

Kinky Urges

Crimson Rose

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King Dong

“Good god!” Emma gasped, staring down at the biggest dick she had ever seen attached to a human. She guessed it to be eight or nine inches long and about two inches thick and it was still in a completely limp state.

“Like what you see?” the man – a stocky, good-looking, clean cut man with short brown hair and a knowing smirk on his handsome face.

“Is that thing real?”

“Absolutely. Want to give it a ride? Not many women can handle it so I come here looking for those that might be able to.”

“I see. How big does that thing get?”

“Fourteen inches long and over three inches thick when fully erect.”

“Fucking hell!”

“Did you just come out of there?” the man asked, looking behind Emma’s shoulder at the Animal Training Barn where submissives and bare-necks went to learn about the kinkiest sex available at the Domination Farm.

“Yeah. I just finished my training and got the mark of completion,” Emma said, turning to show the man the tattoo of a horseshoe and puppy paw with the words TRAINED ANIMAL SLUT written around them.

“So, you can handle my big dick then? By the way, my name is Charles,” the man said offering Emma his hand.

“I’m Emma,” Emma said taking the hand. “And yes, I think after everything I did in there I can easily handle your big dick. If you don’t mind sloppy twenty-eighths you can take me right here, right now.”

“I don’t mind one bit. What hole do you want it in?”

“All of them. I’ll suck it until you’re hard and then you can fuck my pussy and ass until you blow your load.” Sinking to her knees, Emma took the massive dick into her right hand and lifted it towards her mouth. “It’s so heavy,” she purred, wrapping her lips around the bulbous head. She had to open her mouth as wide as it would go, but she managed to take it and a couple inches of cock until it began to grow larger and thicker, threatening to dislocate her jaw if she continued.

“Uhn...keep sucking,” Charles moaned, placing his hand on the back of Emma’s head to keep her from pulling away. But it did not work as she pulled off of the giant cock before it caused serious damage.

“Fucking hell!” Emma gasped. “You nearly dislocated my damn jaw!”

“Still think you can handle it?”

“Yeah,” Emma said turning around and dropping onto her hands and knees. “Feel free to fuck both holes.”

Charles positioned his cockhead against Emma’s pussy and pushed it slowly forward, surprised at how easily it went in. It had been nearly a year since he had felt a tight, wet pussy gripping his cock and it was nearly enough to make him blow his load. Holding still with his cockhead pressed against Emma’s cervix, he took slow, deep breaths to calm down before grabbing her hips and fucking into her hard. “That’s it you dirty fucking slut! Take my big fat

cock! WHACK! He slapped her hard on the left ass cheek. WHACK! This one landed on the right ass cheek. “You like it, bitch? You like my fat cock stretching your tight pussy?”

“YES!” Emma moaned, but more for being fucked hard while strangers walked by than by being stretched on the fat dick. “UHN...uhn...aahhhh! Fuck me harder! Slap my ass! HARDER!

WHACK!

“HARDER! Slap my ass as hard as you can!”

WHACK! Charles brought his arm back and brought his hand down as hard as he could, the force of it pushing Emma nearly off of his thrusting cock. He pulled her back and spanked her at full force again. WHACK! WHACK! Two more hard swats to Emma’s ass. Pulling his cock out, he repositioned and put it into her ass – shoving all fourteen, fist-thick inches into her in one powerful thrust. Reaching forward, he grabbed a handful of her long, wavy brown hair and jerked her head back.

“Aahhgghhh!” Emma groaned, but made no attempt to move away. Quite the contrary, she shoved back onto Charles’s cock to make sure she took every last inch as his heavy, full balls slapped against her pussy. “Oh my fucking god! Oh my god! Uhn...uhn...fuck my ass! Stremth...” her sentence was cut short as an olive-skinned man pushed his dick into her open mouth and down her gagging throat.

As the newcomer rammed his dick down Emma’s throat, Charles continued to slap her ass as hard as he could. He pulled out of her ass and went back into her pussy, shoving his monster dick in as deep as it would go, but even though it was banging against her cervix, there was at least three or four inches she could not take. As he watched her asshole gaping open and closed, he made a fist and pushed it in – stretching her even more than his, or any other cock or toy ever had before. She gasped on the dick down her throat, but still made no attempt to move away.

