

Alien Encounters

Crimson Rose

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A mountain of rules, waivers and consent forms filled out, her most intimate detail entered into the computer system alongside multiple photographs – headshots and full body alike, Grace placed the sleek silver bracer around her right forearm and then walked towards the huge gates leading into the Domination Farm with all the confidence of a woman that knew what she wanted and was not afraid to do whatever it took to get it. A native to Rome, Wisconsin she knew all about the world’s most infamous fetish resort. Like many in the rapidly expanding city the desire to visit it just once was less a fantasy and more a rite of passage.

Swiping the chip in the bracer at a terminal, an electronic female voice spoke through a nearby speaker. Not booming by any means, it was still loud enough that everyone within thirty or forty feet could clearly hear it. “Identity confirmed. Welcome, Mistress Grace.” Eyes going from the gate now sliding open to the red band of leather magnetically locked around her right bicep, she smiled. “In order to prevent any delays on your first day please follow Domination Drive to Bondage Boulevard. Alien Encounters will be the second building on your right.”

Waiting a moment for further instructions and getting none, Grace stepped into the Domination Farm. A street sign on the left in the shape of a paddle told her that she was on Domination Drive – the resort’s main north/south thoroughfare. Eyes darting left and right, she saw another not too far ahead indicating she had to take a right at the first street. But first, she took a beat to look around and take in the place nearly everyone in her life attempted to scare her away from. Pregnant women dressed in the latex outfits of cows complete with horns and tail working at a café happily squirt breast milk into steaming hot cups of coffee and tea. Some filled entire shot glasses with the sweet nectar for the patrons to consume. Lines of men – some with armbands, most without, waited for their turn to use one of a dozen women tightly locked in a highly advanced pillory as a computerized female voice reminded them how many they had to pleasure before being released. Attention drawn to the wide, curved metal sign overhead, she silently mouthed the words: cocksucking pillories.

Beyond that she saw five women dressed in full pony gear. Three of them – standing straight, hands clasped behind their back, feet kicking up to mimic horses walking, were pulling manned carts while the other two – red-faced and bodies covered in sweat worked on training their muscles and endurance courtesy the weights strapped around their ankles. Feeling a bit thirsty and wanting to put her title as the Domination Farm’s newest Mistress to the test, Grace approached the Hot Momma Café, reaching the tables just as the naked waitress – a Farm slave by the blue collar around her neck, pulled the door open. “You, slave,” she called out.

Stopping, the lactating brunette let go of the handle and spun around to see who was calling for her attention. Seeing a pretty redheaded woman wearing a curve-hugging latex dress and the red armband of a Mistress, she immediately approached. “How may this humble cow serve you Mistress?”

Glancing down at the woman’s milk-filled breasts, Grace saw Dairy Cow Debra tattooed on the left. Not saying a word, she hooked her right arm around the pregnant woman’s back and pulled her in. Maintaining eye contact, she latched onto Dairy Cow Debra’s left nipple and drank. No sooner did the first drops hit the back of her throat than the woman softly moaned. Gulping down four mouthfuls, Grace stood up. “How full are you, slave?”

“This humble cow just started her shift so I’m still very full, Mistress.”

“How much are those things carrying?”

“This humble cow can produce about eighteen ounces during her entire shift, Mistress.”

“I’m really thirsty so what can you give me right now, slave?”

“This humble cow can give you between eight and ten ounces, Mistress. Would you like this humble cow to pump it for you, or will you be drinking it straight from the source?”

“Both. I’ll drink from one while you pump the other.”

“Yes Mistress. If you would kindly follow this humble cow to table five we may get started.”

“And what’s the price, Dairy Cow Debra?”

“Please forgive this humble cow her ignorance, but are you new to the Domination Farm, Mistress?”

“This is my first day, why do you ask, slave? And you can knock it off with that humble cow nonsense.”

“This humble cow is sorry if it bothers you, Mistress, but we are required to refer to ourselves in such a manner. To do otherwise will result in my punishment. Which, this humble cow is willing to endure if you wish it.”

“Just take me to the table so I can quench this thirst.”

