

Finding Amanda

Nicole Ashley

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Missing Friend

Lori clocked out and slipped out of the office before anyone else prevented her from starting her vacation. It's like they were jealous she had two whole weeks off to do as she pleased while they were stuck managing affairs without her, and so tried to make her do as much work as possible before allowing her to leave.

Her phone began ringing even before she made it out of the building. "I've already clocked out," she said answering the phone. "You'll have to get someone else to do it."

"Um, hello? Is this Lori?"

"Yes, who is this?"

"This is Mrs. Sutton – Amanda's mother."

"Oh my god, Mrs. Sutton!" Lori exclaimed. "Sorry, I thought you were someone from the office trying to get me to stay later. What's up?"

"It's nothing. Just calling to make sure Amanda got there safe and sound. I tried calling her but it goes straight to voicemail."

"Got here? I had no idea she was coming."

"Really?" Mrs. Sutton replied, her voice teetering on the edge of suspicion and fear. "She said the two of you have been talking about her visit for weeks."

"Well, I just left the office, maybe she's at my place to surprise me. Why don't I give you a call back when I get home?"

"Please do. You know how I worry when she drives across country."

"Don't worry, I'm sure she's fine. Probably playing on of her games. We did talk about her visiting me, but that wasn't supposed to be until winter break. I'm getting ready to pull out of the parking deck now, I'll give you a call the minute I get home."

"Thanks, Lori."

"No problem, Mrs. Sutton," Lori said hanging up the phone. She immediately dialed her best friend Amanda, but as her mother said, it went straight to voicemail. *Dammit Amanda*, she thought *what mess have you gotten me into this time? Sometimes I wonder why I even put up with your crap!* She sighed.

Lori and Amanda had been friends from the moment they met in the second grade and remained nearly inseparable ever since. Even when Amanda move away from Rome, Wisconsin to Miami so that her father could take a higher paying job, they remained in constant contact though daily phone calls, countless texts and thousands of emails. They sent each other Christmas and birthday gifts and visited each other whenever they got the chance.

Amanda was definitely the alpha personality in their friendship. Where Lori was quiet and reserved, Amanda was as outspoken as a mob of angry protesters. She spoke her mind and did not give two shits who she offended. Political correctness wasn't in her vocabulary and if someone got in her face, she was the type to kick someone in the nuts and tell them to grow a pair. It took a special brand of patience and understanding to remain her friend for long, and Lori held the record eighteen years running.

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Lori pulled in the driveway of her ranch style home and pushed the button for the garage opener. Once inside, she turned the car off and went into the house – kicking her heels off by the

kitchen door. “AMANDA, YOU HERE!” she called out to her best friend. “AMANDA?” she added, stepping into the living room. Her friend’s car wasn’t in the driveway, but this wouldn’t be the first time she parked down the street to get the surprise. Lori went from room to room checking closets and under the bed in her room as well as the guest room. Going back into the kitchen, she slid the glass door open leading to the back yard and looked there too. Nothing.

Going back into the house, Lori dug through her purse and pulled out her phone and dialed Mrs. Sutton. “Hi Mrs. Sutton, its Lori.”

“Oh thank god you called! Is Amanda alright? Tell her to turn her damned phone back on, would you?”

“I will just as soon as she gets here. I’m home and checked every room, but she is not here. Maybe she hasn’t gotten here yet?”

“She left four days ago. She told me she would be there by noon today! OH GOD! What if she got into a wreck?”

“Calm down, let’s not jump to conclusions just yet. When was the last time you talked to her?”

“About ten this morning. That’s when she told me she would be there by noon.”

“Alright, maybe she dropped by and saw I wasn’t home. There are a couple places I can check that she might’ve gone to wait for me. Let me check them out and I’ll give you a call back in a few hours ok?”

“Please do Lori. I don’t know what I’ll do if anything happened to her!”

“I’ll call you in a couple hours, I promise.”

“Thank you.”

