

Masochist Megan

Crimson Rose

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It had taken Megan nearly six months to crack the code on the safe hidden in the wall of her parents' closet. She knew they were well-off and that they always kept a fair amount of money on hand, but never in a million years did she expect to find stacks of hundreds, fifties and twenties totaling a quarter of a million dollars. Fingers going to the collar that had been locked around her neck for more than six years, she sighed. *This is it*, she thought as she stared at stacks of cash. *This is your chance to escape this fucking nightmare once and for all*. Running to her room, she grabbed a small duffel bag from under her bed and then ran back to her parent's room where she proceeded to shovel cash into bag.

Going back to her bedroom, Megan dropped the bag on the foot of her bed and then went to the small desk in the corner where she did her schooling and homework. Reaching down, she grabbed a pair of heavy-duty scissors which she used to cut through the leather that had kept her shackled to what she had long considered her prison. Letting it drop to the floor, she put the scissors back on the desk and then picked up a sealed envelope – one corner slightly thicker than the rest of the contents within. Grabbing the bag off her bed, she walked out, leaving the envelope leaning against the coffee pot where she knew her parents would find it when they got home from work.

Homeschooled for the entirety of her education, she was a lot smarter than her parents gave her credit for even if they forbade her having friends or ever leaving the property without one of them accompanying her. She had a state ID, but at eighteen had never driven a car, let alone own one. She had no friends to speak of, nowhere to go but the one location in Rome, Wisconsin her parents hated the most. The Domination Farm. She had heard stories about the infamous fetish resort all her life, but it was not until an incident when she was just twelve years old that she knew it was where she belonged, where she could finally find the peace of mind that came with knowing you were not alone, not the perversion of nature you have been called all of your life. But first she had to get there. Thankfully, she had access to a cell phone which she was only supposed to use for emergencies and a quick Google search gave her the number for the local taxi service.

The post office. Banks. Shopping Malls. Sit down and fast-food restaurants. Movie theaters. Libraries. Grocery stores. Other people's homes. These are all places Megan had heard of and seen from the back seat of her parents' SUV but had never once visited. Spending her entire life sheltered under the oppressive rule of her parents, the only places she had ever been outside of her home was church, the occasional doctor's visit and one trip to the BMV to get her state ID. Looking out the window as she waited for the taxi to take her to freedom, her heart pounded furiously in her chest even as butterflies swarmed her stomach. She was undoubtedly and understandably scared, but knew that if she did not get out now, the next place she visited would be her grave. Lightly running a fingernail over the lines of scars running up her inner right forearm, she sighed.

When the taxi pulled in twenty-nine minutes later, she picked the duffel bag up off the floor and walked out of the house for the last time, pulling the locked door shut behind her. Climbing into the back of the yellow car she was greeted by clean cut man in his mid to late forties.

“Morning. Where you headed?” the driver asked.

“The Domination Farm please.”

“Sure thing. Do you mind me asking if this is your first time visiting, or are you a repeat customer?”

“First time. You ever been there?”

“My wife and I have been vacationing there three weeks a year for the last decade.”

“Cool. What can you tell me about it?”

“It’s definitely not for the faint of heart. And if you’re not one hundred percent comfortable showing your body off and having sex in front of hundreds of thousands to millions of people around the world, or performing acts of sexual perversion then it’s probably not the place for you.”

“I’m a born masochist. I get off on pain and humiliation,” Megan replied. “I’ve been dreaming of going there for most of my life.”

“Most of your life?” the driver said, looking at his passenger through the rearview mirror. “Really?”

“At least since I was twelve. I know, it’s messed up, but this trip has been the only thing keeping me alive for the last six years.”

“I’m sorry to hear that. Not that you’ve been dreaming of going, but because you feel that you need to.”

Once again tracing the scars on her arm, this time the right, Megan silently stared at the nearly hundred lines from wrist to shoulder as the vehicle backed out of the driveway and onto the street. Her mind on other things, no more words were spoken until the taxi pulled into the parking lot of the Domination Farm fifty-three minutes later.

“That’ll be Thirty-two dollars.”

Reaching into the bag, Megan grabbed a fifty and slid it through the plexiglass window dividing the front of the car from the back. “Keep the change.”

“Thanks. Enjoy your stay.”

“Thanks.” Getting out, Megan slung the duffel bag over her left shoulder and then got into the shortest line.

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Thanks to new rules allowing for online application and payments of fees, the lines moved a whole lot faster these days than in the not so distant past where every new patron would spend an hour or more reading and signing all of the paperwork before being issued the bracer that not only contained all of the individual’s personal information, but which also worked as a means of paying for things around the resort. Able to fill everything out online thanks to disabling the parental controls on the laptop she was given for schooling; the longest part of the process was taken care of and forty minutes after arriving she had paid for two full years and still had enough left over to put an additional eighty thousand dollars on her account.

Stepping out of line with her new fancy silver bracer locked around her right forearm, Megan tossed the now empty duffel bag into a trash can and then began stripping out of her clothes. Tee shirt. Bra. Shoes. Socks. Jeans. Panties. In accordance with the rules prohibiting normal, everyday street clothes everything went into the trash. Butt naked save for the bracer, she walked over to the gates, swiped the chip built into the device and then once the way opened stepped inside where her introduction to the fetish resort was the same as so many millions before her. A track on the left where men and women were trained as Whorsies – petgirls and petboys trained to pull carts and carry riders. Next to that was a line of mechanical pillories, many occupied by men and women bound until they met sucking off their requirement of fifty cocks.

