

Debtor's Auction

Crimson Rose

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

Heart racing in her chest, Lexie got out of her car and took several deep breaths to calm her nerves before stripping out of her tee shirt, jeans, shoes, socks, panties, and bra. Folding them neatly out of habit, she placed the stack of garments in the trunk along with her purse. Placing a leather strap around her left thigh, she tucked her driver's license and debit card inside and then let her eyes drift from the elevator to the stairs. Born and raised in Rome, Wisconsin, the 25-year-old not only knew about the city's most infamous fetish resort, but heard countless rumors and first-hand accounts from family, friends, and strangers alike including what happens when one uses the parking deck. Take the elevator and she would very slowly descend on inflatable toys while the operator used her however they desired. Take the stairs and she faced a gauntlet of sexual perversions lasting six flights.

Two stretched holes and a face-fucking are far better than God only knows what I'll face in the stairwell, she thought. And with that the decision was made. Walking to the row of elevators, she pressed the button and waited. A minute later she heard a ding as the door slid open revealing a tall, athletically built woman on the left wearing a black and burgundy latex and lace Gothic style dress and matching knee-high boots and the red armband of a Farm Dominant around her right bicep, but it was the sets of long dildos attached to a metal rod low on the back wall that caught Lexie's attention. Gulping hard, she stepped in and looked from the toys to the operator.

"My name is Mistress Brianna and we'll begin once you've taken the toys in your pussy and ass," the woman said. "If you pull off the toys before the elevator stops, or refuse a command you'll be disciplined. Do you understand?"

"Y-Yes Mistress. Can I ask how long this ride will take?"

"The elevators take ten minutes to descend one floor. We're on floor six so you're looking at an hour. During that time the toys will inflate and I'll have my fun," Mistress Brianna said as she opened a small panel from which she removed a large bottle of lube. "You may use this to make penetration easier."

"Thank you, Mistress," Lexie said as she took the offered bottle. Those are some big toys, how much are they going to stretch me, Mistress?" she asked – getting on her knees in front of the middle set of dildos. Flicking the cap of the lube open, she squeezed a generous amount on the toys and then gave them several strokes to coat them head to base. Closing the bottle, she sat it aside, turned, lined up, and then slowly lowered herself. "Uuhhnnn! Sweet fucking Jesus! T- They so freaking big!"

"And about to get much bigger. You're free to just sit there, but most find it far more pleasurable to ride them," Mistress Brianna said. "And to answer your question, they're two inches thick right now and will inflate to over three inches before we hit ground floor," she added as the elevator jerked into motion.

Descending with agonizing slowness, Lexie heard the soft hum of machinery and then the dildos inflating. "Uuhhnnn... and so it begins," she said as she began bouncing up and down on the silicone cocks.

Reaching under her dress, Brianna pulled her latex panties down and then hiked the skirt part of her dress up revealing a special surprise.

"Oh my God! You have a cock?" Lexie said even as Brianna stepped in front of her. Knowing what was coming, the shocked woman parted her lips and offered no resistance as the dick slid into her mouth, but when the warm stream of piss hit the back of her throat her eyes

went wide even as she gulped the tangy fluid down as quickly as possible while struggling against her gag reflex urging her to throw up. When it trickled to a stop, a hand was placed on the back of her head and then Brianna proceeded to roughly fuck her mouth and throat.

Stopping after a few minutes to keep herself edging, Brianna went to the front of the elevator, opened a larger panel than the one containing the lube, and withdrew a cane. "Sit up with your back against the wall," she commanded. "While this isn't discipline I love hearing sexy little fucktoys like you count and give thanks so after every swat you'll count it and then give thanks by saying: 'thank you, Mistress' is that understood?"

"Y-Yes Mistress."

"For every ten swats you take I'll let you suck my cock. Make it to fifty and you'll get a creamy treat. Fail, and, well, we'll get there if and when it happens. Understood?"

"This is totally going to suck, but I understand, Mistress. I know I'm never going to be able to take fifty swats so can we just get to what happens for failing?"

"Where's the fun in that?" Brianna asked as she drew the cane back.

THWACK! The thin length of bamboo coming down, it sliced hard into the kneeling woman's breasts just above the areolas.

"ONE! Thank you, Mistress!" Lexie wailed.

THWACK!

"TWO! Thank... Thank you, Mistress!"

THWACK!

"Three! Thank you M-Mistress," Lexie cried as she felt her resolve already failing.

THWACK! Aiming low, Brianna brought the cane down across Lexie's belly causing her to buckle over.

"Oh my fucking God! I... F-Four! Thank you, Mistress."

"Good thing this isn't discipline or that would've added several swats," Brianna said as she prepared for the next swing.

THWACK!

"Five. Thank you, Mistress."

THWACK!

"Six! Thank you, Mistress."

THWACK!

"Seven. T-Thank you, Mistress."

THWACK!

"EIGHT! Thank you, Mistress!"

THWACK! Aiming higher, Brianna landed a hard swat against Lexie's breasts.

"NINE! Thank you, Mistress"

THWACK!

"Ten! Thank you, Mistress." No sooner were the count and thanks out of her mouth, then it was once again filled with Brianna's cock. Thankful for the reprieve, she eagerly sucked the trans woman off. Grabbing her ass, Lexie bobbed her head back and forth depthroating the Farm Dominant for all she was worth. Switching to sucking Brianna's balls and jerking her off, Lexie then cupped the dominant woman's balls and licked her rapidly growing shaft.

Giving passenger a few moments, Brianna took a step back and raised the cane. "Ready for round two?"

"No, Mistress. I... I can't take anymore so please just do what you're going to do to me for failing."

“I’ll give you one last chance to change your mind.”

“I can’t take another swat, Mistress, do just do whatever you want and get it over with,” Lexie groaned.

“Very well. For failing to reach the fifty-swat limit as agreed I’m going to brand you,” Brianna said as she went back to the open panel in the wall. Putting the cane on its hook; she put on a thick leather glove and then opened an insulated container from which she pulled a short metal rod with intricate tip. “Lean forward until your hands are on the floor and don’t move until I say otherwise. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.” Leaning forward, Lexie placed her hands on the floor and a moment later cold metal pressed into her right shoulder. Groaning more out of discomfort than any actual pain, she locked her elbows and waited. “What type of branding are you giving me, Mistress?”

“It’s called a cryogenic or freeze branding and is every bit as permanent as the heat variety. As for what it is, it’s a whip entwined around a cane with masochist fuckslave written around it. And against your olive skin tone it’ll stand out for all to see.” Pulling the branding iron back after a minute, Brianna placed it back in the container, closed it, and then removed the glove. “Unfortunately, your failure means no more sucking my cock so I’ll have to pass the time another way,” she said as she put on a pair of nitrile gloves. “Tell me, how long will you be at the Domination Farm?”

“That all depends on if I’m sold, Mistress.”

“Sold?”

“I’m here for the debtor’s auction, Mistress. If I’m sold I’ll be here thirteen months.”

“Then I’m giving you a choice, one hundred play needles, all over your body, or twenty real piercings?”

“Can I ask what you’re going to pierce for real, Mistress?”

“Nope.”

“Then I’ll take the hundred play needles, Mistress.”

“Shame, but you made a choice and I’ll honor it.”