

# **Tales from the Domination Farm**

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## **Tales from the Domination Farm**

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# **Taming Nadia**

**By: Emily Sinclair**

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## Chapter 1

### Nadia's Late Night Stroll

Nadia took the book her mother gave her and went to her bedroom to read it – excited at the chance of finally learning the secrets kept from her all of her life. She closed and locked the door so as not to be disturbed and took a cursory glance out the window at the farm beyond. Or at least at what was once a farm. Now it was such in title only. Gone were the rolling fields of green – replaced with paved streets, one and two story log buildings, and completely surrounded by a tall stone wall. She watched the scantily men and women walking to and fro – some wearing black collars around their neck, while those that didn't looked around anxiously, some with fear in their eyes. Her hand instinctively went to the smooth red band around her own neck. It marked her as the property of the Domination Farm's owner, usable by none without permission, and Lidia made it well known that she would never let anyone use her daughter so long as she wore that collar.

Nadia could tell even from this distance which men and women had been claimed at the farm by the tattoo on their right breast. While many wore the black neckband, all collared submissives at the Domination Farm were given a humiliating name so that all who saw them knew what they were. She looked down at her breast and wondered what name her future Master or Mistress would give her.

Nadia closed the curtains – not out of any sense of modesty, no, the lithe twenty year old was anything but modest. How could you be when you had to parade yourself half-naked all the time? She closed the curtains so she wasn't tempted to watch the goings-on around her. She jumped into bed, the jingling of the tiny bells on her fresh labia piercings causing her to flush momentarily. The rings were her idea – her prize for entering the body modification building of her own free will. The bells, however, were the idea of Master Jeromy. They were his way of humiliating the young woman and they did the job perfectly.

She held the book gently in her hands as if it were some fragile thing she would shatter if held too tightly. *Stolen Dayes by Lidia Dayes* the leather cover read in guilt letters. She flipped the book open skipping the junk at the beginning until she saw the dedication page. It was hand-written but there was no way of knowing if it was done twenty years ago, or today.

*For my darling daughter Nadia, and her unquenchable curiosity.  
I hope her search for the truth never diminishes.*

Tears welled up in Nadia's eyes and she wanted to run downstairs and hug her mother tight. But, her curiosity got the better of her and she flipped through the pages until she reached chapter one. The book read like a biography of her mother's life from the time she joined the FBI to her retirement at the Domination Farm with her wife Diana. It told in vivid details all of the kinky and depraved sexual things she did to bring down some of the most notorious predators in US history. It showed a level of sacrifice Lidia was willing to take to get the job done – a level of sacrifice beyond most normal, sane people, but one that Lidia Dayes was willing to make time and time again.

Hours later, when she read the last lines of the book, Nadia set it on her nightstand and paced her bedroom – the tiny bells on her labia piercings singing their musical notes. She spent

years begging her mother for the truth of her past and now that she knew it, she didn't know what to think. *Is my mother a hero? She though as she pulled back the curtain to look out at the street beyond. Is she a depraved whore? Am I like her with wanting to be at this crazy place, surrounded by perverts – men and women whose only goal is to collar and train me to be submissive?*

A woman she knew to be Mistress Olivia – one of the Domination Farm's most popular Dominants, led her most current submissive down Domination Boulevard on a leash. The submissive woman was walking on all fours wearing the latex costume of a puppy complete with tailed butt plug and snout. She couldn't see the woman's breast but Nadia was certain there was a name tattooed there. She imagined herself in the submissive's place and her pussy tingled with excitement at the prospects.

"I've spent most of the last two years at this farm," Nadia said as she continued to look out the window. "I've seen men and women collared, taken by Dominants and made into their version of the perfect plaything. I've seen them humiliated in ways that make even lovers of humiliation blush with embarrassment; hell, I've been tattooed and pierced more than once myself because of the rules of this place," she said flicking the platinum rings adorning her rock hard nipples. "And thanks to this collar around my neck no one will have anything to do with me unless mother gives her permission," she sighed. *Probably for the best*, she thought back on the one time she removed the collar and was quickly collared by an asshole. If it wasn't for her mother coming to her rescue she'd be serving him even now.

Nadia paced until she couldn't take it any longer. The sun had set long ago and the streets were silent but for the faint moans coming from somewhere in the distance. They were called streets, but they were nothing more than wide paths cutting the once green fields into its mostly square blocks and Nadia knew them better than anyone. She gave the book sitting on her nightstand a glance and then left her bedroom.

