

Moore Submission

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Moore Submission

Copyright© 2020 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

Opening her eyes eighteen year old Heather Moore stared at the red padded black metal Saint Andrews bolted to the wall. She had been at the Domination Farm for nine days and the large piece of furniture along with the spanking bench and stockade with attached fucking machine were the latest purchases. After nine days of humiliating and degrading sex to pay down her debt she had instead added thousands to it. Sitting up she knew she had a problem but was at a loss as to how to rectify it before she dug herself in so deep she would have to spend the rest of her life submitting to strangers to climb out.

Getting out of bed she took a quick shower in the tiny apartment bathroom and then chose a simple outfit consisting of blue skin-hugging thigh-high boots and matching suede backed leather wrist, ankle, thigh cuffs and wide belt in the same shade of blue to match the collar around her neck marking her as a Farm submissive even though she was not registered as such. Knowing how much people liked to restrain her she finished the ensemble off by attaching one end of double fixations to the rings in each thigh cuff as well at the back of the wide belt to make the task easier. She also knew she would have sex with no fewer than twenty men as part of her training as a breeding cow so decided against any other clothes.

Leaving the apartment building Heather stepped out into the warmth of the sun shining down upon her. A light breeze caused her nipples to stand erect and as a shiver of excitement went down her spine she smiled. It had been nine days since her training in sexual submission began and humiliating as most of it was she was enjoying most of it including the fact her own mother decided to take a job at the Farm's newest attraction the Cougar Club.

After a quick breakfast at The Dive where she thought about her situation while casually fucking herself on the dildo seat all patrons whether male or female were required to sit on, she stopped at the Main Office in the hopes of talking with someone, anyone that could help get her debt under control. Entering the one story brick building she shivered as the much cooler temperature of the air conditioned room raised goosebumps all over her skin.

"Can I help you?" the day manager Mistress Hollie asked as she looked the practically naked young woman up and down.

"Um, I hope so Mistress. My name is Heather and I'm in desperate need of help figuring out how to pay off my debt to the Farm."

"All right, why don't you go ahead and scan in so I can pull up your records and we'll see what we can do."

"Thank you Mistress." After a swiping the chip embedded in the beautiful silver bracer around her right wrist Heather stood with her head partially bowed and hands folded in front of her until given permission to sit. Having stretched herself open on similarly huge dildos dozens of times during her stay at the fetish resort she did not hesitate taking them fully.

"Well, I see your problem Miss Moore. You're spending far more than you're working off. But not to worry, it's not as terrible as you might imagine. There are actually several ways of earning a great deal of money here at the Farm and I see you're already doing one of them."

"I am?"

"It says here you began training as a breeding cow last week. Is that correct?"

"It is."

"Great, then you're well on your way to repaying your debt to us."

"I don't understand."

"Has no one explained the rules to you Miss Moore?"

“Only that I will have sex with twenty men a day and won’t be permitted to leave the Farm until confirmed pregnant. Seeing as how I’ll be here five or six months anyways I figured why not.”

“There’s a little more to it than that. First, you are correct, you will not be permitted to leave until confirmed pregnant. But beyond that you’re required to remain for no less than six months afterward to prevent you from running off with the payment and getting an abortion.”

“WHOA! Wait, first of all I would never have an abortion. And second, you’re talking about me being here like an entire year. And what payment?”

“If you’re lucky you’ll be knocked up while working off your debt and you’ll be out of here in as little as nine months. As for payment, once pregnancy has been confirmed by our doctors fifty thousand dollars will be added to your account. Minus any debt you still owe, of course. To get that debt paid down even quicker and since you’ll eventually produce milk anyways you should stop in at the Milking Barn and let them train you to induce. Once you’re producing significant quantities we’ll pay fifty dollars an ounce for it. There are some dairy cows making upwards of fifteen hundred to two grand a day selling only their breast milk but those are the exceptions and not the rule. The good news is it only takes two or three months to begin producing so you’ll start paying down your debt in as little as four months.”

“Anything I can do to pay my debts any quicker, Mistress?”