Charles silently got the attention of a woman dressed in a form-fitting, red and black corset dress – the red armband around her right bicep marking her as a Dominant. He pointed to Emma’s neck and made a motion with his hand to indicate placing a collar around it. The woman watched the show for another minute, pulled a sleek black collar from a pack on her hip and walked over. Placing the collar against the front of Emma’s neck, she quickly wrapped it around and let the magnetic clasp connect – effectively locking it in place.

The collars used at the Domination Farm were specially designed with extremely powerful magnets at the ends that required a special tool, incredibly strength, or luck to remove. They were designed to remain in place while the one collared was taken to the registration office to be registered and given a submissive name. Emma was only the latest in a very long line of bare-necks and submissives.

Emma grumbled, but with a dick shoved down her throat, one in her pussy and a fist up her ass, there was little she could do about it. Charles blasted her pussy with one of the biggest loads she had ever been on the receiving end of. He waited until he was limp before pulling cock and fist out and stepping back. The Dominant that had placed the collar around Emma’s neck grabbed a handful of her hair and jerked her head back off of the dick cumming down her throat. The last few stringy blasts landed on her face.

“Come on Miss SluttyCow, time to register you as my newest submissive,” the Dominant woman said using the name she intended to give Emma.

“Mmmm, w-what?” Emma said looking to her right. “Registered? I’m not your submissive.”

“The collar around your neck says otherwise. Come on, do as you’re told and you won’t be punished.”

“If you want to make me your submissive you’re going to have to do more than that,” Emma smirked, climbing to her feet. “Catch me if you can,” she said before running down Submission Street and rounding the corner onto Breeding Boulevard. Ducking between the Milking Barn and a bathroom, she sprinted across a small courtyard and down an alley between the Girl-Mart shop and a building where bondage lessons were taught called learning the ropes. Running across Domination Drive, she opened the door of an unmarked building – only realizing her mistake when the door slammed shut behind her.

Staring across the room, Emma’s eyes went wide as she read the sign hanging on the wall behind a naked woman sitting at a glass desk. **BODY MODIFICATION BUILDING**. She thought momentarily of turning around and running, but knew the black collar would be replaced with the blue one of a Farm submissive if she did. Sighing, she walked across the room towards the naked woman.

“Welcome to the body shop,” the woman said looking up at Emma. “Please scan your bracelet.” Emma scanned her bracelet at the scanner and all of her information appeared on a computer monitor. “The system indicates you have not been registered. Did you stumble in unawares?”

“Mmm hmm,” Emma nodded, chewing her lower lip nervously.

“You’ll have to have one piece of work done before you leave. It can be a piercing, tattoo or brand. Which do you prefer?”

“A piercing,” Emma replied quickly. Preferring that over another tattoo, or god forbid a branding.

“Very well. And what would you like to have pierced? You options are nipples, clit hood, outer and inner labia.”

“Um, one or both nipples?”

“Both.”

“Then I suppose nipples.”

“Very well. Please scan your bracelet one more time for me please.” Emma scanned her bracelet as asked. “Thank you. You may take a seat now. Your name will be called when the piercer is ready.”

Emma walked to the left side of the room and sat down on a dildo seat. To her right was another collared woman and she wondered if she stumbled in as well, or if she was here to get her submissive name tattooed or branded on her. Across the room were two bare-neck women dressed in submissive clothes and a man dressed the same with a black collar around his neck. A Dominant woman stood behind and to the right of him.

When her name was called, Emma walked to the back of the building into a small room where the female Dominant that had called her name told her to stand in the middle of the room with her hands clasped behind her back. Emma complied, knowing the futility of making a fuss. It was all over in less than three minutes. The woman worked quickly, expertly piercing Emma’s nipples with such efficiency there was little pain involved. Giving her new piercings a look, Emma left the body modification building and looked around for the Dominant that had collared her. She was nowhere in sight, but that did not mean she was out of danger. As long as she wore the collar around her neck, and no name on her breast, any Dominant could claim her.