

# **Submissive Skye**

**Crimson Rose**

~ ~ ~

# Submissive Skye

Copyright© 2025 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](#)  
[Chapter 5](#)  
[Chapter 6](#)  
[Chapter 7](#)  
[Chapter 8](#)  
[Chapter 9](#)  
[Chapter 10](#)

**Day two...**

Waking with a groan, Officer Skye Marshall threw the blankets back and then looked down at the skimpy, barely-there latex uniform she had been issued. Sighing, she got out of bed recalling everything that had happened the day before. A new graduate of the police academy, she was immediately hired to protect and serve the people of Rome, Wisconsin. But before she could do that, she and her fellow rookies had to complete the Officer Training Program – a six-month long plan designed to not only learn the difference between consensual bdsm and forced servitude, but how things in the most perverted city in the world actually worked.

Right hand going to her belly, she thought of all the men she had sucked off while locked in pillories and how many more took her from behind. The dildo panties still keeping her stretched to the limit, she smiled as she recalled fisting herself for the first time. Shivering with excitement, she walked into the bathroom to relieve herself and shower for day two at the Domination Farm. Taking her collar off first, she laid it in the counter next to the sink. Next, she peeled the long gloves, thigh-high boots off, and crop top off leaving only the dildo panties. Taking a deep breath, she tugged the tight garment down. “UHN! H-Holy fucking hell!” she grunted as the massive inflated plugs popped out. Measuring 8-inches long in the front and 10 in the back, the nearly 4-inch thick silicones cocks left her gaping beyond what she thought possible despite having fisted herself the night before.

*Dear God! I can't believe I let them so thoroughly reck my holes,* she thought as she watched the plugs deflating. “Figures,” she sighed. “Could’ve done that anytime in the last twenty damn hours.” Shaking her head, she turned the water on and then climbed into the tub for a quick, hot shower.

With no kitchen, and food prohibited inside the submissive appartements even if there were, Skye descended the stairs hoping to run into her fellow rookies along the way, but when she didn’t she made her way to the Cumeaterie – a restaurant known for using huge amounts of semen as gravy on every dish, where she was greeted at the door by a Farm slave named Spooge Slurper, “Welcome to the Cumeaterie, Officer. Table for one?”

“Yes please. It’s not too late for breakfast is it?”

“Not at all. Everyone has their own tastes so we serve breakfast, lunch, and dinner around the clock.”

“Good to know,” Skye said as she followed the athletically built brunette through the dining room.

“Have you ever been here before?”

“First time. First time at the Domination Farm too. Just got here last night as part of the Officer Training Program.”

“I hope you’re enjoying your stay.”

“I wasn’t here two minutes when I locked myself in the cocksucking pillories where I proceeded to spend hours being fed one load after another.”

“That’s how I got my name.”

“Really?”

“I locked myself in the first time and then I was locked in three more times after that. All four times in a row.”

“Holy shit! That means you sucked...”

“Two hundred cocks and ate as many loads. It’s also how I got this,” the Farm slave said, stopping and pulling the right side of her light blue latex panties down showing the words: CUM EATING CHAMPION written around a realistic cock spewing jizz. “Anyone sucking two hundred or more dicks in a row while locked in the pillories is required to get it.”

“I don’t suppose many have that one.”

“I don’t know the exact number, but I do know it’s less than fifty.”

“I don’t know if I could suck that many dicks in a row.”

“Well, I hope you love the taste of semen because you’ll be getting at least fifty loads with your meal.”

“Um, what?”

“That’s our shtick. We put semen on everything plus you get a side of it which is mandatory to eat.”

“I see. Good thing I’m a swallower then.”

“Good thing indeed. Here you are. Please, have a seat,” Spooge Slurper said, motioning to a chair with dildos built into it.

“Um, the dildo panties I’m wearing are part of my uniform and may not be removed. “Do you have a chair without dildos?”

“Of course. Taking three steps to the right, Spooge Slurper motioned to a seat at the next table. “You can sit here, Officer.”

“Thank you.”

Waiting for the Officer to sit, the server continued. “May I have your name?”

“Officer Skye Marshall.”

“Nice to meet you Officer Marshall.”

“Please, call me Skye.”

“And you may call me Spooge Slurper. What can I get you to drink?”

