

Fetish Acres

Crimson Rose

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"This really isn't necessary," April said as she finished doing her hair.

"I beg to differ. What sort of friend would I be if I just let you go off to some random ass farm in the middle nowhere all alone? If something happened... I'm going and that's final."

"I've told you a thousand times I'll be fine. Besides, you wouldn't even make it past the gate."

"So you keep saying."

"Okay, here's something I haven't said," April said as she sat her hairbrush down. "The Dark Room is a porn studio, Kaira. And the place I'm going to – Fetish Acres, is where they film their kinkiest scenes. You won't make it through the gate because in order to do so you must prove you belong there by allowing the guard on duty to cane your breasts and ass."

"Yeah right. Look, if you don't want me going to make sure nothing horrible is going to happen then just say so, but don't lie to me."

"Do you honestly believe that if something was going to happen to me your presence will somehow prevent it? Or is it more likely they'll do it to you as well? Look, I appreciate you having my back, but it really isn't necessary. That being said, if you insist on going then I won't stop you, but if you ruin my chance of making the money I desperately need to keep a roof over my head then you can kiss our friendship goodbye. I mean it, Brianna. If you go you'll have to let them cane your breasts and ass whether you work there or not."

"H-How many times?"

"Ten to the ass and five to the breasts. To start anyway."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning if you screw up more will be added until you correctly take them all."

"And you let them cane you?"

"I've been there five times and have been caned at the gate on every visit. And if you do get in, they take things seriously. If you're disobedient, disrespectful, or cause a scene you'll be disciplined and/or banned from the property at best, and get me fired and banned at worst."

"Let's go back to being caned. What exactly do you mean by screwing up?"

"They'll explain it to you at the gate."

"I'd like to know before I go."

"If you go then you'll be caned so what does it matter if you know now or when we get there?"

"So, you're really not going to tell me?"

"Nope. If you're going then put on something sexy and don't bother with a bra and panties as they're not allowed. You have five minutes and then I'm leaving whether you're with me or not."

"So, how many scenes have you done? What did they make you do?"

"First, they didn't *make* me do anything. And second, I haven't done any scenes yet. All of my previous visits were interviews and contract negotiations. I'll be in the living room. You have four minutes."

Determined to make sure her best friend isn't being taken advantage of, abused, or worse, Brianna rushed to her bedroom, stripped naked, grabbed her sexiest little black dress and a pair of strappy heels from the closet. Time running short, she put the dress on and carried the heels to the living room. "Ready when you are."

“Good thing we wear the same size shoe because you don’t want to wear those things,” April said as she took the heels from her best friend’s hands. “I’ll be right back.” Leaving the living room, she went to her bedroom, grabbed a pair of knee-high boots, and then returned. “Here, you’ll want to wear these.”

“Um, why?”

“We’re going to a farm, Brianna. Those heels of yours, while sexy, will sink in the dirt faster than your ass is going to be caned. Now hurry up and put them on because if I’m late we’re both getting an extra fifty swats to the ass and twenty to the breasts.”

“Jesus Christ! I’ll put them on in the car,” Brianna said as she took the boots from her best friend.

“Why are you doing this, Brianna? Why would you let some random stranger cane your tits and ass? For no good reason?”

“I’d say making sure my best friend is safe is as good a reason as any,” Brianna said as she got into the passenger side of April’s car.

“I’ve been there five times already. Why are you only insisting on going now?”

“Because this is the first time I’ve had a day off that coincides with you going.”

“Are you a secret masochist or something?” April asked as she backed out of the garage.

“Excuse me?”

“You keep saying you’re going to keep me safe, and I do appreciate that, Brianna, but come on, no one in their right mind would subject themselves to pain like that if they weren’t into it.”

“No, I’m not a masochist,” Brianna said as she zipped up the latex boots. “This is the first time I’ve ever worn latex. It’s, um, tight.”

“They look good on you.”

“Thanks. So, do you know what these people are going to have you doing for your first scene?”

“No idea, but whatever it is I’ll do it without question and smile doing it.”

“Really? What if it’s something you don’t like?”

“Doesn’t matter. It’s called Fetish Acres for a reason. I signed on knowing I’d be subjected to every act of sexual perversion under the sun. While I might not like it in the moment, limits are no longer something I have. That’s why they require everyone get caned upon arrival. If you can’t do that then you definitely don’t belong. You can just drop me off and pick me up later.”

“Never going to happen so you might as well stop trying.”

“Fair enough.”

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Pulling into a driveway 43-minutes later, April looked at her best friend. “When we get to the gate roll your window down and answer every question honestly.”

“Okay,” Brianna said, eyes going to the women standing on either side of the gate. Rolling her window down, she could not hide the hard gulp as the car slowed to a stop. A blonde approaching the driver side, and a brunette the passenger side, Brianna bit into her lower lip.

“Morning, ladies,” the blonde said as she looked into the car.

“Morning, Ma’am,” April replied.

“M-Morning, Ma’am,” Brianna said, following her best friend’s lead.

