

# **BDSM Sextuple**

**Crimson Rose**

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## **PART 1**

### **INSIDE THE DOMINATION FARM**

# Chapter One

## Lea Marrie goes to the Farm

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Lea pulled into the large fenced in parking lot and shut off the headlights as she stared out the passenger side window at the line of thirty men and women waiting to get into the Domination Farm. "Fuck!" she swore. "It's 3 a.m. Why are there still so many people in line to get into this damn place?" She was hoping to make a discreet entrance into the most controversial location to pop up in North America in the last fifty years. She had heard rumors of the place and what went on behind the fifteen foot high stone walls, but she couldn't believe it. So when the studio execs approached her with the idea of going in undercover she jumped on it. Not out of any kinky desire to be dominated, but for pure journalism. She wanted to expose the truth about the myth.

Lea got out of her car and hit the little button on the fob to lock and set the alarm. She straightened the wrinkles out of her form-fitting navy blue dress and scanned the parking lot and line again. She slowly took everything in, letting the special contact lenses she wore do their job. They were the lenses of very small cameras that sent the recordings to a computer miles away to be sifted through when her time at the farm was complete. The earrings she wore were microphones to pick up the audio. She wanted to stay at the farm for a day. The studio wanted her to stay for a week. They met in the middle.

Lea got in line behind a couple in their thirties. He was tall and handsome with muscular arms and chest not at all hidden behind the tight t-shirt he wore. His short black hair was combed neatly, his goatee trimmed short. The woman was short and thin wearing a latex dress that barely covered her boney behind. The dress would look stunning on a woman with a fuller figure, but on the tiny brunette that Lea eyed, it looked rather pitiful. She was cute enough in that tomboyish way, but she had no curves and her breasts were nothing more than puffy nipples sitting atop anthills.

Lea eyed all of the men and women ahead of her in the slow moving line. There were surprisingly more men than women. And they came in all shapes and sizes from the nearly boyish looking woman standing directly in front of her to the stunningly beautiful blonde bombshell a dozen steps ahead. The men were no different.

"Hello ma'am," a bare-chested blonde sitting inside the small ticket booth said to Lea when she finally reached it to pay. "Have you been here before?"

"I have not," Lea said staring at the woman's ample bosom heaving slowly up and down with each steady breath. She stared at the golden rings piercing each nipple and the tattoo on her Right breast that read: SLUTTYPRINCESS.

"There are some forms you'll need to read and sign before you can enter," SluttyPrincess said. "Once you've read and signed them you'll pay the fee for the amount of time you wish to stay with us and then I'll give you your bracelet." She picked up several forms from under the small counter she was at and handed them to Lea. "There's no one else in line so feel free to read them right there, but if someone else does show up I ask that you please step to the side for them."

"Um, sure," Lea said taking the stack of forms and a pen. They were mostly standard waiver forms which she read and signed quickly. Four forms down was a list of Domination

Farm rules. The one that caught her eye was a rule forbidding cell phones and cameras of any kind within the walls of the farm. The punishment for breaking the rule made her eyes grow wide and she suddenly thought twice about going in with the special contacts.

***Rule 14: NO cell phones, cameras, or other recording devices permitted.***

*No guest of the Domination Farm is permitted to bring a cell phone, camera, or any other device capable of recording movies, or taking images, into the farm. The penalty for doing so will be no less than fifty lashes of the cane at Masochists Row, immediate registration and branding of the offender as a Farm submissive, followed by either three years of service from the new Farm submissive, or the payment of \$250,000 in fines.*

Lea signed the rules and moved on to the rest of the papers. She read them line by line, page by page and signed them all. If she got into any trouble she hoped the studio would bail her out. They said they would, but might change their minds when they saw the kinds of fines they would have to pay. She handed the papers and pen back to SluttyPrincess.

"Everything looks in order," SluttyPrincess said flipping through the forms. "How long will you be staying with us, Miss Marrie?"

"Four days," Lea replied.

"Alright. Give me just a minute to program the bracelet. Will you be paying by cash or credit?"

"Cash," Lea answered. She couldn't risk paying by credit card in case the funds were tracked. She didn't know how she would explain it to her boyfriend that she spent four days at a farm dedicated to training men and women as submissives. And the studio rejected the use of the company credit card for the same reason. So it was cash.

"Alright, I see you are entering as a bare-neck so that'll be \$1,000 for four days."

Lea fished the cash from her purse and handed it to SluttyPrincess. She hated handing over that kind of money even though it wasn't hers. The studio was paying for this little trip which was one of the reasons she agreed to do it.

"I will have to ask you to leave your purse locked in your car," SluttyPrincess said.

"But it has all of my money in it. How am I going to pay for anything?"

"Oh, that's easy enough. You have a few options in that regard. First, you can give me any amount of money you want and it'll go on your bracelet. It works as a sort of credit card within the Farm. You simply scan this little area here," she said showing Lea a small strip on the side of the silver bracelet. "The amount of your purchase will be deducted from your reserve funds. Also, if you stay longer than four days the fee will be deducted from reserve funds. Second, you can accrue Farm debt."

"Farm debt?" Lea said with raised brow. "What in the world is farm debt?"

"Say you want to purchase something while inside the farm," SluttyPrincess explained "but you don't have any reserve funds, or not enough reserve funds. You can still get the purchase for farm debt. Basically you will be required to participate in certain farm activities until the amount of the debt is paid off. Keep in mind that you cannot go more than \$1000 into farm debt at any given time."

"If I give you money to put in reserve and I don't spend it all I get the difference back, right?"

"Of course. We scan the bracelet when you leave and anything left in reserve will be refunded to you immediately. So, would you like to put money in reserve, or would you like to pay by building farm debt?"

"I'll put some in reserve," Lea said handing her another \$500. "That should be more than enough for four days I hope."

SluttyPrincess took the cash and put it in the lockbox under the counter with the rest of the days take. She punched some information into the computer and scanned the bracelet. "Keep that on you at all times," she said handing the bracelet to Lea. "If you run low on funds you can go to the Main office to put more on in the form of farm debt. Once you are inside, it's the only way to add funds so make sure you put enough on before going inside if you don't want to go into debt."

"I think that should be enough," Lea smiled. "I don't plan on buying anything other than food."

"Well, if you are ready to enter the Domination Farm just go through the door to my right and follow the tunnel to the waiting room. Someone will be by to take you on your tour and to be fitted for your new clothes."

"Thank you," Lea smiled. She wasn't sure what she would be fitted into, but everything she imagined was humiliating in one way or another. She walked down the dimly lit stone-walled tunnel and opened the door at the other end. Beyond was a large open room with padded benched lining three of the walls. Left of center on the fourth wall was another door that Lea could only assume led to the farm. She saw the handsome man and his boyish wife or girlfriend sitting off in the corner. All in all she recognized eighteen of the people as those that were in line ahead of her. She found an empty spot and sat down.

The waiting room was eerily quiet. No one said a word to each other out of sheer embarrassment despite them all being in the same boat. The heavy breathing reminded Lea of a creepy phone call where the man would breathe into the other end of the line before hanging up.

There were three types of people that came to the Domination Farm. The first were those into the bdsm lifestyle who were looking for a new Master or Mistress to serve, or in the case of Dominants, a new submissive to train. And as much as Lea wanted to think she was the exception to the rule, she risk collaring and registration just as much as anyone else sitting in the room with her, or already out on the farm. Her status as a reporter would get her no special treatments here. The second type of person that visited the farm were those curious about the lifestyle and looking for more information in a hands on environment with highly trained professionals. The third type of person were those like Lea that weren't into it or curious about it, but were here to see what all the fuss was about. Although the smallest of the groups, they were collared five times more often than the other two.

Everyone jumped in their seats when the door opened and a tall, musclebound man dressed in leather pants and vest stepped in. "My name is Master Fen," he said in a deep, gravelly voice. "I'll be giving you the tour on our way to the fetish clothing shop where you will all be fitted for your new clothes. They are the only clothes you will be permitted to wear once the tour is over so don't bother complaining to me about it. I don't make the rules, I only enforce them. Now, if you'd all so kindly follow me we can get this short tour started. And if you have any questions don't hesitate to ask. You are the curious and not of the latest entrants so I don't expect you to know the proper way to address Dominants here at the farm so I'll let that be lesson one. If you wish to ask me a question you will first say 'Excuse me, Master.' If I ask you a question you will respond with 'Yes Master' or 'No Master'. Is that understood?"

There were nineteen "Yes Masters" echoing through the small room as everyone got to their feet. Lea got into line near the back as she wanted to capture everything she could on film while she was here.

"Good," Master Fen replied.

"Excuse me Master," Lea asked from her place near the back of the group "I have a question."

"What is it?" Master Fen asked in reply.

"For those of us staying more than a day, where do we sleep?"

"That's a good question. I'll take you passed the apartments on the tour so you can all see." He led the group out of the small building and down Domination Drive – the main thoroughfare of the Domination Farm. Lea wasn't surprised to see a lot of people out and about even at this early hour of the morning, or late hour of the evening depending on how you viewed such matters. She did some research on the place before the two day drive. The Domination Farm was wildly popular amongst those into the lifestyle, but there was surprisingly little in the way of what really went on behind the walls other than *anything* and *everything*.

What she did glean from the limited information on their website was that the Farm was created more than three decades ago by a man named Joey Simms and had since then passed on to two more owners. It had grown from a small collection of tents to around forty brick and mortar buildings on one hundred and sixty acres surrounded by a fifteen foot high stone wall to keep the privacy in and onlookers out. The rules have changed little in all that time, but the collars used have gone through more than a hundred incarnations until they finally perfected the current technology.

In place of the leather collars of days long past, were thin bands of metal covered with a sleeker leather covering. Tiny metal rings running along the inside pressed against the wearer's neck so that when they went into debt to the farm it acted as a powerful shock collar preventing the wearer from leaving until their debt was paid. Gone were the days of buckle and clasp closures. The new models used powerful magnetic locks requiring more than a hundred pounds of force to open once closed. Suffice to say, it made removal of the collar difficult at best.

There were a dozen different collars and armbands used at the Domination Farm, but all Lea had to remember was collar equals submissive, while armband equaled Dominant. Respect Dominants and you wouldn't be punished – something the Domination Farm enjoyed administering. She also had to remember that if a dominant snapped one of those collars around her neck she had until they entered the Registration Office to remove it. Once she stepped foot inside the building she was stuck going through registration. That mean going into a national database and being marked with a new, humiliating submissive name. That was the last thing she wanted to happen and so she made a mental note to follow every order given to the best of her ability, and to stay away from unmarked buildings. Stepping into the wrong one could mean all manner of humiliating and degrading things.

## Chapter Two

### Touring the Domination Farm

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Master Fen led the group down Domination Drive. They gasped in shock as he explained what they were seeing. "On your left you will see the Cocksucking Pillories," he explained. "If you get into them you are stuck until you have sucked no fewer than fifty cocks. So I suggest staying out of them unless you like the taste of cum. On your right is the Hot Momma Café. As you can see, all of the workers are pregnant. Their specialty, as you can imagine, is breast milk. You can get any type of drink there that you desire, but they do use breast milk in all coffees and other such drinks. And just past the café is the Main Office."

"Excuse me Master," said a mousy looking woman near the front of the group "what are those seats with the dildos on them?"

"Those are called dildo seats," Master Fen answered. "They are what you, and every other submissive and bare-neck will use if you get tired of walking around and need to sit down for a break. If you are caught sitting anywhere else you can and will be punished."

"Excuse me Master, you don't expect the guys to sit on them too do you?" a man standing off to Lea's right asked nervously.

"Only if you get tired of standing," Master Fen answered. "Under each seat is a box of condoms you can use. When you get up you are expected to throw the condom away. If you don't you will be punished."

"Excuse me Master," Lea said "what exactly is this punishment you speak of?"

"You will be swatted with the cane ten times per infraction," Master Fen answered. "As you can see, we keep everything nice and clean around here and we expect you to do your part."

"Excuse me Master," Lea said again "what is that fenced in area passed the Cocksucking Pillories?"

"That is the Whorsie Track," he replied. "That is where our specially trained pony slaves race and show off their talents." He continued down Domination Drive pointing out this building or that until they came to a huge two story building on their right. "That is the Cummpaws Training Facility," he said pointing to the large structure. That is where we do all of our puppy and pony training. There's currently a nine month waiting period to get in, but you can sign up if you'd like."

"Excuse me Master," Lea said "what do you mean by puppy and pony training?"

"Just how it sounds," Master Fen answered. "We train men and women to behave as puppies and ponies. Puppies walk on all fours, bark instead of talk, and follow the strict commands of their Dominants. Ponies are trained to pull carts and in many cases carry riders as if they were the real thing. Once you sign up and show up for training you are pretty much stuck until the end. They do not allow anyone to back out unless there's a medical reason to do so."

"I see," Lea said. She was regretting signing up now. That was her initial assignment. She was to go undercover at Cummpaws to see what it was about. She had no idea she would have to go through with the training and the very idea scared the shit out of her. The only thing she could think to do was not show up at all and call her boss to let him know this new bit of information.

"And on your left you'll see the Gang Bang Grotto," Master Fen continued with his tour. "For those of you that like to be gang banged it is the place to go. If you enter the grotto you are obliged to participate in a gang bang with no less than twenty men."

Master Fen stopped again between Submission Street and Sadism Street. "The large barn on the left is for the kinkiest of individuals," he said to the tour group. "If you don't have a completely open mind when it comes to bizarre and kinky sex stay the hell out of there. And on your right you will see the Breeding Stables. For you ladies, it's where you go if you have a desire to be impregnated. And for the men, it's where you go to have a chance at impregnating one of the women within."

They could see the back wall now looming in the background. It marked the far northern edge of the domination farm. "At the end of the road," Master Fen continued "are the clinic on the left, and the temple of Aphrodite on the right. If you have any medical issues at all you can go to the clinic. It is staffed by board certified doctors and nurses." He turned down Sadism Street for the next leg of the tour.

"On the left is the slave seat shop," he explained. "It is where you can go if you wish to purchase a dildo seat for use at home. They do offer free delivery so you don't have to haul anything home." They passed several more small shops as they turned down Breeder Boulevard and on towards their final destination.

The one thing Lea noticed about every submissive and bare neck that they passed was the way they dressed and she could only assume that she would soon be wearing the same revealing clothes. The men wore leather chaps and vests while the women wore long latex gloves, thigh-high latex boots, and a garter belt. There were no panties, no bras. She got a good look at the dangly parts of many men in the early morning light. Some she wished she could scrub from her mind, while others she would not mind getting a closer look at. The women were much the same. Although she was not into them sexually, she was secure enough to admit when another woman was beautiful.

Master Fen led the group of men and women into a building at the end of Breeding Boulevard. A sign swinging overhead said: Fetish Wear. The walls were lined with shelves of clothes while racks occupied most of the floor space. Standing behind a register was a petite woman of about twenty with long brown hair, large green eyes, and very much exposed body. In fact, other than the blue collar she wore around her neck to denote her status as a Farm submissive, she was naked. The tattoo on her perky right breast read: PUPPYSLUT.

"This ends your tour of the Domination Farm," Master Fen said to the group as they lined up to be measured for their new clothing. "It's up to you to discover what else the Domination Farm has to offer. Just remember though, once you are in your new gear you are fair game for collaring. Enjoy your stay." With that he stepped out of the building and left them to their fate.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Puppyslut said "if you would all be so kind as to strip out of your clothing I can begin measuring you. And before you ask, yes, you have to strip out of everything. I'm pretty sure you saw the way everyone out there was dressed and you'll be no different."

"Why are you butt naked?" Lea asked.

"Because that is what my Mistress wants," Puppyslut answered bluntly.