She could hear the tapping of fingers on keys as she descended the stairs. *Mother will be in bed by now*, she thought. *Must be Cockharlot*. Cockharlot was a second generation submissive whose real name was Teresa. Her mother Tawnie carried the same submissive name and passed it down to her daughter when she retired from the farm nearly sixteen years ago. Like her mother, Teresa was a farm submissive and had been since she turned eighteen. Now the twenty-five year old worked as Lidia's assistant, running the office during the late night hours.

"Good evening, Ma'am," Cockharlot said to Nadia.

"How many times do I have to tell you not to call me ma'am?" Nadia replied. "My name is Nadia, use it."

"Yes ma...Nadia. This slut is sorry. Will you punish this slut now for her disrespect?"

"Don't worry about it. I wear a collar just like you. That makes us equals, right?" That was a lie of course. Although she wore a collar she was still a free woman and as such had many more rights and privileges than any submissive.

"Yes Nadia," Cockharlot smiled. She knew Nadia was above her in every meaning of the word, but it made her happy that the young woman thought of them as equals.

"I'll be going out for a while. Whatever you do don't tell my mother. The last thing I need is for her to come looking for me."

"Yes Nadia. Although this slut thinks it's wrong to go behind Mistress Dayes' back, this slut will not say a word to her about this."

"Thank you Teresa," Nadia said opening the door. She looked out at the dimly lit streets and smiled. Back in the early days of the farm things were well-lit, but during the reign of

Mistress Gwen many of the lights were removed to give the place a darker foreboding feeling that was more in line with the type of activities that went on there. Nadia liked going out at night because in the shadows her red collar looked black until you were right on top of her and could get a closer look.

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Nadia was content going for a late night stroll. Not only was it great exercise, the breath of fresh air did wonders for her mind, it also got her away from her mother's watchful eye for a time. She walked down Domination Boulevard and made a quick left onto Anal Avenue to get out of sight of the Main office. Although her mother was fast asleep she didn't want to risk being seen out so late on the off chance she was still up reading or something.

"You, slut, get over here," came a man's voice in the darkness.

Nadia looked around and saw no one else but her. "You talking to me?" she replied.

"Who else would I be talking to you dumb cunt?" the man bit back. "Now get your ass over here. I need my dick sucked and your mouth just volunteered."

Nadia thought for a moment of telling the man to go fuck himself, but the idea of being ordered to suck his cock had her pussy tingling with excitement. She wondered if this is what it felt like to be submissive as she walked over to the man and dropped to her knees. She looked up into his dark brown eyes as she unzipped and unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down, exposing his already hard dick. "I'm not an expert or anything," she purred "but I'll do my best to make you cum."

"And when I do you're going to swallow every drop isn't that right, slut?"

"Yes Master," Nadia found herself saying as she took the bulbous cockhead in her mouth.

"And when you're done I'm going to punish you for referring to yourself as I," he smirked. He was referring to one of the rules Nadia hated most. It stated that a submissive must refer to herself or himself as *this slut* or *this cunt* and never as me or I. Although Nadia wore a collar she was technically excluded from that rule, but she didn't want to burst the man's bubble before she had too.

Nadia sucked the man's cock as deep as she could without gagging on it while the fingers of her right hand fondled his large, full balls. She swirled her tongue around the corona ridge – the highly sensitive underside of the head, and smiled as she felt him swelling even larger in her sucking mouth.

The man had enough fooling around and placed his hands on the back of Nadia's head and fucked his cock into her mouth until it slipped down her throat. He ignored her gagging and choking, his only thoughts on his own pleasure. Thankfully he didn't last long as he started shooting his load right down Nadia's throat. When he was done he shoved her back so she landed on her ass.

"Not bad slut," he said with a wicked grin. "Now assume the position so I can punish you."

Nadia looked him in the eyes, still coughing and hacking as she rolled over on her hands and knees. Next she spread her legs open wide and lowered her head until it rested on her folded arms on the ground, back arched. Although she wasn't a submissive she knew all of the positions. She prided herself on knowing them all and practiced them until she was able to drop into any of the two dozen positions as easily as she drew breath.

"Fucking hell you've got one hell of a sexy ass," the man said. "Maybe I'll fuck you instead. You'd like that wouldn't you slut? You want my fat cock up your tight ass?"

*Your cock is anything but fat*, Nadia thought. But what she said was "No Master. I...this slut doesn't like anal."

"Good to know," he said grabbing her by the hips. He placed his still erect cock against her asshole and pushed. Nadia tried to wiggle free but his grip was too strong and instead of moving forward she found herself being pulled back onto the cock.

"Get...your fucking cock...out of my...ass!" Nadia grunted as the man fucked into her. "You can't...use me without...permission!"

"I can use whatever slut I want to," the man replied. "I'm the master and you're the submissive. Now shut up and fuck yourself on my cock!"

"I'm...I'm the owner's daughter!" Nadia groaned as she felt her asshole starting to loosen.

