

Curious Carrie

Crimson Rose

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When it comes to the Domination Farm the three general schools of thought are that it's the work of the devil and should be shut down and everyone working there tossed in a deep hole never to be seen again, that it's an interesting concept for those into such things, and that it's god's gift to the BDSM community and should be lauded not only for being a place where all walks of life and sexual openness are accepted, but for the vast amount of charity work they do. For many in the burgeoning city of Rome, Wisconsin the fetish resort is seen as something of a rite of passage, a place where the curious and hardcore alike go to test their sexual limits. Every visitor learns something new about themselves. Most accept it and add the new experiences to their love lives. Others accept that they gave it an honest try only to find it not their style and move on with their lives.

Their extreme religiousness bordering on zealotry, Mark and Laura Atwood fell into the first train of thought to the point they told their children every horror story imaginable in the hopes of keeping them away from what they firmly believed to be the work of the devil – going so far as to vow to disown them should they break that most sacred rule. The oldest, now twenty-three-year-old Jenna, took the threats to heart. As did twenty-one-year-old twins Nathan and Sean. The same, however, could not be said for their eighteen-year-old sister Carrie. Valedictorian of her graduating class. State champion at track and field. Volunteer at the local animal shelter. Curious about everything life has to offer. Black sheep of the family. Virgin. Atheist in spite of years of indoctrination. Knowing with every fiber of her being that she would one day visit the place her parents warned her against, Carrie got a job at sixteen and then spent the next two years working her butt off and saving every penny for what she truly believed would be the experience of a lifetime. Not only out of insatiable curiosity, but to prove to her parents once and for all that the Domination Farm was nowhere nearly as bad as they made it out to be.

It was the Friday after graduation. All the pieces had been set in place. Waking earlier than usual, Carrie hopped out of bed and tiptoed into her private bathroom for a quick shower; every nerve tingling with excitement for what was to come. Her parents not allowing her to own anything that could even remotely be construed as sexy, she put on a tee shirt, pair of jeans and shoes before sneaking out of the house with purse in hand. To avoid the creaky boards of the front porch from waking everyone up, she left through the back door. Sticking close to the house prevent the motion sensor lights from activating, she fast-walked through the yard to her car which was always parked on the street so that her parents could leave for work without having to wake her. Getting in, she put the key in the ignition and a moment later was off. But not to the Domination Farm.

Having spent months looking into the most infamous fetish resort in the world, Carrie knew exactly what could, and in all likelihood would happen to her once inside the tall stone walls. Which is why she prepared for everything. Driving twenty-three miles in the opposite direction, she pulled her car into the parking lot of a sleazy motel. Room already rented; she quickly made her way to it. Not out of fear anyone she knew would see her, but because anyone seeing her entering one of the rooms might think she was a sex worker and proposition her for sex. Not that she was opposed to taking money for sex, but that was not how she planned on losing her virginity.

Although it had a bad reputation, the room she entered was actually quite nice and surprisingly clean with a king-sized bed centered against the back wall with nightstands on either

side and a very comfortable looking dark gray recliner in the corner. To the left, glass-front doors slid open to a sizeable closet. And to the right an open door led into a small but functional bathroom. Going first to the closet, she grabbed two duffel bags – one black and the other navy blue. Sitting the black one on the bed, she carried the navy blue one into the bathroom where she sat it on the vanity before stripping naked.

Opening the duffel bag, she reached in and pulled out a large blue rubber bag, a coiled length of clear tubing, a bottle of lube and a small black plastic case containing numerous attachments. From that, she plucked a long slender one and then attached it to one end of the tubing. The other end was attached to the bag. Next, she turned on the tub and got the water to as hot as she could stand it, added a bit more cold water and then began filling the bag. Once it was bulging at the sides, she hung it on the rod, got down on all fours, lubed the nozzle and then very slowly pushed it into her ass. About the same thickness as her pinky, there was no pain as it easily went deeper. When it was fully inserted, she opened the valve on the tubing about halfway allowing the hot water to begin filling her up for her first ever enema.

Carrie had the overwhelming urge to relieve herself within seconds of her bowels being filled with water, but thanks to her research she was expecting it. Not that it made it any easier to hold it in, but even as her stomach churned and roiled, she managed to remain head down and ass up for a full eleven minutes before discomfort turned to painful cramps. After her first full enema, she took a fifteen-minute break and then repeated the process four more times until all that came out was virtually clear water. Before taking another shower, she went out to the bed and opened the black duffel bag. From it she withdrew several clothing items and a small wooden box that made her shiver with nervous anticipation. With it in hand, she returned to the bathroom where she got back down on all fours.