Lea watched as one by one the men and women in her group stripped nervously out of their clothes. Those with less than stellar bodies did their feeble best to cover up the good bits, while those with model bodies like Lea stood tall and proud. She was less than comfortable being naked and exposed in front of so many strangers, but at least she looked good doing it.

Lea watched as Puppyslut moved quickly down the line taking several measurements before disappearing down one aisle or another to fetch clothes. She would hand a small bundle of leather or latex to the person and move on to the next. Lea was no exception. She was measured and fitted as all the rest and, like all the rest, spent twenty minutes getting into the extremely tight latex garments.

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Lea opened the door to the fetish wear shop and looked around before stepping out. She wasn't worried about anyone seeing her practically naked anymore. No, she was more worried about some Master or Mistress popping out from nowhere to snap a collar around her neck. Seeing no one but submissives and bare-necks, she stepped out into the warm early morning sun. It was then she realized that Master Fen did not show them where they could sleep.

*Fuck it,*" she thought *I'll just have to do a bit of exploring on my own.* She stared across the street at the building taking up most of the block. It was the Cummpaws Training Facility – the place she had an appointment at in three days' time. She mulled over Master Fen's words. *Once you show up for training, you cannot leave until training is complete.* She walked down Caning Court and made a left onto Domination Drive towards the exit to make a phone call to her boss.

"Hello," Max Rupert said answering the phone.

"Hi, Mr. Rupert," Lea said. "It's Lea. I'm calling in regards to my assignment here at the Domination Farm."

"Ah, yes, Lea. How's everything going so far?"

"I just completed my intro tour and am free to wonder about as I see fit. The reason I'm calling is about the Cummpaws Training Facility. I don't think I can go through with it, sir."

"Oh? And why not? You seemed rather gung-ho about it nine months ago."

"That was before I was told I'd have to complete the training course if I show up."

"I see. I thought you looked into it before agreeing to the assignment?"

"I did, but I didn't see anything about having to complete training if I walk through the doors. I was under the impression I could take a tour and be done with it. I can't go through with it sir."

"Why not?" Mr. Rupert asked.

"They'll train me to act like a puppy and a pony," Lea exclaimed. "I'm not into that sort of thing. I'm not into any of this mess."

"I see. There's kind of a problem with you not going through with the training, Lea. I've already made several deals to get the film produced into shows that will net this company millions. If you back out now we could lose a lot more than just one show."

"What exactly are you trying to tell me sir?"

"I don't want to be *that guy*, but if you back out now we'll have to put serious consideration into continuing your contract after this year."

"So you're blackmailing me to go through puppy and pony training just to make you a ton of money? What in the fuck do I get out of it, *sir*?"

"You get first hand training at the best facility in the world," Mr. Rupert replied.

"How about you give me a cut of the proceeds and I'll consider not turning you in for blackmailing me? I think 35% sounds about right."

"Are you out of your mind? I'll give you 3% and not a penny more *if* you complete the entire training course."

"This isn't a negotiation, Mr. Rupert. If you want me to complete the entire training course, and not turn you in for blackmail, you'll pay me thirty-five percent of the gross sales of whatever shows you make with the footage. Otherwise I'm leaving this place right now."

"Fine," Mr. Rupert said after a minute of silent thought. "Thirty-five percent."

"I want to see a contract before I go through with this. You can send it to my phone and I'll look it over. If I find it suitable I'll go through the training. If not, then I'll be seeing you in about a week." She hung up her phone and dropped it back into her purse before locking it back in the trunk of her car.

*What in the fuck was I thinking?* She thought as she walked back into the Domination Farm. *Fucking hell! Am I out of my god damn mind? How could I sign myself up for such humiliating training?* Those and many more thoughts occupied her mind as she walked down Domination Drive in search of the Apartments where Master Fen said she could sleep. She wasn't tired by any measure of the word. The adrenaline rush of where she was and the call she just placed made sure of that.

She stared at the cocksucking pillories and the half-dozen women locked in them until they met their quota of fifty cocks. She watched as the line in front of each poor woman grew shorter as one man stepped away satisfied only for another to step in and take his place. She turned left onto Anal Avenue and followed it to the end, passed a few small unmarked buildings, passed Humiliation Drive where the earlier tour took her.

She walked passed a row of tall metal boxes angled sort of like a lightning bolt. Passed that was a building called the Cumeaterie Restaurant – the sign swinging back and forth in the cool morning breeze depicted an Italian scene. Passed the Cumeaterie there was another large building called the Cumbath Club. On her right there was a small building called the Whore Store and another called Best in Show. Neither suited her fancy so she turned around and walked back the way she came.

"Excuse me," Lea said to a man standing near the row of angled metal boxes "what are these things?"

"They are a pretty cool device of the Farm's making," the man said without answering Lea's question. "Why don't you step inside one and see for yourself?"

"You're not going to try collaring me or anything are you?"

"No. I'm not looking for any more submissives. So, want to get in and see what it is?"

"I guess it couldn't hurt," Lea answered, looking around to make sure no one else was going to jump out and collar her. She stepped towards the box as the man opened it. Inside there was some padding and a triangle hanging from a thin chain. A waft of cool air greeted her as she looked inside. "Looks kind of like a bizarre coffin or something," she said with a laugh.

"Go ahead and get in," the man said. "To keep balance you hold onto that triangle part."

Lea stepped into the box, bending her body to fit the shape. She heard the squeaking of metal as the back was closed, locking her inside. "The occupant of this Slut Machine has fifty fucks left before release," a computerized female voice said.

"WHAT!" Lea screamed. "Let me out of this thing. I'm not getting fucked fifty damn times!" She kicked her leg back as much as she could, but there was very little room to move. It was then she realized that her body from just above the waist to about mid-thigh was exposed and at the perfect angle for penetration, but there was a metal arm coming up to cover her holes. "LET ME OUT OF THIS THING!" she yelled again.

She heard the sound of machinery as the arm dropped down. "AHGH!" she gasped in surprise as she felt a cock press into her. *The first of fifty*, she thought to herself as the man that

tricked her into the box fucked her hard and fast. She thought again of what Master Fen said about the cocksucking pillories and if she could kick herself for being so stupid she would, but as it was she held onto the triangle handhold while she was fucked silly.

Although she was stuck inside a metal box that appeared to be air conditioned, there were small holes here and there for fresh air to get into the box. It was through those holes that Lea heard footsteps all around her. *Men lining up to fuck me*, she thought. The man fucking her grunted and gripped her hips tightly in his strong hands. He filled her with his seed and stepped away. The metal arm came back up. There was the sound of machinery again as it lowered for the next man. What Lea couldn't see from inside the Slut Machine was the money each man had to put into the slot in order to fuck her.

Lea didn't notice it with the first man, but she did with the second and each one to follow. Just before the metal arm dropped for the men to fuck her, the bracelet she wore buzzed briefly. She didn't know what it meant yet, but aimed to find out once she got out of her current predicament.

"The occupant of this Slut Machine has forty fucks remaining before release," the computer voice informed her after ten men had their way with her. Number eleven wanted nothing to do with her stretched and semen-filled pussy and so the unthinkable happened. In all of Lea's thirty-three years she managed to keep a virgin ass. That all changed with the eleventh man.

"Aghh!" she grunted in pain as the cock head popped into her tight asshole. "Not in the ass! Please take it out. I've never taken it in the ass!" Her pleas fell on deaf ears as she felt the man push slowly into her ass inch by painful inch. She tried to relax her muscles, but when you have something the size of a telephone pole being rammed brutally up the ass such things were next to impossible to achieve. In all honestly, the man was barely over seven inches and not all that thick, but to Lea it felt like that afore telephone pole.

"Uhn, uhn," Lea grunted through the pain. She could feel her ass stretching ever so slightly to accept the cock that was going to fuck her either way. She felt the cock throbbing, the jizz shooting deep into her bowels. The man pulled out and was quickly replaced by another. And on it went. She remained locked in the padded metal box for several hours as one man after another fucked her pussy and ass. When the last cock pulled out, and the back clicked open, she pushed back to open it. No one stopped her.

Lea nearly hit the ground. Spending several hours in the same bend position caused her muscles to cramp and she had to grab hold of the metal box to prevent herself from falling down. She felt the semen running down her legs and humiliation overtook her. There was a crowd forming and Lea got scared they would push her into the still open machine again. She pushed off of it and limped away, cum still dripping from her used holes.

## Chapter Three

### The Submissive Apartments

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Lea regained her composure as she pulled open the door to the Main Office. She hadn't forgotten about the bracelet buzzing and figured it was the best place to get answers as well as directions to the apartments.

"Excuse me," Lea said to a slender blonde with pierced nipples wearing a blue armband around her right bicep and little else. She was the first Farm Dominant that Lea had seen not wearing clothes. She was sitting at a glass-top desk typing while looking straight ahead at the monitor.

"What can I help you with?" the Dominant woman asked as she continued typing away on the keyboard.

"I have a question about this bracelet I'm wearing. I got tricked into some contraption and fucked by fifty men..."

"That would be the slut-machines," the woman said.

"Oh, um, ok," Lea said. "Well just before every man fucked me the bracelet would buzz briefly. Why was it doing that?"

"It's just registering the payments. Nothing to worry about."

"Payments? What do you mean, payments?"

"Do you have farm debt?"

"No."

"Then it was adding funds to your reserve account. If you had farm debt, the amount the men paid to fuck you would have come off the debt. Anything left over would go to your reserve account."

"Wait!" Lea gasped. "They paid to fuck me? Like I'm nothing but a common hooker?"

"Yeah, pretty much."

"And how much did they pay? How do I check my reserve account?"

"You see that terminal on the wall over there?" the woman asked pointing to a small box hanging on the wall by the door.

"Yeah."

"Scan the strip on the side of your bracelet at one of those terminals found throughout the farm and it will tell you how long you have left of your stay, your reserve account, and any debt you may owe to us."

"Thank you," Lea said. She turned towards the scanner.

"A bit of advice, I am one of the more lenient farm Mistresses so I'll let it go considering you are a bare-neck, but in the future you would do well to remember to call *all* Dominants Master or Mistress. Most will punish you for disrespect."

"Yes Mistress," Lea replied. "I didn't mean any disrespect, Mistress. I am rather new to all of this."

"As I figured. Is there anything else I can help you with?"

"Yes Mistress. Could you please tell me where I can find the apartments? Master Fen said he would show us on the tour, but I guess he never got around to it."

"Leave here and go down Bondage Boulevard. There's only one way to turn onto it so you can't go the wrong way. At the very end of the street on your right are the submissive apartments."

"Thank you again Mistress."

"You're welcome," she said turning her attention back to her work to indicate she no longer wished to be bothered.

Lea stopped at the scanner and swiped the strip on the side of her bracelet. It buzzed briefly. "Lea Marrie, bare-neck," said a familiar computerized voice. "Three days, sixteen hours remaining. Farm debt, zero. Reserve account, one thousand five hundred dollars."

Lea was rather shocked at hearing the amount of her reserve account. The fifty men each paid \$20 to fuck her. A cheap amount to be sure, but in just a few hours she made a thousand dollars. That was a thousand dollars she could keep upon leaving, or spend at one of the many shops. Tired, and more than a little sore from being screwed silly, she put such thoughts to the back of her mind as she made her way down Bondage Boulevard to the submissive apartments.

She passed the Kitty Kat club on her left and the Hot Momma Cafe on her right. Passed a few more small unmarked buildings was a sight to behold. There was a field of trees stretching from the corner of Bondage Boulevard and Discipline Drive south all the way to the front wall. These were no ordinary trees though. There were row upon row of tall poles offset from each other so that all could be seen. Hanging from the poles in some of the most intricate bondage ties Lea had ever seen were hundreds of blur-collared women. A sign hanging above read: The Hanging Gardens.

"Fucking hell," Lea gasped as she took in the sight of so many women tied in so many intricate and bizarrely beautiful poses. "No way in hell I could ever do something like that," she said aloud, but to herself. She scanned the gardens slowly to make sure her contact lenses recorded everything possible. Satisfied she got as much as she was going to get without entering the gardens, she continued her way to the submissive apartments.

Lea entered the large building marked as the submissive apartments. It reminded her of a hotel with its small chair-laden lobby and stairs going up on the far ends of the room. Sitting on a dildo seat off to the right was a blue-collared woman of about thirty reading a book.

"Excuse me," Lea said to the woman. "Who do I see about getting an apartment for a few days?"

"No one, sweetie," the woman replied without looking up from her book. "Just go up the stairs and find the first room with a blank whiteboard. Put your name on it to claim the room for however long you stay here."

"Thanks," Lea said. She walked up the right staircase since it was closest. It really didn't matter because they both led to the same place. There was nothing on the first floor. Same for the second. She was nearing the end of the third floor and was beginning to wonder if all the apartments were taken when she finally found a door with a blank whiteboard. She picked up the dry erase marker and wrote her name on it.

The tiny apartment would fit in her living room back at home. There was no kitchen that she could see; only a small sitting area with three dildo seats; a small bathroom with toilet, sink, and shower; and a bedroom with a bed and empty closet. She peeled the latex clothes off and climbed into the shower. The hot water cascading down her body cleansed away the dried semen as well as some of the humiliation of being a whore for the day.

She lay in bed staring up at the ceiling, thoughts of the day running through her mind. Although she was physically exhausted, when her mind began to race there was no sleeping until

it too reached a state of complete weariness. She thought about her assignment and her conversation with Mr. Rupert. He didn't seem too surprised when she told him about the training. *Had he known about the Cummypaws training all along?* She thought to herself. *Is that why he chose me? Why in the hell did I ever agree to do this?* "You're fucking insane, Lea Marrie," she sighed. "What in the hell was I thinking?" She rolled over and fluffed the pillow in an attempt to get more comfortable, but it was no use. The bed was plenty comfortable, but her aching body, and racing mind prevented her from falling asleep for many more hours.

## Chapter Four

### Semen with your meal

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Lea woke with ravenous hunger. It had been more than thirty hours since she last ate. Thanks to being locked in the slut-machines and wondering around the farm the previous day, she had forgotten to eat. She recalled seeing the sign for the Cumeaterie and since it was the only restaurant she had seen it's where she planned to go after a quick shower she picked up what little clothes she was permitted to wear and tossed them on the bed. She rolled the tight latex boots up her shin and thighs and then grabbed one of the long gloves. She looked at it and threw it back on the bed alongside its mate and the garter belt.

"What's the point?" she sighed. And so dressed only in her green latex boots she left the tiny apartment to get a much needed meal. She passed several submissives and other bare-necks on her way out. Nods and polite 'hellos' were exchanged, but for the most part no one said much of anything to her.

"Get on your knees, slut," Lea heard a man say directly behind her. She felt a strong hand firmly grip her left shoulder, the downward pressure forcing her to her knees.

"Let go of me," Lea yelled. "What are you doing?" She was nearly on her knees now. The man stepped around her, his hand still holding her shoulder. His cock was staring her in the face.

"Open up," the man said. "Come on, I can't hold it in all damn day you stupid slut."

Lea remembered the many warnings about disobeying Dominants at the Farm and the punishments for disrespecting them. She opened her mouth expecting to have it filled with his cock. Instead she choked and gagged as a stream of hot pee shot from his cock and filled her mouth. She fell over backwards to get away from it, bumping her head on the pavement and scraping her elbow.

"You stupid cow!" the man yelled while continuing to piss on Lea. "Get up here and drink it. You think you're so special you can spit my piss out? Drink it now or I'll whip your ass till you can't sit for a month!"

"Fuck you, asshole!" Lea screamed. "I'm not a submissive. Do you see a collar around my neck?" She scooted further away from the ebbing stream of urine and got to her feet. "I might have to respect you, but that doesn't mean I have to let you piss on me you sick fucker." She ran back to the submissive apartments to take another shower and to rinse the bitter taste of piss from her mouth.