"The owner's daughter wears a red collar," he said still plowing his cock into her balls deep.

"Take a look asshole. My collar is red!"

He brushed her hair aside and bent down to take a close look at the strip of leather around her slender neck. It was as red as blood, held together by an especially strong magnetic clasp that took a feat of strength to open. "Fucking hell! Why didn't you say so sooner? Why'd you suck my damn cock? You're nothing but a fucking tease aren't you?"

"I sucked your cock because I felt like it. Now get your cock out of my ass and I won't tell my mother what you did."

"What I did? You're the one that got on your knees and sucked me off. You're the one that assumed the position so I could punish you. Go right ahead and tell your mother. There are hundreds of cameras recording every part of this farm and what will it show? It'll show you willingly going along. You got into position for punishment so your punishment is for me to fuck your ass." He said all of this while maintaining his grip on her hips as he fucked into her without mercy. "When I finish filling you with my seed you can run to mommy and tell her what happened. Until then shut the fuck up and take what you asked for!"

Nadia put her head back down on her folded arms like an obedient little submissive and allowed the Dominant man to use her. As her asshole stretched to accept him she found the sensation a little more than pleasurable and despite the humiliation of being fucked in the ass right out where anyone could see it, she realized her pussy was dripping wet.

The man pulled out of Nadia's ass and smiled at the gaping hole as he shoved into her dripping wet pussy. He gave for or five rapid thrusts and buried himself as he shot his second load of the night. It wasn't as large as what Nadia swallowed only minutes ago, but it was enough for her to know he was cumming inside of her unprotected womb. "Aahhhh!" he grunted "Take my fucking seed you dirty cumdumpster!" When he was done he pulled out, put his cock back into his pants, and walked away leaving Nadia still on the ground with semen slowly oozing from her pussy.

Part of her wanted to run back to the safety of home and another part wanted to get up and go in search of more fun things to get herself into. Although the man took great liberties fucking her like he did, she had no intentions of ratting him out to her mother. For one thing she didn't know his name, and for another she wasn't exactly an unwilling partner. She scooped up the semen as it dripped out of her and she licked her fingers clean – adding it to the first load already in her belly.

## Chapter 2

### The Machine Shop

Nadia cleaned herself as best she could and then got up off the ground. The first thought running through her perverted mind was what kinky act of sex she could get into next. The second was whether or not her mother would see the video of what happened. She decided she didn't care as she made her way down anal avenue, appreciating the name a little more now that she had her ass busted open by a stranger.

Nadia turned right onto Humiliation Drive fast-stepped passed the Submissive Registration Office and right into a slender woman wearing a purple armband and matching collar. That combination means the woman was a switch – someone that was both dominant and submissive and would play the part of either depending on her mood.

"Sorry," Nadia apologized. "I was in such a hurry to get away from that building I wasn't watching where I was going."

"And why were you in such a hurry? Is there something wrong with that building?"

"Oh, um, no I guess not," Nadia lied. She wanted to tell the woman the truth, but like all other visitors to the Domination Farm she wasn't supposed to know where certain buildings were until it was too late. Meaning when she entered them. However, having the owner as a mother had its advantages and she was able to look over the general plans to see where those buildings would be on any given day. It wasn't as if the building itself moved. That would be incredibly time-consuming and obvious to all. Instead, there were twenty buildings that were equipped with all of the tools necessary to switch over to another building at a moment's notice. For instance, the building she just walked passed was now the Submissive Registration Office. Last week it was the Body Modification Building where submissives were taken to be given their new names and other things such as piercings and brands.

"You're lying. In case you haven't noticed I'm a Dominant and you're a submissive. You know the penalty for lying to a Dominant?"

"I do, but if you look closely you'll see I'm wearing a red collar. That means I belong to the owner and the owner alone. None are permitted to touch me without her permission."

"So I see. In that case I have no further use for you. Good night."

"That's not so say I'm not up for some fun. What my mother doesn't know won't hurt her."

"Sorry Doll, but as you are well aware there are cameras everywhere and I'd rather not get on Mistress Dayes bad side. No offense, but I like my status here and don't want to risk losing it even for you."

"I understand," Nadia pouted. "I won't bother you anymore." She continued north on Humiliation Drive as the Mistress went south towards Anal Avenue. On the other side of Lesbian Lane was the Dick Girl Grotto and Nadia stopped to look at the artificial cave with its grassy floor and stone walls. She could see three or four people inside and considered joining them. She always wanted to know what it would be like to have sex with a shemale, but concluded it would be the same as with any man but with tits and so she moved along.