In her research into the Domination Farm, Carrie knew that street clothes of any kind were forbidden and that anything she wore inside would be confiscated and tossed into the trash no matter how much she might protest. She also knew that first-time visitors were given a free approved outfit. Signing up online, her clothes were shipped to a P.O. Box she had set up just for the occasion. Cupless purple latex bra. Matching chaps accentuated with quarter-sized chrome eyelets around the waistband and leg/crotch openings. Hoof boots that took her weeks of practicing in private to get the hang of walking in with rings along the outer sides for easy restraint. And then there was the final piece. The piece in that wooden box sitting on the floor in front of her. The piece she had been dreading for months but now had no choice but to wear.

Opening the box, Carrie looked down at a smooth silicone butt plug on the left and a horse tail attachment on the right. In years past, the Domination Farm had only one size toy they offered to new visitors and that was MASSIVE. Fortunately, due to numerous complaints and millions of suggestions, they relaxed their rules a bit and now offered most outfit specific toys in a wide range of sizes. Being an anal virgin, Carrie had chosen the smallest plug available, but at seven inches of insertable length and two inches at it's thickest it was still a very sizable toy.

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Giving herself a few enemas, fucking herself up the ass with a large butt plug for the first time in her life and wearing fetish clothing, while mildly embarrassing, paled when compared to exposing herself and her soon to be sexual exploits to thousands of people in person and hundreds of thousands to millions more watching live all around the world. Not that every single camera would be focused on her, but there was no doubt in Carrie's mind that at least one would catch her in the action.

Arriving at her destination more than an hour before sunrise, Carrie pulled into the massive, newly constructed parking garage and went up and up until finally finding an open spot of the sixth floor. This was it. This was the moment she decided her fate. Chicken out and go home, or let curiosity get the better of her and explore all that the Domination Farm has to offer? Although there was no one in sight, she knew the cameras were watching. Looking down at the tail attachment in the passenger seat, she inhaled deeply through her nose and then slowly exhaled out of her mouth. *Okay, I can do this. This is what I've been waiting two years for. I can't back out now.* She thought as she removed the tee shirt and shorts she put on over her latex bra and chaps for the drive. Grabbing the tail from the passenger seat, she opened the driver's side door and stepped out. Reaching back, she pushed the tail into the base of the plug, took another deep breath and then followed the signs to the elevator that would take her to what once served as the resort's original parking lot which had long since been turned into constantly busy ticket booths.

Carrie had spent more than a year researching every aspect of the Domination Farm available. She knew the names of every street and building. She knew which ones required participation upon entering and a mark upon completion. She knew where she could eat, use the bathroom, take a shower and find a bed to rest in after a long day of sexual exploration. What she did now know, however, was that the farm's perverse attitude extended to the parking garage elevators. Stepping inside the large compartment, the first thing she saw were angled rods sticking out of the left, right and back walls – each ending in two long, thick dildos. The second thing she noticed was the imposing, barrel-chested man standing near the panel of buttons. Clean-cut with short brown hair and goatee, his well-toned upper body was naked save for the red band around his right bicep.

“Going down?” the man asked.

“Yes Sir.”

“Go ahead and get on and we can descend.”

“Get on?”

“First time riding the elevators?”

“Um, yes Sir.”

“Nice. Go ahead and position yourself on any of the rods and we can go down. There are condoms in the boxes in the corners.”

“Um, My ass is already plugged, Sir,” Carrie said, turning to show the man the tail sticking out of her perfectly plump behind. “And... and, um, I know you're not going to believe me, but I'm actually a virgin and even if I wasn't those things are massive!”

“Be that as it may, the rules are the rules and if you wish to ride the elevator you're required to stuff yourself with the dildos,” the man said, pointing to a sign hanging on the wall to the left of the doors.

“Maybe after I've been here a while and have gotten used to taking cocks and larger toys,” Carrie sighed. “Sorry for wasting your time, Sir.” Taking a step back, she was met with the closed door.

“If you're concerned about size you may use the beginner ones there in the corner to your right. “They might be long, but they're no thicker than the average man's dick. Also, if you read the sign you'll see that in order to leave without riding the dildos you'll have to accept ten swats of the cane on your breasts. The decision is yours to make, sweetheart, and you've got thirty seconds to make it.”