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"Welcome to the Cumeaterie," Fuckmuffin said to Lea. "Have you dined with us before?"

"No, ma'am," Lea replied "but I'm starving."

"Follow me and I'll get you seated so you can order right away then," Fuckmuffin smiled. She led Lea through the large restaurant to a small booth with a window view of the street beyond. "Can I start you off with something to drink?" she asked handing Lea a menu.

"Coffee," Lea answered. "Cream and two sugars please."

"I'll have that right out for you," Fuckmuffin smiled.

Lea opened the menu. As she glanced over it she was surprised to see a wide variety of foods from half a dozen countries for every meal of the day. The pictures made everything look

so damn good she didn't know what to order. By the time Fuckmuffin returned with her coffee she was still undecided.

"Need some more time?" Fuckmuffin asked.

"Nah," Lea said. "I have no idea what I want so I'll do what I always do in these situations." She laid the menu out on the table, closed her eyes, and waved her hand over the menu for several seconds. Her hand dropped. She opened her eyes. "'Looks like I'll be having the lasagna with meat sauce," she said.

"Excellent choice. And would you like a small or large dish of semen with that?"

"Excuse me?" Lea said taken aback by the question.

"Every meal comes with a side dish of semen," Fuckmuffin explained. "The meal also comes smothered in it. It is company policy that you must eat whatever you order. Nothing goes to waste here."

"So you're telling me that I have to eat semen with my meal?"

"That's correct."

"Is there anywhere else around here I can eat?"

"Not for submissives and bare-necks, I'm afraid.

"How much semen are we talking?"

"Depends on the meal. The lasagna you ordered comes topped with eighteen loads. The small side dish is fifteen loads, and the large is thirty."

"And I have to eat every drop of it? Fucking hell this farm is insane."

"Humiliating, I like to think," Fuckmuffin replied. "It's really not that bad. We use only the best sources and squeeze our semen fresh when the meal is ordered. It adds a sweet flavor to most of the meals."

"I see. Well, it doesn't sound like I have much of a choice so I guess I'll take the small side dish. You didn't put cum in my coffee too did you?"

"No, but I can if you'd like. The milk is breast milk though. It is all we are permitted to serve. It comes fresh from the Hot Momma Café."

"Just gets better and better around here doesn't it?" Lea sighed. She didn't know why she should be shocked. After all, the Domination Farm made it a point to humiliate submissives and bare-necks at every chance. *Fifty loads of cum in my pussy and ass yesterday*, she thought *and more than thirty going to my belly in just one meal. Fucking hell! I'll be eating a hundred loads a day!* "Good thing I love cum so much," she said sarcastically. The fact was she hated it. She never once swallowed the load of any former or current boyfriend.

The food smelled delicious when Fuckmuffin brought it to her table. There was a generous portion of lasagna and two pieces of garlic bread. Sitting off to the side of the large platter was a dish filled to the brim with semen. She looked at it and shuddered. She cut into the lasagna, her need to eat far outweighing her disgust. She chewed fast and swallowed hard, barely tasting the semen covered food. The next bite went down slower. The next slower still, until she was savoring every bite. She could taste the semen, but it was better than any she had ever tasted before. It was thick and sweet and added a flavor to the meal that she quite enjoyed.

With half the lasagna gone she stared at the small semen-filled dish. She picked it up and brought it to her lips. She took a small amount into her mouth. It was creamy, sweet. She swallowed it down and took another larger sip. "I don't know what they put in this stuff," she said "but *fuck* it tastes good. She was initially going to dip her garlic bread in it to mask the flavor, but instead opted to slowly sip it like a creamy dessert.

"How was your meal?" Fuckmuffin asked when she returned to check on Lea.

"It was delicious," Lea answered. "I normally hate the taste of cum, but that stuff was just...wow!"

"We get that a lot," Fuckmuffin smiled. "If you'd be so kind as to scan your bracelet here," she said holding out a small portable scanner "can I interest you in dessert?"

"I'll take another dish of that cum," Lea said. "I can't get over how fucking good it was."

"Small or large?"

"Large," Lea said daringly. "And maybe a large semen drink to go," she joked.

"Of course. I'll have that right out for you."

Fuckmuffin returned ten minutes later and sat a large dish of semen on the table in front of Lea. Next to it she sat a small plastic cup covered with a lid, a straw sticking out of the top.

"What's that?" Lea asked pointing to the plastic cup.

"That's your to-go drink. One hundred and eighty loads of our finest semen."

"Oh! I meant that as a joke," Lea said.

"Well, you got it now," Fuckmuffin replied. "You've got to drink every drop of it. Enjoy."

"Thanks," Lea said. She picked up the large dish and swallowed it all down, letting the warm liquid slide effortlessly down her throat. She picked up her drink and looked at it. *A hundred and eighty more loads*, she thought. *I wonder what the record for eating cum is*. She thought as she sipped at her semen filled cup on the way out of the restaurant.

# Chapter Five

## Finding the Auction

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Lea found herself walking down Submission Street – the Domination Farms main east-west thoroughfare. To her left was a massive stage surrounded by stadium-styled seating which was slowly filling up. High in the air over the center of the stage was a jumbotron screen that everyone in the bleachers could see. It was currently showing an advertisement for DF Productions' new line of metal and glass dildos in a variety of sizes that were now available at all Domination Farm stores.

"Excuse me Master," Lea said to a tall black man wearing leather pants and a red armband around his right bicep. "What's going on here?"

"The auction is starting in an hour," the Master replied.

"Auction?"

"Once a month the Farm holds an auction for Dominants and submissives. Dominants sell their services while submissives are sold to the highest bidder."

"What!" Lea gasped in shock, amazed such things were allowed to happen.

"It's not a permanent sale," the Master said. "It is completely consensual and the submissive not only gets free training in most cases, but a fair amount of money at the end of the term."

"What are the terms?"

"That's entirely up to the individual submissive. Some go for a few weeks, others for years. It really all depends on what they're looking for."

"I see. And they are always returned home at the end of the term? No one is sold overseas and never heard from again?"

"No," the Master laughed. "The farm screens all potential buyers before they are allowed to participate in the auction. I've been coming to the farm for more than a decade now and I've never heard of a submissive disappearing off the face of the planet."

"So how much do the submissives go for?"

"Again, that all depends on what they are willing to do and the length of their service. They can go for a couple of thousand to more than a hundred thousand."

"And how much of that does the submissive get at the end of their service?"

"The submissive gets sixty percent at the end and the farm gets the other forty."

"That's surprising," Lea said. "I figured you'd say more like two percent."

"It may not seem apparent to a novice," the Master said looking at Lea's bare neck "but the Domination Farm treats submissives quite well. If they didn't they wouldn't have been in business as long as they have."

"What about bare-necks?" Lea asked.

"What about them?"

"Are they auctioned off too?"

"On rare occasions when one gets the nerve to go up on stage to be auctioned. That normally happens at the end. They will call for any bare-necks interested in being auctioned off to come up on stage. If you're interested in being auctioned off I would suggest going over to the

information booth and reading up on the rules. I'd love to stay and chat some more, but I have several submissives I'm auctioning off today and I need to get them ready."

"Thank you Master for answering my questions."

"You're welcome. Hell, if you decide to be auctioned I just might buy you myself. It's not every day we get bare-necks so polite."

"I was told it was the respectful way to address dominants," Lea said.

"It is. Maybe I'll see you again. I'm Master Ryan, by the way," he said holding out a large hand.

"Lea Marrie," Lea replied taking his hand in her own.

They parted ways. Master Ryan went left to tend to his submissives, and Lea went right towards the information booth. She wasn't planning on being auctioned, but she did want to gather as much information about the farm's activities as she possibly could.

The information booth was really a long table covered with pamphlets and several stacks of papers held down by metal dildos much like was shown on the jumbotron only minutes ago. Lea picked up a pamphlet titled: Auctioning your submissive. It contained information for Dominants on how best to prepare submissives for auction, what skills were most sought after – obedience was number one on the list followed by cocksucking, house cleaning, and bisexuality.

Lea set the pamphlet down and picked up one of the metal dildos. It was heavy in her hand and she thought briefly on how it would feel being slammed into her holes roughly. The thought made her shudder. She picked up one of the papers the dildo was holding down and replaced the paperweight. The paper reminded Lea of a job application. The top section asked for name, sex, age, and other vital statistics while the bottom three-quarters was a list of more than a hundred sexual fetishes and brief instructions.

*Mark all fetishes and activities you are willing to do without question in green, those consider soft limits in blue, and hard limits in red.*

Lea had no idea what soft and hard limits were, but she aimed to find out. She located the first dominant she could find – a slightly chubby woman pushing fifty with short red hair, and freckled face. Her breasts were spilling out of the tight corset she wore.

"Excuse me, Mistress," Lea said to the woman. "Can you answer a question for me please?"

"Sure," the woman answered.

"What are soft and hard limits?"

"A soft limit is something that a person hesitates about or places strict conditions on, but for which they will still give informed consent. A hard limit is something that a person will not willingly do under any circumstances."

"I see. Thank you."

"Are you planning on entering the auction?" the Mistress asked pointing to the paper Lea held.

"No, no. I was just looking at the form and was curious about what the soft and hard limits were."

"Too bad. A hot piece of ass like you would fetch a high price."

"Really? I'm not even submissive."

"That's even better. A lot of Dominants come to the auction hoping to snag a bare-neck like you to train and are willing to pay top dollar."

"Um, like how much are we talking about here?"

"The last bare-neck I remember being auctioned agreed to two years of intensive training with a very skilled master. If memory serves, she went for \$275,000."

"HOLY FUCK!" Lea gasped.

"And the bare-neck got sixty percent of that at the end of the two years."

"What happens if the bare-neck, or submissive can't make it to the end of the term?"

"Then the farm keeps its forty percent and the rest is returned to the buyer."

"I see. Well, I won't keep you. Thank you for answering my questions."

"My pleasure, dear. Have you been at the farm long?"

"This is my second day."

"I'm surprised no one has collared you yet."

"Me too," Lea said with some disappointment. It's not as if she wanted to be collared, but for no one to even attempt it made her feel almost inadequate. "No one has even tried."

"It might have something to do with the auction. A lot of the Dominants here now are looking to buy a submissive for whatever reason. I'm sure if you're here long enough someone will collar you."

"Well, I am due at the Cummypaws Training Facility in two days to start my training there."

"Oh? I thought you weren't submissive?"

"I'm not, but there was a bit of a misunderstanding. I thought I was able to take a tour of the facility and I apparently signed up for training. My boyfriend already made the payments," she lied "so I can either back out and him lose a lot of money, or go through with the training."

"And you opted to do the training?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Your boyfriend is a lucky man. There aren't many people into the lifestyle willing to go so far, let alone someone not into it. You do know what they do there, right?"

"Yes Mistress. I will be trained as a puppy and pony girl."

"Yes, but it's not just walking on all fours and barking. They do a lot of psychological training as well. When your training is complete you will believe you are a puppy until given the command to return to your human self. Same goes for the pony training. Sure you'll pull carts and carry riders, but you'll think with every fiber of your being that you are a real horse."

"I have a very sick question," Lea said.

"I know what you are going to ask and the answer is yes."

"SHIT!" Lea screeched.

"Still want to go through with the training?"

"I don't really have much choice. They said there were no refunds and I'd feel horrible causing my boyfriend to lose that kind of money for nothing,"

"Well, I hope he allows you to return to your human state more often than an animal one."

"The training isn't permanent is it?"

"For as long as it is reinforced, it is. All it takes of a command and you will drop into the animal form for the command no matter where you are or what you are doing. I punished a submissive once while at the grocery store a few years ago. She was incredibly disrespectful so I gave the puppy command and she dropped to all fours and started whining at my feet."

"Then what happened?"

"I attached a leash to her collar and took her home. She spend the next year doing everything as a puppy would."

"WOW! That is crazy. Is she still with you?"

"She is my most obedient submissive. She learned her lesson after that and now spends about three months out of the year as either a puppy or pony girl to reinforce her training. When she's not acting like a puppy or pony, she's a very successful businesswoman."

"Would you bid on me if I were to join the auction?" Lea asked out of pure curiosity.

"I might. Are you considering it now?"

"I might be," Lea smiled. "If I'm going to be a fully trained puppy and pony to the degree you are saying, then I think I'll need a Master or Mistress that knows what they're doing. As bad as it sounds, I honestly don't know if I can trust my boyfriend enough to give me the command to be human again. He has this serious fetish for puppy girls for some reason."

"My name is Mistress Gina, by the way."

"I'm Lea."

"Pleasure to meet you Lea. It sounds to me as if you really are curious about this lifestyle even though you're not ready to admit it to yourself yet."

"I don't know. There's so much to learn. How can anyone learn it all? I mean, the first day I was here I was tricked into the slut-machines and fucked by fifty men. Today I ate at the Cumeaterie and not only ate all the semen that came with my meal, but ordered a large side dish of it and a to-go drink with nearly two hundred more loads. And I fucking hate the taste of cum. I have no idea what's going to happen one minute to the next."

"Exciting isn't it?"

"Yeah...yeah, it really is. I thought I would feel so ashamed at being fucked by so many men, but hell, I made a lot of money from it that I plan on using to buy a few new toys. I don't know what they put in the semen at that restaurant, but it is the best tasting cum I've ever had."

"It is pretty damn good," Mistress Gina replied. "I've had it a few times myself. I thought they were lying about it being semen and they made me suck the cock of one of their donors to prove it was the real deal. I'll tell you right now, it's the real deal."

"Whoa!" Lea gasped. "How did they make a Dominant suck cock?"

"There are rules even we Dominants must follow. I openly challenged the honesty of the restaurant and it is within their rights to make me suck the submissive's cock in order to save their integrity. He had a big cock and a huge load. And I gladly swallowed every drop of it and offered my sincerest apologies to the Cumeaterie for doubting them."

"What would have happened if you refused to suck his cock?"

"Then I would have been taken to the submissive registration office where I would be stripped of my Dominant status and registered as a farm submissive."

"Oh. So I guess you really had no choice then."

"No, I still had a choice. I just chose to keep my Dominant status with the farm and suck the man's cock. And it's not like I've never sucked a dick before. I once spent three days in the cocksucking pillories. All I had to eat was cum."

"WOW! How did that happen?"

"I wasn't always a Dominant," Mistress Gina answered. "In fact, I've been a submissive far longer than a Dominant."

"ATTENTION LADIES AND GENTLEMEN," a male voice boomed over the loudspeakers "This month's auction will being in thirty minutes. Dominants, please have your submissives registered before the auction begins."

"I need to go take care of my submissives and look over the registry list," Mistress Gina said. "I'll make you a promise because I like you. If you do decide to join the auction, I'll go as high as \$200,000 if you are willing to go through three years of training with me."

"Thank you Mistress," Lea replied at the generous offer. "I'll think about it."

"That's all I can ask for. I'll be seeing you around."

"Bye Mistress." For the first time since her arrival at the farm in the wee hours of the previous day, she felt a tingle in her pussy when she called Gina Mistress. It was a warm and fuzzy feeling that she couldn't quite explain. There was no sexual attraction, but every time she said the word her pussy tingled and moistened.

## Chapter Six

### Auctioning off Lea Merrie

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Lea turned her attention to the paper she held tightly in her left hand. She stared at the list of fetishes as she made her way through the growing crowd towards the information booth. She picked up a green pen and went through the list marking off those things she was willing to do without hesitation. It didn't amount to more than twenty percent of the list. Those marked in blue took care of another fifty percent, and red the last thirty.

With list in hand Lea weaved through the crowd until she found the Auctioneer's table. "Excuse me," she said to a man in a leather suit "is this where I hand in my form?"

The man eyed Lea for a moment, thinking seriously about reaching out and grabbing her firm breasts, or bending her over the table and fucking her brains out. As luck would have it though, he was incredibly busy and had time for neither. "It is," he said holding out his hand.