Lori hung up the phone and dropped it on the table. There was only one other place in Rome Amanda could be and it was not a place Lori ever wanted to visit. The Domination Farm was the city’s most infamous place – a haven for the sexually perverted where Domination and submission were a carefully crafted game that a surprising amount of people paid good money to play.

Stopping long enough to grab a picture of Amanda from the mantle, and a can of coke from the fridge, Lori grabbed her keys and put her heels back on and headed out the door. Everyone in Rome knew the location of the Domination Farm. It was the black-eye tourist attraction that would not go away no matter how hard politicians tried.

Lori pulled into the parking lot of the Domination Farm and parked in a secluded spot in the hopes no one driving by would see her car. What she had not planned for was the line of more than sixty people waiting to get in.

“Excuse me...you, the woman that just joined the line,” A woman said over a loudspeaker “If you are new here please come to the ticket booth and pick up the forms you must sign. Thank you.”

Lori shrugged and went to the front of the line where she stopped dead. The petite woman standing inside of the booth was completely topless and wore only the skimpiest thong below. She wore a light blue collar around her neck and the name Happypuss was tattooed on her right breast. Lori held the picture of Amanda up to the glass. “Can you tell me if this woman came in here today?”

“Sorry, we have a strict privacy policy here. Please take the forms so that the line can continue in an orderly fashion.”

“Her name is Amanda Sutton and she’s missing. All I need to know is if she is here so I can put her mother’s mind at ease,” Lori said pressing the photo to the glass.

“I’m sorry, the only ones that can answer that question are in the Main office and you’ll have to pay to get into the Farm. Please stand aside for the next customer.”

“Are you fucking serious? A woman is missing and all you can say is step aside? What kind of heartless bitch are you? Get me the manager! I want to talk to whomever is in charge right god damn now!”

“The manager is in the Main Office inside the Farm. You’ll have to pay like everyone else to get in. I don’t make the rule, I only enforce them.”

“Missing...person!” Lori said through gritted teeth. “Do you understand what that means? I’ll have the fucking FBI here to comb over every inch of this fucking place!” Out of the corner of her eye she could see several people step out of line and head towards the parking lot.

“Feel free to call whomever you like. It wouldn’t be the first time. Now I’m going to kindly ask you one last time to please step aside so the line may progress. If you wish to go in to look for your friend, read and sign the form, but if you continue to impede, I will call security to escort you from the premises.”

Giving the woman the angriest scowl she could muster, Lori grabbed the clipboard and walked to the back of the line. “Sorry to hear about your friend,” the woman ahead of her in line said. “A lot of people come here without telling anyone. My husband has no idea I’ve been coming here for the last eight months.”

“Thanks,” Lori sighed. “Can you believe that woman? How can anyone be so callous?”

“Don’t take it out on her. She’s only doing her job. Did you see the blue collar around her neck?”

“Yeah, what of it?”

“That marks her as a Farm submissive. That means she’s given up all control of her life to the Farm. You have to understand that they have incredibly strict rules for a reason. If she disobeys then she is punished.”

“That’s barbaric! Why would anyone degrade themselves like that?”

“I take it you’ll be entering as a bare-neck then?”

“A what?”

“Bare-neck. It’s what the Farm calls those that are neither Dominant or submissive. It’s mainly for those that are curious about the lifestyle.”

“No offence, but I could care less about all of that. I only want to see if my friend is here or not.”

“What makes you think she’s here?”

“Long story, but she drove across the country to visit me, or at least that’s what she told her mother. It was news to me and this is the only other place in town she knows and talks about. If she’s not here then we’ve got to start looking for her on the side of the roads because she never made it to my place.”

“That’s horrible! I’m Wendy, by the way. You?”

“Lori.”

“Well, Lori, I’d start reading and signing those papers if you want to get in. And prepare to be shocked! It’s an eye-opener for most first-timers.”

“Thanks for the warning.” Lori said, turning her attention to the top form. As her eyes dropped lower down the page they grew larger and larger, her mouth gaping open of its own accord. “Are they serious? Do they honestly expect me to...to do this stuff?”

