

# **Momma Mia**

**Crimson Rose**

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## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

“So, what can you tell me about this Domination Farm?” Mia asked her good friends Abbie and Chloe. “What can I expect to see and do there?” Ever since she won the month-long vacation at Chloe and Abbie’s reception raffle, she had been curious, but this is the first time she had been able to meet up and talk to them about it.

“Honestly, we can’t tell you much more than you can find on their website,” Abbie answered. “They are in the business of training submissives and sex slaves so I guess you can expect to see and do that.”

“WHOA! You mean this vacation is to train me as a sex slave?”

“Not necessarily,” Chloe replied. “I mean, that’s great if you take it that far, but you don’t have to be trained at all. From what I’ve learned on their website, you’ll enter as what they call a bare-neck and once inside, it’ll be your job to remain that way, or to accept whomever collars you as your new Master or Mistress.”

“Fucking hell! And what if I don’t want anyone to collar me? What if I don’t want to be a submissive or sex slave?”

“Then don’t go and we’ll offer it to someone else,” Abbie shrugged. “But you have to remember, you don’t have to accept anyone as your Dominant unless they collar you and get you inside of the registration office to make you their own.”

“This all sounds so complicated and crazy.”

“I suppose it can be, but think of it as a learning experience. Tell us honestly, did you like what you did at the reception?” Chloe asked.

Thinking back to stripping naked and allowing their friend Frank to not only cane her ass while strapped to a spanking bench, but to fist pussy and ass as well, a slight smile formed on her lips. And it only broadened when she thought of the many men that gang banged her along with the other female guests in what was a social experiment on giving up control to another. “Yeah, once I got over the initial shock of it I enjoyed myself.”

“Then think of this as an extended version of that. We have no idea what you’ll find there, but from everything we’ve been able to gather it’ll definitely be kinky and designed to make you give up control to another in one way, shape or form,” Abbie said. “So, you still interested in going, or should we start looking for someone else.”

“Would you go? Nevermind, of course you would you’re both incredibly submissive.”

“If it counts for anything, Forty-six guests from the wedding and reception have agreed to further training including both of our parents,” Chloe said. “And this weekend we’re holding a gang bang party where nine of our female and eleven of our male friends have agreed to join fifty-six other men in one massive breeding orgy. To clarify, that’s nine of our female friends that have agreed to let nearly seventy men breed them for an entire week with the intent of getting pregnant.”

“HOLY SHIT! I can’t believe that many would agree! Who are they?”

“You’ll learn soon enough. We’re not divulging any names until after the event,” Abbie answered. But with so many now interested in the bdsm lifestyle, I’d say our little experiment was a grand success.”

“I guess so. I still can’t believe so many are submissive.”

“Not all are. Many are dominant and are looking into that aspect of it. Others are both and will be trained to be dominant as well as submissive. The question is: are you interested enough to take a month-long vacation to the Domination Farm? Remember, it’s all expenses paid

so you don't have to worry about a thing other than maybe buying new toys and such. They manufacture their own sex toys right on location."

"Really?" Mia asked, only slightly more interested than before."

"Yep. According to their website it's called DF Productions. They also have their own clinic, porn studio and many, many attractions for you to enjoy. And if you don't go to be dominated and trained as a submissive or sex slave, then at least you can go to get a much better understanding of the lifestyle."

"When would I have to leave?"

"Whenever you want. There is no time restriction, but I'd suggest going in the warmer months as their clothing rules are rather...strict."

"Meaning?"

"You'll see once you get there," Abbie grinned.

"How are you going to pay for it if you're not going?"

"It's already been set up," Chloe answered. When you get there, go through the entrance kiosk and give them your name and they'll have a bracelet for you to wear with thirty days of time and an extra thousand dollars on it for food and souvenirs. If you're not going then we need to call and change the name on it."

"We'll even pay your way there," Abbie added as a bonus. "How does another thousand sound for food and gas to get there?"

"That's way more than I'll need."

"So, you're going then?"