The Petting Zoo on her right was another tempting distraction. She could dress up as her favorite animal and spend a few hours parading around the enclosure while men and women used her at their leisure. Unfortunately, Master Raymond knew her face well and would never

allow it without permission from Lidia. It seemed to the horny young woman that her only chance at sex would be to find someone new to the farm, or to enter one of the many attractions where it is forbidden to leave before completion. The former sounded more appealing to her as the latter meant doing some seriously kinky shit. Then again, it was three in the morning which meant finding someone new to the farm would be drastically harder than during the daylight hours when everyone was more active.

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Nadia stared at the small log building for several long minutes while she contemplated her options. A sign in the shape of a large gear read: **The Machine Shop**. Although she had never gone inside, she knew it was filled with all manner of bizarre machines designed to fuck men and women for hours on end without stopping and without mercy. On the pro side she would be fucked as much as she desired and then some. On the con side she would be stuck inside for no less than three hours getting fucked by any and all machines the Dominant in charge ordered her to. On the pro side she would get all the sex she desired without the need to go hunting for someone that didn't know her or the rules. On the con side she would be given a mark of completion if she went inside.

The marks of completion was the Domination Farm's way of marking submissives with humiliating tattoos and brands for doing the kinkiest of sexual activities. Not all buildings gave marks of completion, but those that did were sure to be amongst the most depraved acts of sex one could imagine.

Deeming the pros outweighed the cons, Nadia pulled the door open and stepped into the building. Inside was a large open room with rows of beds, benches, and machines. "Welcome to the Machine Shop," said Master Ryan – a tall muscular man with short brown hair and green eyes. His chiseled jawline gave him the look of a Norse god. "Have you been here before?"

"No, sir," Nadia replied, unable to take her eyes off him.

"Ah, I see you're Lidia's daughter. Are you sure you want to be here?"

"I don't have a choice in the matter," Nadia grinned. "I came in of my own free will and that means I have to complete the activity like any other submissive."

"Very well, to complete the activity you must get fucked in your pussy and ass by no less than five machines using five different sized dildos. The dildos range in size from an inch and a half thick and six inches long, to a hole-stretching three inches thick and twelve inches long. Where would you like to start?"

"Do you give other submissives a choice of what size dildo they start with?"

"No."

"Then why are you giving me the option?"

"Because you're the owner's daughter."

"I'm so fucking sick of people treating me differently because of who my mother is," Nadia huffed. "Treat me as you would any other submissive or I swear I'll have you banned from the fucking farm for life!"

If that's what you want then that's what you'll get," Master Ryan said with a half-smile. He walked over and grabbed a handful of Nadia's hair and dragged her to one of the benches. "Lay down and put your legs up on the sides," he ordered her.

Nadia did as she was ordered, the juices already beginning to flow from being treated like a common whore. She lay down on the padded bench and placed her legs on the sides. Master Ryan strapped her legs in place and wheeled over a machine with two long metal rods sticking

out of it. From a box underneath he pulled out two dildos and attached them to the rods. Next he applied some lube to them and moved the machine into position.

Nadia gulped at the feeling of the two fat cockheads pressed against her pussy and asshole and she was now regretting telling the man off. But, the damage was done and she would have to suck it up and deal with the consequences of her actions. The machine buzzed to life and Master Ryan adjusted the rods by hand until about four inches of each dildo was inside a hole. "Aghh!" Nadia grunted as the fat silicone toys stretched her open. "How big are those damn things?"

"It doesn't matter now does it, slut?" Master Ryan said as he flipped a switch on the side of the fucking machine.

Nadia didn't have time to answer. The rods pistoned back and forth driving the dildos deeper into her. She could feel the one in her pussy banging against her cervix and hoped it wasn't going to go any further. And the one in her ass felt at least twice as thick as the man that fucked her less than an hour ago.

"Open up bitch, I'm going to fuck my cock down your throat and if I feel even the slightest bit of teeth the next set of toys will be larger than my fist."

Nadia opened her mouth without complaint, worried what Master Ryan might do to her if she did. Besides, she wanted to see what he was packing in those tight leather pants of his. She was not disappointed. His cock was at least five inches and he was still soft. With the machine hammering away at her holes she took Master Ryan's cock in her mouth and closed her lips around it. Unable to use her hands she relied on him to fuck his dick down her throat.

It was the first time the twenty year old had taken a cock in all three holes at once and the sensation was driving her wild. It didn't matter to her that two of them were fake. All that mattered now was the fact they were making or juices flow and the orgasm building deep within promised to be an intense one.

Although she was throat fucked less than an hour ago, Nadia still wasn't accustomed to having a dick down her throat and she gagged on it as she did the first man. But that didn't stop Master Ryan. When she started choking on his cock he'd pull out for a moment to let her catch her breath and then he'd slam it back in, pushing her back on the fucking machines a little more with each thrust of his hips until he saw both dildos disappear into her.

