

# **Anya's Acceptance**

**Crimson Rose**

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Her phone dead, charger left back at Aphrodite's Den in her haste to get out of there, Anya pulled into the walled-in parking lot of the Domination Farm and stared at the wall looming ahead of her. Parking, she got out of the rental car and walked up to an empty kiosk where she was greeted by a smiling brunette wearing an underbust corset, short skirt, light blue collar around her neck and the name SLUTMUFFIN tattooed on her left breast.

"Welcome to the Domination Farm, honey. First time?"

"Um, yes. I'm here looking for my daughter. Is it possible you could page her for me or something?"

"Sorry, no can do. The only phone and pager system are inside the farm. You'll have to go in and ask at the main office. And to do that you'll have to pay the entrance fee."

"Of course I will. What better way to scam people for money."

"Sorry you feel that way, but those are our rules. The good news is we are currently running a buy one get one promotion for new bare-necks. Pay for a day and get one free."

"And how much is the fee?"

"Two-hundred-fifty per day and that covers your first set of clothing, the Farm bracer and a room for the night in the submissive apartments. Meals are not covered so you'll have to put money on the bracer or you'll have to repay the debt working the attractions. But I'm getting ahead of myself. First things first, you need to read and sign the waivers and consent forms," she said, grabbing a clipboard from under the counter and sliding it under the glass. "Please read them very carefully as we abide by every letter. If you have any question please don't hesitate to ask. Also, to make sure you read them there are specific places you'll need to initial."

"Couldn't I give you my daughter's name and you go in to page her for me?"

"I'm sorry. We are not permitted to leave our post except during breaks and we just had our last one for the night."

Taking the clipboard, Anya began reading the first page which consisted of the rules governing the Domination Farm from no street clothes and recording equipment including cell phoned permitted, to those entering certain buildings agreed to being marked as indicated by the rules of said building. Looking up at Slutmuffin, she frowned. "Am I to understand that I have to go in there butt naked?"

"You may wear your clothes in, but they will be confiscated while being fitted for you submissive clothing. It is advised that you keep your street clothes in your car. And remember, the first set of clothes you receive are included in the admission fee."

"And what's this about being marked in certain buildings?"

"There are some buildings that require those entering for the first time to complete the task or event and then receive a mark of completion at the end. The marks are either tattooed or branded on various parts of the body. And then there's the body modification building that requires all bare-necks, submissives and slaves entering to get two different forms of body modification."

"I see. And people really agree to this stuff?"

"We have more than half a million visitors a year. If you do not wish to be marked then do not enter those buildings."

"I can't believe I have to go through this just to page someone."

"Are you sure she's even here?"

"Yes. She and her step-sister both work at DF Productions apparently testing sex toys."

“Cool. I really wish there was something more I could do for you, but if we break the rules we are disciplined and I’m at three-hundred lashes for my next infraction so you’ll understand if I prefer to toe the line.”

Looking back down at the clipboard – her cheeks flushing with shame and anger as images of James taking the cane and flogger to her, Anya signed the rules page and flipped to the next. One after another she read, initialed and signed every page with the knowledge she would not be inside long enough for anything to happen. Sliding the clipboard along with her driver’s license and credit card under the glass, she waited as Slutmuffin went over everything and started inputting the information into the system.

“This’ll take a few minutes. Go ahead and strip out of your clothes and put everything in your car. And don’t worry, the parking lot is monitored twenty-four-seven and we have not had a problem in more than a decade. Your belongings are perfectly safe.”

Not liking the idea of strutting around butt naked in front of god knows how many perverts, Anya never the less walked back to her car, stripped out of her clothes and locked them in the trunk. Looking down at her tattooed breasts and pierced nipples, she sighed. “Why am I even doing this?” she said aloud as she returned to the kiosk.

Slutmuffin’s eyes went straight to Anya’s breasts and she smiled. “Very nice. Are you sure you haven’t been here before? That certainly looks like a submissive name to me. And is that owned branded on your left arm?”

“I’ve never even been to Wisconsin before. And yes, that is owned branded on my arm. I’d much rather not talk about it if it’s all the same to you.”

“That’s fine, but we do need to catalog all of your body modifications so that on the chance you enter the wrong building the system does not choose them again. Also, there’s no need to be embarrassed by them. You’ll see a lot more of the same and worse inside. Also, the public urinal tattoo qualifies as a mark of completion for that particular building. You may enter and leave of your own free will without having to perform the fetish. That is the perk to getting the marks. Alright, everything appears to be in order. How many days would you like to pay for and how much would you like on your bracer?”

“Just a day and a hundred dollars.”

“Oh, wait, I’ve been authorized to make you a onetime offer. If you pay for a week you not only get another full week free, but we will also add five-hundred Farm bucks to your bracer. And before you ask, Farm bucks are what we call the money we offer. It’s the real deal, but can only ever be spent here at the Domination Farm and cannot be refunded upon leaving.”

