞ ∞ ∞

Seeing her Mistress enter the apartment, Beth dropped to her knees and ever so slightly bowed her head. “I am so sorry for all the trouble I caused, Mistress. I should have never let Sluttymelons loose.”

“Don’t worry about it, Jizznympho. I gave you permission to play with them as you see fit so I’m the one to blame for everything she did.”

“So, she’s off to prison now, Mistress?”

“No. I offered Mistress Gwen an alternative and she accepted.”

“An alternative, Mistress?”

“Sluttymelons will spend the next four years being trained at Cummypaws.”

“OH MY GOD! What sort of pet slave will she be trained as, Mistress?”

“She’ll be getting a variety pack. But I don’t want to think about her.”

“What about, Milfycunt, Mistress?”

“What about her?”

“Will she be trained there as well?”

“Eventually. But only as a puppy. Now no more talk of them unless you want me to cane that sexy ass of yours.”

“My lips are sealed, Mistress.”

“I hope not. Otherwise this’ll be a very boring afternoon. Now crawl that sexy ass over to the cabinet and get a leash. I’m feeling like another walk.”

“As you command, Mistress.”

Reaching Domination Drive, Natalie looked across the street to the cocksucking pillories where nearly a dozen women were locked in the high-tech devices while they orally, and in many cases vaginally and anally, satisfied large groups of men. Eyes drifting further back to the Whorsie Track where men and women were trained as ponygirls, she smiled. “Do you like horses, Jizznympho?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Great, because you’re going to start training as a ponygirl.”

“Yes Mistress. May I make a suggestion, Mistress?”

“You may.”

“Thank you Mistress. May I suggest training Sugarpussy as a ponygirl as well?” she asked, referring to their friend Susan who volunteered to come to the Domination Farm as part of Natalie’s final Commandment from her now ex-best friend. “That way you’ll have two of us to pull you around the Farm.”

“Trying to make things easier on yourself?”

“Not at all, Mistress. I just thought you would want us both trained in every conceivable way so that if one of us is preoccupied the other can take over.”

“I’ll take it under advisement.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

Leading her crawling lover down Anal Avenue to Humiliation Drive, Natalie opened the gate to the Whorsie Track and then proceeded to the small building on the opposite side that housed all of the equipment. “Once you’re in full gear you’ll take five laps. If you managed to make it without stopping I’ll give you a reward. Fail, however, and I’ll have to discipline you.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Thigh-high boots ending in hoofs that kept Beth on her tiptoes, opera gloves, leather body harness, and bridle complete with bit gag, blinders and horse ears made up the bulk of the pony gear, but the piece that brought it all together was the huge tailed plug.

“While I am not trained as a ponygirl I have been doing my research and it’s all about posture and gait. Watch carefully as I’m only going to show you this once.” Clasp her hands behind her back, Natalie stood straight as a board and then walked across the building bringing her leg up until her thigh was parallel with the floor with each step. “Unless instructed to otherwise, this is how a ponygirl should always walk. I’ll be watching you out there and you’ll be caned twice for every step you screw up. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then get out there and show me what you’ve got.”

“Yes Mistress.” Straightening her posture and placing her hands behind her back, Beth walked towards the open door only to be stopped after half a dozen steps.

“Whoa! I almost forgot the most important part of your outfit,” Natalie said as she grabbed several small electrodes from a container sitting on a shelf. Walking over to her ponygirl in training, she placed two on each of Beth’s breasts, another on her mound, each inner thigh and two on each ass cheek. Turning the remote on, she synched everything up and then one by one tested them – each zap of electricity causing her fiancé to yelp. “Now you’re ready to begin training,” she said with a wicked grin.

“Y-Yes Mistress.” Forgetting to bring her foot up high, Beth took a step out of the building and was rewarded with a strong zap to her mound that caused her to yelp, jump and stumbled.

