

# **Domination Farm: Lockdown**

**Crimson Rose**

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After months of following news of the pandemic and implementing every precaution humanly possible from taking the temperature of guests to requiring them to wear masks, Mistress Sydney was weighing closing the Domination Farm for the first time in its forty-year history, but a newly issued stay in place order gave her a much better idea. Leaving her home at the back of the fetish resort, she made her way towards the main office where she was greeted by Mistress Debbie – the blonde bombshell manager that took care of the day to day operations.

“Morning, Mistress,” Debbie greeted her boss.

“Morning, Mistress,” Sydney replied, showing a level of respect for the woman’s well-earned title. “I’m going to need to use the intercom. Anyone in the communication’s room?”

“No Mistress. “I’m the only one in the office at this time.”

“This’ll only take a minute. I foresee there being a lot of chaos and complaint so I’m going to need you to help maintain the calm.”

“Of course, Mistress. Is something wrong?”

“We’ll see in a minute.” Giving the younger woman half a smile, Sydney walked into the small communications room to the left of the office lobby. All four walls were covered in monitors skipping from one part of the Domination Farm to another while in the center a circular command station allowed whomever was on duty to keep an eye out for anything unusual with but a push of a few buttons. She took a deep breath and slowly exhaled before pressing the one marked INTERCOM.

“Attention! May I have your attention please? This is Mistress Sydney Adaire, owner of the Domination Farm bringing you a very important message. In keeping with the current stay in place order and to minimize the risk to staff and guests, I will be locking the Domination Farm down effective immediately. That means no one currently inside will be permitted to leave until the order has been lifted without consequence. If you choose to leave your name will be placed on a permanent ban list and you’ll never be permitted on resort property again. During the lockdown room and board will be given to each and every one of you free of charge. If you wish to leave please make your way to the main entrance in an orderly fashion and your bracer and collar if you wear a farm issued one will be removed and you’ll be free to leave. You have one hour and then your bracer’s lockdown feature will activate and you will not be able to leave without express permission from myself. That is all.”

Leaving the communications room, Sydney looked in Debbie’s direction and saw an expectedly shocked look. “I know it’s an extreme measure, but I feel it is in everyone’s best interest.”

“I understand, Mistress, but isn’t forcing people to stay illegal?”

“I am not forcing anyone to stay. Everyone, yourself included is free to leave whenever they choose.”

“Upon fear of banishment.”

“Would you rather I let people come and go as they please spreading COVID-19 around like the damn plague it is? Come on, Debbie, I know you’re smarter than that. I need your levelheadedness now more than ever so take a breath, calm your nerves and do your job.”

Debbie inhaled as deeply as possible and let it out only when her lungs began burning. “Sorry Mistress. I didn’t mean to lose my head. You can count on me.”

“I know. The office will no doubt...” Just then the door slammed open and a small group of men and women wearing red armbands around their right bicep stormed in like an angry mob.

“Are you out of your damn mind?” a petite, pretty-faced brunette named Mistress Ashley almost growled. “You might be the owner but you don’t have the right to ban us for leaving.”

“Actually, I do. And you’d know that if you’ve read the updated rules as required. Now I suggest you either do your jobs and help maintain some semblance of control or go to the main entrance to be escorted out.”

“You’ll be hearing from my lawyer,” Ashley huffed.

“Make sure they call because if they show up, they will not be permitted inside until the stay in place order has been rescinded. Now, unless you want to start a fight you have no chance of winning, I suggest getting out of my sight while I’m in the mood to let you go without being disciplined for disrespect.”

Seeing the three women and two men standing there as if weighing their options, Mistress Debbie stepped forward. “You heard her,” she snapped. “Now get out of my office before I register you as farm slaves and have you publicly caned.”

Those two words, farm slave, were enough to make the group of rebellious Masters and Mistress think twice about what they were doing, turn tail and get out of there as quickly as their feet would carry them. Not because they had anything against an individual giving up total control of their very being to another, hell, most of them owned slaves, but to be one themselves was not something any of them desired.

“You might not be in the mood to discipline them, Mistress, but I’ll be reviewing the video of this incident and all others that occur as a result of your announcement and those that have broken the rules will be punished accordingly,” Mistress Debbie said to the owner who just stared at her with the sexiest smile she had ever seen. “Otherwise, they’ll get the idea they can do whatever the hell they want and all that’s going to do is sow even more chaos.”

“Does that include a Mistress continuing to disobey her boss?”

Taking in Mistress Sydney’s words, Debbie knowingly smiled. “Absolutely it does Mistress. And you’re right, I should be in communications and not out here telling others how to do their job, so I’ll accept whatever punishment you deem appropriate within the confines of the rules.”

“Have you ever been fisted before, Mistress Debbie?”

“No Mistress.”

“Perfect. Then as punishment, as soon as things calm down, I would like for you to go to the House of Gape and complete your fisting training.”

Thankful her boss did not choose breeding or animal training; Debbie slowly nodded her head in agreement. I would prefer to remain tight, but I accept your command and will go straight there once I’m off duty this afternoon.”

“See that you do. Otherwise the golden showers will be your next destination. Refuse that and you’ll be registered as a farm slave and made to do them anyways.”

“I won’t even go home for dinner first, Mistress.”

