

Claimed

Crimson Rose

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Standing by the fence surrounding the Whorsie Track, Zenzele watched as her mother – dressed in full pony gear, pulled a cart around the dirt track as the male rider used reins attached to her nipple rings to dictate speed and direction. After screwing up so many times her three days of training had been increased to two weeks, Zenzele knew this was her mother’s last chance to get it right before she was enrolled in the program fulltime. *Come on mom, you can do it*, she thought as her mother rounded the first bend. *That’s it. You got this. One lap. All you’ve got to do is make it one lap.*

After two weeks of having her ass literally whipped, her nipples nearly pulled off with constant hard tugs of the reins and her feet killing her thanks to the pony boots she wore, Anya knew this was her last chance before the track became her way of life for the foreseeable future. Ignoring her daughter watching from the sidelines, she rid herself of all distractions and emotions as she poured all of her concentration into processing the course and speed changes sent to her brain via her nipples.

The first stretch begin her, Anya rounded the first corner and increased her gait from a leisurely trot to a speedier canter as her right nipple was tugged. Heading into the second stretch, she was reined into a gallop, slowed to a walk, sped up to a canter and halted altogether before resuming a gallop all in rapid succession designed to make her fail. Fortunately, she was ready for Master Jacob’s antics and did not falter even a step as she took the second turn, a short trot and stopped in the starting gate.

“Congratulations, Whorsie, you’ve finally managed to pass the test,” Master Jacob said as he stepped off the cart.

“It has been my privilege to work with such a demanding Whorsie Master.”

“Shame you’re not mine for the full six months of training, but such is the way of life. You may unhook yourself and saddle up for the ride to the stables. You will then be given your mark of completion and set free.”

“Mark of completion, Master? I was led to believe only those completing full Whorsie training were marked.”

“And what does one need to do to complete the training course, Fuckdoll?” Master Jacob asked, using part of the submissive name tattooed on her left breast.

“A Whorsie must be able to pull and carry her Master one full lap around the track without faltering, successfully navigate the obstacle course and assume all positions without hesitation, Master.”

“And what have you accomplished in the two weeks we’ve been together, Fuckdoll?”

“I’ve...oh shit! But I thought the training took six months, Master.”

“Nah, it takes as long as it takes for the trainee to complete the tasks and graduate to Whorsie. I was tough on you, but you persevered and did it in near record time. Thus, you qualify for the mark of completion which will be branded on your right hip. Any more questions?”

“No Master.”

“Then let’s get moving to the stables.”

“Yes Master.”

After unhooking the harness, Anya picked up a small saddle, attached it to herself and then got down on all fours. Master Jacob sat on her back and after a slight adjustment she crawled her way to the long building some three hundred feet away. Once inside, he stood and

went to the back of the building while she crawled the opposite direction, removed the saddle and hung it on the wall. The rest of her gear was hers to keep courtesy of the Domination Farm so she kept it on as she returned to the middle of the stables and knelt.

Master Jacob returned a few minutes later carrying an all-to-familiar object in his right hand – a branding gun. In his left he carried a small dark green bag. “Stand.” Anya got to her feet.” Hold this,” he continued, holding the branding gun out to her. She took it in trembling fingers and watched as he opened the bag and pulled out a bottle of rubbing alcohol and a clean white cloth. Pouring the former on the latter he used it to thoroughly clean her right hip and then tossed it in a nearby trash can.

“I’ll take that now.” Taking the branding gun, Master Jacob moved to Anya’s right side, pressed the nose of the barrel against her flesh where he wanted the mark to go and then pulled the trigger. The mechanism rapidly reached temperature and permanently seared a horseshoe with TRAINED WHORSIE written around it into the Farm submissive’s tender flesh. It was not her first branding so she managed to take it with little more than a grunt. “And now you are free to use the track anytime you desire without fear of further training. You’ve done well, Fuckdoll. I really am impressed with your improvement and abilities.”

“Thank you Master. If there’s nothing else I’d like to go now.”

“You are free to go.”

“Thank you Master.” Knowing that failure to follow proper etiquette would see her severely caned, Anya got onto all fours and crawled out of the stables – not getting to her feet until she reached the exit gate on the opposite side of the track where her daughter now waited for her.”

“You did it,” Zenzele said to her mother. “Congratulations. So, does this mean you’re finally done?”

“Yes. To my surprise I actually completed the training and have been given the mark of completion for it.”