“Don’t think I’m going to go easy on you because you’re my fiancé. That’s eight swats for improper walking. If you’ve earned that many just walking outside, how many will you rack up during your laps? Rhetorical question, don’t answer. Go to lane three and wait for my signal to start.”

“Yes Mistress.” This time remembering to bring her feet up, Beth walked to the starting line and placed herself in the middle of the five lane track. Several long seconds passed and then she dropped to her knees as the powerful current

shocked her system.

“That’ll be two more swats for falling and another ten for not starting when I gave the signal. Now get to your feet and try again.”

Beth got to her feet in perfect ponygirl posture. Seconds turned into minutes and despite expecting it, nothing could prepare her for the jolt of electricity that seized every muscle for the briefest of moments. When it passed she exhaled and began the long trip around the track. A mile was nothing for a woman that used to run ten a day, but halfway around her first lap she realized just how much more energy it took not only to consciously maintain posture, but to bring her feet up with every step. Her body not used to this level of controlled movement, she felt the burning in her muscles by the end of the first lap and knew she was going to receive a whole lot more swats before the session was over.

Leaning on the railing that surrounded the track, Natalie watched as her fiancé walked around the track with surprising grace for a first time ponygirl and her mind drifted back to the early days of her commandments and her visit to Lady Raven’s home where she was introduced to the thrills of lesbian sex and met the woman that would very quickly become the love of her life despite them both being blackmailed by the very woman that was now on her way to Cummypaws to be trained as a pet.

Her mind drifting over the events of the last year, she thought about her parents’ introduction to the lifestyle by the very woman she would soon be marrying. And how most of her friends, while none too pleased to have been dragged into her screwed up life, stood by her – a couple even volunteering to join her at the Domination Farm where, for the last five months they had not only thrived but in the case of her friend Mike found love in a beautiful slave named Tawnie. Or, as she was known at the Farm: Cockharlot.

Letting her eyes drift to the dozens of men and women – dominant, submissive, slave and bare-neck alike, she recalled everything she had done since the day she stepped foot on the Farm. Her gaze falling to the many brands now adorning her naked body in commemoration of the most perverse of sexual acts, she shivered involuntarily at sight of the horseshoe and rose with the words: TRAINED ANIMAL SLUT written around it because unlike all the others she wore as badges of honor, it was the only one she was not proud of. It was also the one that confirmed in her own mind that there was no limit to her depravity and

though she hid it well, she was in a constant state of fear she would go too far and lose everything she had worked so hard the last year to rebuild. Eyes refocusing on her fiancé now in the middle of her second lap, she smiled and pressed the button to give Beth's right breast a light zap to let her know she was still being watched.

Beth was winded by the end of her second lap and red-faced struggling to lift her legs by the end of the third and the random zaps to her most sensitive of body parts was doing her exactly zero favors. Especially the ones to her inner thighs that not only hurt like hell but left her leg tingling for several seconds afterward as if it had fallen asleep. Which, in turn, made it that much harder for her to maintain proper posture and walking style. Halfway around the track for the fourth time, her body said the hell with it and gave out. Dropping to her knees, she placed her hands on the tightly packed dirt, hung her head and panted.

"That's enough for now, Jizznympho," Natalie called out to her ponygirl in training. "When you catch your breath you may join me in the stables."

"T-Thank you Mistress." It took Beth several minutes to regain control of her exhausted body and when she was finally able to stand without fear of falling over, she walked to the long, one story brick building on the other side of the track where she found her Mistress waiting patiently. "I'm sorry I failed you, Mistress, but I just couldn't go another step. H-How many swats do I have coming?"

"A lot," Natalie replied with a wicked grin. "The track is a fifth of a mile and you stopped with a lap and a half to go so you do the math."

"OH GOD!"

"Best not to think about it. Now go hydrate yourself in the trough while I give you a spray down."

