

Kinky Quintet Vol. 1

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Kinky Quintet

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TESTER OF TOYS

Crimson Rose

Part 1

Job Interview

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Ah Rome, The Eternal City, home to such world wonders as the Coliseum – where countless millions went to watch games involving gladiators and wild animals, St. Peter's Basilica – the largest church on the planet, and the Vatican. What's that you say? The Vatican isn't in Rome it lies within Vatican City. True enough, but Vatican City lies within the city boundaries of Rome.

One could get lost in the glory and wonder of such an ancient place, so I guess it's somewhat fortunate that I'm not talking about it at all. No, I'm talking about Rome, Wisconsin. Home of 2,710 and such marvels as Lake Arrowhead, Lake Camelot, and a whole lot of farmland.

My parents moved here about a decade before I was born to take care of my aunt and uncle's farm in their failing health. When they passed four years later my parents were pretty much stuck in their ways. The farm was doing great and they saw no reason to sell their hard work to someone else that might then sell it off to a corporation to make way for a mini-mall, and so here we are.

There isn't much for a girl to do in a small farming town where the closest neighbor was a quarter mile down the road, and the only friends I really had were the animals. That's not exactly true. There was Becky. There was always Becky. She was the daughter of the couple the next farm over and one year older than me. We became fast friends because it was that, or have no one at all. That's not to say I dislike her. Far from it. Although our friendship was born of convenience, I'd take a bullet for her and knew she'd do the same for me. We learned to ride horses together, my mother home-schooled us both from the first grade all the way through graduating high school, and we both lost our virginity to the same dildo she pilfered from an older relative.

Becky and I dreamed big. We were going to leave this town before it trapped us forever like our parents. We were going to the big city to college and then get high-paying jobs. We wanted to live life in its fullest and we both knew that wasn't happening on the farm. And here we are at twenty-two and twenty-three respectively still living on our parent's farms helping with the day to day chores of keeping the places running.

Two years ago I got desperate enough to find a job, any job, that I posted my pitiful resume on several websites in the hope someone would hire me for something other than farm work. When days turned to weeks, weeks into months, and years started passing by without a single inquiry, I resigned myself to the life of a farmer. But things were about to change for me in ways I could have never imagined if I only dared take the opportunity offered.

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“Hello,” I said answering the phone.

“Hi, may I speak to Anastasia Crane please?” the bubbly voice of a woman replied.

“Speaking.”

“Hi, Miss Crane, can I call you Anastasia?”

“Um, sure. Who is this?”

“My name is Renee Muller and I'm calling in regards to your resume on monster dot com.”

“Oh my god!” I gasped “you're the first person in two years to call me about it.”

“Well, forgive me for saying, but it is a bit...lacking.”

“Yeah, I know. I don't have any experience but working on a farm with my parents. You're not going to offer me another farm job are you?”

“Far from it. I'm a recruiter for DF Productions. Have you ever heard of us?”

“Can't say that I have.”

“What about the Domination Farm? Have you heard of it?”

I've heard of it. Everyone living in Rome, Wisconsin has heard of the walled in compound that was a small town unto itself. I guess by comparison it was our Vatican City without all the holiness. “Um, I'm not into all of that domination and submission stuff,” I replied.

“Oh, you don't have to be for the job I'm calling to offer you. DF Productions is located within the Domination Farm, that much is true, but all of the workers are exempt from the rules of the Farm.”

“And what exactly do you do?”

“We manufacture sex toys,” Renee said bluntly.

“Excuse me?”

“We manufacture sex toys. You know, dildos, vibrators, butt plugs, that sort of thing. We have several positions open for testers and we'd love for you to join our team.”

“Um, two questions,” I said with apprehension. First, what do you mean by tester. And second, why me?”

“A tester is someone that, well, tests out our products before we offer them to the Farm Patrons, or to the general public. As for why you, I ask why not you? I don't mean to sound rude but you are lacking in job experience and we can offer not only a fun and satisfying job, but also high pay, great benefits, and a change of scenery from the farm life.”

“By having me come work on another farm?” I replied.

“Well, we're not much of a farm in the sense that you know the word.”

“Ok, so, um, you want me to come work for you testing sex toys? By that I assume you mean using them on myself?”

“And others if you are open to such things, but yes. You would have to test a wide range of toys and accessories before we make them available for purchase.”

“How many testers do you have?”

“Currently, we have eleven testers and are looking to hire nine more.”

“How much does this tester job pay? What are the benefits?”

“We pay \$20 an hour to start with regular raises every six months based on performance. As for the benefits you get free medical insurance, two week's paid vacation after the first year, ten paid sick days per year, paid holidays, and free access to the entire Domination Farm. You don't have to make use of your free access to the Farm, but it there if you choose to.”

“I know of only one woman to ever enter the Domination Farm and she was collared within three hours, registered as a submissive and tattooed with a humiliating name,” I replied. “What's preventing the same thing from happening to me if I took this job?”

“Very good question. The answer to which is the orange collar all staff at DF Productions wear. It affords us the same protections as the bare-necks without the fear of someone else collaring us. As long as we wear it while out on the Farm no one may touch us without our expressed permission.”

“And that rule is always obeyed?”