"Look at you taking those fat cocks!" Master Ryan exclaimed. "You're nothing but a dirty little slut aren't you? You parade yourself around here as if you're so timid and innocent but I know better. You've got all nine inches of those toys buried in your pussy and ass and I bet you want more don't you?" he pulled his cock from her throat so she could answer.

"Yes Master," Nadia purred. "Please fuck this slut's holes like the whore she is!" Saying the words brought her over the edge and the orgasm struck. She went rigid, arching her back painfully as she screamed out in pleasure. The dildos continued to fuck her as she squirted her juices all over the place. "FUCK ME MASTER! OH GOD FUCK ME HARDER!"

Nadia lost track of time and orgasms after that first one left her mind spinning. She felt her holes gradually stretched open as larger and larger dildos fucked in and out of her holes. She vaguely recalled drinking two loads of Master Ryan's semen, but couldn't remember if it tasted good or not. She opted to think that it did and she smiled contently as she laid there still strapped to the bench.

"Time for your mark of completion," Master Ryan said. "You know, I always thought you were an uptight bitch but now I know better. How do your stretched out holes feel now? Are you glad I treated you like any other submissive that walks through those doors?"

"Yes Master," Nadia purred. "And my holes feel very well fucked. How big did the dildos get?"

"Both were ten inches long and two and three quarters thick. Now just lie still and I'll give you your mark of completion." He moved around to her right side and knelt down by her hip. He rubbed a gel on her hip and then placed a piece of carbon paper over the area and slowly peeled it away leaving behind the purple outline of a gear.

Nadia cringed as the needle pierced her skin. She wanted desperately to see what he was tattooing on her but the straps holding her down prevented that. She also needed to use the restroom but decided to hold it in until she was free to go. Thankfully that was only thirty minutes later. She looked at the new tattoo on her right hip and smiled. It was an image of a two inch gear around which was written MACHINE FUCKING SLUT. Inside the gear was written 10 x 2.75 to indicate the largest sized dildo she took to complete the event.

"Wait!" Nadia yelled when Master Ryan started to unstrap her. "I'd like for you to give me another tattoo if you would."

"Oh? And what tattoo would that be?"

"I'd like for you to tattoo Ryan's Roadie on my left ass cheek. Towards the top if you don't mind."

"And why would I give you this tattoo?"

"Because I'm asking you to? And because I'll promise to come back and let you and your machines fuck me again and again."

"Alright, you have yourself a deal. I expect to see you in here at least once a week though."

"Yes Master," Nadia said with a smile.

## Chapter 3

### Nadia Moves Out

High in the excitement of going behind her mother's back and from getting screwed silly, Nadia made her way back home. She entertained the notion of going all out and doing another event, but the sun was starting to come up and she didn't want to do too much all at once. And besides, her holes were already well-fucked and gaping open so she wanted to give them a rest. And then there was the ever present need for a toilet calling her attention.

Cockharlot was still on duty at the Main Office when Nadia returned. Her work was done and she was now sitting at the desk waiting for someone to come in with a question or complaint. When the door opened she perked up, her boredom momentarily broken. "Oh, hi Nadia," she said somewhat disappointed it wasn't someone else. Not that she didn't like Nadia, but there was little she could offer by way of advice to the owner's daughter. "Did you enjoy your walk?"

"I did," Nadia beamed. "I'll tell you all about it after I've used the bathroom, taken a shower, and got a few hours rest." Now that the adrenaline rush was wearing off she found herself quite exhausted.

"Can't wait to hear it."

"I wouldn't mind hearing it myself," Lidia said as she entered the office from the back room, startling her daughter and eliciting an apologetic look from Cockharlot. "We'll talk about this later young lady now take your butt to bed."

"Yes mother," Nadia replied like a scolded child.

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"So, what's this about a late night stroll?" Lidia asked her daughter. "And don't bother lying to me. You know I can pull the video feed and see exactly where you went and what you've done."

"The thought never crossed my mind," Nadia replied. "I couldn't sleep after reading your book so I went for a walk to do some thinking. I was walking down Anal Avenue when a man told me to suck his cock."

"And did you?"

"Yes, I did. And afterwards I got into punishment position for him and he fucked me in the ass. After that I walked around some more. I was horny as hell so I entered the Machine shop where I sucked Master Ryan's cock while the machines fucked me and stretched by holes. As you know it's one of the special event buildings so when I was done I got my mark of completion." She turned to show her mother the tattoo now adorning her right hip. "I also took a page from your book."

"Meaning what?" Lidia asked with raised brow.