Lea handed him the form and waited for further instructions. She was in uncharted waters now and didn't know which way to turn. She thought about grabbing the paper and running off, but the man brought his hand back and started reading it.

"A bare-neck," he said with some surprise. "You'll be called up at the end of the auction. Until then you can take a seat in the bleachers and watch. Bare-necks are not permitted to bid."

"Thank you," Lea said. She was directed to the northern side of the stadium to the submissive and bare-neck section. The bleachers here had large dildos placed about every two feet. Lea looked for a small, or even an average sized one, but apparently such things were banned from the Farm. She straddled the ten inch long, two inch thick behemoth and sank down on it until her ass was on the cold metal seat.

"You going up for auction?" a submissive sitting two dildos to her right asked. "My Mistress is auctioning me today. I agreed to a two year term."

"Cool," Lea replied. "Have you been submissive long?" She asked looking at the rather cute young woman with wild pixie hairdo and large blue eyes. She wore a black collar around her slender neck, the tattoo on her right breast read: SluttyPig.

"Almost five years," SluttyPig answered.

"What made you decide to go up for auction?"

"Not for the selfish reasons most do. I need money to help pay down my outrageous student loans. I'm so far in debt with them it's killing me."

"I see. What did you study if you don't mind me asking?"

"Medicine. I'm doing my internship now, but with a house and car payments, student loans, and a plethora of other bills, I'm falling further behind. My Mistress thought the auction was the best option to get the money I need."

"Sounds like a noble goal. I'm not sure exactly why, but I signed myself up. I have no idea what I'm getting myself into. I've only been at this farm for two days and know next to nothing about the lifestyle."

"You'll learn fast. And I think it's cool that a bare-neck would put herself up for auction like that. It shows a lot of courage. What kind of term limit are you going for?"

"SHIT!" Lea exclaimed. "I knew there was something I forgot. I'll be right back." She pulled herself off of the dildo and ran towards the auctioneer's table. There was a short line that she got into.

"How can I help you?" the leather suited man asked.

"I forgot to put down the length of my term on my auction form," Lea answered.

"Name?"

"Lea Marrie."

The man shuffled through the stack of papers for a minute. "I don't see you in here."

"I'm a bare-neck, if that helps," Lea offered

He picked up a much smaller stack of papers and leafed through it, pulling out a form and handing it to Lea. "Make it quick. The auction starts in five minutes."

Lea took the form and the offered pen and thought about what to put down. She wrote three years in the hopes that Mistress Gina would keep her word. If not, she would be going to another for a few years of training and god knows what else.

"Anything else you missed?" the man asked. "Are you sure that is the term limit you want?"

"I'm sure," Lea replied.

"Very well. Consider yourself entered into the auction. No more changes can be made."

Lea returned to find her dildo taken so she sat down on the one to the right of SluttyPig. "That was close," Lea huffed. "I'm not sure what would have happened if I had left the term limit blank."

"Oh damn!" SluttyPig gasped. "Leaving it blank is the same as auctioning yourself for life. Unless you are truly dedicated to the lifestyle that might have been a pretty bad mistake."

"Glad I got it fixed then."

"How long are you going for now?"

"Three years."

"Still, damn! Pretty surprising for a bare-neck."

"To be honest I'm kind of hoping the Mistress I talked to earlier bids on me. I don't know what it was about her, but she really got me excited."

"Nothing wrong with liking another woman," SluttyPig said.

"That's just it though. I'm not a lesbian, or bisexual. I've never done anything more than hug another woman, let alone think about one sexually."

"She must have said something that got your attention. I'm kind of curious, if you're not into this lifestyle, or curious about it, then why are you even at the Farm?"

"You know, that is a damn good question. To be honest, I came here because of a rather humiliating misunderstanding on my part."

"Oh? Do explain."

"Well, I wanted to do a tour of the Cummpaws Training Facility and talked to a very lovely woman on the phone for over an hour about it. I thought everything was understood until my boyfriend got a huge surprise on his credit card bill. Turns out Cummpaws doesn't do tours and I had actually signed up for training."

"I'm not going to lie, that is really fucking hot!" SluttyPig said. "So are you going through with it?"

"I am. After talking to my boyfriend I agreed to do it for him since I made the mistake and Cummpaws refused to refund the money."

"I think you're going to make a very good submissive."

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!" a male voice boomed over the loudspeakers. "The submissive auction is about to begin! This month we have thirty-three submissives and seventeen bare-necks up for auction. As far as bare-necks are concerned, that is a Domination Farm record; beating the previous record by eight!"

The crowd broke out in cheers and thunderous clapping and for a moment Lea felt as if they were all cheering for her. She watched on the jumbotron as the thirty-three submissives were brought up on stage and lined up.

"Up first is Fuckstarlet, real name Diane Weston hailing from Newport, Road Island," the announcer said as a tall raven-haired woman stepped to the center of the stage. "Fuckstarlet is twenty-nine years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, 122 pounds, with natural 36 C's. She has been a submissive since the age of eighteen and had been registered at the farm for the last six. She is offering herself for a term of five years to a strict Dominant. Bidding will start at \$35,000. Do I have \$35,000?"

A man quickly raised a small sign and the bidding wars started. Fuckstarlet paraded around the stage for all to see. She had perfect posture and a damn sexy walk that even made Lea briefly consider what sex with her would be like. The bidding went furiously until it hit \$100,000. Slowed even more at \$150,000, and finally came to a stop at a whopping \$197,500. Lea was stunned. She hears Master Ryan and Mistress Gina toss around some big numbers, but to witness it first-hand surprised the hell out of her.

And so the auction went on. One by one the submissives strutted their stuff in the hopes of getting top dollar. The tomboyish woman Lea saw in line when she first arrived at the farm turned out to be a submissive named GapingTwat - an apt name for someone capable of taking two large fists in their pussy. It was a feat Lea couldn't believe possible given the woman's small frame. GapingTwat went for \$26,200 for six months of heavy obedience training.

Hours passed and the number of submissives dwindled down to nothing. "There'll be a short break now," the auctioneer said. Go to the rest room, grab a bite to eat, but be back here in one hour for the auctioning of the bare-necks!"

The crowd thinned down to nearly nothing as Masters, Mistresses, and submissives scattered. Lea remained seated on her long, fat dildo; afraid if she left the auction area she wouldn't come back.

"And now the part you've all been waiting for," the announcer said when the bleachers were once again filled. "Will all registered bare-necks please come up on stage?" Lea, eleven other women and five men from all corners of the bleachers approached the stage and took their place behind the auctioneer. "You will be auctioned off alphabetically," the announcer continued. If Irene Adams would kindly step forward we will begin.

A short, pudgy blonde stepped forward, her ass and breasts jiggling with each step. "Mrs. Adams is a thirty-four year old nurse from Chicago. She has been interested in the lifestyle for most of her life and is offering herself to the highest bidder for a term of one year of training. The bidding will start at \$5,000."

The bidding for Irene Adams was slow to take off and fast to end with a final bid of \$13,500. It didn't bode well for the rest of the bare-necks, and Lea was particularly scared. She searched the audience for Master Ryan or Mistress Gina, but there were so many people it was hard to spot either one.

"Next we have thirty-three year old Lea Marrie. Lea is a reporter from New York and according to her entry form has a strong interest in the lifestyle. She is offering herself for ten

years of service. Bidding will begin at \$5,000." Lea was so pumped with excitement she completely missed what was said.

There were several strong bids that rapidly brought Lea to \$11,000. "Although she has no training as a submissive," the announcer continued as the auctioneer rattled off numbers almost too fast to follow "she is due at the Cummypaws Training Facility in two days where she will complete their full training regimen."

"Fifty-thousand," A man off to the left yelled. "Eighty," Another countered. "\$100,000 a woman that wasn't Mistress Gina bid.

"Miss Marrie has been at the farm for two days now and has already been fucked by fifty men thanks to being tricked into the slut-machines," the announcer went on. "She is addicted to cum, and is looking for a Master or Mistress that will strongly enforce her puppy and pony training when she leaves Cummypaws."

Lea almost tripped over her own feet when she heard what the announcer said. She continued parading around the stage shaking her ass and bouncing her breasts up and down as the bids climbed higher and higher. Still no word from either dominant she hoped would win the bid and it was getting very near that \$200,000 mark Mistress Gina offered.

"According to her entry form, Lea has a strong desire to try fisting, body modifications, and breeding parties," the announcer announced.

Lea stopped dead in her tracks and looked at the announcer in shock. She remembered what she marked as ok and what was off limits, and the things he just mentioned were definitely in the red. "\$300,000." A woman yelled from the back of the bleachers. "\$350,000." Another woman bid.

"One million dollars," Lea heard a familiar voice yell out. Unless her ears were deceiving her, she was just bid on by her boss Mr. Max Rupert. The bidding came to a sudden halt. The crowd parted as Max Rupert walked down the aisle towards the stage, a huge grin on his face.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" the announcer yelled. "We have a new Domination Farm record with a whopping one million dollar bid for the beautiful Lea Marrie!" The bidders erupted in applause and cheer. "And you all know what happens when a record is broken!" the announcer continued when the cheering dropped to a manageable level. Miss Lea Marrie will be tattooed with the winning bid right here for all of you to see!"

"Excuse me," Lea said to the announcer "but can I see the form you were reading from? I never agreed to the things you mentioned. In fact, I know I marked those things in red."

"Sure," he said handing over the form. "Is that your signature at the bottom?"

"Yes," Lea said after closely examining the signature. It was definitely hers. "But this is not how I marked the fetishes."

"I'm sorry love, but the form is a legally binding contract. Assuming the winning bidder is able to pay, you will be expected to serve him for a period of ten years. You'll have to take the fetishes up with him."

"I know that man very well and trust me, he'll pay."

"We're ready for you now, Miss Marrie," A tattoo covered man said.

"And I really have to get tattooed?"

"You do," the announcer replied. "It's all in the form you signed. Any and all record breakers will be tattooed with the winning price on either their left breast, either hip, or either ass cheek. Where would you like to get yours?"

"Nowhere," Lea answered "but since I signed a contract I guess on my right hip." She stepped away from the announcer and joined the tattooist near the center of the stage. She eyed Mr. Rupert talking with the auctioneer.

"Where would you like the tattoo?" the artist asked.

"My right hip," Lea answered. "What is it going to be exactly?"

"It will have \$1,000,000 in green ink surrounded by Domination Farm Record Breaker in black ink. It'll be about three inches in diameter when done. Are you ready?"

"No, but let's get this over with."

Lea stood there while the man tattooed her hip. She jerked every now and then, but the pain was nothing compared to her overwhelming humiliation. Something nagged at the back of her mind telling her this was somehow all a setup, she was tricked into the auction as she was tricked into the slut-machines. *But how in the hell could he possibly know I would walk by the auction?* She thought. *How could he know I would sign up?* She watched on the jumbotron as the tattoo started taking shape, uncertain what was going on.

## Chapter Seven

### Lea finds a Master

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"What in the hell's going on, sir?" Lea asked her boss Mr. Rupert. "Why are you here? Why did you bid on me like that? I was told only registered Dominants were permitted to bid."

"First," Mr. Rupert said "I came by to drop off the contract for you to sign. Second, I bid on you because you're going to cost me a lot of money with this contract and I want to get my money's worth out of you. You're going to serve me for the next decade so I hope you're ready to embrace your submissive side. And last, but not least, I've been a registered dominant here for the last fifteen years."

"This was all a setup wasn't it?"

"Yeah, pretty much. I didn't know you were going to strike such a bargain to do the Cummpaws training, but the deals worth it in the end. I also didn't know you entered the auction until I was talking to my friend Roger, he was the auctioneer. He graciously allowed me to look through the list of entrees and I saw you in there. I made a few changes and signed your name to a new document and gave the new one back to him."

"You forged my name? I could have you arrested for that! What in the fuck, sir? Are you trying to ruin my life or something?"

"Quite the opposite," Max replied. "I like you a lot Lea. I've been hatching this little plot for two years now and I couldn't believe my luck when you agreed to take the assignment. I really think you'll be happy serving me. You'll be able to experience new things at the hands of a very caring master."

"I have a boyfriend," Lea said weakly.

"A boyfriend that doesn't know his girlfriend is at this farm. A boyfriend that doesn't know you were fucked by fifty men and swallowed god knows how many loads of cum. A boyfriend that doesn't know..."

"I get the point," Lea said. "I can explain it to him. He'll understand."

"Do you honestly believe that? And you can't lie about it. Everything you've done since you stepped foot onto the farm has been filmed. Not only by those contacts you're wearing, but by the farm itself. They have this place wired from one end to the other with hidden cameras. Not sure if you know this or not, but they run a live pay-per-view station. I've seen you on it at least half a dozen times already."

"So my life is pretty much over," Lea said hanging her head in shame.

"Hardly," Max said a hearty laugh. "You're going to go through some incredibly intense training at Cummpaws followed by more training with me. When you're done you will be trained in every fetish on that list."

"All of them, sir?"

"All of them. I'm not going to rush it. We have ten years to get to know each other better and to turn those hard limits into willing pleasures. In the meantime here's the contract for the Cummpaws training. Read it and sign it, or tear it up and throw it away. Either way you'll still have to go through the training with me."

Lea took the contract and read it over. She read it a second, third, and fourth time just to make sure she didn't miss a cleverly disguised trap or loophole. She signed her name to it and handed it back to her boss and new Master.

"When will you start training me, Master?"

"When your training is complete at Cummypaws."

"Yes Master," Lea said as her pussy started dripping.

"There is one more thing I want you to do. Cummypaws will require it so you might as well do it for me. They only accept registered submissives at the training facility."

"You want to register me?"

"I do. It's either me, or them."

"And what name will you give me?"

"I think Princess Cuntlicker will suit you fine," Max replied. "Shall we go get it taken care of?"

"Yes Master," Lea answered. Her pussy juices were flowing like a river down her thighs now. The name told her a lot about her new Master's thoughts and feelings towards her. She was his Princess – a woman of royalty, a woman who not only takes pride in the way they present themselves, but in who they are. Cuntlicker was pretty self-explanatory. At some point in the future she would have to lick the pussy of another woman, make love to one or more. She steeled her mind in preparation of the eventuality. It still scared her to death, but she made up her mind to give being Master Rupert's submissive the best go she could. "Does this mean you're going to collar me too?"

"It does," Master Rupert said pulling a black band from the pocket of his tailored suit. He held it in both hands and waited. Lea stepped forward, placing the front of her neck against the soft leather. It gently snapped closed, the magnets clicking together. "How does it feel to be collared?"

"Honestly Master, I've never been so wet in my entire life."

"That's good to hear. I think I got lucky in choosing you for this assignment. I think you've been a closet submissive all along and just needed someone to point you in the right direction. Are you ready to be registered as my submissive?"

"Yes Master," Lea purred." The very thought of it made her weak in the knees. She looked at her new master as they walked side by side down Domination Drive. He was much older than she by more than two decades, but he was still handsome. His salt and pepper hair made him look distinguished, and underneath that tailored suit of his was a body kept fit from years of running and light weightlifting.

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Unlike many of the bare-necks that get collared at the Domination Farm, Lea Marrie walked proudly into the registration office with her new master. There was no kicking and screaming, no attempts at running away. Master Rupert didn't even have to keep hold of her.

"Can I help you, Sir?" asked a bare-chested submissive named Buttslut.

"I want to register my new submissive," Mr. Rupert said.

"Alright, let me just open up the program here," Buttslut said as she worked on the computer. "Ok, submissive's real name?"

"Lea Marrie," Mr. Rupert answered.

"Submissive name?"

"Princess Cuntlicker."

