

Regina Gone Wild

By: Crimson Rose

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Contents

[Chapter 1: Visiting Natalie](#)

[Chapter 2: Decisions, Decisions](#)

[Chapter 3: Regina Gone Wild](#)

[Chapter 4: Tattoos & Breeding](#)

Chapter 5:

Note from the Author

This story takes place after the events of part five of the Natalie's Curious Perversion series. While this is a stand-alone story, and I have taken great care to remain true to the original series, I cannot rewrite it all here. I will reference things that took place in the Natalie's Curious Perversions series, but only briefly. If you should desire more on Natalie's sexcapades the entire series can be found at your favorite eBook retailers.

Chapter 1

Visiting Natalie

After nearly two hours of pacing the living room, Regina was no closer to making a decision than she was when she started. The problem seemed like such a simple one: Visit her daughter Natalie, or not. She had not seen her daughter in months - ever since she left for some farm in Wisconsin, and she missed her dearly. But even more than that, she missed the packages Natalie would receive filled with all manner of kinky pictures and videos chronicling her sexcapades.

Regina also missed having her daughter's friends over for their almost weekly gang bangs. Though she never joined in the fun, she desperately wanted to. The only thing stopping her was her daughter's presence. She missed watching her daughter's reaction every time a new package would arrive. How she went from proud humiliation to shock as she learned what her blackmailer wanted from her next.

For the hundredth time in two hours, Regina Holt bent down and picked up the small card from the glass-top coffee table and read it:

**Domination Farm
742 Turrflow Drive
Rome, Wisconsin 54452
(534) 244-7588**

She picked up the cell phone that was also sitting on the coffee table and held it in her shaking hand and dialed the number. Her thumb hovered over the send button, afraid to drop. Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, she finally pressed the button. The phone rang.

"Thank you for calling the Domination Farm, this is Emma, how may I help you today?"

"Um, hi," Regina stammered "I'm calling to see if it's possible I can talk to my daughter for a moment. She's been at your farm for the past several months."

"I would be glad to help. What is your daughter's name?"

"Natalie Holt."

"Date of birth?"

"May 14, 1995"

"Hair and eye color, height and weight?"

"Is this really necessary?" Regina asked.

"I know it's a lot of personal information, but we do get a lot of visitors. If she is here her information will be stored in the computers. The more information you can provide, the better our chance of connecting you with the right person."

"She's got long black hair and green eyes. I think she's about 5 foot 7, and around 125 pounds."

"Thank you. Let me check the computer and I'll be right back." Emma - aka Yummy puss, typed the information into the computer and came up with a match. "You still with me?" she asked Regina.

"I'm here."

“Great news. Your daughter is registered in our databases and is currently still at the Farm. Would you like for me to track her down for you?”

“No, that’s alright. I just wanted to make sure she’s still there. I want to surprise her with a visit.”

“Oh, that’s wonderful!” Emma squealed in excitement. “If you would like I can take your information over the phone and that way when you arrive you can just sign the papers and come on in.”

“Um, ok, sure.”

“Great. When are you planning on arriving at the Domination Farm?”

“Well, it’ll take me at least two days to drive there so let’s say Friday.”

“And how long do you plan on staying with us? One day is the minimum.”

“Then one day it is.”

“Ok, and will you be entering the Domination Farm as a Dominant, bare-neck, or submissive?”

“What is a bare-neck?”

“That is what we fall men and women that have not been collared as submissive, and are also not dominant.”

“Then bare-neck.”

“Ok. Name?”

“Regina Holt.”

“Date of birth?”

“July 20, 1975.”

“Hair and eye color, height and weight?”

“Black, blue, 5 feet 5 inches, 128 pounds.”

“Shoe size and Measurements?”

“Really? How is that relevant?”

“All bare-necks and submissives are required to wear Farm approved clothing only. No street clothes are permitted. Knowing your measurements now will enable us to have your clothes ready upon your arrival.”

“I see. And what are these clothes I’ll have to wear?”

“Sorry, I’m not permitted to tell you.”

“I wear a size 6 shoe and my measurements are 38C-25-37,” Regina replied.

“Thank you very much. And would you like to make your payment over the phone, or in person?”

“Payment? How much is it going to cost me?”

“For bare-necks the price is \$250 per day.”

“Holy shit! Are you serious?”

“That is the price. Please bear in mind that the price does include your outfit plus three meals per day and a room should you stay overnight.”

“I’ll pay over the phone I guess. Give me a minute to get my credit card.”

“Before you go, to speed things along I can email you all the forms you’ll need to sign. That way you can read and sign them before your arrival.”

“And what happens if I choose not to show up after reading the forms?”

“Then all you have to do is call and cancel your reservation. If you’ll go ahead and give me your email address I’ll get the forms sent while you get your card.”

“It’s Regina_Holt@gmail.com,” Regina said. She went into the kitchen and grabbed her purse from the table. Returning to the living room she retrieved her credit card and gave the information to Emma. The Reservation was set, but she still had three days to cancel if she chose too.

It took about fifteen minutes for all of the forms to arrive in her email inbox and another five to get them all printed out. Regina set at her desk and read over every line of every form, her eyes growing wider, her mouth gaping more with every page of rules and regulations she would have to follow. But, if she wanted to see her daughter she would have to sign them all. And sign them she did.

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The drive to the Domination Farm was a long, boring one and when she arrived at three in the afternoon there was a line fifty people deep waiting to get in. Regina grabbed her purse and the manila folder containing all of the signed forms and exited the car. She walked straight up to the ticket booth in front of everyone else as if she owned the place and slid the folder to the topless brunette through the slit at the bottom of the glass.

