

Lifestyle Changes

Crimson Rose

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Sitting at his computer looking for porn to jerk his gherkin to, Maxton stumbled upon a website that would forever change his life in ways not even his perverted mind could conceive. The Domination Farm. Promising unlimited bdsm related content via access to their five hundred cameras for only fifty dollars a month, he skeptically perused their free section which only showed short snippets of what the resort truly had to offer but it did not take him long to know he had to join so out came his credit card and a few minutes later he was in the member's section which broke the resort into a five by five grid. He clicked on the one in the top left corner and it zoomed in to another grid giving him access to each of that section's twenty cameras.

Curious what dildo bikes were, he clicked the little camera icon and was instantly whisked into a building that looked more like a gym than the shop it actually was. On display all around the store were stationary as well as normal bikes in all speeds but it was the five bikes in the middle of the showroom being ridden by gorgeous naked women that drew his attention. And not just for their bodies. Eyes drifting down between their legs, he saw a huge black dildo pistoning in and out of a slender blonde's pussy in time with her pedaling. To her right a black woman was taking an even bigger dildo up her ass – the full fourteen thick inches slamming in and out so hard and fast he wondered how she could take it and remain seated. Two identical brunettes rode large purple toys that were every bit as thick as their forearms while the last woman, a busty and ever so slightly chubby blonde had both holes stuffed at the same time.

Having finally found paradise, Maxton pulled his cock out and furiously jerked off for three solid minutes before realizing there was far too much to watch to blow his load so quickly so he slowed, back out of that section and went into another. This time he zoomed in on half a dozen women dressed as various animals crawling around on all fours in a petting zoo. A man approached from one side and had a conversation with a portly man in a booth before stepping over the low fence. Looking at his choices, he decided upon a petite brunette dressed as a pony and without a word he walked over and thrust his cock into her. She purred like a kitten and repositioned herself and gave him free and unrestrained access.

“What the fuck is this place?” Maxton grunted as his hand once again went turbo on his shaft. “There's no fucking way anything like this really exists.” Keeping that camera open, he opened another tab to read more about the site and what it supposedly represented. On the contact page he saw a button for live chat and immediately clicked it. When asked to give a reason for his inquiry he simply typed into the chat box: I just joined and I can't believe a place like this really exists. It doesn't, right? I mean there's no way this is live.”

“Hi Maxton, My name is Mistress Megan and I'd be happy to answer all of your questions but first, do you have a webcam and are you willing to do a video call with me?”

Mistress, yeah right, Maxton thought. *More like some old fat dude in his mother's basement.* Sure, as long as you're on video as well, he typed.

I wouldn't have it any other way. Go ahead and turn your camera on and then click the icon in the lower right corner of the chat box to invite me to video.

A few moments later his camera was on and he was staring at an olive skinned beauty with naturally wavy long black hair and piercing green eyes. “Mistress Megan I presume?”

“That's me.”

“I know you probably get this all the time, but what can you do to prove you are who you say you are and this isn't a recording or some other trick?”

“What would you like me to do?”

“Hmm...stand up, slowly spin in a circle and then sit back down.” No sooner were the words out of his mouth then he watched the woman get up from her chair revealing the form-fitting purple and silver latex dress she was wearing. She then slowly did a three-sixty and sat back down as requested.

“Satisfied?”

“Very. Thank you.”

“Well, now that that’s out of the way how about I address your concerns? First and foremost, I can assure you the Domination Farm is a very real place anyone may visit and everything you see via access to the cameras is live. And to prove it, I would like you to pick any of the cameras. Go ahead and then let me know which one you’ve picked.”

Going back to the membership section, Maxton clicked on section fifteen. The screen zoomed in and he tapped camera twelve for the Milking Barn where he saw eleven women of all shapes, sizes and ages hooked to machines like dairy cows. “Ok, I’m now looking at the Milking Barn.”

“Nice choice. I’m going to head on over there right now but I’m taking my laptop with me so feel free to continue asking questions if you have them for me to answer.”

“If this place is real then why hasn’t everyone heard about it?”

“Tens of millions have. Due to the nature of our business we don’t do a whole lot of televised advertisement but that doesn’t mean it’s completely secret either. As I said, all are free to visit.”

Maxton watched as Mistress Megan walked out of the building laptop in hand and made her way down a street that was surprisingly crowded with mostly naked men and women. Some were being led on leashes like puppies. Others sat on seats and benches with huge dildos built into them. A few were being fucked right in the open as people walked by unphased.

“If you go to section seven, camera eight you’ll be able to follow my trek across the domination farm as we speak,” Mistress Megan said as she walked down what appeared to be a two lane street without the lines. “I’ll let you in on a neat little trick. Do you see an option to follow trackers on the left panel?”

“Yeah.”

“Go ahead and enable that and you should see several blue and red dots appear on your screen.”

“I see them.”

“Great. Open camera nine now and you should see a red one with my name next to it. Click it and your feed will auto follow me as I move through the different zones. Let me know when you’re seeing me on your screen and not my laptop.”

“I see you now.”

“Great. I’m going to close my laptop so I don’t run into someone or trip and fall flat on my face but before I do I’m going to tell you exactly what’s going to happen since we won’t be able to talk again until I get to the milking barn. Once there I’m going to hook myself up to one of the machines so you can watch me being milked. Will that prove this is actually live and not a recording?”

Maxton was already convinced of that but he was not about to pass up the chance to see the gorgeous woman on his screen being milked like a cow. “It might, but what would absolutely sell it for me is if you do it butt naked with my name written on your left breast while being spit-roasted by two big black cocks.”

“I’ll do that if you’re willing to do something for me.”

“Name it.”

“Two things. First, you will call me Mistress for the duration of this conversation. And second, I want to see you but naked with a plug, dildo or whatever you have on hand stuffing your ass while you jerk off.”