Buttslug typed it into the blank field on the form and asked a slew of other questions and then asked Lea to step over to a blue screen to have her picture taken. A picture was taken from the front, back, and both sides as well as close-ups of her breasts. Pussy and ass.

"When you have your new submissive marked with her name please bring her back so we can add the picture to the form." Buttslug turned to face Lea. "Your collar is now double locked. That means it can only be opened with a password, or by cutting it off." She turned back to Master Rupert. "Would you like Princess Cuntlicker to know the password to unlock the collar, or would you prefer to keep it secret, Sir?"

"I think I'll keep it secret for now. Princess Cuntlicker, why don't you go on ahead to the body modification building and get your name tattooed on your breast? I'd also like for you to get your nipples and clit hood pierced for me. You don't have to, but it would make me very happy if you did."

"Yes Master," Lea said. "Where is the body modification building, Master?"

Mr. Rupert leaned in close to whisper into his new submissive's ear. "It's the building to the south of the auction block," he said. He gave her earlobe a quick, gentle nibble and backed away. "Run along now. Meet me at the Hot Momma Cafe when you're done."

"Yes Master," Lea said. The way he commanded her without it seeming like commands made her horny in new and exciting ways. She left the submissive registration office feeling alive. Disobeying her Master's wishes never crossed her mind. She couldn't explain this new self, but she liked it.

*Perhaps he's right*, Lea thought as she stepped into the body modification building. *Maybe I have always been a submissive and just didn't know it.* She looked around the large open lobby. There were dildo seats to the left and right some were occupied by submissives waiting for one body modification or another; while others sat empty, waiting for someone to take a seat upon them. At the far end of the room was a long, glass-topped desk with a computer screen sitting on it. A submissive whiled away the time by typing. Behind and to the left of the desk was a short hallway with a door at the end.

"Can I help you?" BreederCow asked Lea when she stepped up to the desk.

"I'm here to be tattooed with my submissive name and to have my nipples and clit hood pierced," Lea replied. It wasn't until just then that she decided to have the piercings done. *If it makes my Master happy, then it should make me happy too*, she thought.

"Name?"

"Lea Marrie," Lea replied.

"Your submissive name," BreederCow said. "You'll have to get used to it because it's the only thing you'll be called while at the farm."

"Sorry. It's Princess Cuntlicker."

"And you also want nipple and clit hood piercings, correct?"

"That's right."

"Alright, go ahead and take a seat. You'll be called when the artist is ready for you."

"Thank you," Lea said. She went to the right side of the room and took a seat on the long, fat dildos that she had already become accustomed to stretching her holes. She sat upon one of the double dildo seats – a seat with two dildos for penetrating both holes at the same time. She bounced up and down on them while she waited to be called.

"Princess Cuntlicker," BreederCow called out after about two hours. "The artist is ready for you now." Lea stood up, the dildos flopping back and forth after popping out of Lea's holes. "Down the hall and through the door," BreederCow said as Lea approached the desk.

Lea entered a small room with a long table sitting in the center, a bottle-lined cabinet resting against the far wall, and a shirtless, tattoo-covered man setting equipment up on a cart. The room had an almost hospital sterility feel to it.

"Take a seat on the table," the Artist said, squeezing the bottle of black ink until the tiny plastic cup was nearly filled. "I'll be with you in a minute." When he turned around, Lea recognized him as the man that tattooed the winning bid on her right hip after the submissive auction not a couple hours ago. "AH!" he exclaimed. "It's you. I was hoping I'd get to see you come through here, but I didn't think it would be so soon. Found a master quickly, did you?"

"Yeah," Lea smiled. "The man that won the bid."

"From bare-neck to submissive in a couple of hours, impressive. I'm going to go the piercings first because they are a lot easier. Then I'll do the tattooing. Is there anything else you'd like to add while you're here? Nose, lip, tongue, labia piercings? Other tattoos, or perhaps a branding?"

"No, I think what I'm getting is enough for one day. My master said the choice to get the piercings was my own, but it would make him very happy if I did it."

"And you want to make your new Master happy, right?" he asked as he rubbed an alcohol soaked cotton ball on Lea's right nipple.

"I do. I didn't think I'd be collared, especially by him, but I'm glad it turned out the way it did." She inhaled deeply as the artist pinched her nipple and quickly pushed the long, hollow needle through. "Uhng," she grunted.

"One down, two to go," the artist said. He repeated the process with the left nipple. "Go ahead and spread your legs and I'll get the labia hood out of the way."

"What about the needles in my nipples?"

"They're not going anywhere." When Lea spread her legs open, the artist moved in and pinched her clit hood between finger and thumb. He pulled it, looked at it from all angles to get the best spot. He held a needle in his right hand, aimed it where he wanted it to go, and pushed it quickly through the delicate skin.

"Ahgh!" Lea squealed as the piercing needle pushed through her clit hood. It hurt a lot more than the ones still in her nipples. She stared down, eyes wide. She watched the artist put the end of the gold ring in the open end of the needle and then push it the rest of the way through. The ring fell into place and he closed the ends together. He did the same to Lea's nipples and the piercings were done.

"That wasn't so bad now was it?"

"Easy for you to say," Lea said looking down at her newly pierced nipples and clit hood. "Is the tattoo going to hurt?"

The artist picked up the tattoo gun and brought it close to Lea's left nipple. "I'll draw an invisible line on your left breast so you get an idea what it's going to feel like. I'm not using ink, so nothing will be left behind but a little bleeding. Ready?"

"No, but go ahead," Lea said grabbing hold of the edge of the table to brace herself against the pain.

The artist placed his hand on Lea's firm left breast and stretched the skin a little. He started the tattoo gun and drew a short line. Lea jumped at the initial shock of the needles piercing her flesh. It hurt, but not as bad as she imagined it would. "I think I can handle it," she said. "It doesn't hurt as bad as the one you put on my hip."

"That's good," the artist smiled "because I'd have to strap you down otherwise."

"I don't think that will be necessary. Go ahead and do the tattoo. I'll try not to jump again."

Lea left the body modification building feeling like a new woman. The collar around her neck was a gentle reminder of her submissive status at the Domination Farm, but it didn't fully sink in until she felt the building sporting her new submissive name on her right breast. In a couple short days, she went from mild mannered investigative reporter to her boss's registered submissive and she felt exhilarated about it.

Mr. Rupert saw Lea coming down Domination Drive on her way to meet him at the Hot Momma Cafe. He saw the tattoo on her breast, and the way the sun gleamed off her nipples and clit hood told him that she got the piercings. He smiled broadly as she walked up to him.

"Hello Cuntlicker," Mr. Rupert said to Lea. "I'm so glad you decided to get the piercings. They look amazing on you."

"Thank you Master," Lea smiled. "I wanted to make you happy."

"And you have. You're a very good submissive already and make me very proud. Are you looking forward to your training at Cummypaws?"

"I am, Master. I was scared at first when I was told the extent of the training, but I think I'm going to enjoy it now. Will you keep me as a puppy and pony, or will you allow me to be human too?"

"You'll play both parts," Master Rupert answered. "You're my best reporter and you can't do your job while in the mindset of an animal now can you?"

"No master."

"You must think I'm a horrible man for tricking you as I have, but I have my reasons. I'm not ready to divulge my secrets just yet, but in time you'll learn them all."

"I think you are an incredibly cleaver man, Master," Lea replied. "And I don't hate you at all for what you've done. I've been thinking about it ever since we talked after you won me at auction and I think I've figured you out, Master."

"Oh?"

"You love me Master," Lea said looking into Mr. Rupert's hazel eyes. "Not as a father loves a daughter. It's not sibling love, or even the love of a friend. You love me as a man loves a woman he desires above all else in life. And I think you've loved me for a very long time. That makes me an incredibly lucky submissive."

"And why is that?" Max said leaning closer to his submissive, running a finger delicately up and down her lower arm.

"Because I am blessed with a Master that loves me. A master that will take care of me and treat me the way a woman should be treated. You put on an impressive game face, Master, but I can see through it. I may be your submissive, but I'm your woman first. That's why you changed the limit of my term. You want us to get to know each other better before we move along in our Master submissive relationship. You want me to grow and learn all I can before asking you to train me. Am I right, Master?"

"You are, Cuntlicker. You nailed it right on the head."

"Then I would be honored to serve as your loyal submissive. And not only for the next ten years. I know I've only been at this a couple of days, and a lot has happened already, but I know nothing of this lifestyle other than what little a few people have told me. I'm going to need someone that is loving and patient with me while I learn all that I can, and I'm really hoping that is you."

## Chapter Eight

### Lea goes to Cummpaws

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Lea kissed her Master goodbye, watched him walk out of the large gates of the Domination Farm. She felt suddenly very alone without him there to hold her, comfort her as he has these last two days. She wanted desperately to go with him, but she was due at the Cummpaws Training Facility in a few hours and he wanted her to have time alone to prepare for the first leg of her training.

Lea stood on Domination Drive staring at the massive building looming before her. The Cummpaws Training Facility was the reason for her trip to the Domination Farm in the first place. But now, instead of a tour, she would go through months of grueling training, losing herself to become the perfect puppy or pony girl for her new Master.

Lea opened the door and stepped inside the building, a shiver of excitement and fear running up her naked spine. "Hi," she said to the Mistress sitting behind the receptionist's desk "I'm here for my training."

"Do you have an appointment?" Mistress asked.

"Yes Mistress."

"Name?"

"Princess Cuntlicker," Lea said proudly, unashamed of her new humiliating submissive name.

"I'm not seeing a reservation in the system for that name. If you'd like to register you can do so now. The wait time is currently running about a year."

"I'm sorry Mistress. Try Lea Marrie. I was a bare-neck when I registered."

"Ah, yes, here you are. You're registered for the full training regimen and have paid in advance. Just so you are aware, your training will take no less than one year at the end of which you will be a fully trained puppy and pony girl. Your Master or Mistress will be given the commands to switch you from puppy to pony, and back to human again at their whim."

"I'm sorry Mistress," Lea said "but did you said training takes a year? I was told it would be a few months."

"For normal training yes. But you paid for the total conversion package. That takes a minimum of a year and up to five years depending on the submissive."

"What is the difference between the normal training and the total conversion, Mistress?"

"With the normal raining you will learn to do things as either a puppy or a pony, but you retain your human thoughts and feelings. With the total conversion package you will be mentally reconditioned to believe you are an animal. You will do everything as an animal would, from walking on all fours, to barking and neighing. You will use the bathroom outdoors, eat from dog bowls, and have sex as an animal would. While in animal mode your human mind will be suppressed, your only thoughts those of an animal."

"And what animals will I be trained as, Mistress? Will it just be the puppy and pony?"

"Yes. Those are the most popular choices and what you've paid for."

"I suppose it's too late to change the training?"

"It is. If you do not want to go through the training you paid for, you have the option of leaving right now. But once training begins we will not stop until you are fully trained. You will live here at the Cummpaws Facility with no outside contact or influence for the duration."

"Do many complete the total conversion training?"

"Not many are willing to try it. For every one that signs up for that training, a thousand sign up for the normal training. The choice is yours. If you still wish to go through the training go down that hall and enter the room at the end," the Mistress said pointing to a long hallway off to the left of the lobby. "If not, then you can always leave, or sign up for the normal training and come back in about a year."

Lea stepped away from the receptionist and stared intently down the hall. She understood what was required of her, but a level of fear set in that she wasn't ready for. To put herself in another person's trust the way the training would make her scared her to death. A million questions ran through her mind.

*What if they train me and don't turn me over to my Master at the end? What if they decide to sell me off to the highest bidder at another auction and I'm never seen or heard from again? Will Master even want me after I'm trained, or is this all some elaborate ruse to ruin my life?*

Those questions and many others occupied her thoughts as she stepped into the hallway. She looked back at the door and then to the Mistress sitting at the receptionist's desk entering who know what information into the computer. Lea's eyes drifted back down the long hallway to the door at the far end.

*All I have to do is step through that door, Lea thought and my training will begin. I'll be stuck here for the next year. I'll lose my humanity and become nothing more than an animal, a plaything to whomever wants to use me.* The door loomed ever nearer as her legs carried her down the corridor to her fate, not listening to her brain telling them to turn around and run the opposite direction. She stopped in front of the door and turned around. The lobby seemed so far away now, as if she had been walking for miles.

Lea turned back to the door. She stared at the sign that read: Orientation Room. The door opened and she stared inside. "If you step foot into this room, said a stern male voice from within "there is no going back until your training is complete. This is your final warning."

Lea stared at the two dozen men and women kneeling on the floor in front of a man dressed in leather. She gave the hallway one last look as she stepped over the threshold and into the orientation room.

"Kneel wherever you like," the man said. "You must be Lea Marrie, we've been waiting for you."

"My name is Princess Cuntlicker now, Master," Lea replied. "I was collared today."

"Alright, Princess Cuntlicker, kneel someplace so we can begin." He waited for Lea to kneel down on the cold tile floor before continuing. "You have all stepped into a world few choose to enter," he went on. "Being trained as an animal is considered the height of humiliation by many. The loss of control, the dependency upon your Dominants for the food you eat and the very air you breathe is not an easy road to travel, but it is one you'll all learn eventually. Most of you are here for the normal training, but there are a few," his eyes went to Lea "that have chosen an even more difficult path of total conversion training. For those few, their days living as human are numbered. When they leave her they'll be animals in every sense of the word. Their humanity will be tucked away somewhere deep within the subconscious mind, awoken only by the command of their Dominant. Now, before we go any further, how many of you have former

experience being submissive?" About half the room raised their hand. "How many of you have no experience whatsoever?" Lea and the rest raised their hand.

"Your training will begin with basic positions and etiquette. Once you've all mastered that you'll move on to obedience training and then finally your training to become animals will begin. Those of you taking the total conversion training will be here for a minimum of a year while the rest of you will be out in three or four months depending on how well you learn. Any questions?"

Lea had a million of them, but was too afraid to open her mouth and ask. "Will we be using the Whorsie Track, Master?" a woman three rows up asked.

"When you get to that portion of your training, yes. You'll also be required to work at Cunt Carts for a minimum of a week during your pony training."

"Will there be marks of completion, Master?" one of the few men asked.

"There will be. Those of you being trained as one animal or another will receive a mark of completion from that particular school of training. Those of you being trained as multiple animals will receive multiple marks of completion, one from each school. And the few of you doing total conversion training, you'll receive a special mark of completion on top of the normal marks."

"Is it true those of us trained as puppies will be sold at the Kennels, Master?" a young brunette asked.

"Yes and no," the Master answered. "Once your training is complete you will spend a few weeks on display at the Kennels where you may be purchased by a Dominant for a short period of time. Once the time limit is up you'll be returned to the farm where you may opt to be sold again, or not. This applies only to those taking the normal training. Those being completely converted will not be placed in the Kennels due to the extreme nature of their training. They will instead be returned to their Dominants upon completion of training. If there are no more questions I'll escort you now to your first class so that you may all begin your training."

# Chapter Nine

## Learning Submissive Etiquette

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"My name is Mistress Jade," said the stern-looking woman standing at the front of the class "and in this class you will all learn the basics of submissive etiquette." She adjusted her Ralph Lauren eyeglasses a little higher up her cute nose. "Your Dominants will most likely have their own way of teaching you, and that is perfectly within their rights to do so, however, you all need a solid foundation of understanding and that's what you will learn over the course of the next few weeks."

Mistress Jade picked up a cane and stepped into the rows of kneeling men and women. She stopped near the back where two young women were giggling softly. "Get into the punishment position," she commanded.

"I don't know what that is, Mistress," a submissive named CanyonCunt said.

"Kneel with your ass up and your chin resting on your folded arms on the floor. Both of you, in position now!"

"Why Mistress?" CanyonCunt asked. "What did we do wrong?"

"If I have to repeat myself you're going to regret it."