The brunette opened the folder and took a quick look at all of the forms. Satisfied she started typing into her computer. A few minutes later she slid Regina a fancy silver bracelet. “You must wear that at all times within the farm,” Cockharlot explained. “Before going in do you wish to put any money on it?”

“\$500 just in case,” Regina replied giving the woman her credit card.”

“You’ll have to leave your purse and all other belongings in the car,” Cockharlot said handing Regina back her credit card.

“Even my clothes?”

“Even your clothes. We are a full nudity resort and you’re behind a fence so no one can see you. When you are naked wearing only the bracelet you may proceed through the door to the right of the booth. Your guide will be with you shortly. And thank you for visiting the Domination Farm.”

Regina walked back to her car and stripped out of her clothes while most of the men and women standing in line watched. She folded everything neatly and put them on the passenger seat and then locked her purse in the trunk under the floor alongside the spare tire. She opened the door Cockharlot told her to go through and found herself in a large open room with padded benches around three of the walls. Pictures of submissive men and women being dominated by their Masters and Mistress hung on the walls. There was another door to the left that remained closed - a neon sign hanging above read: EXIT!

Regina took a seat next to an equally nervous blonde woman and tried not to stare too much. The EXIT door opened a few minutes later and the guide walked in. Or at least everyone thought it was the guide. Regina blushed at the sight of her daughter standing there. Natalie did not look pleased.

“Regina Holt, please come with me. The rest of you stay here until your guide arrives,” Natalie said. When she and her mother were out of the waiting room, Natalie sighed. “What are you doing here mom?”

“I came to see you sweetie. I thought you’d be happy.”

“I am. Really, I am. But this is no place for you to be.”

“I read and signed all of the forms. I know what I’m getting myself into,” Regina replied. “You’re looking good. How have you been?”

"I've been incredibly busy," Natalie said as she walked with her mother down Domination Drive - the main thoroughfare running north and south through the Domination Farm. "Not only have I completed my submissive training, but I've also completed training to be a Dominant. I even have my own color collars to give submissive I train."

"Really!? Is that why you're wearing a collar and an armband?"

"It is. I don't really need to wear the collar anymore, but I like it. I love playing submissive from time to time."

"I'm surprised to see you with clothes on," Regina said looking at the form-fitting latex dress her daughter was wearing.

"Dominants are permitted to wear clothes if they choose," Natalie explained. "You see the gloves, garter belt, and boots?"

"Yeah. They look good on you too."

"Glad you think so because it's what you'll have to wear while you're here."

"And that's it?"

"That's it. Look, I shouldn't do this, but you're my mother and I don't want anything too horrible to happen, so follow me. We can get your clothes later."

"Where are we going? What are all of these buildings and machines? Are those pillories those women are in?" Regina asked, pointing to a long row of metal pillories.

"Those are the cocksucking pillories," Natalie explained. "If you get in one you are locked in until you've sucked fifty cocks. The guy pays \$10 and you get half of that. Ok way to make a little extra spending money if you like drinking semen all day."

"Have you..."

"Done the pillories? Yeah, several times," Natalie replied. "As for the buildings, most of them are marked with what they are. Those that aren't marked can be very bad if you enter them. All unmarked buildings have a requirement that all bare-necks and submissives must do." They turned left down anal avenue and walked to a building about halfway down on the right. "Come on, let's get this over with sooner rather than later," she said opening the door and motioning for her mother to enter.

Regina entered the building and felt something snap shut around her neck. Her hands went up to feel the collar her daughter just placed there. "What...what are you doing!?"

"Collaring you before someone else does," Natalie replied. "Trust me, there are some sadistic assholes here that you do not want to get tangled up in. You read the rules. You know that if you are collared and registered you are required to do what your new Master or Mistress wants without question, right?"

"Yes, but isn't it a little weird that you're collaring your own mother?"

"Don't worry, I won't have you do anything with me. I'm doing this for your sake mom. Now come on, let's get you registered."

"Wait a minute!" Regina gasped as they walked across the room. "If I'm registered I have to get a submissive name too!"

"You're the one who wanted to visit me," Natalie said. "Don't worry, I won't make it too humiliating. Does dad know you're here?"

"No. I haven't seen much of your father in weeks. I don't think he cares too much for what you've been doing and has been staying gone a lot.

"Hi Sluttycunt," the woman sitting at the desk said to Natalie. "Here to register another one?"

“Yeah, I want this whore to be registered as Breedmare. Her information is in the system under Regina Holt.”

“Holt?” Mistress Angela said with raised brow. “As in...”

“My mother decided to pay me a visit,” Natalie explained.

“Ah, now that is wicked. But you know the rules of the farm. The two of you cannot do anything together while here.”

“Yeah, I know. I don’t plan on it. Just doing this so someone else doesn’t snag her.”

“Alright, you’re all set. You can take her to be marked.”

“Thanks Angela.”

“Was it necessary for you to call me a whore?” Regina asked when they left the registration office.

“Get used to it. You’ll be called a whole lot worse while you’re here. And forget about your real name. From now on you’ll only be referred to as Breedmare. Look mom, I’m sorry to put you through all of this, but I really am looking out for your best interests here. Once you are marked with your submissive name we can go get coffee and talk. No one is permitted to touch you without my permission so you are safe so long as you are with me. But remember, that does not apply if you wander off alone.”

“And here I thought I’d make it through one day without someone collaring me,” Regina sighed as they entered the body modification building.

“Are you kidding me? You’re a sexy, beautiful woman. If I hadn’t collared you, someone would have. No one stays a bare-neck here for long.”