“Yes Mistress. As for the cost, it is free for Masters and Mistresses.” Stopping at one of the glass-topped patio tables, Dairy Cow Debra took a long moment to thoroughly clean and sanitize two very large tapered dildos attached to the metal seat before covering them with condoms made at the resorts very own toy manufacturing facility known as DF Productions. Applying the tiniest amount of lube, she took them with practiced ease. Next, she withdrew the breast pump from beneath the table and attached the cup over her right nipple. “You may sit on my lap and latch onto my left nipple whenever you’re ready, Mistress.”

Grace was content watching the milk being pumped from Debra’s breast, but on the other hand, she was thirsty and although this was the first time she had tasted it since infancy, she was hooked on the life-giving ambrosia. “How far along are you, cow?” she asked as she sat on the woman’s lap.

“This humble cow is six months pregnant, Mistress.”

“How many calves will this make?”

“This is this humble cow’s fifth pregnancy, Mistress, but will be my seventh and eighth calves.”

“Nice.” And with that, Grace latched onto Dairy Cow Debra’s left nipple and resumed drinking.

“If this humble cow may pleasure you while you drink them please spread your legs, Mistress.”

No sooner had her brain processed the words then Grace’s thighs parted.

“Please indicate through bites how many fingers this humble cow may use to pleasure you, Mistress. If you can take my entire fist then please bite six times.”

“Seeing no reason to lie, Grace gave Debra’s sensitive nipple four hard bite, eliciting a groan after each.

“Mmmm, four fingers, very nice, Mistress.” Tugging the clingy material of Grace’s dress up over her hips, Debra lubed her right hand and then slowly slid two fingers into the dominant woman’s pussy and then used her thumb to massage her clit. Sensing no resistance, she added a third finger. It was getting a little tight, but she managed to fuck them in and out at a steady pace that kept her adult baby moaning. When Grace’s left leg fell completely open, Debra gently added her pinky. Again, it was tight at first but within a few thrusts her hand was going in as deep as her thumb – which she was using to massage the Mistress’ engorged clit, would allow.

Seeing the three other patrons watching only made Grace that much hornier. That thousands of Masters, Mistresses, bare-necks, submissives and slaves could see her as they walked by, and that millions around the world could be watching her very public sexual display only served to amplify that level of excitement and try as she might to hold out, she nevertheless erupted in a very visible geyser of an orgasm.

Seizing the opportunity, Debra tucked thumb into palm, bunched her fingers together and pounded them in and out of Grace like a jackhammer on speed. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. On the inwards thrust, she watched as her entire hand disappeared to the wrist which immediately gave Grace her second orgasm.

Still sucking down mouthfuls of breastmilk, Grace's eyes opened and she looked down to see the hand pistoning in and out of her a good inch or three past the wrist. Part of her was angry the slave disobeyed a direct order, but another part was glad that it happened because despite wanting to be fisted she was never able to push herself that far. Looking into Debra's eyes, she adjusted her position slightly and continued drinking, being fisted and having orgasms for another fifteen minutes. When nothing more came out, she moved her head back. "I don't remember giving you permission to fist me, slave."

"This humble cow is so sorry, Mistress, but when you had that first orgasm this humble cow just knew you could take it and had to try," Debra said as she quickly pulled her hand out.

When she saw the Farm slave was not going to put her hand back in, Grace sighed. "I didn't tell you to stop, slave." But before the now very confused woman could put her hand back in, Grace stood up, turned and then bent down with her right hand on the table. "I'll take the rest of my milk now."

"Yes Mistress. This humble cow hopes you find its taste to your liking."

"I do, cow." Taking the bottle, Grace brought it to her lips and downed it in one long drink. "I like it a lot. How long have you been a dairy cow?"

"Almost eleven years, Mistress."

"Impressive. I want to thank you, Dairy Cow Debra."

"It was this humble cow's pleasure, Mistress."

"Not just for the milk. I've wanted to try fisting for a very long time now and could never push myself that far. Thanks to you I'll be able to do it whenever I like. That being said, you did fist me without permission and that cannot go unpunished. Other than your slave name I don't see any other marks on that sexy body of yours. Are you new to being a slave here?"

"No Mistress. This humble cow has served the Domination Farm for more than twelve years. This humble cow has just gotten lucky and avoided all the buildings with mandatory marks of completion and unlike the old days, Masters and Mistresses are no longer permitted to command bare-necks, submissives and slaves to get any form of body modification they don't agree to.