Nadia turned around so that her mother could see her ass. "I asked Master Ryan to tattoo that on my ass. Like mother, like daughter huh?"

"Are you out of your damn mind? Why would you do such a stupid thing? If you read the book then you'd know I wasn't given a choice in the matter."

"Well I was given the choice. I asked for it. I think it looks really cool and I'm going to get the names of all the Dominants that use me tattooed on my ass."

"I didn't give you the book to read so you could emulate me!"

"Then why did you give it to me?"

"I gave it to you so that you'd finally know the truth of who your mother is."

"I know who my mother is. You're my fucking hero mom! All those things you did, all that hell you suffered to rescue a friend and to bring down all those criminals! I want to be just like you! And if that means getting a few names tattooed on my ass then that's a sacrifice I'm willing to make."

"That's not the life I want for you," Lidia said shaking her head. "You deserve so much better in life. You deserve to find someone who loves you, settle down and have a family. You deserve to be happy."

"And what the hell gives you the right to dictate what makes me happy or not" Nadia bit back harshly. "If you don't want me here then why did you let me stay for the last two years? If you were so concerned with my happiness then why did you give me this damn collar and tell everyone to keep their hands off of me? I'm not a child anymore so stop treating me like one! Did it ever occur to you that being here with you is what makes me happy? Did you ever stop to think that I chose this lifestyle because I like it? No, all you care about is yourself and to hell with everyone else! Well, I'm sick of it!" She reached up and removed the collar from around her neck and let it drop to the floor. "From now on I'm no better than any other woman that enters the farm and if you can't deal with that then you better ban me now!"

Lidia stood there staring at her daughter in shock. They have had their fair share of arguments in the past, but this one took the cake. "I'm not going to ban you from the farm. I just want to be sure this is the life you want to live for yourself and not because it's how I live mine. If you want to be treated like every other woman that enters the farm then so be it, but know that if you leave this office without that collar you will never get it back. And if a Dominant snaps his or her collar around your neck I will not come to your rescue as I did before."

"Understood. And since I'm like every other woman that visits, I'll be moving my things to the submissive apartments. I think it's high time I live on my own for a change." She bent down and picked up her collar, looking at it as if it were the crutch holding her back these past two years. She walked over to the desk Cockharlot was still sitting at and dropped it into the trash can. "I'll have my things moved out once I've picked an apartment."

Nadia left the Main Office feeling liberated as if a heavy weight had finally been lifted from her shoulders. Now that the collar was gone for good she was free to do as she pleased. There was always the risk of being collared by another, but it was a risk she was willing to take. Knowing the Farm as well as she did, and the secret to removing the collars with ease, she thought she had a pretty damn good chance of remaining free until she decided on a permanent Dominant. Although she had never been with a woman, she didn't discount the possibility of giving herself to the right Mistress.

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The submissive apartments were a five story building located in the southeastern block of the farm at the end of Bondage Boulevard. Used primarily by farm submissives – those men and women that choose to live on the farm twenty-four seven, it is open to any submissive or free woman on a first come, first serve basis.

Nadia entered the building and ascended the stairs. She knew from experience that all of the rooms on the bottom three floors were taken so she didn't even bother. Besides, the further she was from the entrance the less likely she would be targeted in the middle of the night by a dominant wanting to play. She walked right passed several empty rooms on the fourth floor and made her way to the fifth where she was all but alone. She wrote her name on the whiteboard and claimed the room for her own. It wasn't much – nothing more than a small studio really with one

large room that served as living room and bedroom with a small bathroom off to the left. There wasn't a kitchen as all submissives had to eat at one of the humiliating Farm restaurants such as the Cumeaterie where all the dishes were served topped with many loads of semen, or the Dive – a lesbian oriented restaurant where patrons had to service no fewer than three Mistresses before being allowed to eat their meal.

Nadia smiled up at the cameras hidden in the ceiling. Like the rest of the Domination Farm, the submissive apartments were under the ever watchful gaze of DFTV – the farm's very own television station that broadcast live twenty-four seven to fifteen pay-per-view channels across the globe. She knew her image was out there. She knew everything she did was seen by the world – or at least the incredibly kinky people, and it didn't bother her in the slightest. To know that people got off watching her excited her to no end. It made her feel sexy in a twisted sort of way.

Nadia had few friends at the Farm thanks to her mother's stern warnings and threats, but she hoped to rectify that by inviting people back to her room to party, or simply to talk if that's what they wanted. She was going to give the place her own personal touch within the strict confines of the Farm rules and that meant a trip to a few shops. Now that the collar was gone it was as if she were a new woman, free to do as she pleased for the first time in her life and she fully intended to make up for lost time.