Resisting the urge to lock herself into one of the pillories, Megan grabbed a folded map from a plastic holder screwed to a light post. Unfolding it, she let her eyes settle on the little red X near the entrance marking her current location and then moved them along the marked roads until she found her first target: the submissive apartments located at the end of Bondage Boulevard. Going north from there, she located the fetish clothing store just a block north at the corner of Discipline Drive and Caning Court. And then she saw it. A street named Masochist Row. Heart skipping a beat, she audibly gasped. "Oh god!" she exclaimed half to herself. With the full-color map in hand, she began walking, all thoughts of finding a place to live and getting some clothes to wear pushed from her mind.

Walking past men and women engaged in everything from casual conversation to very public displays of sex including two men spit-roasting a busty brunette woman, a dominant blonde woman based on the red band around her right bicep going nearly elbow deep in a man's ass and two women in their early twenties going about their business only for a group of five black men to shove them to their kneed and then openly use them as urinals. Taken aback, it was not until Megan saw the light blue collars around the women's necks marking them as Farm slaves that she understood their unusual level of obedience. Unable to help herself, she walked over to them. "That is so fucking hot!"

"Excuse me?" one of the men said, turning his head to look at the newcomer.

"The way you just tossed them to the ground and started pissing on them. That was really hot." No sooner were the words out of her mouth, then Megan found herself on her knees with a big black cock pushing past her lips. Pee hit the back of her throat causing her to choke, but the hand on the back of her head kept her from completely pulling away as the warm, bitter fluid hit her stomach.

"Looks like you need some training, toilet," the man peeing down Megan's throat said. "Still think it's hot, slut?"

After swallowing the last drops, Megan looked up at the black man. "Even more so, Sir. Thank you for my first lesson in being a toilet." Though new to the Domination Farm, she was far from inexperienced when it came to submission and knew that proper etiquette dictated she be polite in all things.

"Well, if you like your first lesson then you'll love your second, another of the black men said as he spun, the streak of golden liquid going from the kneeling Farm slave's face to Megan's mouth. Somewhat used to it, she drank as quickly as possible but some still spilled from the corners of her lips.

"Thank you, Sir."

"My pleasure, slut. Tell me, why isn't such an obedient toilet collared?"

"Because I've only been here like five minutes, Sir, and no one has attempted to collar me," Megan said as she got to her feet. Really, thank you for teaching me how to drink pee. I'll definitely let more people use me as their toilet, but I've got a lot of exploring to do and I really want to pay Masochist Row a visit so I think I'm going to go now," she said, submissive to the core but not interested in wearing another collar so soon after ridding herself of the one that had kept her shackled to her parents' oppressive will for the last third of her life.

"Whoa! Where you off to in such a hurry, slut?" one of the men asked as he grabbed Megan's heavily scarred left forearm. "That was just a teaser. You must stick around for the main event."

Flashbacks of her parent's grabbing her in a similar manner pouring into her head, Megan yanked her arm away. "Touch me again and it'll be the last fucking thing you do!" Glaring at

them for several tense seconds, she turned and walked off with a huff, not calming down until reaching the doors of the fetish clothing store where she decided to stop and pick up her free Farm issued outfit and a few more for variety during her long stay.

“Afternoon,” a young twenty-something pixie-haired Farm slave named MilkMelons said in greeting.

“Afternoon,” Megan said as the glass door closed behind her.

“How may I serve you?”

“Um, I’m here to pick up my free outfit and possibly a few more. I’m going to be here a long time and don’t want to wear the same thing every single day.”

“Understandable. May I ask how long you’ll be with us?”

“Two years.”

“Wow! That is a long time. Are you an employee?”

“No, just a paying guest.”

“Well, if you’re going to be here that long you might consider getting yourself a job to help pay for things and to also keep yourself out of Farm debt.

“You hiring?”

“Me personally?”

“Sure.”

“Actually, we could use someone to help out if you’re interested. It isn’t the highest paying job the Domination Farm offers but it does have several perks that make up for it.”

“Such as?”

“Why don’t you go ahead and scan your chip at the terminal there on the counter and we can discuss the details while picking out whatever the system determines will be your free outfit?”

“Yes Ma’am,” Megan said, giddy for the opportunity of gainful employment.

Walking behind the counter, MilkMelons tapped a few places on the monitor and then spun it around. Megan scanned her chip and a moment later her account opened and then a beat after that a list of items appeared in a box on the right. “Okay, as you can see here your free outfit will consist of thigh-high boots, bondage garter belt, harness bra and opera gloves all in matching latex. What’s your favorite color?”

“Pink.”

“Then it’ll all be in pink.”

“Um, what does it mean by bondage garter belt?”

“It’s basically a high-waisted garter belt with built-in d-rings to aid in placing you in bondage. Actually, everything on your list will have them.”

“To be completely honest, I don’t actually know a whole lot about fetish clothing and I’m not exactly familiar with garter belts in general.”

“Well, if you’re going to work here then we’ll have to start your training right away. You see this?” MilkMelons asked, motioning to the dark green garment worn around her waist and hips with straps going down and connecting to the tops of her thigh-high boots. “This is a garter belt. And these are thigh-high hoof boots and this is an underbust corset,” she said, motioning to each garment she wore. “Now, if you’re actually interested in working here...”

“I definitely am,” Megan excitedly cut the Farm slave off. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to interrupt. Please continue.”