FuckMuffin – the other submissive in trouble, quickly got into the position as described by Mistress Jade. From her position at the back of the room Lea had a perfect view of the woman's nice, round ass and the pink folds of her pussy. She had yet to taste another woman, but suddenly thought she would like to do so now.

CanyonCunt dropped into position and was quickly greeted with a swat of the cane across her bony ass. She lurched forward and yelped in agonizing pain. Another swat landed below the first. "The first rule of etiquette you will all learn is to speak only when spoken to," Mistress Jade said as the cane came down a third time. "While you are in training there will be no chatter, giggling, questioning, or small talk." WHACK!" another landed across CanyonCunt's right leg, the tip of the cane biting painfully into her pussy. Lea cringed at the sight of it and thanked god it wasn't her.

CanyonCunt was wailing from the pain, but she maintained her position as a fifth swat was delivered to her already red and welt-covered ass. Lea could see why the woman's Dominant gave her the name CanyonCunt. Her pussy gaped open as if she had just been fucked by a huge cock. Lea wondered what the poor woman had gone through to make her pussy gape so readily and hoped Master Rupert wouldn't make her do such things.

Having delivered her punishment to CanyonCunt, Mistress Jade did a one eighty to face FuckMuffin. The cane came down, biting harshly into the tender flesh of the submissive's ass. Unlike CanyonCunt, FuckMuffin took it with dignity, giving nothing more than a grunt after each swat.

"Thank you for punishing me Mistress," FuckMuffin said to everyone's surprise.

"I hope you learned your lesson," Mistress Jade replied.

"I did, Mistress. Thank you."

"Return to kneeling positions so we can continue with the class," Mistress Jade said as she returned to the front of the room. "In training, a submissive is not permitted to speak unless given permission to do so by their trainer. There is NO chatter, giggling, questioning or small

talk. Speaking is a privilege and you'll learn that very quickly. If asked a question, you will make a clear reply and keep a soft tone in the voice at all times. Is this understood?"

"Yes Mistress," everyone in the room replied.

"If you are asked a question and the answer is "yes," then it should be expressed as 'yes, Sir or Ma'am' while out in public; and 'yes Master or Mistress' in private. If the answer is 'no,' then an explanation must be given. 'No, Sir or Ma'am' is not acceptable when asked to do something. An explanation of why you are not able to do as requested is expected. An example would be 'No, Sir. I cannot do that because...insert reason, Sir.'

When asking permission for something the sentence must begin with 'Sir' or 'Ma'am' while in a public situation and 'Master or Mistress' in a private one. The question must end with it as well. Example: 'Sir may I be excused to attend personal needs, Sir?' Any failure to express this properly will usually end in the request being ignored."

Only when your Dominant wants you to speak should you verbalize. If you feel you need to express a concern, explanation, or ask questions then you must ask permission to speak freely. 'Sir, I have a question, Sir. May I speak freely, Sir?' A gesture or facial expression should have been given to you in order to open this path of communication. For those of you that are new to this lifestyle, you may not have gotten that far into your training, but you will. A good Dominant will provide and recognize such signals from their submissive and give permission for them to speak. They will also provide a time for open discussion where the submissive is given an opportunity to express freely any concerns they might have. Are there any questions?"

No questions came even though Lea knew there were a million to be asked. She had a couple hundred herself, but knelt in silence along with the rest of the class. Her eyes kept drifting to FuckMuffin's welt covered ass and the thought of being with another woman grew less taboo and more enticing.

"A submissive must learn to follow instructions carefully and accept the control of another," Mistress Jade continued with her lecture. "One of the things that aids submissives in learning to adjust to the idea of relinquishing some of his or her personal power is having a framework of expectations set up to follow. It's like having an owner's manual. This eliminates one of the most common reasons a submissive fails to please his or her Master or Mistress: lack of knowledge about what they were expected to do in a given situation."

"As submissives you must learn to change your way of thinking and alter your own reactions to what someone else has determined they should be. It's a gradual process that takes constant reinforcement. How far this reinforcement goes and to what degree the training reaches should always be worked out in the contract between Dominant and submissive. Following a set of guidelines, such as etiquette rules, provides the reinforcement needed in building these desired responses and new thinking patterns."

"Another reason that formalities are so desirable too many of us is the grace and beauty that evolves in this kind of training. The submissive becomes aware of the importance of every movement and gesture not only in themselves, but also in those of the one training them. This will become very important when you form a bond with the one who will become your Master or Mistress."

Mistress Jade turned to the long blackboard behind her and picked up a piece of chalk. In huge cursive letters she wrote EYE CONTACT AND BODY LANGUAGE. She set the chalk back in the tray and turned her attention to the class. "As I have written, we will go over eye contact and body language next. The first thing you need to learn is that a submissive does not make eye contact with any Dominant but their own. Eyes are kept downward or directed away

from any other Dominant you encounter. When entering the presence of your trainer the eyes are kept downward until you are spoken to. When kneeling to greet the trainer the head and eyes are kept lowered until recognition is given. For those of you looking directly at me now, I suggest taking this lesson to heart."

Eighteen heads lowered slightly so no one in the room was looking directly at Mistress Jade. Eyes darted to and fro, but none dared look straight forward for fear of being the next to feel the sting of the cane.

"Eye contact is reserved for questioning, showing discomfort, and pleading," Mistress Jade continued. It is also reserved for expressing a need for assistance or reassurance. It is also acceptable when the submissive needs to express their pleasure for a gesture given from the trainer.

"A submissive is not permitted to draw attention to themselves by excessive body movements such as tossing the head or hair, shifting positions while kneeling, moving hands or feet or, in general, doing anything that is distracting. Any movements are expected to be graceful and based on modesty and control. Anything that brings unwanted attention to the submissive is frowned upon. Pulling back the shoulders to draw attention to the breasts is one of these things." She said looking at several women doing just that.

"Body language is very important for a submissive to learn. Not only your own, but that of your Master or Mistress as well. The following rules are not only strictly enforced here at the Cummypaws training facility, but should also be reinforced by your Dominants. Rule number one, kneeling is done facing the trainer, never another dominant. Thighs are kept modestly together, head slightly bowed, eyes down. Parted thighs are done only for one's Master or Mistress. Rule two, Arms are never allowed to be crossed over the body when in the presence of the dominant unless directed to do so. Arms closed or crossed over the body shows resistance and disrespect. Rule three, hands are to be kept open; closed fists are never permitted. Open hands are a sign of surrender and openness. Rule four, the angle of the tilt of your head is never to exceed that of the trainer. A higher tilt would indicate you having a superior attitude. And such an attitude is unacceptable in a submissive. Rule five, lips are to be kept slightly parted and relaxed. They are never tightly closed because this does not indicate openness. Rule six, the head must be turned toward the trainer when speaking or listening. This shows attentiveness. Rule seven, the back is always kept straight because slouching or slumping is a sign of disrespect and lack of esteem for self and trainer. And finally, rule eight, a laugh or smile must be given looking at the trainer and never while looking down. Looking down would be viewed as mocking or having a secret joke at the trainer's expense and is a sure sign of disrespect."

The lesson went on for another hour before Lea and the rest of the submissives were permitted to leave that room for the next lesson.

# Chapter Ten

## Lea's Puppy Training

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The lessons were endless and relentless. Lea spent hours going from class to class learning the basics of submission. Every night she was made to listen to recordings meant to strip away her humanity and instill in her the belief that she was nothing more than an animal in need of training. One Trainer or another would wake her after an hour or two of sleep and command her to get into positions, bark like a dog, and walk around on all fours. Failure brought with it punishment in the form of flogger, cane, and crop. The constant lack of sleep, listening to nightly recordings, and harsh punishments were slowly doing their job. And her animal training was only just beginning.

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"Alright bitches," Master Damon said to the twenty-two women kneeling before him "today you begin your training as puppies, but before we get to that you need to get into the proper gear. In the bag sitting in front of each of you is said gear. Put it on now."

Lea pulled open the large plastic bag and stared at the contents. Inside was a large butt plug with a very realistic dog tail attached to it, a pair of puppy ears, furry front and back paws, and knee pads. It took her several minutes to figure out how everything fit. She half groaned half moaned when she pushed the plug into her ass. Although she had been fucked many times at the farm by real and fake cocks alike, the plug was larger than any she had experienced thus far.

"Sir, I have a question, Sir," Lea said with her head slightly bowed as taught, her eyes looking at the floor.

"What is it, Cuntlicker?"

"How is it possible for you to turn me completely into a dog, Sir?"

"We use tried and true psychological reconditioning to break you down mentally," Master Damon explained. "Day by day we strip away pieces of your humanity and condition your mind to your new role as a puppy. We reinforce the new persona by making you act like a puppy. You'll walk on all fours from now on. You'll eat and drink from dog dishes, bark like a dog, and learn to play like a dog. Your human mind will be buried deep in your subconscious while you are a puppy, but it can be brought to the surface again with a command from your Dominant. Does that answer your question?"

"Yes Sir. Thank you Sir. Can I assume the same thing goes for pony training Sir?"

"It does, but only those going through the total conversion training need worry about that."

"I am Sir. Going through the total conversion training that is, Sir."

"Very good, Cuntlicker. Your Dominant must be very proud of you. Not many women have the guts to go that far."

"Thank you Sir," Lea smiled broadly.

"Once you are dressed in your puppy gear I want you to get into the waiting position," Master Damon said to the entire class. "The waiting position for puppies is as follows. You kneel with your legs spread open at the knees and feet, ass sitting on the floor. Lean forward, with your back arched and your front paws resting on the floor between your knees. This is the first of many new positions you will learn during the course of your training. It is the position you will

use in place of the standard kneeling position to indicate your new status as puppies. Is that understood?"

"Yes Sir," everyone in the room replied at once. They all learned long ago that to hesitate means punishment and now they all replied as a well-oiled machine.

"You will all follow me to the gym where you will practice your puppy walk and train on the agility course," Master Damon said as he opened the classroom door.

*A puppy walks on all fours, not upright like a human,* Lea repeated the mantra in her head. It was one of the many things pounded into her mind over the last few months of training. *As a puppy you will never walk upright again unless your Dominant orders you to do so,* she thought as she crawled out of the classroom and down the hall. She was thankful they allowed them to wear knee pads.

Master Damon led them to a flight of stairs and everyone stopped. "What in the hell are you bitches waiting for?" he yelled. "I don't remember telling you to stop. Get your asses down the steps or its twenty lashes for you all!"

One by one the submissives crawled down the steps. Several slipped and fell down them, but eventually they all made it to the bottom one way or another. Once again Lea was thanking her lucky stars that she had knee pads, otherwise going down the rough metal stairs would have been torture.

Set up in the center of the huge gymnasium was an obstacle course much like you'd see in any competition. There was a see-saw, short hurdles to jump, a cat walk, poles to weave in and out of, and tunnels for them to crawl through. There were also ten Dominants with cane in hand waiting to deliver punishment for failure.

"Alright bitches," Master Damon yelled. "Ten laps around the gym and I want to see those tails wagging! After you've completed two rounds you will then go through the obstacle course. You will start at the cat walk and follow the red line until you exit the tunnel at the end of the course," Master Damon explained. "For every part that you miss or mess up, you will be given ten swats of the cane. After the obstacle course you will complete another two trips around the gym and so on until you've completed ten laps and the course four times. If you fuck around the Dominants will cane your hide until you get the idea. You are to walk at a normal pace for the first two rounds and faster each two rounds after that. Now get your asses moving!"

One would think crawling around a gym would be a simple task considering everyone crawls before they learn to walk. And it was easy for a time, but when the knee pads became squished and useless, and the ache began in the wrists, the complaining began. Lea made it around the track one and a half times when her left wrist cramped and she faltered. The Dominant was on her before she knew what was happening. Her training kicked in of its own accord and she found herself dropping into the punishment position without thought.

"Aghh!" She screamed out as the cane bit painfully into her ass.

"You are no longer human," The Dominant yelled at Lea. "You will whimper like a dog, not cry like a woman." THWACK! "Do you understand me, bitch?"

"Nnn...Nnn...Nnn," Lea whined like a dog as the cane continued to teach its harsh lesson. It was the first time since she arrived at the Domination Farm that she was subjected to punishment and she was not enjoying it one bit. With her ass red and welted she was sent back to finish her round.

Lea was dreading the course; especially now that she had felt the sting of the cane. In misstep and she would feel it again and that made her shake like a leaf in the wind. She crawled up the cat walk – the strips of board every foot digging into her knees and shins. It took all of her

will not to yell in agony. She crawled down the other side and hopped over a small hurdle that she thankfully didn't knock off, through a short canvas tunnel, and stopped at the see-saw. She crawled up one side slowly, expecting it to tip any second as her weight shifter across the axis. What she wasn't counting on was how fast it would tip. She went down face first on the cool gym floor. Another Dominant was on her with the cane before she could get back up on all fours.

Ten more swats of the cane landed across her ass and upper legs. She whined pitifully but dared not make a human sound out of fear she would get another ten. "Continue with the course now, the Dominant told her when her punishment was done. Next were the poles. She weaved in and out of them, over three consecutive hurdles – the last of which her foot caught on and she looked wide-eyed and breathless as it teetered on the edge of falling, but instead settled back into place. She breathed a sigh of relief and crawled through the final long tunnel to the end.

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Lea barely made it into her small room at the end of the day. Every inch of her ached and she had a newfound respect for dogs and what their human owners put them through. Although they were built for it, it still had to be a pain learning all that crap. All she wanted to do was take a long, hot bath and sleep for about a week.

Lea didn't get her long, hot bath, or even the comfortable bed to lie in. The bed was gone, replaced by a large dog bed in the corner. The small refrigerator was also gone. Sitting a few feet from the bed were two large auto-feed dishes. One was filled with water, and the other what looked very much like dog food. There was a note taped to the wall above the feeders.

*Princess Cuntlicker,*

*As a puppy you are not allowed on the furniture. Your human bed has been replaced with a dog bed which is more suiting to your new life. Your human food is also gone. All you will get to eat from now on is what's in the dog dish. It's a proprietary blend of food that will give you all of the nutrients a growing puppy needs. Make it last because it will only be filled once every three days.*

*You are not to shower, or use the bathroom as a human either. Someone will be around to take you out for a walk and to use the bathroom and then bring you back for a bath. They will bath you as the puppy you are. If you get bored there are some chew toys hidden around the room for you to find and play with.*

*-Master Damon*

Lea read the note three times, letting the information sink in. She sniffed at the food bowl and was surprised it smelled like a mix of beef and chicken. She grabbed a few pellets in her mouth, a trick that took several attempts to get right, and chewed them tentatively. It wasn't the best tasting food she ever had, but it was a hell of a lot better than actual dog food. She ate until she was no longer hungry and lapped at the water until no longer thirsty. Tired, sore, and thoroughly humiliated she crawled into her new bed and fell asleep.

## Chapter Eleven

### A visit from home

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"You can't go in there sir," Missy said to the tall, angry-faced man pushing open the door to Mr. Rupert's office.

"Try and stop me," Ian snarled.

"I'm calling the police, sir!"

"It's ok, Missy," Mr. Rupert yelled from inside his office. "I've been expecting Mr. Hall. Do come in Mr. Hall. And close the door behind you." Mr. Rupert stood from his high-backed office chair and casually walked over to the small bar he kept and poured scotch into two glasses. He offered one to Ian, but the still snarling man refused it.

"I don't want you alcohol, Mr. Rupert," Ian yelled. "I want answers. I know you know where Lea is and I demand you tell me right god damn now! And don't you dare give me that 'She's on assignment bullshit. She's been gone for months now without a word. Where is my girlfriend?'"

"The truth is, she is on assignment, but you're not going to like where. You ever hear of the Domination Farm?"

"What in the hell is a domination farm?" Ian asked more than a little confused.