“By all who wish to continue visiting the Farm, yes. In the eight years since the collars were implemented we've only had four cases where an overzealous Dominant overstepped their authority and re-collared one of our workers.”

“And what happened to them?”

“The Dominants were banned for life and in the two instances where the worker was registered and given her submissive name, we paid for the tattoo removal and gave them free admission for life.”

“Who in their right mind would come back after that?” I exclaimed.

“They did,” Renee answered. “They knew it was unlikely to ever happen again and it hasn't. Every inch of the Farm is video monitored and any infraction of the rules is dealt with severely. So, what do you say? Interested in the job?”

“When would I start? What are the hours?”

“You can start first thing in the morning if it suits you. Since you're a farm girl I assume you're used to getting up at the crack of dawn, but the hours are negotiable. We don't really conform to set shifts as most places, but you are required to put in a minimum of four hours per day five days per week.”

“So how do I get into the farm and to your building without risking someone collaring me?”

“Does that mean you want the job?”

“Yes,” I said nervously “I think it does. Anything is better than spending the rest of my life mucking out stalls.”

“Alright. Then come to the farm at your earliest convenience. We're open 24/7 so don't worry so much about what time you get here. I'll leave a collar and instructions at the ticket booth. Just tell whomever is on duty your name and they'll get you to us safe and sound. There is one thing I should mention before you get here. Although we are not subject to the collaring rules other bare-necks are, we are still obligated to follow the rules of the farm. That being said, before you are brought to DF Productions you will be taken to the Fetish Clothing store where you will be fitted with the uniform all Farm-goers must wear.”

“I see. And what is this uniform?”

“I'll let you discover that for yourself, but suffice it to say it'll be far different from anything you've probably ever worn. And if that hasn't scared you off then I look forward to meeting you tomorrow morning.”

“Thanks,” I replied. Now all I had to do was tell the folks about my new job. I hung up my cell phone and tossed it on the bed as I began pacing back and forth. I stopped in front of the full-length mirror hanging on the back of the door and stared at myself. I may have lived on a farm my entire life, but that didn't mean I didn't have my rebellious phase like everyone else. Three years ago, to piss my parents off, I dyed my long brown hair a pinkish-purple and got a piercing in the ridge of my nose. Although my hair was returning to its normal shade it was still mostly that pinkish-purple color they've now frown to like as much as I did.

“I wasn't a virgin, but I've also never been with a man. I knew my way around a dildo like no one else and could bring myself off in minutes if the mood suited me. Which it often did. I don't know if my parents knew about my small collection of sex toys, but they did know I had never been with a man, or woman for that matter. So to suddenly break the news to them that I had just taken a job at the infamous Domination Farm was going to be the hardest thing I've ever done. Their position on the place was well-known and for their daughter to work there was

tantamount to treason in their eyes, but I had to do what was best for me and that meant taking whatever job came my way so that one day I could see myself far from this place.

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I waited until after dinner to inform my parents of my decision to take the job at DF Productions. As we all gathered in the living room to watch our favorite TV shows I called for their attention. “Mom...dad,” I said with apprehension “I've got something to tell you.” I took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. “I've got a new job.”

“That's wonderful sweetie,” mom said with a genuine smile. “Where at?”

“That's the thing,” I said, my trembling voice giving away the fear I was feeling within. “You're not going to like it but...”

“Don't tell me you got a job at that new strip club!” my dad exclaimed.

“No daddy,” I assured him “I'm not working as a tripper. I um, got a call earlier today from DF Productions. They saw my resume online and offered me a job.”

“DF Productions?” mom asked. “What's that?”

“It's a place that, um, makes...toys. The pay is great and the benefits are outstanding.”

“Oh? What sort of toys do they make? Where are they located? Does this mean you'll be moving away?” Dad asked his torrent of questions.

“They make sex toys,” I said feeling my face flush. “And they are located within the Domination Farm.”

“No daughter of mine is stepping foot inside that place!” My dad said getting to his feet, the look on his face causing me to take a step backwards. “That place has been bad news for this town ever since it opened and I'll be damned if you'll be working there!”

“That place has brought tons of money to this shithole town for the last thirty years!” I countered. “And if they were doing anything illegal they would have been shut down the dozen or so times it's been raided. You just want me to stay on this damn farm for the rest of my life! Well, I'm sick of it. I took the job and I start tomorrow!”

“Then you might as well pack your bags and move to the farm,” dad said in all seriousness “because you're no longer welcome in this house.”

“Honey!” mom gasped. “You can't throw her out on the streets. What in the hell's wrong with you? Don't listen to your father dear. He'll come around eventually.”

“Not bloody likely,” dad replied with a sneer. “And I mean it. If you take that job I want you out of here. I will not be associated with some wonton whore working for that place.”

“Oh, so now I'm whore? You do know that a whore is usually someone that sleeps with a lot of other people right? How many boyfriends have I had again? Oh yeah, that's right, none! I can't believe you. I'm not working for the Farm anyways. I'll be working at one of the businesses located *on* the Farm.”

“Same difference. End of discussion. You take the job then you take your belongings with you.” With that he stormed out of the room leaving me and mom in stunned silence.