"Y-Yes Mistress," Beth said, her voice trembling at the thought of receiving upwards of sixteen hundred swats. Walking over to the trough, Beth made sure to keep her legs straight as she bent at the waist and lapped at the cool water with her tongue. A few moments later she let out a sigh of relief as even colder water sprayed her overheated body and along with the dust and dirt washes away some of the aches in her tense muscles.

Removing the electrodes, and all of the pony gear save the plug, Natalie led her submissive into one of the stalls and using a quick release knot tied her off to a ring bolted into the back wall. Bending down, she grabbed a black rubber curry comb from the grooming bucket and using slow, soft circular motions worked her way down from Beth's neck to her left arm, back, right arm, chest, and belly and finally her legs and feet who, feeling as if she were getting a full body massage, purred with excitement.

Placing the curry comb back in the grooming bucket, Natalie grabbed a stiff brush and using quick movements flicked it lightly over her submissive's body - once again starting at the neck and working her way down, while increasing the pressure in the most sensitive areas to keep her on edge. Next came the body brush with much softer bristles which Natalie used in long, smooth strokes that once again had Beth purring with excitement. And finally, using a mane comb she brushed and then braded her submissive's hair.

"How are you feeling, Jizznympho?"

"Like I've died and gone to heaven, Mistress."

"I'm glad you liked it, but now we have the matter of your punishment to discuss. Seeing as how I set you up to fail I'm only going to give you one hundred swats, but that number will increase by fifty for every day you don't complete the required laps. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress. May I ask what sort of pony you're going to train me as?"

"You'll be trained in every aspect of pony play possible from cart pulling and shows to working and breeding and everything in-between."

"B-Breeding, Mistress? Is that really conducive to living here?"

"We're not going to live here forever, Jizznympho. I only have seven more months until I complete my domination training and then I plan on going home."

"But what about the babies we're already carrying Mistress? We're do to give birth in less than four months."

“I’m thinking of buying a small home here in Rome and inviting our parents up for a visit to watch the kids while we finish our training. It’ll also be a place we can all use whenever we feel the urge to visit the Farm. Unless you don’t ever want to come back.”

“Despite all of the perverted shit we’ve done that has no doubt been seen by countless millions the world over, I’ve grown to love everything this place stands for, Mistress, but that being said, once I leave I’d rather not come back. Don’t get me wrong, I love the life we have together, but there’s only one person in the world I want to submit to and that’s you. I’ll stay until time to give birth and then I’d like to go home and see my family and friends and to get some semblance of normalcy back into my life.”

“Fair enough. Are you willing to meet me in the middle?”

“How so Mistress?”

“I’ll still have several months of training to go through after giving birth and I don’t want to leave before becoming certified so what if I were to rent a condo here for you and our parents and then we head home afterward? There’s also the wedding Mistress Gwen is planning for us.”

“I can live with staying here a few extra months so that you can complete your training, but I’d rather plan my own wedding where our family and friends can attend without fear of being collared and enslaved. That being said, I’m the slave in this relationship so I’ll of course do as you command whether I like it or not.”

“While I appreciate your commitment to the lifestyle, I’d rather have someone who is enjoying themselves than an automaton mindlessly obeying every command without feeling.”

“Thank you Mistress. I was also thinking about what we can do for a living now that we’re both effectively unemployed and you’re not going to like what I have to suggest.”

“Funny, I’ve been thinking about the same thing and came to the same conclusion. What’s your suggestion?”

“Since our videos are already out there on established websites bringing in a fair amount of money I think we should just embrace it and continue posting regular

updates of everything we do and maybe throw in some live cam shows from time to time to keep it interesting. I also think we should contact the studios making money off of us and force them to stop.”

“Great minds,” Natalie smiled. “Except for the last part. If we tell them the documents were forged then they’re likely to go after Sluttymelons and Milfycunt. Besides, whatever they’re selling will only increase our exposure and by association our profits.”

“Fair enough, Mistress. Now all you need to do is convince your other slaves to go along.”

