

Gwen's Breeding Party

Crimson Rose

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Pulling into the long driveway, Gwen stared at the huge house looming before her and felt a pang of jealousy that quickly passed when she remembered whose home it was. It had been more than a year since her mother was collared and taken as a sex slave by James and his gang of breeders during that fateful day at the Domination Farm – an event she never fully forgave herself for even if her mother had. She was looking forward to finally catching up, but more than anything she wanted to see her little sister Shawna and form a relationship with her now when she's only three months old rather than in several more years when her mother is released from servitude.

As she parked her car, Gwen suddenly became very nervous about entering the house. She had only met James once and that was the fateful day her mother visited the Domination Farm to see her and was instead enslaved while locked in the cocksucking pillories. She tried to get her mother out of the deal she had struck, but unfortunately the Farm's owner Master Joey Simms sided with James and her mother accepted his decision with surprising dignity.

Getting out of her car, Gwen ran her hands down her lithe body to smooth the form-fitting red dress she reluctantly wore. Reluctantly not because it showed off her every sensual curve, her breasts spilled halfway out of the top or that it barely covered her ass, but because she was commanded to wear it on all visits by the Master of the house. Stepping onto the front porch, she raised her right hand to knock but the door opened before her knuckles landed.

Hearing Gwen pull in, Janine waited by the door and pulled it open before the knock could land. "Long time no see!" she greeted her daughter.

"I'm seeing an awful lot," Gwen replied. It was not the first time she saw her mother naked. It was not even her first time seeing a woman with pierced nipples, hood and labia or one with several humiliating and degrading tattoos, but it always came as a shock to see them on her mother. Her eyes were drawn to the tattoos on her mother's milk-filled breast – **CUMGULPER** on the right and **BLACK COCK BREEDING COW** on the left. Drifting down of their own accord to her mother's bald pussy – the rings in her outer labia thicker than she remembered. And finally, her eyes settled on the tattoo on Janine's right hip. **BLACK COCK SLAVE**.

"Like what you see?" Janine grinned.

"MOM!"

"What? You're the one staring, not me. Anyways, would you like to come in or shall we sit in the porch and enjoy the weather? Also, thank you for wearing the dress Master James sent. It means a lot that you would agree to his visitation terms."

"He didn't leave me much choice. Is he here?"

"No. Master is out right now so we'll have the house all to ourselves for the next few hours. Don't worry, even if he were home he would not breed you without consent."

"Glad to hear it. And I'm sorry it took so long to visit. I've had a lot on my plate and it's taken me this long to come to terms with the fact that my mother is a sex slave."

"I know you still blame yourself for what happened at the Farm, but I'm the one that made the deal and accepted Master's collar and I stand by that decision. And if I'm being completely honest, I couldn't be happier. Besides, you were in training as a sex slave yourself at one point and are now living as a submissive so why are you so upset I'm living the lifestyle?"

"I was forced into slavery and I feel the same happened to you with James. He..."

“That’s Master James,” Janine interrupted. “And I know what you’re going to say and you are wrong. He did not force me into anything. Now drop it before we spend another year apart. So, inside or out?”

“Inside. I’d like to see Shawna.”

“I know how much you’ve been looking forward to seeing your baby sister, but she’s at a doctor’s appointment right now and then she will be staying with grandma for a few days while Master and his men breed me.” Stepping back, Janine waited for her daughter to enter before closing the door. “Please, take a seat anywhere and I’ll get us something to drink.”

Gwen sighed. While happy to once again see her mother, she really wanted to meet her little sister and was disappointed it would be several more days before that meeting took place. The expensive abstract artwork hanging on the walls and luxurious furniture displayed James’ wealthy bachelor lifestyle and Gwen felt that pang of jealousy returning. “Nice place. I’m surprised a single guys keeps it so neat and clean.”

“It’s better than nice,” Janine beamed. “This place has everything you could ever want and more. As for the cleanliness, you can attribute that to me. I don’t just spend my entire day on my back you know.”