“WOW! Would you like to sit over there for a while and talk?” Zenzele asked with a nod towards the nearby dildo seats.

“Actually, I’d like to get as far away from here as possible. The track, that is, not the Farm. I’m exhausted after that, but I’m also starving. Fancy getting something to eat with your slave of a mother?”

“Absolutely. And don’t call yourself a slave like it’s a bad thing. Where would you like to go?”

“How far is it to your place?”

“A few miles. Are you permitted to leave now? Will KittyClit be joining us?”

“Yes and yes. I’ll follow you to the parking lot so I can put your address in the gps and then we’ll be there after she gets off work. Will that be okay?”

“She works at the Dive, right? Why don’t we go there for a bite to eat so you don’t have to starve while waiting? I happen to know this sexy young Farm slave that makes a chicken parmesan to die for.”

“That’s one of...wait, you know her?”

“We haven’t sat down and talked or anything, but I’ve been coming to the farm for over a year now mom. I know the names of pretty much everyone working at the places I visit the most and as much as I love eating loads of delicious semen, I prefer the relaxed atmosphere of the Dive over the Cumeaterie.”

“Alright, but please don’t strike up a conversation with her while she’s working. I don’t want to get her into trouble.”

“I know the rules of the Farm, Mom. I work here, remember?”

“Right, sorry.”

“No need to apologize. Trust me, I was every bit as nervous as you when James first dropped me off and disappeared without explaining a damn thing to me. It took me months before I had the place completely figured out and close to a year before I read and understood all of the rules. It’s a lot to take in.”

“That’s putting it mildly. Will you show me around one of these days? Show me what buildings to ignore if I don’t want another tattoo or brand?”

“Absolutely. I’ll also fill you in on some little known secrets, but not here. We’re being constantly recorded and if I’m caught divulging this information it is Farm slave status for me. Not that that’s a bad thing, but I happen to enjoy what few privileges being a bare-neck affords me such as the freedom to say no to the Dominants that would command me.”

“I understand.” Pulling the door to the Dive open, Anya allowed her daughter to enter first. “I don’t remember seeing that tattoo in the videos James showed me. Is it new? What does trained animal slut mean? Did you go to Cummypaws or something?”

“Not exactly. I’ll tell you all about it over dinner.”

Selecting a table she knew would be served by her girlfriend, Anya no sooner had the long tapered dildos buried in her pussy and asshole than the sexy young Farm slave named KittyClit walked over. “Hey honey, can we get some sweet tea?” Anya asked.

“Of course. Do you already know what you want to eat or should I give you a few minutes to decide?”

“I know what I’d like to eat,” Zenzele said – looking down at KittyClit’s pussy and then up into her eyes. “But I’ll settle for the chicken parmesan with extra cheese, light sauce and garlic bread.”

“Were you seriously just checking out my girlfriend?” Anya asked.

“What? Can you blame me? She’s gorgeous.”

“Thank you Sloppypuss. You’re every bit as beautiful as I remembered. I haven’t seen you here in a while. I hope you’re not getting bored of the place.”

“Nah, I bought a house nearby and only work the Farm one weekend a month now.”

“So, you know each other then?” Anya asked with a nervous tone. “I need to know, have you fucked each other?”

“Only by name and no,” KittyClit answered. “Sloppypuss used to come in at least three times a week and order the same meal.”

“Well, I’ll have what she’s having then,” Anya said. But before you go put the order in, when do you get off tonight?”

“Seven.”

“Would you be interested in accompanying me to Sloppypuss’ house afterwards?”

“I’d love to.”

“Great. My daughter has been dying to have a talk with the two of us and now that my Whorsie training is over I finally have the time.”

“Over? You did it? You passed the test?”

“I did. You can’t see it because my right side is facing the window, but I’ve added another brand to the mix. It’s on my hip.”

“Congratulations. I can’t wait to hear more about it, but as you can see we’re incredibly busy at the moment so it’ll have to wait until our talk later. I’ll be right back with your drinks.”

“Every bit as stunning as I remember,” Zenzele said as she watched KittyClit walking away.

“Seriously! That’s my girlfriend you ogling, you know?”

“She’s also a Farm slave, mom, and that means she can be used by anyone taking an interest in her. Same as you, actually. Don’t worry, I have no intentions of having sex with your girlfriend even if it’s within my rights as a bare-neck to do so.”

“I appreciate that.”