“Considering Sugarpussy has already stated numerous times that she’s going to remain here at the Farm for the rest of her life and Sluttymelons is spending the next four years being trained as a pet, that only leaves Milfycunt and something tells me she’s not going to argue with me about it. That being said, I should go check on her progress at the Golden Showers. You are free to roam around as you like but be cleaned up, dressed and ready by six for dinner at the Cumeaterie.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Swiping the chip embedded in her bracer along the scanner, Natalie pulled the door to the Golden Showers open and stepped inside to see thirty or so men and women using three submissives and a bare-neck – those choosing to enter the Domination Farm without a collar, as urinals. “Look,” a lanky black man with his dick shoved down the throat of a petite redhead said “we’ve got another toilet to use.”

“Not today,” Natalie replied. “I’m just here looking for someone.”

“Then you probably should’ve read the rules before entering. You’re collared so get over here and start drinking or you’ll be disciplined for disobedience.”

Standing her ground, Natalie smirked. “While the collar does indeed mark me as submissive, the band on my arm identifies me as Dominant so I’d choose your next words very carefully or you’ll be the next toilet they use.”

“Whatever, bitch. If you don’t want to be used then get lost.” Turning around with a huff, he continued pissing down the redhead’s throat.

Not liking his tone even a little, Natalie reacted on instinct. Using the tool carefully tucked into the top of her right boot, she slipped it between the clasp of one of the collars she wore as a leg decoration and then snapped it around the man’s neck. “Ladies and gentlemen, you have yourself a new toilet to use. Oh, wait a minute, the rules state you have to do your very own golden shower the first time so consider this a warm up to the fifty men and women I send in afterward.”

“I ain’t nobody’s toilet so I suggest you take this fucking collar off of me right god damn now or else!”

“Or else what? You’re going to attack me with all of these witnesses?” Looking at those gathered she recognized the faces of an older sadistic man that normally worked Masochists Row named Master Hector, and a curvy, twenty-something blonde named Mistress Gina who, when not at the body modification building getting her entire back tattooed with a scene right out of a Marquis De Sade

novel worked at the breeding stables where women were locked in pillories and bred daily by no fewer than twenty men until confirmed pregnant. “Master Hector, Mistress Gina please correct me if I’m wrong, but the punishment for threatening someone at the Domination Farm is once hundred swats of the cane, a rebellious slave brand and registration as a Farm slave.”

“You are correct Mistress Natalie,” Master Hector replied.

“The rules also state that said criminal may also be enslaved by the intended victim if they choose to do so,” Mistress Gina added.

“Nah, as much as I’d like to see this pathetic waste of sperm put in his place, I have more important matters to deal with. When this golden shower is finished would you kindly help escort him to the registration office?”

“Absolutely.”

“Lay a hand on me and you’ll lose it,” the man said. As soon as that door opens I’m walking out of here and if any of you lay a finger on me you’ll wake up in the hospital.”

“More threats are only going to make things worse on you,” Master Hector said.

“Oh, it’s not a threat. I absolutely promise that anyone laying a finger on me will wake up in the hospital.”

“And you honestly thing you’ll get a single swing off against nineteen men?” No sooner were the words out of Master Hector’s mouth then every other man in the room descended like vultures and in the matter of a split second the rules violator was pinned helplessly to the floor. “Mistress Natalie, would you please use two more of your collars to restrain him? Also, nice way to incorporate them as part of your outfit.”

“It would be my honor.” Unlocking two more collars, Natalie used one around the man’s ankles and the other around his wrist. “I don’t like wearing those gaudy fanny packs others are so fond of and couldn’t exactly walk around with them in hand so after a bit of creative thinking I now wear them around my lower thighs. It’s honestly amazing how many people mistake them as part of the boots.”

“They do blend in really well.”

“I hope you don’t mind me stealing your idea,” Mistress Gina said.

“Not at all. So, what do we do with him?”

“Well, your collar is around his neck and you called for a golden shower with fifty people so once that’s finished he’ll be escorted to the body modification building where his mark of completion will be...”