"The Domination Farm is a place in Rome, Wisconsin where men and women go to partake in the bdsm lifestyle," Mr. Rupert explained.

"What's that got to do with Lea? She's not into that sort of thing."

"She accepted an assignment to go to this farm and investigate it for a report. That's where she is now. That's where she's been for the past few months. I hate to be the one to break it to you, but Lea is very much into that sort of thing. She has even gone so far as to be registered and marked as a submissive."

"BULLSHIT!" Ian yelled. "She would never do anything like that! What in the hell did you send her into?"

"Nothing she didn't want to go into. If you don't believe me I have the proof. She's wearing very special contacts that record everything. We have the audio and video right here in the studio. I'll show it to you if you want to see it, but I warn you, it's pretty graphic."

"Show me," Ian said through clenched teeth.

So that is doesn't fall into the wrong hands and get leaked before we air it, I keep it here in my office," Mr. Rupert said. He hit a button on his desk and the large painting of a seascape slid to the side to reveal a large television hidden in the wall. He knew Ian would come around eventually asking questions and so he made some edits to the original to keep himself out of it. He hit another button and it showed Lea arriving at the Domination Farm. It showed her standing in line at 3 a.m. It showed her conversation with SluttyPrincess and her subsequent reading and signing the documents and paying to get into the farm. Ian stared blankly at the screen, unable to believe what he was seeing.

The movie skipped ahead to show Lea leaving the fetish clothing store dressed in her new latex clothes. It showed her enter the slut-machine where she was fucked by fifty men. Mr. Rupert fast-forwarded through most of that part and stopped when Lea took the stage for the auction.

"What in the hell kind of place did you send her too?" Ian asked as he stared at his girlfriend up on the screen getting tattooed on the hip.

"I told you what kind of place it is," Mr. Rupert replied. "And as you can see she went of her own free will and did everything of her own free will. Would you like for me to continue?"

"I've seen enough. I'm going to that damn farm and getting my girlfriend back. You better have your lawyers ready when we get back because we're suing the fuck out of you."

"Good luck with that," Mr. Rupert smiled. "And I'll tell you right now, you won't get to see Lea unless you get lucky and catch her out while using the bathroom." He fast-forwarded several weeks and stopped when it showed Lea dressed in her puppy gear being led on a leash by a scantily clad woman to a patch of grass where Lea squatted down to pee.

"You're all a bunch of sick fucking animals," Ian exclaimed as he stomped out of Mr. Rupert's office. His mind was made up. He was going to this domination farm and getting his girlfriend back and he planned on involving the police when he got to Rome.

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"What do you mean there's nothing you can do about it!" Ian slammed his fists down on Sargent Gil's desk. "They have my girlfriend held hostage in there!"

"Sir, we've been investigating the Domination Farm for thirty years now and they aren't breaking any laws. They don't hold anyone against their will. Now please calm down."

"They're forcing people to do things against their will! Why don't you send someone there and you'd see that for yourselves."

"We have sent people there. Many times. What they are doing is the same as if someone went to see a professional dominatrix, only on a much larger scale. Believe me Mr. Hall, we've tried to shut the place down many times but the law is on their side. Now, we just ignore it the best we can until something illegal actually happens."

"What about auctioning people off? That has to be illegal. I saw video of it taking place."

"Not illegal. People auction off their serviced all the time. I'm really sorry, but if your girlfriend has been in there for all this time she wants to be in there. I'd suggest going in and talking to her, but you will have to pay the fee to get in."

Ian left the police station angrier than ever. He couldn't understand how something as insane as the Domination Farm was permitted to stay in business and treat people as they did. He couldn't comprehend why Lea would take an assignment at such a horrible place and stay gone for all these months without a single word to him. By the time he pulled into the Domination Farm's parking lot he was ready fuming mad.

"Will you be signing up as a Dominant, bare-neck, or submissive?" SluttyPrincess asked Ian when he stepped up to the ticket booth.

"Um, what?"

"I'll put you down as a bare-neck," SluttyPrincess said. "You'll have to read and sign these forms," she said handing him the usual stack of waivers and consent forms all entrees had to sign. "The fee is \$250 per day. How long will you be staying with us?"

"Not that damn long. I'm only here to see someone."

"You still have to pay the full day, Sir."

"Fine, whatever," Ian huffed. He signed the papers without reading them and paid his fee. He put on the silver bracelet SluttyPrincess handed him and entered the tunnel that took him through the wall and into the waiting room. He stared at a dozen men and women sitting on padded benches along the walls and shook his head in disgust. He spotted the door leading out to the farm and opened it.

"You can't go out there until a Dominant comes and gets us," a man said.

"Is that right?" Ian replied, turning to the room. "And who's going to stop me?" He stepped out onto the farm and stopped dead in his tracks. Although he saw bits and pieces of it on the video Mr. Rupert showed him, seeing it in person was a whole other story. His jaw dropped when he saw the way the men and women were dressed, and how they casually went about their business. He watched as across the road a cute blonde woman of thirty placed herself in the cocksucking pillories and opened her mouth when a man stepped up to her. Despite his outrage he felt his cock stiffen when he saw another woman sitting down on the huge dildo protruding from the dildo seat.

Ian walked down Domination Drive in search of Lea. He knew he was looking for a needle in a haystack, but it was the best option he had of finding her. He walked passed Bondage Boulevard, Anal Avenue, and Caning Court, his head going side to side. He saw a lot of weird and interesting sights, but none were Lea.

He turned right onto Ponygirl Parkway and walked directly behind the Cummyspaws Training Facility. To his left was a large open field with several people leading women around on leashes. He spotted one that looked like Lea and ran over to her. "OH MY GOD, LEA!" he gasped. "What in the hell have they done to you?"

Lea stared up at the boyfriend she long forgot she had. "Arf," she barked.

"Excuse me, but you are not allowed in here wearing street clothes," the woman leading Lea around said. "You'll have to go get fitted for your clothes or leave the farm."

"I'd like to see you try," Ian growled. "I'm talking to my girlfriend so back the fuck off!"

"Princess Cuntlicker is not permitted to speak without permission. Isn't that right, Cuntlicker?"

"Arf, arf," Lea barked.

Ian bent down and unhooked the leash from Lea's collar and grabbed her arm to help her stand up. Lea lashed out and bit his hand causing Ian to stumble back in surprise. "What in the hell is wrong with you?" he gasped. "You fucking bit me!"

"I suggest you leave now before you upset her any more than you already have," Lea's handler said.

"And I suggest you leave before I punch you in the fucking face," Ian replied. He wasn't one to hit women, but this one was really pissing him off. "I'm taking my girlfriend out of this fucking place and I'll kick the shit out of anyone standing in my way."

"Sir, we will not abide by your threats. Leave the premises at once or the police will be called."

"I've already been to the police. They tell me they won't do anything concerning this place. So the option is yours step the fuck away from my girlfriend, or I swear to god you'll be the first woman I hit."

The woman backed away. Lea turned to follow. "Stay," the woman commanded. "If he touches you bit him again."

"Arf, arf," Lea barked in understanding. She wanted desperately to explain things to Ian, but knew that if she broke character she would be severely punished. Lashing out like she did to bite him came almost as instinct and it scared her to death. Every day she was losing more and more of her humanity as she slipped inexorably into the role of puppy.

"What have they done to you Lea?" Ian asked. "Why are you acting like this? Why are you listening to them? This can't be what you want."

"Arf, arf," Lea barked twice. *One bark for no, two for yes*, she thought. That's what her training taught her. She sat down in the puppy waiting position and waited for her handler to return.

"Come on Lea, don't do this. You're not a god damn dog! You hate dogs! Come home with me. I'm suing Mr. Rupert for sending you to this crazy ass farm. You don't need to do this anymore." The more he talked, the more he looked into Lea's eyes, the more he realized his words were falling on deaf ears and it broke his heart.

"Excuse me sir," came a man's voice from behind Ian. "Would you come with me please?"

"I'm not going anywhere without my girlfriend," Ian said taking a guard stance in case a fight broke out.

"Princess Cuntlicker will be coming too."

"Her name is Lea," Ian snarled.

"While here her name is Princess Cuntlicker. Now please come with me so we can get this all sorted out."

Ian followed the man, the Handler, and Lea down the road. Lea stayed close to her handler's side the entire time. He followed them into the lobby of the Cummypaws Training Facility and to a small side room.

"You have permission to talk," the man said to Lea. "When the two of you are done talking we'll be right outside."

"Thank you, Sir," Lea said, the words sounding weird coming out of her mouth.

"What's going on here, Lea?" Ian asked. "What have they turned you into?"

"I'm so sorry Ian," Lea cried. "I wanted to tell you what was going on, but there are no phones here and I am not permitted to talk without permission."

"Why don't you just leave? Are they holding you here against your will?"

"No. I am doing this because it's what my Master wants," Lea explained. "And it's what I want. I'm no longer the Lea Marrie you knew, Ian. And I haven't been for several months. I've opened my mind to new possibilities and I love the new me. I love this lifestyle and everything it has to offer."

"They tattooed that name on your breast!" Ian gasped, seeing the Princess Cuntlicker tattoo on Lea's right breast for the first time. "And you're pierced. What in the fuck Lea!"

"As I said, I'm not the woman you knew anymore. This is who I am now. This is what I want to be. I have a Master that loves and cares about me. A Master that understands this side of me better than you ever could."

"So that's it? You've left me and never bothered to tell me? You know what, fuck you! I should have given up on you long ago, but I didn't. I never stopped looking for you, demanding answers. I love you Lea, but if you don't love me then what the hell am I bothering for?"

"I do love you, Ian," Lea cried. "But would you want me as I now am? I've been fucked by at least a hundred men since I got here. I'm in training to become a complete and total dog, and afterwards I begin pony training. I am a submissive, Ian. Can you look me in the eye and tell me you'd be happy spending the rest of your life with the new me?"

"Can you look me in the eye and tell me you are doing this of your own free will and that it is truly what you want your life to be?" Ian countered.

Lea looked into her boyfriend's dark eyes. They were glassy with tears that had not yet decided to fall. "This is who I am now Ian," she said softly. "This is what I want to be and I am doing it of my own free will."

"Then we have nothing more to say," Ian replied. "Goodbye, Lea." He opened the door and walked out. He walked past the Master and Lea's handler without word and left the building. He walked down Domination Drive and out the front gate. It wasn't until he slammed his car door closed that the tears began to fall.

Lea was sitting in the puppy waiting position when her handler returned to the room. "Is he going to be any further problem?" the handler asked.

"Arf," Lea barked no.

"Alright then. Let's get back to your training."

"Arf, arf," Lea barked happily, rubbing her head playfully on her handler's leg.

## Chapter Twelve

### Lea's Pony Training

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With Ian no longer part of her life, Lea focused all of her attention and energy on her training. It was the only way to hide the pain of losing the man she loved. It was her fault, she had no misconceptions about that. She could have walked away from this assignment long ago but chose instead to stay. Before the Cummypaws training began she could have called Ian and explained it to him then. But she didn't. Some small part of her hoped he would still be there when her training was complete. She hoped he would understand her decision and accept the new her, but that was not the case. He was gone from her life now and she only had herself to blame.

The days turned to weeks, weeks into months, and Princess Cuntlicker found herself lying in bed dreaming of playing fetch with her handler. Gone were all thoughts of being human. Gone was the desire to stand up on two legs, use the bathroom like a normal woman, and to shower without having someone bathe you. She no longer missed the taste of hot coffee in the morning, and the semen-covered meals at the Cumeaterie. Gone was Lea Marrie the woman, replaced by Princess Cuntlicker the puppy.

Princess Cuntlicker enjoyed her walks in the Puppy Park at the side of her handler. She loved it when she was permitted to run the agility course and gobbled up every treat offered her for good behavior. Eight months after her puppy training began, eleven months after entering the Cummypaws Training Facility, her training was complete. She was a fully trained puppy. Now began her Pony training.

Lea woke up in her doggy bed and stretched. She crawled over to her food and water bowls, eating and drinking her fill. Her handler came in and she rushed over to her barking happily, brushing against her legs.

"Sit," the Handler said. Lea sat immediately. "Stand up, Princess Cuntlicker," the Handler said. Lea's mind switched from puppy to human almost instantly. She looked around in confusion.

"Ma'am," Lea said confused "why am I kneeling in this room, Ma'am?"

"Stand up and follow me," the handler said. "I'll explain on the way."

"Yes Ma'am," Lea said as she got to her feet, something she had done in more than eight months. Her legs felt funny but she shook it off as a side effect of kneeling too long.

"You've completed your puppy training, Cuntlicker. I'm taking you to receive your mark of completion and then it's off to pony training for you."

"I completed my training, Ma'am? Already?"

"You've been here nearly a year," the handler replied. "Three months learning the basics of being a submissive, and eight months of puppy training. I'm very proud of you Cuntlicker. You took to your training quite well and as long as your Master reinforces it, you'll be a fully trained puppy for the rest of your life."

"Thank you Ma'am. I remember bits and pieces of being a puppy, but I can't remember it all."

"That's how the training works. Your human mind knows enough to know you've been through the training and to snap back into the puppy persona when the command is given. And until the command is given for you to become human again, you will remain a puppy."

"It's weird, Ma'am, because as a puppy I don't remember being human at all. It's like I've always been a puppy."

"Again that's how the training works." She pulled open a door to a room similar to the one at the body modification building and ushered Cuntlicker inside. "Cuntlicker here is to receive the mark of completion for puppy training," the handler said to a man sitting at a counter.

"Yes Ma'am," the man replied. "I'll be with you in a few minutes. I just need to gather all of the supplies. He returned several minutes later pushing a cart with his tattoo gun and other supplies on it. You can stand where you are," he said to Cuntlicker. "This one goes on your left hip. Will she be getting any other marks while here, or is this the only one?" He asked the handler.

"She will be getting the horse one when she completes that training, and then the total conversion one as well. But for today it's only the puppy one."

"That's fine," the tattooist replied. "I only need to know for placement purposes." He got to work on Cuntlicker's hip and a half hour later he stepped back to examine her new ink. It was a puppy paw around which was written Trained Puppy. "You're all done," he said to Cuntlicker. "Since you have other tattoos I'll assume you know how to take care of them?"

"Yes, Sir," Cuntlicker replied.

"Are you ready to begin your pony training?" the handler asked.

"Yes Ma'am," Cuntlicker replied.

"Good, it's not like you have much choice, but it's always nice to see a submissive excited about being trained as an animal. Let's go get you into your new gear."

"Yes Ma'am," Cuntlicker replied.

Cuntlicker's new gear consisted of a new plug – the dog tail was replaced with a longer horse tail, a bit gag, and blinders. She was also given little bells to put on her nipple and clit hood rings as well as long latex gloves and boots with what looked like hoofs on the ends.

"You'll wear those during the riding portion of your training," the handler explained. "All Whorsies are trained to pull carts, as well as carry riders. I don't envy you, Cuntlicker. The training is grueling, but when it is done you will have the poise and grace of the finest Whorsie."

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Whorsie training began at the Whorsie track. Once Princess Cuntlicker was in her gear she joined the others for strength training. A wide leather belt was placed around her waist to which was attached a large metal ball and chain.

"Alright Whorsies," Master Brandon yelled out. "We're going to test your strength today. That is why you all have a ball and chain attached to you. As a Whorsie you will be expected to pull carts carrying at a minimum, a full grown man. You will see several larger balls sitting on the ground in front of you. These are for future trips down the track. The ball attached to you now is sixty-five pounds, the weight of the smallest sulky – that's the name of the cart used in horse racing. You will line up and walk from where you stand, to the other end of the track. Once there you will upgrade the ball and pull it back here. You will do this until you are no longer able to make it to the other end of the track. Don't worry about your posture, or being graceful right now. That'll come with training. All I care about today is seeing who can pull what weight. Is that understood?"

