

# **Slave's Revenge**

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Zenzele sat in the small examination room at the Domination Farm clinic fidgeting nervously while looking from the ceiling covered in one foot square white tiles, to the boring, off-white painted walls. No longer capable of wearing the cincher corsets she had become accustomed to, she sat on the bed slowly rubbing her growing belly. There was no doubt in the world she was pregnant, but that is not the reason for this visit. It had been a little over four long months since Master James MacKenzie tricked her into a becoming his sex slave – seventeen weeks since she went from lifelong lesbian to whore for whomever wanted to use her and now, now she was with child.

She chalked the first missed period up to the stress of being trained as a sex slave and having her body altered with piercings, tattoos and brands. The second missed one in a row gave her cause for concern, but she still did not believe she was pregnant. After the third she knew, but was afraid to admit it, and now, after four months there was no more hiding her growing belly. Giving the timing, and the fact she spent the first three months with her pussy ringed shut, she knew it happened before her arrival on the Farm and that meant her former Master could be the father – a notion that both scared her to death and excited her at the same time.

Zenzele learned a great deal about her former owner in the short time as his slave and when her step-sister Larissa was dropped off not soon after, she learned a whole lot more. And then there were the nearly daily conversations she had with his step-sister Mistress Alexis that shed even more light on what kind of man he really was. And if the baby was his she fully intended to go after him for as much child support as she could bleed out of him. And that was the purpose of this visit. The paternity test had been done and she now awaited the results.

Another fifteen minutes passed before the door opened and Dr. Ariel Northrop was followed in by Master James MacKenzie. Zenzele gave her former boss and owner a seething glare, but did not say anything to him. Looking from the white armband on her right bicep to the matching white collar around her neck, Zenzele had a feeling in the pit of her stomach she was not going to like what she heard. “Are the results in, Doctor Northrop?”

“They are,” Dr. Northrop answered as she opened a sealed envelope. Taking out the paper and reading it over, she then read it aloud for both of them to hear. “Master James MacKenzie, the test results indicate that you are absolutely, one-hundred percent...the father of Sloppypuss’s baby.”

“YES!” Zenzele exclaimed. “I’ve got you! Oh boy are you going to pay for this one you rotten son of a bitch! I’ll be seeing you in court soon for child support now get the fuck out of my sight, *Master*,” she spit the last word like venom, saying it only because she was bound by the rules of the Domination Farm to do so.

“Assuming you get to keep the child,” Master James smirked. “Tell me, slave, what judge in their right mind is going to give custody of a child to a woman living full-time as a sex slave with no source of income and no home of her own?”

“That’s where you’re wrong, *Master*. I have a job here at the Domination Farm working at DF Productions as one of their toy testers alongside Larissa. And as for a house I sold my old one and used the money to buy a new one here in Rome. It’s amazing how much cheaper homes are here. Sure, I may have an odd job, but I’m making more here than I ever did working for your pathetic ass and I’m a hell of a lot happier for it. Now, you tell me, *Master*, what judge is going to give a child to a man with a history of abandoning them?”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“No? Your twin daughters Holly and Molly. Mistress Alexis said the last time you say them was six years ago and the only contact you have is a phone call once in a blue moon. Or how about Jeromy? Did you forget you had a twenty-three year old son? You must have considering it has been eleven years since you last made contact. Or how about Krista, Jenna and Kyle? Three more kids you bred into their mother before tossing them all aside to move on to your next conquest. I’ve been talking to everyone that knows you, *Master* and I can tell you right here and now you’ll never be a part of this child’s life. May I go now Doctor Northrop?”

“You may, but remember, I want you in here once a month for regular checkups unless you’re planning on leaving the farm and then I’ll need the name of your new doctor so I can forward your information.”

“Larissa and I will be here another two weeks while the contractors finish the remodeling but after that, yeah, we plan on living together off the farm.”

“So you and your step-sister are getting along now?” Master James asked. “I thought the two of you hated each other’s guts?”

“We have you to thank for that, *Master*. After you dropped her off like a stray dog we talked and decided to start fresh. Not that you really give a shit. Thank you for all of your help, Doctor Northrop.” Getting up off the bed, Zenzele brushed passed her former Master and left the hospital with butterflies tying her stomach in knots. Going left onto Sadism Street, she entered a small internet café, walked over to the first free computer she had and then put condoms and lube on the two huge tapered dildos sticking out of the seat before sitting down. Swiping her bracer at the scanner, the case covering keyboard and mouse unlocked and she sat them aside.