“I’m April Dayes and I’m here to do scenes with Mistress Lilyana, and she’s my guest, Brianna,” April said, showing a Fetish Acres Employee identification.

“Have you ever been here before?” the brunette asked.”

“No Ma’am,” Brianna replied.

Going back to the gate, the women grabbed tablets and then returned to the car. “While she takes care of your guest you can get out and assume the position,” the blonde said.

“Yes Ma’am.” Getting out of her car, April walked up to the stone pillar to the left of the gate, pulled her dress up over her hips, and then assumed the wall position.

“Full name?” the brunette asked.

“Brianna Cummings.”

“Date of birth?”

“Seven, fifteen, two-thousand-two.”

“Height and weight?”

“Five-seven, one-thirty-five.”

“Measurements?”

“Thirty-four-see, twenty-four, thirty-six.”

“Other than ears do you have any body modifications? Piercings, brands, tattoos?”

“No Ma’am.”

“Do you have any experience with bdsm?”

“No Ma’am.”

“I need to get out, walk up to the right pillar and put your back against it.”

“Y-Yes Ma’am.” Waiting for the woman to step back, Brianna opened the door and stepped out. “Can I ask your names?”

“I’m Renee and she’s Samantha, but you’ll call us Ma’am.”

“Yes Ma’am,” Brianna said as she walked up to the pillar as her best friend counted and gave thanks for the swat she had just received.

“I’m going to take several pictures for the database so smile,” Renee said as she held up the tablet. Taking several pictures, she commanded Brianna to turn to the left, then to face the pillar, and then to the right. Okay, now I need some nudes so take the boots and dress off.”

“Y-Yes Ma’am.” Trying and failing to appear unphased, Brianna stripped naked and then repeated the same positions as before.

“Now assume the wall position,” Renee commanded.

“I don’t know what that means, Ma’am.”

“Did you see the position your friend was in?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“That’s the wall position.”

Turning to face the stone pillar, Brianna put her hands on it at eye level with left on top of right. Keeping them in place, she moved her feet back and spread them open until bent at the waist.

“Have you ever been disciplined before?”

“No, Ma’am.”

“I’m going to give you ten swats on the ass and five on the breasts. You will count each and give thanks by saying: ‘thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am’. When we switch from ass to breast the count will restart at one and the thanks will remain the same. With me so far?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“If you break position, forget to count and give thanks, or say anything other than the count and thanks I’ll add five swats per infraction and we’ll keep going until you take them all. Do you understand the rules as I’ve explained them?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“I’m going to give your ass a few very light taps to get my aim right. They don’t count so neither will you.” And with that, Renee drew back and swung. Pulling the power, the thin length of bamboo gently tapped Brianna’s ass. Then a second time. Three. Four.

THWACK!

“ONE! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!” Brianna wailed.

THWACK!

“Two. Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!”

THWACK!

“T-Three! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!”

THWACK!

“Four! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!”

THWACK!

“Five! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!”

THWACK!

“Six! T-Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am,” Brianna said, really feeling the sting as another welt raised across her ass.

THWACK!

“Seven. Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!”

THWACK!

“Eight. Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!”

THWACK!

“Nine. Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!”

THWACK!

“Ten! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!”

“You will now kneel back,” Renee commanded. Take three steps forward, kneel with knees spread, and then lean back until your palms are flat on the ground,” she explained.

No sooner was she in position, then Renee was standing at her left side bringing the bamboo cane down towards her breasts.

THWACK!

“ONE! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!” Brianna wailed through tightly clenched teeth.

THWACK!

“T-Two! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!”

THWACK!

“Three! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!”

THWACK!

“Four! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!”

THWACK!

“Five! Thank you for teaching me this lesson, Ma’am!”

“You’re welcome, slave. You may stand and get dressed now.”

“T-Thank you, Ma’am.” Getting up, Brianna looked at her best friend sitting in the car. Putting her boots and dress on, she got into the car and groaned. “Oh my God that hurt!”

“It wouldn’t be discipline otherwise,” April replied. “I’m proud of you, Brianna. You took that far better than I did my first time.”

“You forget, unlike yours, my parents believed in corporal punishment so while that’s the first time I’ve ever been caned, I’ve been spanked more times than I care to count.”

Gate opening, Renee held her left hand through the still down passenger window holding a plastic card between two fingers. “This is your guest ID. Keep it safe as losing it will cost you one hundred swats to the ass and twenty-five to the breasts.”

“Y-Yes Ma’am.”

“In you go and good luck with your scenes.”

“Thank you, Ma’am,” April replied.

“I can’t believe you go through that every time you visit!”

“A sex slave obeys the rules whether they like them or not.”

“S-So you’re a sex slave now?”

“That’s what having no limits means,” April said as she continued up the driveway. Pulling off to the left, she parked next to a Lexus. “No matter what happens please don’t interfere with the scenes.”

“If I see them...”

“Dammit, Brianna, I’m serious. If you can’t stay out of it then go home,” April said as she got out of her car and walked toward the massive ranch-style brick farmhouse.