

Who wants to be a Porn Star?

By: Victoria Brynn

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From the Author

Although I knew the name Crimson Rose for many years through a mutual friend we lovingly call Raven – both for her long, silky black hair that I am completely jealous of, as well as her obsession for all things Gothic, I didn't meet the woman until the summer of 2011. The reason we never met was we were from opposite sides of Raven's pool of friends. While I was content to wade in the shallow end in blissful naiveté, Crimson was way off the deep end. She was so far in the deep end that they had to dig a new deep end for her to swim in. I'm speaking, of course, of a sex pool here.

Where I was very much ignorant of many things related to sex, particularly the things of a kinky nature, Raven and Crimson lived the lifestyle. Oh, I knew what 'the lifestyle' was, but unlike them I had no experience with it and really never intended to. Four times a year in March, June, September, and December, Raven threw these seasonally themed sex parties where she would invite all of her kinky friends to a no holds barred sextravaganza. She tried to get me to attend on more than one occasion, but I always refused. The things she said went on were so far beyond my comfort zone for sex that it made me nervous she would even do them.

That all changed, however, in January of 2011. I was going through a particularly nasty breakup and was feeling very much unloved and unwanted. Although friends and family continued to say I was a beautiful woman and that he was crazy for leaving me, I simply lost confidence in myself. I crawled into a shell and there I remained for nearly four months.

My depression and self-loathing were finally getting the better of me and so I turned to the one person in the world that I could tell my deepest darkest secrets to and know they would be safe – Raven. I told Raven of my woes and the scary thoughts that ran through my ever darkening mind and after a nearly ten hours long conversation, I agreed to attend her June party in the hopes of bolstering my self-esteem and perhaps find a new outlook on sex and life.

I'm not going to lie. As the day drew ever closer, my nerves were on end. I was a wreck of conflicting emotions, excitement, and unadulterated fear at the very idea of what those kinky people would make me do for their sexual gratification. I thought about backing out as I had so many times in the past, but I made a promise to a dear friend and intended to keep that promise no matter what. Even if I showed up for ten minutes, at least I showed up, right?

The party was not at all what I expected it to be. At least not at first. I dressed in an all too short green latex garter dress kindly loaned to me by Raven since such articles of clothing were as foreign to me as the Andromeda Galaxy. The tight material and open front design that showed off way too much breast and ass for my liking made me even more self-conscious about my body, but she assured me that I looked great. She finished the outfit off with a pair of latex gloves that went up to my bicep, and matching latex stockings which she hooked the garters too. She said I looked sexy. I thought I looked like a whore, but then again this was her area of expertise so I went along with her judgment.

I was relieved to see that everyone was dressed in latex or leather in hues of green, blue, pink, red, and orange, with a smattering of black and purple thrown in. It was very festive and inviting. Some of the outfits they wore were far more revealing than mine so I was put somewhat at ease. No one ran up to me asking to have sex with me, or to tie me up and spank me until I submitted to them as I had feared they would. No one mocked me for the way I was dressed even though I felt almost naked in the skin tight, revealing dress that showed the bottom part of my ass and more than half my breasts. In fact, I was taken aback by how polite and respectful they

all were as Raven took me around introducing me to all of the friends I knew about but never met.

When I met Crimson for the first time I didn't know what to think. Here was this stunningly beautiful petite woman with a force of personality that I've never seen before. There was something in the way she carried herself, so much confidence in who she was that I almost wanted to grovel unworthy at her feet. Although Raven told me that Crimson was very much a submissive, she looked the part of Dominatrix to me. Men and women both flocked around her, and I found myself intrigued at what she was talking to her small group of followers about.

I mingled with people I didn't know and found them all very interesting as they told me bits of their lives, but my attention seemed constantly drawn to Crimson. It wasn't until the party was really getting started that I finally got my chance to talk with the mysterious woman dressed in a latex catsuit. The party had moved out to one of three large barns where there was plenty of room for various scenes to take place. In all the years that Raven and I knew each other this was the first time I had ever been to this particular barn. She always said it was full of old equipment and I had no reason to not believe her. There were pieces of equipment out there that I had no idea of their function and was pretty sure I wanted it to remain that way.

Sensing my discomfort, Crimson offered to take me back in the house. I thought for sure she was going to hit on me, want to have sex with me. I was almost disappointed when she did not. We went into one of the many bedrooms, plopped down on the bed, and talked.

We talked about the party, the lifestyle, and just life in general. Whatever topic came up, we discussed as if we'd known each other for a lifetime. I found myself telling her things I've only ever told Raven and I felt the bonds of friendship forming. She listened to what I had to say and I paid her the same respect as she told me all about herself and her amazing life.

It was during that conversation that Crimson told me that she had this grand dream of a place anyone could go to learn hands-on about 'the lifestyle' without ridicule. She was inspired by Raven's parties and wanted the same thing but on a much larger and kinkier scale. She wanted a place where men and women, Dominants and submissives from around the world would flock to. And thus, her "Slave Farm" series of stories was born. She knew it would never happen in reality, at least not in our lifetimes, so she wrote about such a place, but never published anything at that time.