“Apple juice if you have it and orange if you don’t.”

“Would you like a glass of semen with that?”

“Um, how big a glass and where do you get so much semen?”

“Small is eight ounces, medium is twelve, large is sixteen, and extra-large is twenty ounces. And we source it locally.”

“Twenty ounces of semen? Good lord! How many men does that take to fill?”

“Approximately six hundred.”

“Wow! And people actually order it?”

“On occasion. I am obligated to tell you that if you manage to drink ten extra-large semen drinks in under ten hours you’ll receive the Cumeaterie Cumslut brand permitting you free meals for life.”

“So, if I somehow manage to drink six thousand loads of semen I get free food here for life?”

“Correct.”

“Do I have to stay here the entire time or can I leave and come back?”

“You must stay on the premises the entire time. If you must use the bathroom you’ll be escorted and watched to make sure you don’t purge your stomach.”

“I see. Has anyone actually ever done it?”

“Some have come close, but none have ever won.”

“I can see why. Six thousand loads is an insane amount of semen to swallow. Which is why I’m going to try. Can I do that instead of breakfast?”

“Absolutely. We’ll need about an hour to set it up and your timer begins with the first drink.”

“Great, let’s... wait, what happens if I fail?”

“Glad you asked. If you fail a note will be placed on your account requiring you to eat all of your meals here at double the normal cost.”

“Then I better succeed. I’m supposed to meet with Mistress Hailee to continue my officer training, but I think she’ll understand why I couldn’t show up.”

“Like I said, we’ll need an hour to set it up so it might be best to go tell her why you can’t do your training in person.”

“You’re probably right. Okay, I’ll be back as quickly as possible.”

“Just for the record, are you absolutely certain you wish to attempt the Cumeaterie Challenge?”

“I’m one-hundred percent certain I’m not only going to attempt the Cumeaterie Challenge, but win it too.”

“You’re on the record entering the challenge so if you’re not back in an hour you’ll be disciplined.”

“I’ll be back.”

“Then we’ll see you soon.”

Not exactly how she imagined breakfast going, Skye rushed out of the restaurant mind racing. *What in the actual hell did I just get myself into? Six thousand loads of cum? There’s no chance in hell I can stomach that much in a month, let alone ten freaking hours! God, I’m fucking stupid.* Rushing across the Domination Farm, she pushed a door open and stepped into the lobby of a building occupied by men and women wearing police uniforms with five – Mistress Hailee included, wearing tail and ears marking them as members of the canine unit. Walking up to her instructor panting, she took a moment before speaking.

“Morning, Skye. You okay?” Mistress Hailee asked.

“Y-Yeah. Sorry, I just ran across the Farm to get here. I think I fucked up, Mistress.”

“What did you do?”

“I...” slowly exhaling, Skye continued. “I went to the Cumeaterie for breakfast and the server told me about how she became a cum eating champion and then about the challenge they have at the restaurant and like an idiot I agreed to give it a try and now I have to spend the day attempting to eat like six-freaking-thousand loads of jizz!”

“Do you think you have a chance?”

“No, Mistress.”

“You could always accept the discipline instead.”

“I suppose I should’ve asked what that was, Mistress.”

“You’ll be given two hundred swats of the cane on the ass and fifty to the breasts. You’ll then be required to complete the cocksucking pillories every single day for a hundred and twenty days after which you’ll be branded a worthless cumslut,” Hailee explained.

“Jesus Christ!”

“Personally, I’d rather watch you attempt the challenge, but it’s entirely up to you.”

“Will you sit by my side encouraging me, Mistress?”

“I think that can be arranged.”

“Thank you, Mistress. Maybe you could bring whatever material you can to help me with the training program as well. Also, I’d like to become a part of the canine unit if that’s possible.”

“Being a member of Farm security means being registered as a s Farm slave.”

“Oh. Nevermind then.”

“It’s not all that bad.”

“I believe you, Mistress, but I have a life outside of the Domination Farm that I’d rather not give up. Anyway, I need to get back to the Cumeaterie before I’m late so it you’ll join me...”

“Give me a few minutes to gather some material and we can head out.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

∞ ∞ ∞

Returning to the Cumeaterie with time to spare, Skye found Spooge Slurper and approached. “I’m back. This is Mistress Hailie and she has agreed to sit with me to not only encourage me, but go over training material during breaks.”