“Branded,” Natalie said. “Definitely branded.”

“On his right thigh. He’ll then be registered, caned and branded again before being permanently banned from the Farm. Unless, of course, you want him registered under your name in which case he’ll be your responsibility.”

“No thanks. Give him to the Farm and let them decide his fate.”

Crawling from the middle of the crowd covered head to toe in piss, an athletic looking brunette with braided pigtails knelt with head bowed. “I’ll gladly accept your collar, Mistress.”

“Yeah?”

“God yes! I’ve been looking for someone special to collar me and all those brands and piercings tell me you know what it means to submit. In my opinion those are the ones that make the best dominants.”

“I’ve been told that before.”

“So, will you please collar me, Mistress?”

“What’s your name?”

“My name is Mollie, Mistress. I’m twenty-three and have been curious about this lifestyle for as long as I can remember.” Leaning back, she gave Natalie a clear view of her right breast and mound which were branded with DAIRY COW and BREEDING COW respectively. “As you can see I’m no stranger to being branded. I was actually going to offer myself up as a Farm slave, but if you’ll accept me I’ll gladly obey your every command.”

“As flattering as that is, I’ll only be at the Farm a few more months while I complete my training and then I’m headed home where I’ll be dominating a few friends and my wife to be.”

“I understand, Mistress.”

“Bit of advice: Don’t jump the gun and offer yourself to just anyone. Talk to and get to know your prospective Master or Mistress. If it’s someone you feel comfortable with, someone you could consider a friend then go from there. Take it from someone who had this life thrust on them unwillingly, trust is the most important aspect of any bdsm relationship and if you don’t have that in abundance with the one you wish to serve then you’re better off remaining a bare-neck.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“You’re very welcome. Now if you’ll all excuse me I have a slave to locate.” Turning, Natalie swiped her bracer. The door opened and she stepped outside to see a crowd of men and women gathering for the next golden showers. The breeding stables on the way, she dropped in to see if her slave in training had made it that far in her itinerary. Entering, she was immediately greeted by a pregnant woman wearing a red band around her right bicep. “Afternoon Mistress. Could you tell me if a slave named Milfycunt has checked in?”

“She’s been here for the last forty minutes or so. Why do you ask?”

“I’m her Mistress.”

“Enough said. She’s in the interracial breeding section as ordered but she won’t be able to leave until she’s bred by another seventeen men.”

“That’s fine. I just need to make sure she’s done what I commanded her to do to this point. Mind if I check on her?”

“Not at all. Were you bred here?”

“No. I was knocked up before coming to the Farm.”

“Cool. How many do you have?”

“This is my first? You?”

“My seventh.”

“WOW!”

“What can I say? The temptation is just too damn good to resist.”

“So, were you bred here every time?”

“Yep. When not on duty I lock myself in and let the men have their way with me. Honestly, there’s no better feeling in the world than being taken like a bitch in heat.”

“Don’t I know it,” Natalie blushed as her eyes drifted to the TRAINED ANIMAL SLUT brand on her hip. “Anyways, it was a pleasure meeting you. I should probably go check on my slave now.”

“Likewise. And trust me, more people are into that sort of thing than you can imagine so there’s no need to be embarrassed.”

Giving the Mistress in charge a knowing smile, Natalie walked off in the direction of the interracial breeding room where she found exactly one occupied pillory with a line of black men waiting their turn. Walking to the front, she looked down at Milfycunt. “Fancy meeting you here, slave. Enjoying yourself?”

“Yes Mistress. I heard Mistress Gwen calling you to her office earlier. Is everything okay?”

“Sluttymelons decided to attack her and I was called in to deal with it.”

“OH MY GOD! Is she okay? Mistress Gwen that is. I could care less if that ignorant bitch of a daughter of mine got her ass kicked.”