“Well, there’s always the Girl Mart and auction block. Both will pay your debt off immediately.”

“I feel a really big but coming, Mistress.”

“Both require you to sell yourself into submission and you won’t get your portion of the sale price until you’ve completed your contract.”

“Then how will my debt be repaid immediately, Mistress?”

“The money is paid to the Domination Farm. We take a thirty percent fee and the remaining seventy percent is placed in an account in your name to be released upon completion of your contract. If you owe a debt to the farm that portion will come out immediately so that your bracer may be taken out of lockdown mode allowing you to leave.”

“How long are the contracts, Mistress? What will I have to do for whomever buys me?”

“That all depends on what you’re willing to do. And if you’re nervous about selling yourself to a stranger then you can sell yourself to the Domination Farm but that requires registration which is permanent and irreversible.”

“So I can just continue being a Farm submissive, Mistress?”

“Pretty much. I’ll say the minimum price is five thousand which is nowhere near what you need to repay your debt but the price goes up exponentially depending on what you’re willing to do.”

“What if I’m willing to do it all, Mistress? How much can I make as a sex slave” Heather could hardly believe she was asking such an insane question but she was feeling desperate and wanted to weigh every option.”

“A hundred and fifty thousand with a minimum contract of three years.”

“So, a total of four hundred and fifty grand ore one fifty, Mistress?”

“Four fifty but you’ll be trained and treated as a sex slave. You’ll have absolutely no say over what people do to that sexy young body of yours.”

“I understand what it means to be a sex slave, Mistress. Not that I am one but I have yet to refuse a command so I might as well be. Funny, I told my mother on my third day here that we

should register ourselves as Farm submissives. I assume if I go the route of slave I won't also be paid for being bred or milked like an animal."

"You will not."

"Well, you've given me a lot to think about, Mistress."

"There's one more thing I can do to help curb your spending. I can place a lock on your account that will prevent you from purchasing anything beyond food, housing and basic necessities."

"Absolutely yes Mistress. I'll also sell myself as a farm slave."

"Are you sure that's what you want to do, Miss Moore? Don't get me wrong, I'm in the business of dominating sexy young women such as yourself but slavery is a huge step and it'll keep you here on the Domination Farm for the next three years. Meaning other than for family and medical emergencies we cannot handle here you will not be permitted to leave. If you have friends and family you would like to see they'll have to visit you here. Do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress. My fiancé knows I'm here and my mother just started working at Club Cougar so my immediate family already knows we're weirdos. I need to repay my debts and set myself up for college and if spending the next three years as a sex slave is the price I'll happily pay it. Just tell me what I need to do."

"You'll need to read and sign some paperwork and then after I give you a slave name you'll go to the registration office to register as a farm slave and then you'll go to the body modification building to have it color branded on your left breast. Just know that as soon as you're registered you're bracer will not unlock for any reason short of what I've already mentioned."

"And after that, Mistress?"

"After that you're property of the Domination Farm and you'll obey every command as suck or you'll be disciplined. Your first month's payment will be added to your account which in your case will barely cover your debt but you'll be out of debt. Any questions?"

"No Mistress."

"Then your new slave name will be...FuckMoore spelled as your last name."

"Yes Mistress."

"Before you go please scan your chip so I can place the lock on your account. It will remain in place for three months and then you may come in and review your case to have it lifted."

"Yes Mistress. Um, question, I had my mother take a lot of my toys and clothes home with her. Can I have her bring them back so I have them or will I have to do without?"

"She may bring the clothing back but not the toys, furniture or any other equipment."

"Yes Mistress. Um, given my situation this is a stupid question but given that I'll be here the next three years will I be permitted to buy more?"

"Once you're out of debt you may spend your money however you wish but as long as the lock remains in place you won't be able to spend more than you have on your account."

"Yes Mistress."

"Anything else?"

"No Mistress."

"Then I believe you have business to take care of."

"Yes Mistress. And thank you for the help."

"My pleasure."