Her first stop was to a small shop called Slave Seats located on the northern side of the Farm. Slave Seats – more commonly called Dildo Seats, were wildly popular across the globe for their humiliating chairs, benches, and other seating furniture equipped with dildos. They also happened to be the only form of chair submissives were permitted to use while at the Farm, but were not limited to that group alone. It was not uncommon to find a mistress or twelve making use of the chairs at any given time and even the odd Master who liked taking large toys in the ass were known to use then now and again.

"Hello, and welcome to Slave Seats," Sluttyraven – the buxom raven-haired woman working the registers greeted Nadia. "Have you shopped with us before?"

"I have not, but I know all about the place," Nadia replied. "I'm Nadia...Mistress Dayes' daughter."

"OH! Um, sorry this slut didn't recognize you."

"It's ok. As you can see I'm no longer wearing that damn red collar so no need to get worried over me."

"Well, how can this slut help you, ma'am?"

"You can start by dropping that ma'am shit right now. I didn't like it when I wore the collar and I like it even less now. You may call me Nadia. And I'm looking for a few seats to decorate my new apartment. I'm in 515 if you were wondering," she said with a wink and smile.

"If you'd follow me I'd be glad to show you around. Do you know what you're looking for? We have single and double toy in wood, metal, and plastic. And just in is the all new punisher seat."

"Oh? What's the punisher seat?"

"I'm under strict orders from Mistress Dayes to not discuss it with anyone not willing to ride it first I'm afraid."

"Wait, so if I want to know what the seat is I have to sit on it first?"

"That's correct."

"Doesn't that defeat the purpose of telling me what the seat is?"

"I don't make the rules," Sluttyraven shrugged. "If you'd like to know what the seat is I will have to blindfold you and take you in back to sit on it."

"I have to say I'm intrigued. Have you sold many of them?"

"About a dozen so far but they've only been available for a few days."

"Alright, consider me interested. Take me to this punishment seat."

Sluttyraven placed the wide blindfold over Nadia's eyes and led her slowly through the shop to the back storage room where the punishment seat was located. It was a wicked looking thing made entirely out of metal with two very long and thick metal dildos sticking out from the seat. But what made it a terror to behold were the three dozen or pointed nubs sticking out of it. When the submissive was fully seated those nubs would press painfully into her ass and if she were to fuck herself on it then, well...no pain, no gain right?

"Ok, just another two steps and then you can turn around. I'll lube the dildos and then lower you into position. Once the toys are in you have to work yourself down until you're fully seated. There's one more thing I should probably tell you."

"And what's that?" Nadia asked with no small amount of worry.

"You have to remain seated for a full minute. If you do not then I have to, um, punish you."

"What do you mean punish me?"

"If you do not stay seated for the required time I am ordered to give you a swat of the cane across your breasts for every five seconds you miss the minute by. And when I say *you* I of course mean any man or woman that wants information on the punishment seat."

"So is that the punishment part of the seat then?"

"No," Sluttyraven said as she generously lubed the two metal cocks. "Alright, take a small step back and I'll lower you into position. Remember, sixty seconds or you get caned."

"I think I can handle a minute on a couple of dildos," Nadia said with confidence. When the heads of the dildos pressed against her pussy and asshole she reconsidered her opinion. And when said heads popped into her and she let out a strained groan, she knew she was in trouble. "Do...do you have smaller dildos?" she groaned.

"I'm afraid not. The dildos are molded with the chair. They are not removable like our other models. The good news is the front one is contoured to rub the g-spot so it'll bring you at least some measure of pleasure."

Nadia slowly fucked herself on the two dildos, quickly realizing two things. First, the one in her pussy did in fact rub her g-spot; and second, they both grew thicker the further down them she went. When her ass hit the pointed nubs she nearly jumped off the seat. "What in the hell is that!" she screeched, lowering herself again until the nubs were barely touching her ass.

"That is the punishment portion of the ride I'm afraid. You have to sit on them for a full minute or you get the cane."

So it's not bad enough I've stretched my pussy and ass open I have to torture myself too? Can I take off this damn blindfold now?"

"Not yet. You can remove it after the minute. When you're fully seated I'll start the timer."

"Fine! Let's get this over with," Nadia said taking a deep breath. She lowered herself down until her full weight was resting upon the torturous nubs. She could feel them biting into her skin painfully and wanted to scream. Instead she bit her lip and tried to maintain a steady breath. She adjusted herself as best she could without lifting off the nubs, but nothing eased the building pain. She shifted right and she swore several of the points punctured her skin. She

jumped up screaming in pain, ripping the blindfold off and throwing it to the floor. She stared at the seat in wide-eyed horror, but to her surprise there was no blood. There wasn't any on her ass either when she checked.