“You know, the thought of you drinking piss does get me excited. Maybe Both are in order. I mean, you have disobeyed my direct command twice now.”

“I’m not a fully trained toilet, Mistress, but I have participated in several golden showers here at the Farm and you know how that goes when you’re one of the few women in a massive group of men.”

Ballpark figure, how many times do you think you’ve drank someone else’s pee?”

“Seventy-seven times over the course of the nine golden showers I’ve participated in here at the Farm, Mistress.”

“Nice. But I have to question how you put yourself in position to be used as a toilet so many times.”

“You know how it is, Mistress. Those sorts of things tend to turn into giant orgies. Get on all fours for a couple of men to spit-roast you and the next thing you know you’re drinking pee. I can’t say that I enjoy being a toilet, but I’ve come to accept it as a small price to pay for the sex.”

“Well, it sounds as if you’re pretty well trained already so why not make it official? Will you go to the Golden Bathroom as the recipient for me, Mistress Debbie?”

Golden showers and fisting were two fetishes that required all those completing the training to receive a mark of completion that took the form of a tattoo or brand somewhere on the body. While submissives, slaves and even bare-necks – those men and women that enter the Domination Farm without collars, can get as many as they want without repercussion, the same was not true of Masters and Mistress. Three such marks meant they had to trade in their red armband for the purple one and collar of the switch. Five or more and they lost their status as Dominant altogether and would be registered submissive. “That’s dangerously close to three marks, Mistress.”

“And yet I can tell you’re seriously considering it. Just don’t disobey anymore of my commands and you’ll be fine with just the two.”

“I know I can’t refuse the fisting because it is my punishment for disobedience, Mistress, but if you want me to do golden showers as well then I want something in return. I want you to join me. Agree and I’ll happily accept your suggestion.”

Being the owner of the Domination Farm came with many privileges, but Mistress Sydney was still bound by the same rules that governed the rest of her employees and guests. “Unlike you I’ve never tasted pee before but I have been fisted. A lot.” Grabbing the hem of her leather skirt, she raised it up over her hips, turned and pointed to where FISTING QUEEN was branded on her right ass cheek.”

“Then doing the golden showers with me will put us on even footing, Mistress. I’m going to get back to work now if that’s okay. I get off at four so that gives you about six hours to decide.”

Three marks made her a switch. Five or more a submissive. She had no desire to take things that far, but god damn it sounded so appealing coming from the gorgeous woman standing in front of her. “Alright, you’ve got yourself a deal. We’ll meet at the Golden Bathroom when you get off work and then you can go to the House of Gape afterwards.”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Debbie said in disbelief.

“Now get back to work before...” Just then the door opened and two more women – one an Amazonian woman with long jet-black hair pulled back in a high braid, piercing blue eyes and olive skin wearing a form-hugging blue latex dress and strappy heels; and the other a lithe baby-faced brunette wearing a red and black corset dress, entered the main office. “If you’re here to complain...”

“They work here in the main office, Mistress. “Sabine,” Debbie said motioning towards the Amazonian woman, is actually the one that handles communications. And Brenda usually handles the phones.”

“Sorry we’re a little late, Mistress, but things are a bit hectic out there at the moment with everyone scrambling all over the place,” Sabine said. “A group of bare-neck men decided they wanted to have a go at us.”

“And they did,” Brenda cut in, her cheeks turning a cute shade of pink. “All eleven of them. Luckily they took us two and three at a time.”

“Lucky for you maybe, but my damn ass was not prepared for two dicks at the same time or the damn fist that followed,” Sabine complained.

“And yet you took it like a champ. Anyways, sorry we’re late but we figured it was best to jet them get it out of their system on us and then we stopped off at the apartments to freshen up for our shift.”

“For being late the two of you will join Debbie this evening at the House of Gape,” Mistress Sydney commanded. Now, I’ve got a lot of work to do myself so I’ll see you ladies later.” And with that she turned and walked out of the building.

“Is she serious?” Brenda asked.

“Very,” Debbie answered. “We’re going to be trained to take two fists in our pussies and asses and then we’re going to be tattooed or branded fisting queens. I know what you’re thinking, but there’s no fighting it. As owner, Mistress Sydney can lay down any punishment she deems fit and that includes commanding her dominant employees to undergo training in any fetish the Farm offers. Now, get to your stations before I add public caning to our humiliation.”

“Yes Ma’am,” Sabine replied.

“There are a lot of people leaving,” Brenda said as she walked towards her desk in the back corner of the large open room. “Mostly guests, but I saw at least a couple dozen Masters, Mistresses and switches lining up at the doors as well. Personally, I think Mistress Sydney is making a colossal mistake.”

“That is not for us to decide,” Debbie responded. “I understand why people would want to leave, but you have to remember, Mistress Sydney has the entire resort to think about and being a hotspot for the virus to spread is not good for business.”

“I think it’s a mistake as well,” Sabine said “but I’m no fool. I love my job and if it means staying here for a few weeks or months completely free of charge to ensure everyone’s safety, then that’s a price I’m willing to pay. Of course, my husband isn’t going to be happy about it, but he’ll get over it.”

“Mistake or not, and for the record I don’t think it is, she’s the boss and we’re bound by contract to do as she commands so let’s just keep doing our jobs and see how this all plays out,” Debbie said.”