“I never thought you did, mom.”

“Liar. I’m a breeding cow, honey, how else would I be?”

“Um, all fours? Head down, ass up? Don’t tell me Master James only takes you missionary.”

“Of course not. He and his men...”

“I really don’t want to hear how they breed you mom.”

“It’s only sex, honey, get over it.”

Gwen sank into an overstuffed recliner and nervously looked around the room. Although no stranger to the life of sexual slavery and submission – being one far longer than her mother, she never the less worried for her mother’s safety despite every sign pointing to Master James taking great care to treat her right and with more respect than most in her position were afforded. “Wait, did you say you were going to be bred this weekend? They’re going to gang bang you while I’m visiting? He’s not expecting me to join is he?”

“You’re not his slave, Gwen, I am, and as such you are not required to do anything you don’t want. Other than show respect by calling him Master, that is. That being said, you know how much he wants you to do at least one party with him and his breeders.”

“Yes, I know, and as I’ve said before I’m not even close to being ready for a baby. Let alone by the same men breeding my own mother.

Janine grinned. “Then don’t do it, sweetie. They won’t just fuck you once and be done with it. The breeding parties always last from six o’clock Friday to the same time Sunday and they’ll expect you to participate all three days. If you agree to join, that is. Also, since I’m a slave, the parties are no limits and that would extend to you.”

“Good Lord! How many of these parties have you done, mom?”

“Hmm...” Raising an eyebrow, Janine thought about the question. “A lot,” she finally answered. “Far more in the beginning when I was fucked for nearly a month straight. I spent every waking hour with a cock in one or all of my holes but they always came in my pussy. Once I was confirmed pregnant they dropped to one or two a month then started up heavy again a few week after Shawna was born.”

“So, he’s taking giving you a child a year seriously then?”

“Very.”

“And how many have you done since the parties resumed?”

“Tonight will be the ninth.”

“HOLY SHIT! James...Master James, isn't messing around is he?”

“No honey, he is not.”

“And you're ok with all of this? You want to have a baby a year for another four years?”

“I want to do whatever makes Master happy, sweetie, and if it's having a baby a year then I will do my best to make that happen.”

“Um, well, I hate to pry, but can he afford that many kids? Is he planning on taking care of them or toss you out at the end of your contract with nothing and nowhere to go?”

“Look around Gwen. Do you really need to ask that question? Master and his group are very wealthy men that have fathered more than a hundred children to two dozen slaves and they are all well taken care of.”

“A hundred...Jesus Christ!”

“Over the course of twenty years or so. They have more than one slave at a time, honey.”

“And you're okay with that?”

“Why wouldn't I be? I'm a slave, Gwen, and that means I've surrendered myself completely to my Master's wishes and desires no matter what they might be. And while we don't see each other often, we slaves do participate in large orgies together. But that's enough about my sex life. How are things between you and Sister Kelly?”

“Couldn't be better. After another visit to the Domination Farm and completing a challenge that left us, well, gaping like the Grand Canyon, we've agreed to serve as Master Joey's slaves for the rest of our lives.”

“OH MY GOD! Really? Wait, I thought the two of you were finished with the slave life and were Mistresses now.”

“We had something of a change of heart. We're Mistresses to other slaves and Tawnie is still living with us at the Farm, but we ultimately serve Master Joey.”

“Then why are you giving me so much crap for serving Master James?”

“Because you were forced into it mom. I know, I know, you don't think so, but the fact of the matter is he tricked you into accepting his collar and that just rubs me the wrong way.”

“Think what you will, but I have never been happier in my life and wouldn't change it for anything. So, is Master Joey treating you alright?”

“More than alright. He is the best Master either of us has ever served and that's not just because he gives us a lengthy leash to do as we please. He's teaching us everything there is to know about the Farm and rumor has it he's planning on leaving it to us when he retires or passes away.”

“That's great, hun. And if you're happy, I'm happy.”