

Hucow Masochist

Crimson Rose

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“Hello?” Sandy answered the phone, half asleep and three-quarters irritated at having her nap interrupted.

“Hi, may I speak to Sandy Upton please?”

“Speaking.”

“Hi Sandy, may I call you Sandy?”

“Look, whatever you’re selling I’m not buying.”

“Don’t hang up just yet. This is Fiona Heathcliff calling on behalf of the build-a-dong workshop.”

“Oh. Is there a problem? I sent in all the paperwork as requested.

“No, no. There’s no problem at all. I’m just calling to let you know that we got your papers and everything is in order. With the date quickly approaching I’m calling all of the contestants to make sure they’re still participating. Given its location, many are hesitant about what may or may not happen to them while on the Domination Farm and two have dropped out of the competition.”

“I’ll be there. I assume you can’t guarantee nothing will happen to me while there, right?”

“I’m afraid the best I can offer is if you obey all of the rules you will not be registered a Farm submissive and no one else can collar you as long as you’re wearing the orange collar. Other than that, it’s completely on you whether you participate in the Farm’s many activities, or shut yourself in your room for the duration of your stay.”

“I figured as much. What about anyone I bring with me? My new fiancé is interested is visiting with me.”

“He’ll have to follow all of the rules as well. Men are not immune to being collared and registered.”

“She, actually. So, she will have to arrive as a bare-neck then? No chance of her getting one of these orange collars?”

“Afraid not. Only those working at DF Productions and the build-a-dong contestants are permitted to wear it. And at midnight on the fifth you’ll be required to remove it. At that point you will be considered a bare-neck as well and subject to collaring just as any other. Also, if your fiancé does decide to pay you a visit she will have to place her own money on the bracelet before entering the Farm. Once through the doors you cannot add any further money other than through Farm debt which must be worked off prior to leaving.”

“Can she stay in the same room as me?”

“Of course.”

“So, do I have the Farm send her the same papers to sign, or how does that work?”

“When you arrive at the Domination Farm you will see kiosks near the wall. One is for Dominants, another is for submissives and a third is for bare-necks. If she is entering as a bare-neck she will go through that line, fill out all of the necessary paperwork and then be given her bracelet. Once she has her bracelet she will have to wait in the waiting room to be given the tour ending in her receiving her free set of submissive clothing. After that, she’s free to explore to her heart’s content.”

“Do I have to go through the tour as well?”

“No.”

“I mean, I’ve never been to the farm either. Can’t we take the tour together?”

“You can join the tour if you’d like, but since you already have three sets of submissive clothing courtesy of DF Productions you will not get another.”

“I only meant that if there’s a tour that shows newbies around then I should be on it, right?”

“Honestly, the tours don’t usually last long and are really only there to make sure all bare-necks and submissives are given the same opportunity to get their free outfit as street clothes are not permitted beyond the wall with the exception of the pre-approved clothing Dominants are permitted to wear.”

“Um, so, if normal clothes aren’t permitted on the farm, do we get our clothes back when we leave?”

“It is advised you leave everything in your car including purses, cell phones and any other recording devices as they are also not permitted. The Domination Farm is designated a nudist resort so it is perfectly legal for you to go naked the second you pull into the parking lot. And don’t worry, in all the years we’ve been in business there have only ever been three instances of vehicles being broken into and they were caught before leaving the premises. Your belongings are as safe as they can be with us. Any other questions?”

“If I decide to show up early am I still protected by the collar? I may have inadvertently put it on to see what it looks like and, well, it’s kind of stuck.”

“Yeah, without the removal tool they are a bitch to get off, but there are some that manage it somehow. And the answer is yes. You are protected from registration from now until the fifth of June as long as you follow all of the rules.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re very welcome. And good luck in the competition.”

Hanging up the phone, Sandy leaned back and stared up at the ceiling as she thought about what she was doing and where she was going – a direction she never thought her life would go down. Not just going to the Domination Farm to compete in a dildo building contest, but confessing her love for her best friend and asking for her hand in marriage. Looking down at the barbells in her nipples and hood and the eyelets running down both outer labia, she let out a soft sigh before picking the phone back up and calling her fiancé Connie.

“Hey babe, what’s up?” Connie answered the phone. “You calling to put on another cam show?”

“No, but we can if you want. I just got off the phone with Fiona from the Domination Farm.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, she was calling to confirm whether or not I’ll still be attending as I guess a few have dropped out due to the location.”

“Better chance for you to win, right?”

“That’s one way of looking at it. I asked her about you going and she said you’d have to go through the kiosks and enter as either a bare-neck or submissive and that you need to put money on the bracelet before entering or you’ll have to work off any debt you incur while visiting. On the bright side though, you are able to stay in the same room with me.”

“Well, at least there’s that. How much does it cost?”

“According to what I saw on their website it’s two-hundred-fifty per day.”

“DAMN!”

‘Don’t worry about it. If you want to go I’ll cover the cost for your stay. Fiona also said I am protected, or at least as much as I can be from now until June fifth so we can take off and go whenever you want.’

I have a few more things to take care of packing and transitioning out of my old job so, how does Saturday sound for taking off?”

“Sounds good. And are you sure you want to move in with me? I’m more than happy selling my place and moving into yours.”

“That would be silly. I rent, you own. Plus, you’ve already got the entire house wired to the hilt with microphones and cameras for the shows.”

“Then at least let me come help you pack. You don’t have to do it all on your own, you know?”

“I know. But you’re busy with the cam shows and I don’t really want to prevent you from making money.”

“Honey, taking a few hours off isn’t going to ruin me. And since we’re getting married you’re going to have to get used to me doing things to you. I mean *for* you. Doing things *for* you.”

“And to me,” Connie giggled. “You’re not kidding anyone. And neither am I. I want your tongue and fingers in me something fierce, but there’ll be plenty of time for that once we’re settled in.”

“Or we can both take a break and fuck each other silly for an hour or three. I’ll be over in half an hour.”

“But I just...”

“No buts. I’ll be there in half an hour. We will screw each other’s brains out and then we’ll work together on getting you all packed up and ready to move in.”

“I love you so much,” Connie said.

“I love you to. Thirty minutes and I’m going to rock your fucking world.” Hanging up the phone, Sandy rushed upstairs, got dressed and grabbed her bag of toys before heading out to see her fiancé.