“She’s fine and Sluttymelons has been dealt with. Unfortunately, you won’t be seeing her for quite a while as she’s been sentenced to four years at the Cummpaws Training Facility where she’ll be turned into various pet slaves. And while we’re on the topic, you’ll spend one year there being trained as a puppy slave and I don’t think I need to go into details why.”

“I understand Mistress. Thank you for not calling the cops on my daughter.”

“You can thank Mistress Gwen for that. How long have you been here, slave? How many more men must breed you before you’re set free?”

“Less than an hour and I’ve only been bred by three so far so I have at least seventeen more to go, Mistress,” Milfycunt said just as the fourth man came deep inside of her. “Um, make that sixteen.”

“When you’re finished here you’ll get freshened up, grab a bite to eat and then wait for me at the apartment so we can discuss the rest of our arrangement.”

“Yes Mistress.”

One week later...

A vehicle pulling into the driveway, Natalie peeked out to see a minivan she did not recognize. Thinking it was someone from the rental office, she ran to the bedroom and threw a summer dress on – returning just in time to see her parents and Beth’s parents and sister climbing out. “Honey, our parents are here.” Opening the front door, she walked barefoot down the driveway and gave them each a hug. “Thank you all so much for coming. Don’t worry about the bags, dad, Beth and I will get them.”

“I thought her name was Jizznympho and you were Sluttycunt now,” her mother Regina said.

“At the Farm. Here you are free to call us Beth and Natalie. How is everyone? I hope the trip wasn’t too boring.”

“We kept ourselves entertained,” Beth’s younger sister Jenna said with a mischievous grin.

“Oh? Do tell.”

“Long story short, four nights in hotels, four earth-shattering gang bangs.”

“Nice.”

“So, when are you going to show us around the Domination Farm?”

“Really? After everything you’ve been through you want to go to the one place in the world designed to enslave you?”

“I’ve had a lot of time to think about what I’ve been though and have come to terms with it.”

“Hey everyone!” Beth said as she ran out on the front porch butt naked. “Um,

are we supposed to be wearing clothes Mistress?”

“Nah, I just threw this on because I didn’t recognize the van.” Grabbing the hem of the loose-fitting summer dress, Natalie pulled it off over her head and draped it over her shoulder. “You’re all free to wear clothes or go naked as you see fit. Beth, why don’t you grab their things while I show everyone around?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“We can carry our own things, honey,” Natalie’s father Henry said.

“I really don’t mind, Mr. Holt” Beth replied as she grabbed two suitcases from the back of the minivan.

“Mr. Holt? Seriously, after everything our families have been through you can call me Henry. And I insist on helping,” he said, grabbing two more suitcases.

“If we all help it’ll take a lot less time and then you can both show us around,” Jenna said, reaching in and pulling out a suitcase and two duffle bags.

“Fair enough,” Natalie gave in. Walking to the back of the van she grabbed more of the luggage and carried it into the condo between her mother and Beth’s.

“Nat, can I have a minute?” Beth’s mother Tanya asked.

“Of course.”

“In private.”

“Follow me. Mom, I’m going to show Tanya to the pool out back.” Taking her fiancé’s mother through the living room and kitchen, Natalie slid the glass door open and waved Tanya out onto the deck that stretched the entire length of the condo. Following her out, she leaned against the railing. “What’s up?”

“First, I want to say thank you for not only inviting us here, but for everything you’ve done for our family.”

“You never have to thank me for that, Tanya.”

“Be that as it may, we’re all very grateful. And second, I know Jenna is planning

to ignore my requests for her to stay away from the Domination Farm so I would like for you to do us all a huge favor and collar her so no one else can.”

“Um, what?”

“Please, Nat, You don’t have to train her or anything. Just collar and register her as your own so no one else can.”

“Actually, if she wears my collar at the Farm then I do, in fact, have to train her. At least as long as we’re both there together. I’ll talk to her, but if she refuses my collar I won’t force it on her. And even if I did I can’t force her to be registered to me.”

“Then please do everything in your power to convince her because I don’t want to lose her to some abusive asshole.”