Going back to the pages she had saved, she continued digging into her former Master’s business holdings while slowly fucking herself on the dildos. With Fifty-three fetish motels, eleven dungeons and five pony and puppy parks scattered across the country he was an incredibly wealthy man and while she was unable to put an exact dollar amount on his net worth, she estimated it to be in the ballpark range of three to five hundred million given the average profits she managed to dig up on several of the locations with a monthly income of around three million.

Ideas on how to screw him over running rampant in her brain, she increased her pace on the dildos until she was bounding on them so hard she could no longer read the monitor. Gripping the edge of the table with both hands, she threw her head back in orgasm. When it subsided, she lifted herself off of the fat toys, removed the condoms and cleaned the toys with alcohol wipes before leaving with a huge smile on her face and three plans of attack in mind to hit him where it hurts.

Knowing exactly where she would find her step-sister, Zenzele skipped across the street to the Breeding Stables and sure enough found Larissa near the back being gang bred by twenty black men as she had every day for the last four months despite having been knocked up five weeks ago. Swiping her bracer at the terminal on the stocks next to her, she locked herself in and was taking cock in no time. “I don’t know why we still come here every day when we’re already pregnant,” she purred.

“Because we’re a couple of fucking sluts,” Larissa replied as the big black cock slammed into her. “So, did you get the results of the paternity test? Is he the father?”

“Yes and yes. And now I’ve got him by his big fat balls. But we can talk about it later. I’ve got more good news. Before going to the clinic for my appointment I was at the Milking Barn and I produced three ounces from each breast. I’ve completed my training.”

“Congrats! Tattoo or brand?”

“Thankfully a tattoo. I’ll be heading there after this to get it done. What about you?” Zenzele asked, her eyes going to her step-sister’s breasts which were currently both dripping one small drop of milk at a time that was flung off as the man thrust in and out of her.

“I’m up to five ounces per side now. You’ve got a long way to go, sis.”

“Don’t worry your pretty little head off. I’ll catch up and then pass you in no time. Especially since I’m much further along in my pregnancy than you are.”

“I know I’ve said it a thousand times already, but I still can’t get over seeing you so willingly taking all these dicks after spending your entire life as a diehard lesbian. You really glow while getting pounded hard, sis and it’s a thing of beauty. Honestly, after having him removed as our Master I thought for sure you’d never let another man touch you, but I guess I was wrong.”

“The thought had crossed my mind, but the damage was done and I’d be denying myself the pleasures of getting fucked by the real thing. If he did anything it was teach me how wrong I was about men. What,” she asked, seeing the surprised look on her step-sister’s face. “I’m adult enough to admit when I’m wrong. He may have been a complete asshole, but that doesn’t mean all men are. How many more do you have left?”

“Seven. While you’ve been slacking off all day I’ve been here getting filled with cock and semen.”

“Like a good little slut.”

“Like a good little slut,” Larissa agreed.

“And I haven’t been slacking off. I’ll have you know I’ve been milked for an hour, had sex with five men and three women and drank the piss of four more. And that’s all before I went to see Doctor Northrop. And now I’m here getting gang banged by twenty men. I’d hardly call that slacking.”

I was kidding, Sloppypuss,” Larissa said, using her step-sister’s slave name. “You’ve still got to work on that sense of humor. Anyways, when I’m done here I’m heading back to the apartment and would like you to do the same when you’re done. I have something I need to talk to you about.”

“We’re going to be here a while, go ahead and talk.”

“I’d rather not say it out in the open.”

“The whole Farm is wired with cameras, Gapyholes, and that includes the apartment. We have no privacy here.”

“I know, but still, I would still prefer to tell you later in the apartment.”

“I was planning on grabbing dinner and maybe stop pay Mistress Alexis a visit afterwards. I honestly don’t know if I’ll be back tonight so go ahead and tell me now. Whatever it is you can say it in front of everyone considering you’ll be doing so no matter where we talk.”

“Okay, fine, I’ll tell you tomorrow before we leave the apartment then.” Facing forward, she accepted the big black cock of the man standing in front of her to let her step-sister know the conversation was over.”