

EROTIC DOZEN

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.