A nervous wreck, Heather walked out of the Main office and once back out on Domination Boulevard slowly exhaled. Visibly shaking, she stared across the wide road to the row of metal pillories, eight of which had women locked in them while a further three contained men – all of them sucking off any man offering their dicks and would continue doing so until they had blown fifty of them. Her eyes drifting from a petite blonde with large hanging breasts swaying back as a man fucked her from behind, to the Whorsie track she had spent the last week learning and being conditioned to pull manned carts.

Unlike a submissive, slave or bare-neck requiring a tattoo or brand as part of completing one of the Domination Farm's kinkier attractions, Heather could take all the time she wanted to register and get the required work done but the growing apprehension causing her gut to knot up she marched straight to the registration office at the corner of Anal Avenue and Humiliation Drive. Hand reaching gout she turned the handle when she heard a familiar voice.

"Heather!" Kelly called out. "There you are. Whoa! What are you doing? You do realize what building that is, right?"

"Hey babe," Heather replied. Lowering her hand, she walked over and gave her fiancé a tight hug. "I know exactly what building this is. I've thought about it ever since I got myself in debt and after talking to Mistress Hollie I've decided to sell myself as a Farm slave."

"FARM SLAVE? Jesus, Heather, that's a bit extreme don't you think?"

"It is, but it'll also get me out of debt and put enough money in the bank to set me up for the foreseeable future. I know you've thought about it in the past so why don't you join me so we can be together all the time instead of just once or twice a week?"

"I have limits, babe. And a life outside of the farm. Come on, you only have a few months and then you'll be free to go."

"Actually, I'm being used as a breeding cow now and the rules state I have to stay six months after being confirmed pregnant so I have more like a year. God, this is not how I wanted you to find out. I'm so sorry." Hanging her head, Heather fought back the tears. "I...I understand if you want to break it off."

"Break it off? Oh honey, you're not getting rid of me that easily. You forget, I'm the one that introduced you to this place. I know exactly how they like to rope pretty young women like you in. That being said, if you're absolutely one hundred percent certain you want to spend the next three years being trained as a sex slave then you not only have my blessing I'll be here for you every step of the way."

"S-So you...you're going to be registered as well?"

"No, but I'll be here as often as possible. Unfortunately there's the matter of the rather high entrance fee."

"I'll gladly pay it for you every day if it means you'll be here with me. SHIT! I can't pay it."

"Yeah, I don't suggest going any deeper in debt or the next thing you know you'll spend the rest of your life here."

"No, I had Mistress Hollie place a lock on my account preventing me from spending money beyond the fee for food and a place to stay and it can't be removed for three months. Maybe she'll let me pay for yours too."

"Honey, do you hear yourself talking? You're trying to get out of debt, not deeper into it."

“You’re right. But I’ll be out of debt in a month so when I get my next payment I can use part of it to pay for you to be here with me. I mean, what else am I going to do with it? Anyways, I’ve made up my mind to do this. Will you wait out here for me?”

“I’ll be here.”

“Thanks babe. I’ll be out as quickly as possible.” Giving her fiancé a kiss, Heather pulled the door to the registration door open and stepped inside. As it swung shut behind her she expected to hear the sound of it close but it never came. Looking back, she was shocked to see Kelly holding it open. There was a moment of silence between them and then Kelly stepped in.

“This is absolutely the most insane thing I’ve ever done in my life. Come on,” Kelly said as she took Heather’s hand in her own. “Let’s do this before I get cold feet.”

“I don’t even know what to say. Thank you.”

“I sincerely hope it’ll be my pleasure. I just hope my name is tattooed. God, I don’t even have a name yet. Do you? Should we go back out and talk about it?”

“My slave name is FuckMoore. And seeing as how you agreed to take my last name when married I think yours should be SluttyMoore.”

“Works for me.” Squeezing her fiancé’s hand, Kelly led the way to the counter where a slim perky-breasted brunette wearing only a pair of narrow wire-framed glasses and the red armband of a dominant sat. “Excuse me, Mistress, my fiancé and I would like to register as Farm slaves.”

“Is that true?” Mistress Kendra asked as she looked up into Heather’s blue eyes.”

“Yes Mistress. And we already have our names.”