“Every bit of it,” Wendy replied. “What in particular are you questioning?”

“ALL OF IT! I have to strip naked? Be fitted for fetish clothes? I have to pay a lot of money to let some stranger slap a collar around my neck and register me like a piece of meat?”

“Attempt to collar you,” Wendy corrected her. “It’s no guarantee it will happen. What you’re paying for is a room for the night, free meals, and access to all of the attractions. But in your case, you’re paying to find your friend.”

“I have to let them tattoo or brand me!?”

“Only if you enter certain attractions, or are registered,” Wendy replied again. “And if you are disrespectful they will punish you with swats of the cane or paddle.”

“Unbelievable!”

“It’s not so bad. Nothing warms up the backside like a good, hard spanking.”

“I meant all of it. I just don’t understand why anyone would do this to themselves.”

“Well, maybe you’ll learn something once you’re inside. Some go in skeptical like you and come out completely changed, while others are only more hardened in their resolve. It’s definitely not for everyone, but I think everyone should at least learn about it before judging what others do with their sex lives.”

“I’m sorry,” Lori said apologetically. “I didn’t mean to sound judgmental, really I didn’t. I couldn’t care less what people do to get off so long as no one is forced to do it.”

“Perhaps it’s best if you wait out here for your friend.”

“I can’t. I told her mother I’d call in a couple of hours.”

“You do know that phones are not permitted inside, right?”

“I do now.”

“No phones or recording equipment of any kind permitted inside. The Farm is wired wall to wall with cameras that pick up everything. Anyone breaking that rule is immediately registered and branded and then banned for life from ever entering the Farm.”

“Then why register and brand them?” See, that’s the kind of shit that doesn’t make sense to me.”

“To humiliate them, why else? The registration means little outside the walls, but the brand is a permanent reminder.”

“Are you going in as a bare-neck or submissive?” Lori asked.

“Bare-neck. I’ve been collared nineteen times in the last eight months, but I’ve managed to get out of it before being registered each time.” She leaned in close so that only Lori could hear what she said next. “The trick is to push a fingernail between the ends and twist,” she whispered in Lori’s ear. “You’re welcome.”

“Um, thanks,” Lori replied. She returned her attention to the forms and reluctantly signed each one as the line progressed forward. Once she was at the front, she handed Happypuss her clipboard. “Do you take credit or debit cards? I don’t have that much cash on me.”

“We do. You may also enter on Farm Debt if you wish,” Happy puss answered.

“No thanks, I’ll pay with my debit card,” Lori said recalling the section of the form outlining Farm debt. It was the Domination Farm’s way of making sure patrons tried out the kinkiest of attractions by allowing them to rack up debt to be worked off before the person was permitted to leave.

Lori gave Happypuss her debit card and waited while the Farm submissive typed quickly at a computer. She raised an eyebrow when Happypuss scanned a silver cuff bracelet. “How many days will you be staying with us Ms. Carter?”

“One day.”

“Do you want to add anything extra for the purchase of clothing or equipment?”

“No thank you.”

“And will you be entering as a bare-neck or submissive today?”

“What about Dominant?”

“You may not enter as a Dominant unless you have been previously verified by staff.
Bare-neck, or submissive.”

“Bare-neck. I’m not a submissive.”

“It’s \$50 cheaper,” Happypuss said.

“What’s the catch?”

“You go in wearing a collar that you may not remove.”

“I’ll go with bare-neck, thank you very much.”

Happy puss swiped the card and then the bracelet and handed both of them to Lori.

“Wear the bracelet at all times. It keeps track of your funds as well as how much time you have remaining before you must either pay, or leave. Know that if you run out of time while within the walls you will incur Farm debt that must be paid off before you are permitted to leave. There are scanners throughout the Farm that you may use to check money and time balances. If you’ll please step through the door over there a Dominant will be with you to take you on your tour.”