“You’ll be sitting at the same table, Mistress?” Spooge Slurper asked.

“Will that be a problem?”

“Not at all. I just need to hear you say it for the record, Mistress.”

“I will be sitting at the same table as my slave in training, Officer Skye Marshall while she attempts the Cumeaterie Challenge.”

“Thank you, Mistress, and good luck.”

“She’s going to need it,” Hailee said, thinking the Farm slave was referring to the officer in training.

“True, but so will you, Mistress.”

“Meaning?”

“You just agreed to join her, Mistress, so you’ll both be taking the challenge.”

“I never... god damn it,” Hailee huffed. “that’s why you needed to hear me say it.”

“Correct, Mistress. If you’ll follow me I’ll show you to your table and the first round will be out shortly.

“I’m so sorry, Mistress,” Skye apologized. Had I known...”

“You’re not at fault, Skye. I’ve been here long enough to know something like this would happen and I walked right into it.”

“Can you drink that much semen, Mistress?”

“I have no idea, but I’m going to give it my best shot.”

“Me too, Mistress. Good news is if we win we get free food here for life.”

“Meaning loads and loads more semen.”

“I’m not seeing the downside, Mistress.”

“Spoken like a true cumslut.”

“If we win this challenge we’ll both be cumsluts, Mistress. I just wonder how they’re able to collect so much so quickly.”

“That’s one of the Farm’s many mysteries. Well, we’re going to be here a while so we might as well make ourselves comfortable.”

“Agreed, Mistress. So, have you seen any of the other rookies today?”

“You’re the first, but given what the five of you got up to yesterday that’s no surprise.”

“After sucking off fifty men and getting screwed by at least that many more, doing a gang bang with a few women didn’t seem like that big a deal and honestly I freaking loved it, Mistress. I know we’re here for informational purposes only, but I very quickly came to terms with the fact that, like you, I’ll be trained as a sex slave.”

“Pardon the interruption, but round one is ready,” Spooge Slurper said as she sat a large glass of semen in front of each contestant. “Your time will begin when you take the first drink.

We'll bring one glass of semen every hour for the next ten hours, or until you bow out. Any questions?"

"What if we want to get the glasses of semen faster than one per hour?" Skye asked.

"You may request as many glasses as you like, but the longer they sit the harder it'll be to drink."

"How so?"

"Ever eat cold semen?"

"Fair enough. I'm ready when you are, Mistress."

Picking up her glass, Hailee smirked. "Bottoms up! And with that, she drank.

Picking up her glass, Skye looked from the Farm slave, to the Mistress, brought it to her lips, and then chugged it down as quickly as humanly possible – getting half of the thick, warm contents down before needing to stop for air.

"First drink was taken at ten-ten," Spooge Slurper declared. "Further glasses will be brought out at ten after the hour."

Taking a deep breath, Skye slowly exhaled, inhaled, and then downed the rest of her first glass of semen.

"Someone loves their man juice."

"That I do. I've eaten a lot of semen in my time including fifty loads last night and this is hands down the best tasting jizz I've ever had. Seriously, I could drink another glass right now and probably a third."

"I can bring them as quickly as you desire, but you might want to pace yourself as throwing up will disqualify you," Spooge Slurper explained.

"If I drank another glass now will I get another in an hour or will I have an hour off to let my stomach settle?"

"If you get ahead of schedule you may take time off, but you'll still have ten hours to complete the challenge and must remain in the building throughout."

"Got it."

"So, would you like me to bring you another glass now?"

"As much as I want to get it over with, I think patience is my best bet right now so I'll wait."

"As you wish."

Downing the rest of the semen, Hailee licked her lips and then sat the empty glass on the table. "One down, nine to go."

"I'll be back in one hour," Spooge Slurper said, picking up the empty glasses. "Good luck."

"Thanks," Skye replied. "So, how are you feeling, Mistress?"

"Like I should've skipped breakfast."

"That's what I did, Mistress. This is my breakfast and it really was unbelievably delicious. I can hardly believe we're actually drinking semen."

"I know what you mean, but according to the rules they're only permitted to use one hundred percent authentic and locally sourced semen. That being said, I must apologize for misspeaking earlier. If you'd like specific canine unit training I'd be happy to guide you through it."