After many rewrites and modifications the 'Slave Farm' would later become known as "The Domination Farm" as the word SLAVE, while acceptable in the bdsm world, had very negative connotations in reality.

In her own words at the time...

"I want the Slave Farm to be an ever evolving world of kinky sex. I envision a place where people world-wide go to learn about bdsm, search for a new Master or submissive, and to live a life known only to a small fraction of the population."

She further went on to say...

"I want the Slave Farm to be an open world where anyone willing to dip their toes in the deep end could use it to their own desires. I want others to use my kinky little world, expand upon it, and make it thrive forever."

She gave me permission to use this world of hers back before she had even used it herself, but I politely refused. As a writer I prefer to come up with worlds of my own imagination, and as intriguing as this Slave Farm sounded, it was still outside of my comfort zone even for writing. Besides, nothing had been written about it yet. The whole idea was in her mind alone. Nothing much more was said about it and we talked some more until I was ready to give the party another go. But that is a story for another time.

So here it is nearly three years after I met Crimson Rose, about to write a story based on her latest model of the Domination Farm. She graciously sent me everything she had on the place located in the fictional town of Rome, Wisconsin. I was surprised to find not only building and street names, but a hand drawn map to go along with the pages of rules, activities, and building descriptions. There was also a brief history of the place that had changed many times over the last three years as was evidenced by her never throwing anything away. All of her notes were dated and very ordered so that anyone looking upon them would know how this kinky world of hers evolved over time.

I can only hope that I give it the justice it deserves.

Chapter One

Getting Roadside Assistance

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Rain beat down on the windshield faster and harder than the wipers could keep up. There wasn't a street light for miles and the headlights of Krista's Lexus did little to illuminate the road ahead. The jets of water flying by either side of her car reminded her of a water skiing trip she made last summer and her mind started to wander. Bad decision when driving in a torrential downpour.

Had it been daytime, or clearer skies she would have seen the massive pothole her front right tire was headed for. Unfortunately for her it was 2:19 a.m. without a star in the clouded sky rain flooded everything. The tire sank into the pothole and she lost control of the car. If her husband Mike was driving he would have reacted to the dangerous situation and steered the car to safety.

Krista jerked the steering wheel. The car careened to the left faster than she expected and before she could correct her mistake there was a thunderous bang as her car nosedived into a deep ditch along the road. The airbag went off slamming into her face at 200 miles an hour and stunning her momentarily. The engine spit and sputtered and then died; leaving her stranded in the middle of nowhere Wisconsin.

"Thank god I'm not wearing my glasses," she said wearily as she sat back. She had heard horror stories about airbags breaking glasses into the wears eyes and ever since then she opted for contacts. She didn't plan on getting into any accidents, but she wanted to be as safe as reasonably possible just in case.

"FUCK! You've got to be kidding me!" here the next words out of her mouth as she pulled her cell phone from her purse to see that it was deader than her now wrecked car. She moved her body starting with rotating her head side to side and moving down to shake her arms and wiggle her fingers. She stretched her legs out as far as she could. Everything seemed to be in working order except for the headache she was getting from the airbag slamming into her face. She looked in the rearview mirror. Her face was beet red.

The rain showed no signs of letting up anytime soon, and in fact, if what the weather man said was true it was going to rain like this well into tomorrow. The last...anything...she passed was a gas station some ten miles back. There was nothing in both direction except for open fields and a long dark road ahead.

Krista grabbed for the umbrella lying on the passenger seat, looked out the window at the heavy rain and winds, and tossed it back to its former resting spot. She thought about waiting for someone to drive by and hope they stopped to help her, but two things crossed her mind. The first was no one in their right mind was going to get out in this weather to help anyone. And her second thought was that she hadn't seen a car in the last hour so why would she expect to see one now that she needed it?

She took a deep breath and stepped out of the car. The chill of the rain and wind froze her to the bone despite it being nearly 60 degrees. With stockinged feet, her skirt and blouse drenched, she walked along the side of the eerily dark road in the hopes of finding someone to help her.

Luck has a way of going from bad to worse in times of great stress. Krista made it a little more than a mile when her luck took a decided turn for the worse. Unable to see more than a foot in front of her face, Krista's left foot slid off the road and into a water-filled ditch. She lost balance and in she went, her foot and leg twisting painfully beneath her. She sank an inch or two into mud and hung her head in defeat.

Lifting herself out of the ditch she nearly fell to the ground as the pain shot through her foot and up her leg. She sat at the edge of the ditch and gently felt around the sore ankle. It hurt like hell but she was pretty sure it wasn't broken. She rubbed it for another ten minutes before the pain started to ease. Still no one came to her rescue.

Limping, drenching wet, and stressed out to no end, Krista made her way down the road. The only silver lining in the whole ordeal was the rain washed away the mud from her clothing so that she was once again clean. At least as clean as someone taking a bath in the rain can be.