“Um, I don’t do anal, Mistress.”

“And I don’t take commands but I’m willing to do it for your pleasure. Are you saying you’re not willing to show me the same respect?”

“Even if I did do anal, which I don’t, the only toys I have here are the ones my girlfriend likes me using on her and they’re as big as the ones I see being used around there so there’s no way they’re going to fit.”

“Do they fit in your girlfriend?”

“Yes, but...”

“Then they’ll fit in you. Go get them and please your Mistress by stuffing your ass. Otherwise our conversation ends right here.”

“I don’t think you understand. When I say they’re huge, I mean they’re thicker than my hand fist. Hell, one is shaped like a damn fist. I’ve never even taken a finger up my ass so there’s no way I’m going to be able to shove her toys in there anytime soon.”

“Go get all of her toys so I can see what we’re working with and we’ll go from there. Or do I end the chat and turn my tracker off?”

“I’ll get them but I make no promises I’ll put them up my ass,” Maxton replied. “Give me a minute, I’ll be right back.”

“I’ll be right here.”

Rolling his chair back, Maxton got up and ran out of the living room giving Mistress Megan a clear view of his hard cock bouncing up and down with every step. In the bedroom he grabbed the plastic tote from the closet containing several bottles of lube and a collection of huge toys his girlfriend loved being stretched with. Carrying it back to the living room, he sat back down in his chair, adjusted his position and removed the lid.

“First of all, let me say nice cock,” Mistress Megan said when she saw he had returned. “Now let’s see what we’re working with.”

“Yes Mistress.” With a ten inch long, two and a half inch thick veiny black shaft the first out of the tote was the smallest of the lot. Slowly moving it in front of the webcam, Maxton rolled it over in his hands so that Mistress Megan could see it from all angles. “This is the smallest of them,” He said just before sitting it on his desk.

“Do you know exactly how big it is?”

“Not sure about the length but I know the shaft is two and a half inches thick and the head is closer to three, Mistress.”

“And the biggest?”

Maxton reached into the tote and pulled out a truly monstrous blue silicone dildo that scared the hell out of him every time his girlfriend wanted to take it. “That would be this one,” he said, showing her the fifteen inch long, four and a half inch thick behemoth.

“And your girlfriend takes that?”

“Not often but yes. In both holes.”

“Impressive. Well, that one is far too big for a first timer but the first one is very doable if you’re willing to stretch that sexy ass for your Mistress.”

“If I’m being completely honest, no, I really don’t want to stretch my ass. Don’t get me wrong, I want to see you being milked like a cow while being fucked by two big black cocks, but I’m into giving, not receiving.”

“Then we have nothing left to talk about,” Mistress Megan said, not bothering to hide her disappointment. “Did you have any other Domination Farm related questions I can answer for you?”

“Um, so that’s it? You’re just going to leave because I won’t fuck my ass with dildos?”

“Not to be rude, but you’re a tech call and I’m on the clock. Now I can perform farm related activities but not if you’re only willing to take. I’m not asking you to just ram huge dildo up your virgin ass because that would be as irresponsible as it is stupidly dangerous. Let’s start with a finger. If that cock of yours doesn’t stay hard then I’ll know you’re absolutely not into anal but if it does then I’m asking you to trust that Mistress knows best. Will you at least give me a finger?” Realizing the phrasing could be taken numerous ways, she gave a half-smirk. “Well, the finger will go up your ass but who knows, maybe if you pay us a visit you can tickle my fancy.”

Maxton sat in his chair staring from the screen to his dick to the huge dildos sitting on his desk and in the tote at his feet. “You talk about give and take so here’s my counteroffer. I’ll put a finger in my ass if you strip naked right where you stand and eat out the first woman that walks in your direction.”

“Well, seeing how neither of us can really make sure the other does as they promise, I’ll hold you to your word and go first.” Sitting her laptop on one of the Domination Farm’s many dildo seats – the only place submissive and curious men and women were permitted to sit, she grabbed the hem of her dress and peeled it off over her head leaving her wearing only a pair of knee-high latex boots and the red arm band that marked her as one of the resort’s professional Dominatrix. At thirty-nine she kept her fit figure by morning runs followed by long days training submissives all across the Domination Farm. Dropping her dress on another dildo chair, she extended her right arm and motioned with a finger. A moment later a petite, alabaster skinned redhead walked over. Words were exchanged and Maxton watched Mistress Megan drop to her knees and suck the young woman’s hooded clit. The woman put a hand on the back of her head and pulled her closer.

There was no set time limit to their agreement. Mistress Megan could have stopped after a single lick and still have held up her end of things, but she happened to love eating pussy as much as she loved sucking cock and really wanted to see Maxton’s ass stretched wide open so decided to give him a show worth watching. Still concentrating on the woman’s clit, she brought her right hand up between her legs and slowly fucked two fingers into her. The woman threw her head back, the look on her pretty face pure bliss as tongue and digits worked their magic.

Maxton could have very easily switched cameras and watched any number of Masters, Mistresses, submissives and those just curious about the lifestyle engaging in nearly every perversion imaginable, but he was a man of his word so while Megan continued eating the young woman’s pussy he moved things around so that his webcam picked him up on all fours. Even though he was only using a single finger he lubed his entire hand. He then added more to the tip of his index finger and rubbed it around his asshole for several intense seconds before applying pressure. “Uhn!” he grunted mostly in surprise as it slid in fully. “Oh wow!” Instead of shriveling up in disgust, his cock throbbed with excitement. Pulling out completely, he shoved it back in. Out. In. Out. In. Faster. In and out. Out and in. Harder. When a bead of pre-cum formed at the tip of his cock he knew there was only one direction this night could go.