“I’ll do my best.”

“Thank you.”

“No problem. Why don’t you head on in and send her out?”

Needing no further persuading, Tanya ran into the house and a moment later Jenna was walking out onto the back desk. “Um, my mother said you wanted to talk to me?”

“Close the door.” When Jenna did so, Natalie continued. “Your mother told me you’re planning on going to the Domination Farm despite her warnings not to.”

“I’m practically a trained slave as it is, I don’t see what her problem is with me going there.”

“She’s worried you’ll end up with an abusive asshole and coming from someone with a lot of experience with that place it’s a very real fear. That’s why I’m going to make you a deal. Accept my collar and let me register you as my own so no one can and you’ll be free to visit the Farm as you please. Refuse, and I’ll talk to my Mistress, that’ll be the owner of the Domination Farm by the way, and I’ll ensure you never make it past the parking lot.”

“You want to be my Mistress?”

“I want to do what’s best for you Jenna and if that means putting my collar around your neck then that’s a small price to pay. If you don’t believe me about who my Mistress is then please ask your sister. So, what is your answer?”

“Are you going to have sex with me?”

“Do you want me to have sex with you?”

“Yes.”

“Then we’ll have sex. And if you want me to continue training you outside of the Farm then we’ll do that as well. But let’s make one thing clear right now. I won’t be having sex with you and Beth at the same time.”

“Then I accept your collar, Mistress.”

“Then let’s go inside and tell the others.” Hopping off the railing, Natalie slid the door open and ushered her newest submissive into the condo.

“HEY EVERYONE! NATALIE HAS OFFERED ME HER COLLAR AND I ACCEPTED!” Jenna blurted out.

“Um, what?” Natalie’s mother replied.

“She’s planning on going to the Domination Farm and this way no one else can collar her,” Natalie explained.

“Are you going to collar the rest of us as well?”

“Do you want to wear my collar, mom? Do you want me to register you as my submissive and train you accordingly? Dad? Tanya? Blake?” Natalie asked as she locked eyes with Beth’s father. “If any of you are planning on visiting the Farm and are afraid of being collared by someone else then let me alleviate your fears.”

“They’ll let you register your own parents?” her father asked.

“Yes, but don’t worry, incest is just as forbidden at the Farm as anywhere else so don’t go getting any ideas.”

“I’D NEVER!”

“I’m kidding, daddy,” Natalie said as she tenderly traced a finger down his chest causing him to gasp and jump back as if bitten by a snake and everyone else to break out laughing. “I have enough collars for everyone so who wants to err on the side of caution?”

“I’ll do it,” Tanya said.

“As will I, Blake agreed. “Not that I like the idea of being collared by my daughter’s fiancé, but better the Mistress I know than the one I don’t.”

“Fair enough. But before I go collaring and registering everyone I want to make one thing very clear. If we’re at the Farm together you’ll have to obey my commands as you would any other Mistress, but you’ll be under no obligation to do so here or anywhere else unless you honestly and sincerely want me to train you. So, that being said, raise your hand if you want to wear my collar.” To her surprise, all five guests raised their hand and she felt her heart skip a beat. “And just for shits and giggles, keep your hand up if you want me to train you outside of the Farm.” Again all five hands remained raised. “HOLY SHIT! Mom? Dad?”

“Like Blake said, better the Mistress we know than the one we don’t.”

“You all understand that wearing my collar only protects you from being collared by someone else, right? If you visit the Farm you’ll still have to obey the orders of the other Masters and Mistresses unless in my company. Now I ask again, who wants to wear my collar?” And again all five hands went up. “Very well. Kneel and I’ll go get the collars. Oh, and I should also mention that, like us, your submissive names will be placed on your left breasts in the form of a brand so if you don’t want to be permanently marked then I strongly suggest backing out now.” When all five guests dropped to their knees in a row, Natalie’s heart tightened in her chest and she knew without a doubt that she was going to be a very busy Mistress.