"OH MY GOD!" she exclaimed. "Please tell me I'm not fucking seeing things!" she said as she saw lights up ahead on the left. She had gone more than two miles and her ankle was hurting so bad she wanted to cry, but she hobbled on towards the lights. Lights that grew brighter the closer she got.

The lights belonged to lamp posts strategically positioned around a large parking lot. Further to the right was a tall stone wall with double wooden gates. It reminded her of a medieval castle. As she approached the gate she saw a small booth inside of which sat a woman.

"Hi there," the woman in the booth said to a very pathetic looking Krista. "Have you ever been here before?"

"What? Um...no," Krista stammered. Her eyes were locked on the woman's naked breasts. It was more of a surprise gaze than a sexual one. She had seen her fair share of breasts being a woman and all that, but she had never seen a woman sitting half naked in a booth.

"Like what you see?" the woman asked. "My name's Jigglybutt," she said pointing to the tattoo on her right breast.

"My car broke down a couple miles back. Do you have a phone I could use?"

"I'm sorry sweetie, but the only phone is inside at the main office."

"Could you let me in to use it? What is this place anyways?"

"This is the Domination Farm," Jigglybutt answered. "And I'm sorry but only paying customers are allowed inside."

"Oh, come on," Krista wailed. "My car is wrecked, my ankle is sprained, and I'm soaked to the bone. PLEASE, I just need to make a phone call to get my car towed out of the damn ditch."

"I really would like to help you," Jigglybutt said sympathetically "but I am not allowed to let anyone inside unless they are paying customers."

"Fine, what does it cost to get inside?"

"Five hundred dollars for the day. And you'll need to sign the appropriate waivers."

"Fucking Hell! Five hundred dollars? What's in there that could possibly cost that damn much to see?"

"You really have no idea where you are, do you?"

"No. I've never been to this part of the state before. Forget it. I'll keep walking until I find a house or a gas station, something that isn't going to cost me five hundred damn dollars to make a phone call."

"There's Duncan's about twelve miles back the way you came and Theo's about nine miles up the road. As far as houses or other businesses I'm afraid we're the only one you're going to find between those two gas stations."

Krista weighed her options. She barely made it the two miles to get here on her sprained ankle. There was no way she was going to make it nine more. She looked up and down the road in the hopes of seeing her knight in shining armor to come save her from the madness this night was offering her, but all she got was rain splattered in the face.

"You said your ankle is sprained?"

"I fell into a ditch and twisted it."

"Well, we do have a clinic inside with a fully trained medical staff. It is free for all paying customers. Maybe you could have it checked out once you go through the initial processing."

"Initial processing? What is this place?"

"As I said, it's the Domination Farm."

"What in the hell is a domination farm?"

"Do you know what bdsm is?"

"You mean bondage, slaves, and all that shit?" Krista huffed.

"That is a small part of it," Jigglybutt replied someone less friendly. "That is what we do here. This is a place where curious men and women from all over the world come to learn about the lifestyle. Submissives come here seeking someone to dominate them. Dominants come here looking for a submissive. We have our own clinic as I said, plus our own TV station, restaurants, and various shops. It's really grown into a small town of its own."

"Fine, I'll pay for the day. I really need to go to that clinic."

"Alright. That'll be five hundred dollars and I'll get you the forms you need to sign and the bracelet you need to wear."

Krista handed her a credit card and got a stack of papers in return. She didn't bother reading them, signing and initialing where required. She handed the papers back to Jigglybutt and waited to be let inside.

"You really should read those documents if this is your first time here. There is a lot of information in them that you really need to know before entering."

"Like what?"

"Like the rule for starters. Plus there are other things in there that you are consenting to. For instance, when I take you inside you will be placed in a holding room until a Dominant comes and gets you. You'll then be taken to the fetish clothing shop where you will be given the fetish clothes you are allowed to wear during your stay. Street clothes are not permitted beyond the holding room. Once you are outfitted you are then free to roam the farm at your leisure."

"I just want to make a damn phone call," Krista sighed. "Can't you take me to the main office? Keep the money I paid. I don't care. I just want to call someone to tow my car and to get out of this damn rain."

"The entrance fee is non-refundable," Jigglybutt said. "Really, for your own sake read the documents."

"I don't plan on staying longer than it takes for a tow truck to get here."

"Suit yourself," Jigglybutt replied handing Krista a sleek silver bracelet.

"What is this for?"

"It's yours to keep. There's a microchip in it that keeps track of your information. When your time is nearing an end it will give you a verbal warning. If you are not outside the walls

within an hour of your time running out you will automatically be charged for another day. Don't worry about being charged randomly. The bracelet only works within the walls. If you'll please follow me I'll take you to the holding room now. You have nice tits by the way. I hope you don't mind me saying so."

Krista looked down at the front of her blouse that, thanks to the torrential rains, was now sheer. She wasn't wearing a bra either so all this time she was showing off her breasts to the woman that was showing off her own. Her face flushed with embarrassment.

"No need to be embarrassed about it," Jigglybutt smiled. "You're going to be showing off a lot more than that inside." She stepped out of the booth and for the first time Krista saw she was completely naked.