“No thanks. A day is more time than I need to call my daughter.”

“Are you sure? This is a once in a lifetime deal that will never be made again. You never know, you might get inside, like what you see and decide to stick around. Once through that door the deal is null and void.”

“I doubt that very much. Despite what you see tattooed and branded on my body I am not into this lifestyle and have absolutely no intentions of sticking around any longer than necessary.”

“I’m sorry to hear that. Before I swipe your card, are you sure you only want to put a hundred dollars on the bracer? Once the transaction is complete you may not add anymore until your time runs out. And if you go over you will be temporarily collared to prevent you from leaving until the debt is repaid at one of the attractions.”

“Fine, make it two-fifty.”

“And the offer?”

“How many times must I tell you no?”

“My apologies. I am required to make absolutely certain before processing the transaction. Would it change your mind if we doubled the offer? Pay for a week and get two weeks free plus one thousand Farm bucks? The money may be used to buy food, toys, clothing or anything else you may want or need while on the Farm. And anything you buy is yours to keep when you leave.”

“Fine, do it.”

“You won’t regret it. And thank you so much. By accepting the offer you knocked fifty lashes off my next punishment.”

“Ah, so that’s the real reason you were pushing me to accept.”

“I’m sorry, but I could not say so until after you accepted.” After completing the transaction, Slutmuffin slid Anya her credit card, driver’s license and the fancy silver cuff bracer all whom enter the Domination Farm must wear.

“Wow! That is gorgeous. And I get to keep it?”

“Of course. Make sure to bring it with you when you return and all you have to do is load it up and enter the farm. No need to take so long signing up. Make sure it is worn on the right wrist at all times and please enjoy your stay at the Domination Farm.”

“Thanks. Not sure what the hell I’m going to do here for three weeks, but whatever.”

Taking her credit card and license to the rental car, Anya locked them in the trunk with everything else and then went to the heavy wooden door leading into the farm. Swiping her wrist across the scanner, she heard an audible click and the door swung open of its own accord. Butterflies swarming her stomach, she entered a large room with another door to her left and padded bench seating wrapping around three walls with a long, fat dildo every two feet or so. Walking to the nearest one, she reached under the bench, grabbed a container of alcohol wipes and thoroughly cleaned the dildo before placing a condom on it and taking it fully into her pussy as the rules she signed dictated.

There was a crackle and then a woman spoke over an intercom. The Tours have been cancelled today, but you must still go directly to the clothing store for your outfit before you are permitted to do anything else. When you leave the waiting room you will find yourself on Domination Drive. Follow it north to Caning Court and it’ll be the second building on your right. After you have been fitted you are free to explore the Domination Farm to your heart’s content.”

“You could have told me that before I sat down.”

“Where’s the fun in that? Enjoy your stay at the Domination Farm.”

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Swiping her wrist at the scanner, Anya pulled the door open and stepped out onto the cobblestone road that was Domination Drive and the first thing she saw was a row of high-tech pillories – nine of which were occupied by women sucking off one man after another, behind which was a race track where three women dressed in full pony gear pulled a manned cart. Turning to the right, she fast walked to her destination – ignoring everything going on around her before anyone got the wrong idea and tried slapping a collar around her neck, or worse.

Entering the newly expanded store, Anya was greeted by a purple-haired woman wearing latex opera gloved, thigh-high boots and underbust corset to match. “Hello and welcome to the fetish clothing store. My name is Sweet Peach and it will be my pleasure to serve you today. Please go ahead and swipe at the scanner and the system will randomly assemble your free outfit.”

Walking up to the counter, Anya used the scanner and then waited. After about a minute a computerized female voice spoke. "This slut's free outfit will consist of the following items in light blue: thigh-high boots, opera gloves, garter belt and bust harness. That completes this slut's free outfit."

"Did that thing just call me a slut? Twice?"

"It is pre-programmed to humiliate. Please follow me and I'll get you your clothes. Will you be staying long? If so, you might want to pick up one or two more outfits of your choosing as these are the only clothes you're permitted to wear while on the Farm."

"Against my better judgement I'll be here three weeks. So, how much do these outfits normally cost?"

"Three to eight hundred dollars, but here the price is set at two-hundred per complete outfit."

"Why so cheap?"

"We make our own clothes at DF Productions."

"I only have a thousand dollars to last me three weeks."

"That's more than enough for a couple of outfits assuming you use the rest to only eat. And if you need more you can always work the attractions and events. I'm partial to the alien encounters myself and it's one of the highest paying."

"I'll just take the free one for now and if I need another I'll come back later."

"As you wish, but if you get them now I can offer you the new customer discount. It's only twenty percent, but better than nothing and you lose it when you leave."

"Fine, I'll buy two more."

"Good choice. Let's get you in the free one first and then we can shop around."