"Well, seeing as how you're six months pregnant, you brought me to multiple orgasms and opened me up for fisting I'll forgive you on the condition that you have a bottle of milk ready for me first thing in the morning for the next month."

"This humble cow gladly accepts Mistress' very generous terms."

"Good. Then I'll see you in the morning, cow."

"Mistress doesn't want this humble cow to fist her to more orgasms?"

"I do, but unfortunately I need to get to work so it'll have to wait until I have more time."

"This humble cow understands, Mistress."

“I’ll drop by early so that you can spend thirty or forty minutes fisting me before I have to head in. But in exchange, I would like for you to get a tattoo of property of Mistress Grace written around your right areola. Do that and you may fist me every morning for as long as we both work here. Refuse and I’ll have to find another more obedient cow to drink from.”

“This humble cow accepts your offer, Mistress. This humble cow will have the work done as soon as her shift end.”

“Then I look forward to our next meeting, cow.”

“This humble cow is looking forward to it as well, Mistress.”

Pulling the pregnant woman in, Grace kissed her on the lips. “I like you, Dairy Cow Debra. I like you a lot. Who knows, this just might be the start of a very long and pleasurable relationship.”

“This humble cow would like that, Mistress.” Shoulders slumping, Debra sighed.

“Something wrong, slave?”

“This humble cow may work at the Domination Farm where she is used by Masters, Mistresses and bare-necks alike on a daily basis, but you’re the first to show me even the tiniest level of respect and dare this humble cow say, affection and friendship, but this humble cow knows it’ll end the moment you find someone younger, prettier and more interesting.”

Gently caressing the dairy cow’s cheek, Grace offered a genuinely sincere smile. “I think you’ll find I’m not like other people around here, slave. Yes, I’m absolutely using you for your milk, but at the same time I feel a connection between us that I’m at a loss to explain. As for younger, prettier and more interesting all I can say is you’re a beautiful woman. Not that I put looks over personality and sense of humor. How old are you, slave?”

“This humble cow will be thirty next month, Mistress.”

“I’m twenty-three and like looks, I don’t care about age. What I do care about is people and despite our stations here at the Domination Farm I’d like to think we can be friends first and foremost.”

“This humble cow would like that, Mistress. Thank you. I know you don’t like this humble cow constantly referring to herself as such but as this humble cow said before she’s obligated to do so as a Farm slave. That being said, if you were to collar and claim me as your own this humble cow would be able to refer to herself however Mistress desires.”

“And that wouldn’t risk your job here at the Hot Momma Café?”

“No Mistress. This humble cow would belong to you instead of the Farm, but I’d still be employed here. All you need to do is place your collar around my neck and take me to the registration office and I’m yours.”

“Are you sure you want me as your owner, slave?”

“When this humble cow started working here she told herself that she would only give herself to a Master or Mistress she knew in her gut that she could trust. That was nearly twelve years ago and you’re the first this humble cow has felt that level of trust and connection with. Please collar me and I swear I’ll do my best to be the slave you deserve.” Doing something she had never done in public since the day it was placed around her neck, Debra reached back and with a quick twist pulled the magnetic clasp apart and removed the light blue collar of the Farm slave.

Her clothing coming from the Domination Farm, the dress she wore had a very thin and flexible strip of magnetic material sewn into the hem. Hanging from that strip of material were a dozen suede covered metal collars – six on each hip. Removing one from the right, she held it up to Debra’s neck. “This is your last chance, slave.”

Placing her trembling fingers on Grace's hands, Debra paused for a beat before sliding the band around her neck. "I've got a good feeling about you, Mistress. Oh man that feels good to say. Please tell me I can stop referring to myself as a humble cow. Don't get me wrong, that's exactly what I am but it gets very tiring."

"You may refer to yourself however you like, slave."

"Thank you Mistress. Just so they don't think I'm lying to get out of it can you please add that as a note on my profile once you've registered me?"

"Of course."

"Thank you Mistress. Would you like to register me now or after you get off work?"

"I think I can make time to do it now."

"As you command, Mistress. Please allow me a moment to tell management I'll be taking a break to switch ownership."

"Go ahead."

"Thank you Mistress."