"Yeah, I think I will if only to better understand this crazy life you're so intent on everyone living. Um, how soon can you get the money for the trip there?"

"Are you leaving tomorrow?"

"Yeah, I think I will. I'll map it out, but I think it'll take me at least three days to get there."

"I'll be right back," Chloe said getting up off the couch. Leaving the living room, she went to the bedroom and closed the door behind her. Going into the walk-in closet, she opened the small safe and counted out a thousand dollars in fifties and twenties from the stash that she and her wife Abbie kept out of the bank. Money in hand, she returned to the living room and handed the wad to Mia. "That quick enough for you?" she grinned.

"Holy shit! You got a thousand dollars just lying around the house?"

"Something like that."

"So, we really haven't had time to sit down and talk since the wedding," Mia said tucking the money into her purse. "How in the world did you get into all of this?"

"I got into it first," Abbie answered. "It was long before Chloe and I even started dating, let alone getting married. Anyways, I was on vacation in Vegas and doing very well so I called her up and asked if she wanted to join me. She said yes and we made a few deals that would give her a small taste of the life I've been living in secret."

"By small taste, she means doing a kinky camshow that ended in me fisting myself followed by a night at a brothel where I tied up, gang banged, had my nipples pierced and pussy branded," Chloe cut in.

"Jesus Christ!"

"It was a...interesting, night to say the least. And things only got kinkier when I got to Vegas. Abbie confessed she's been crushing on me for a long time, but there was still no talk of

even dating, let alone getting married. That didn't come until a few days later. Having known each other for so long, we just went for it."

"So, whose idea was it to have a bdsm-themed wedding and reception?"

"Mine," Chloe answered "but we both came up with the full details. Honestly, we didn't think a single person would attend, let alone ninety-three. And for so many to continue doing it afterwards means more to us than we can ever put into words. Like you going to the Domination Farm, for instance. You could easily tell us to fuck off and never talk to us again and we'd understand, but instead, you're willing to go and learn more and potentially gain some training as a submissive or sex slave. That is true friendship if there ever was a definition."

"I'm not completely sold on the whole thing," Mia confessed, but I'm willing to go and learn. That's the best I can offer."

"And we'd ask for nothing more," Abbie smiled. "We really do appreciate you making the effort and no matter how it ends we'll always be here for you."

"Did it hurt to get branded?"

"More than anything I've ever experienced in my life," Chloe said looking down at the words PLEASURE SLAVE branded on her pussy mound just above her clitoris.

"Why did you do it?"

"It was that, or pay a three thousand dollar fee that I did not have at the time."

"And whose idea was it to make your home nude only?"

"We both agreed to that one," Abbie answered. "And I'm damn glad we did. We've been seeing a lot of incredibly sexy bodies the last few weeks," she added, making no attempt to disguise the fact she was checking her friend out. Do you think we could have some fun before you do tomorrow?"

"You want to fist me, don't you?" Mia asked. "I can see by the way you're looking at my pussy that you do."

"Amongst other things. Have you been doing it since the reception?" Chloe asked.

"Yeah. Every night actually. Several times a night if I'm going to be honest. Every time I tell myself I'm done I end up fisting myself even harder than ever. I think I might be hooked on it. What about the two of you?"

"Same," Abbie answered. "But there's no thinking involved. We're definitely hooked. Can we fist you on cam?"

"Seeing as how you're paying for a month-long vacation I'd be kind of an ass to say no."

"Not at all. You are under no obligation, Mia. We want nothing in return, or you feeling as if you owe us anything. This is our gift to you."

"I want to do it. Honestly, as much as I love fisting myself, I enjoy it a whole lot more when someone else does it to me. Especially when they do both holes at the same time."

"Nice," Abbie grinned. "So, whose been fisting you?"

"Lana, Tammy, Wendy and Gina have done it so far. I think every woman we know is bisexual now thanks to the two of you. Was that your intentions?"

"Let's just say it's an added bonus," Chloe replied. "Come on, let's take this to the bedroom and we'll see what sort of show we can put on for our adoring fans."