"Yes Sir," everyone answered.

"Then get moving!"

Sixty-five pounds doesn't sound like much weight to pull, and in reality it isn't; assuming the puller was on a solid surface such as the asphalt track. The Whorsies in training, however, had to pull the heavy metal ball along the grassy ground which made it quite a bit more difficult. She was the fifth to make it to the end where her ball was exchanged for one weighing eighty pounds – the weight of the two seater sulky. She dragged it along the ground back to where she started. She was huffing, sweat pouring off of her, when she made it to the starting line.

Cuntlicker had about a two minute break as one ball was removed and another hooked to her wide leather belt. Back and forth, up and down the track she went. Most of the Whorsies had quit, but she lugged along with a few others, unwilling to quite until their very last ounce of energy was used up. For Princess Cuntlicker that came halfway down the track while pulling a one hundred and fifty pound ball.

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As the days passed into weeks, Lea became stronger and stronger, able to pull heavier balls down the grassy track. She was one of six Whorsies to move from the grass to the paved outer track. The ball she pulled was replaced with a sulky and the poise and grace portion of her training began.

"You will keep your back straight and shoulders back, Master Brandon told them. Your arms will be bound behind your back so make sure you don't fall. We'll start you out at a walk and move up in speed with each successful trip around the track. Your sulkies will be empty today, but don't get used to it. Get ready," the Whorsies moved into the ready position. "Get set," the Whorsies right leg shifted forward to the set position. "GO!" And they were off.

The weight of pulling the wheeled sulky along the paved track felt like nothing compared to pulling the balls along the grass. They were so light, in fact, that most of them nearly tumbled forward in surprise. Lea was the first to make it around the track. She started again at a trot. Her third round was at a canter, she was nearly running full out now and was getting winded quickly. She was red in the face and panting heavily when she finally crossed the finish line. The last trip around the track nearly killed her. She had to run at a gallop for the entire half-mile. Her lungs hurt and she gasped desperately for air. Every fiber of her being was yelling for her to stop, but she pushed on through the agony.

When the day's training was done the sulkies were removed and they were returned to their new stalls at the Cummypaws Stables. Lea collapsed to the floor and fell asleep out of pure exhaustion.

# Chapter Thirteen

## Princess Cuntlicker

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"Hello, Master Rupert, this is Mistress Claire at the Domination Farm."

"What can I do for you Mistress Claire?" Mr. Rupert asked.

"I'm calling to let you know that your submissive, Princess Cuntlicker has completed all of her training at Cummypaws and you may pick her up whenever it suits you."

"Excellent," Max exclaimed. It had been sixteen months since he last heard from his submissive and he was excited to see how she turned out. "So she is a fully trained puppy and pony now?"

"She is. All you need do is give her a command and she'll switch between her personas. She of course does not know the commands and I highly suggest you not tell her. So, when can we expect you?"

"I'm going to be out of the country on business for the next month," Max replied. "Why don't you go ahead and give her the command to be human with instructions to go home. I'll deal with her when I get back."

"As you wish," Mistress Claire replied. "She'll be waiting for you at home."

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Lea stared at herself in the mirror. Although she looked her normal self, there was something different about the way she looked. Her eyes moved down to the rings in her nipples and the tattoo on her breast. She turned to the right so she could see the \$1,000,000 tattoo on her hip she got after breaking the Domination Farm auction record. And then she turned to the left and the three small tattoos forming a triangle on her left hip. The puppy paw and trained puppy at the top, the horseshoe and trained Whorsie at the left corner, and the dog's head with the words Cummypaws Convert written around it in the right corner of the triangle.

"I did it," she said looking at herself again. "I really fucking did it." For the first time in sixteen months, the realization of what she had become fully sank in. "I'm a submissive," she said to her reflection. "I am a fully trained puppy and pony, and I serve Master Rupert." she let the words roll off her tongue, enjoying the tingles of excitement coursing through her body.

*Ring...ring*, her phone ringing broke her concentration. She ran to the living room to see who was calling. "Hello Master," she answered the phone excitedly.

"Hello, my pet," Master Rupert replied. "Are you settled back at home now?"

"Yes Master. It kind of feels weird being home though. I have another assignment for you if you are willing to do it."

"Anything for you Master, just say the word."

"You know my receptionist Carrie?"

"Yes Master."

"I want you to go to her house tonight. I want you and her to make love with each other, get to know each other."

"Yes Master," Lea replied. She was wondering when she'd get around to licking pussy and it appeared that time was tonight. "Does she know I'm coming Master?"

"She does. And there's something else you need to know. Carrie is also my submissive. She is not trained as you are, but she is subservient to me. That is why it is important to me that the two of you get along. And Princess Cuntlicker?"

"Yes Master?"

"I'm extremely proud of all that you've done. You went above and beyond for me and I'll never forget that."

"Thank you Master. It really was my pleasure."

"I'll see you in a couple weeks when I get home."

"I can't wait, Master. I've missed you."

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"Come in," Carrie said to Lea. "I've been expecting you. Master Rupert said you'd be coming by. I have to admit I was pretty surprised when Master told me about your assignment."

"Did Master tell you everything?" Lea asked.

"He told me where you went and the training you received. He also told me about winning you at auction."

"He wants us to be lovers," Lea blurted out.

"I know. Honestly I have no problem with that. Do you?"

"Not so much anymore, but I've never been with another woman sexually before. Have you?"

"Oh yes!" Carrie exclaimed. "Many times. Master loves watching two women together. But there's no rush. We have two weeks to get to know each other and to experiment. Make yourself comfortable. Do you mind if I strip out of my clothes?"

"Not if you don't mind me doing the same," Lea answered. "I've spent the last sixteen months naked, and now I kind of hate wearing clothes now."

"I hear that," Carrie replied. "I was raised a nudist and only wear clothes when I have to go out, or certain company is coming over. OH MY!" she gasped when Lea pulled off her shirt and her breasts bounced free. "So it's true then? They really tattoo the name on your tit!"

"Yes, it's true," Lea answered. "And I didn't have to be forced to do it like most of them. I did it willingly. I also got my nipples and clit hood pierced willingly to please Master. You are very pretty, she said nervously, looking at Carrie's naked upper half.

"So are you, sweetie. So what do I call you? Lea, or Princess Cuntlicker?"

"Lea is fine. My submissive name is reserved for Master."

"I understand. You know, I'm having an awful hard time not dragging you to the floor."

"Why wait?" Lea said. "I've never been with a woman before, but I've been thinking about it a lot for the last year. I'm ready to give this love affair a go if you are." She stepped forward and cupped her hand on Carrie's face. She drew her near and kissed her softly on the lips. Lips parted, tongues danced, and sparks flew as the two submissive lovers fell to the floor still embraced in each other's arms.

For the first time in over a year Lea took control of a sexual situation. She kissed Carrie's neck, kissed her way down to the erect nipples capping her pale breasts, and took them one by one into her mouth. She didn't have a clue what she was doing. She was running on instinct now, doing to Carrie what she liked having done to herself. She kissed her way down the small swell of Carrie's belly to her shaved mound. She breathed in the intoxicating aroma of her womanhood as she licked along the already moist slit.

"Mmmm," Carrie moaned as Lea's tongue parted her folds. "That feels good, lover. Keep doing that. You're doing amazing for your first time."

The words of encouragement turned Lea on even more. She liked being told she was doing a good job. She liked being praised for her skills. She leaned in and pushed Carrie's legs back, driving her tongue into the sweet folds of her pussy. *Princess Cuntlicker*, she thought. *Finally, I earn my name.*

## Chapter Fourteen

### Lea Marrie, Reporting

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Lea entered the studio exactly seventeen months after she began her assignment at the Domination Farm. Many of her former co-workers were shocked to see her not only return to the studio, but also alive. No one had heard a word from her in nearly a year and a half. Mr. Rupert kept her assignment a closely guarded secret from everyone in the building.

Tonight was a very special and difficult night for the returning investigative reporter. Not only was it the airing of her new series, but she would be sharing with the world her trip inside the Domination Farm and everything that happened to her while inside. She would be admitting to the world that she was not only a trained submissive, but a trained puppy and pony girl as well. It was easy for her to admit it to her Master and to Carrie because they already knew, but to tell the whole world was another matter entirely.

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"Hello ladies and gentlemen," Lea said looking into the camera "and welcome to Lea Investigates. Now, most of you are probably surprised to see that I am still alive, let alone back on the air, but I assure you, I never went away. For the last seventeen months I have been on a top secret assignment in Rome Wisconsin. What's in Rome, Wisconsin, you ask? Not much of anything to be honest, but the one thing there worth investigating, the place I spent sixteen months at learning the ins and outs of the Lifestyle, is the Domination Farm."

Lea took a sip of her coffee and took a deep breath before continuing. "For those of you that don't know, The Domination Farm is a farm complex started some thirty years ago by a man named Joey Simms. In the early days it was nothing more than a few tents sprawled across a small part of his farm. But, as it grew in popularity it also grew in size. The Domination Farm of today is a small town in and of itself with more than fifty buildings surrounded by a fifteen foot high wall. They have restaurants, a medical clinic, and names roads. This new series will take you inside the Domination Farm for a very intimate look at what they do, and who they are. The topics I will be discussing in this series are extremely graphic and not suitable for anyone under eighteen years of age."

"I will have guests on to talk about their experiences, but for the most part you will get an in-depth look at my transformation from the day I arrived, to the day I left." This was the part she was dreading. If the viewers were turned away from her admissions then ratings would drop and the show would be cancelled before it ever started. She took a deep breath. "I initially went to the Domination Farm as an investigative reporter, but I left a fully trained submissive. That's right," she said taking another deep breath. "I am but the latest in a very long line of men and women whose very look on life and sex was changed thanks to the Domination Farm. I am proud to admit that I have a Master that I serve faithfully, but this does not make me weak. No, in fact, it makes me quite strong. To give one's self so completely to another demands an incredible amount of trust, a level far surpassing that of friendship or even marriage. Submission is not demanded. It is earned and won by both sides. It is the greatest of gifts to give and the largest of responsibilities to accept."

What Lea couldn't see beyond her small studio where she was filming the show, were the millions of men and women tuning in. She didn't see the pants unzip, the cocks slowly jerked, or

the clits rubbed as her words turned her audience on. What she didn't know was that her Master, Mr. Rupert was majority owner of DFTV – the Domination Farm's exclusive television station and that an announcement was made on DFTV about Lea's new show. And now Millions of viewers worldwide were tuned in to hear the story of Lea Marrie, investigative reporter turned submissive.

"In my sixteen months at the Domination Farm I learned a great deal about myself while learning about the bdsm lifestyle the Farm caters to. I found strength in submission. And over the course of the next few months, you'll get an inside look at that lifestyle and the many acts of kinky sexual perversions that I tried on my long road to self-discovery. Tonight's very special guest, all the way from the Rome, Wisconsin, is Mistress Jade. Please put your hands together in welcoming her to the show!"

There was a loud applause from the live audience as Mistress Jade stepped out from behind the stage curtain. There were gasps and whistles as she walked across the stage to greet her former student. She was wearing a very form-fitting latex dress and high heels, her hair was done up and with her glasses she looked the part of sexy school teacher.

"Thank you for coming on the show, Mistress Jade," Lea continued.

"Thank you for having me," Mistress Jade replied. "It makes me proud when I see a former student doing so well."

"I owe it all to you and your training, Mistress."

"Please, call me Jade."

"I can't do that Mistress," Lea gasped. "I could never disrespect you like that."

"And you see ladies and gentlemen," Mistress Jade said looking into the camera "that is why Lea was one of my favorite students."

"If I may interrupt, Mistress?"

"Of course. It's your show after all."

"Could you tell the audience and the viewers at home a little bit about yourself, Mistress?"

"Well, as you already know, my name is Mistress Jade. I've been a Professional dominatrix for eighteen years and have worked at the Domination Farm for the last twelve where it has been my duty to teach new submissives proper etiquette. I teach new submissives everything from manners to positions. Would you care to demonstrate a few basic positions for the viewers?" she asked Lea.

"Of course, Mistress," Lea said standing up to reveal she was wearing a latex dress much like the one Mistress Jade wore. She stepped in front of her desk and dropped into the kneeling position, her dress riding up to show those watching most of her bare ass. She locked her arms together behind her back.

"This is the classic 'kneel' position," Mistress Jade explained. "Humble," she said next.

Lea leaned forward, putting her ass in the air and her face to the floor, arms stretched out over her head. She felt the dress ride completely over her ass but she didn't dare pull it down.

"Punishment," Mistress Jade said. She and the millions of viewers watched Lea move her arms back and fold them under her chin as her lower legs raised off the floor so that the soles of her feet were directed upward. "I think that's enough for now. You may get up and take your seat."

"Thank you Mistress," Lea said. She got up off the stage floor and pulled her dress down before retaking her seat. "In your time at the Domination Farm, Mistress Jade, how many submissives would you say you've trained?"

"Thousands. They don't all complete the course, but those that do make me very proud. Out of a normal class of twenty only about a quarter have the patience and willpower to complete their training. And even fewer stick with it for the long term."

"And have you ever been submissive, Mistress?"

"Although I don't talk about it much, yes, I have been a submissive, but I think being a Dominant suits me far better. I experimented with it while in college and for a few years after, but as I grew as a woman I began to realize that I had very definite Dominant qualities. Don't get me wrong, I thoroughly enjoyed my time as a submissive. It taught me a great deal about who I am and I use what I learned to teach others new to the game."

"Were you ever registered as a submissive, Mistress?"

"I was not. By the time I found the Domination Farm I was well established as a dominatrix and that is what I am registered as at the Farm. I have no piercings other than my ears, and no tattoos, but I hear you have a few. Are you allowed to show them on air?"

"Yes Mistress, but I planned on doing that in a future episode."

"Ah, come on. Show us just one. How about your right breast. For me?" she said batting her eyelashes in an exaggerated fashion.

"Alright, for you Mistress." The camera zoomed in as she leaned forward and pulled her right breast from the confines of the latex dress. She let it pop out there where everyone could see it. The camera zoomed even closer. Everyone at home could see the thin gold ring piercing her nipple, but it was the words tattooed across her breast that got the loads shooting.

"Princess Cuntlicker," Mistress Jade said. "And have you licked cunt?"

"Yes Mistress, but oddly enough not until *after* I left the Domination Farm. For whatever reason it never happened."

"Mmmm," that's pretty fucking hot. I do love a girl that isn't afraid to lick some pussy. Would you like to lick mine?"

"Yes Mistress," Lea replied. And it wasn't a lie. She had wanted to lick Mistress Jade since the first day of class. She didn't care that she was going to do it on cable TV. She stood up and walked around the desk, dropping to her knees in front of Mistress Jade whose legs were now spread open. She kissed her way up Mistress Jade's thighs to the treasure waiting under the dress.

Lea lifted the dress up over Mistress Jade's ass and pulled her to the edge of the chair, her tongue flicking over her former teacher's clit and licking along her slit. She didn't care that fifty million men and women were watching at home. She didn't care if they all got up and changed the channel. All she cared about in that moment was satisfying Mistress Jade. Her only purpose in that moment was to make her guest orgasm, and that's what she aimed to do.

Mistress Jade pushed her pussy against Lea's lapping tongue, amazed at how skilled she became in such a short time. "Uhn, uhn," she moaned as Lea's tongue pushed into her pussy. She moaned even louder when her former student nibbled her clit. In minutes she was cumming. Lea continued to lick up all the juices until she was clean.

"Thank you, Princess Cuntlicker," Mistress Jade said running her fingers through Lea's hair. "You've certainly earned that name."

"Thank you Mistress. It was my pleasure," Lea said licking her lips. "I'm afraid that's all we have time for this evening, but tune in next week when I'll show my first days at the Domination Farm."