"I'm afraid you only made it to twenty-two seconds," Sluttyraven said. "That means I have to give you eight swats of the cane on your breasts."

"LIKE HELL!" Nadia yelled.

"If you do not let me administer the punishment as required by the rules then I'll have to report you to Mistress Dayes and you'll be subject to immediate registration as a farm submissive. Please, just allow me to do my job and you can go on with your shopping."

"Maybe going without my collar wasn't such a good idea," Nadia sighed. "How do we do it then?"

"You can either stand there and I'll deliver the swats, or you can sit on one of the dildo seats while I do it. Your choice. All of the swats will land from above your breasts to just below with most of them landing directly. Have you ever been caned before?"

"No," Nadia answered.

"I'm not going to lie. It's going to hurt like hell so unless you're a masochist you'll definitely hate it. The welts left behind will go away in a day or so, but the emotional effect can linger for a while. Wait right here and I'll go get the cane."

While Sluttyraven was gone Nadia decided to pace the floor nervously. Ever since she was a child she hated pain. She dreaded getting spanked and always cried for hours after the deed was done. But that was on her behind. She imagined the cane biting into the sensitive flesh of her breasts and in every version she saw herself crying like a little baby.

Sluttyraven returned moments later swooshing the rattan cane through the air as if she were sword fighting with an invisible opponent. "Do you wish to remain standing or would you rather take a seat?" she asked.

"I'll stand," Nadia gulped, eyeing the cane.

"Alright. Place your feet shoulder width apart with your hands clasp together behind your back and I'll get started."

SWOOSH! The cane tore through the air and bit painfully into Nadia's breasts. "AHGH! OH MY FUCKING GOD!" she cried, her hands coming up to grab her breasts. She doubled over in pain and watched as the welt already took form.

"One down, seven to go," Sluttyraven said sympathetically. "Please stand back up."

WHACK! The second swat landed across Nadia's pierced nipples and she wailed again. The reality of the pain was far more severe than anything she could imagine and she wondered how all those submissives along Masochist's Row did it.

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK! With each swat a new welt rose across Nadia's breasts wicked and red. Although she was standing her ground she was sobbing like a baby, tears blurring her vision.

WHACK! "That's six," Sluttyraven said. "Only two more to go. I have to say you're taking it a lot better than I ever could."

"Have...have you ever...been caned?" Nadia sobbed.

"Several times. I once served a very sadistic Mistress that would cane me for the slightest infraction. Trust me when I say I know exactly what you're going through.

WHACK!

WHACK!

"You're all done now. Can I assume you are not interested in the punishment seat?"

"The only way I'd sit on that thing again would be if someone put a gun to my head and forced me to do it. How damn big are those dildos by the way?"

"They are each ten inches long and taper from two inches at the head to three and a quarter inches at the base."

"No fucking wonder I feel like a damn wind tunnel," Nadia gasped. "That's the biggest I've had by far! It's no surprise now why you haven't sold many of them." Nadia left the back room of Slave Seats, but not the shop. Although the punishment seat wasn't to her liking she did enjoy the few seats she sat upon while out and about on the farm for the last two years. She picked up half a dozen of them for her apartment – two singles and four doubles and asked Sluttyraven to have them delivered. When she finally got around to leaving the shop the welts on her breasts were red, raised, and fully visible to all.

## Chapter 4

### Sushi Girl

With her furniture bought and being delivered, Nadia made her way across the farm to the Whore store – the best place on the Farm for buying all things sex toy. From dildos and butt plugs to handcuffs and gags, the Whore Store had it all. And if they didn't, they sure as hell would find it. Along the way she got a few smiles and nods at the welts crisscrossing her breasts and she flushed red hot in embarrassment at the attention.

The sun was high overhead on the warm July day and other than the pain of being caned, it was looking to be a fantastic day all around. She was free from her mother's clutches, had a place of her own, and was well on her way to making some new, albeit kinky friends.

"Hey you, red tits," a man to her left called out. "Come over here."

"I don't have the time," Nadia replied as she continued to walk on by.

"Dammit," the man said as he caught up to her. "I said come over here." He placed a hand on her shoulder and pressed firmly until her knees started to buckle beneath her.

"What the fuck, man! Get away from me, asshole. In case you haven't noticed I'm not wearing a collar. I'm a free woman and I don't have to do what you say."

"I could remedy that for you right quick, or you can get on your fucking knees. You've got three seconds to decide."

"Fuck off!" Nadia said pulling away from the man. She ran down Submission Street to Breeder Boulevard, looking over her shoulder periodically to see if she was being followed. She wasn't, but that didn't ease the feeling in her butterfly-filled stomach. For the first time since coming to the farm two years ago she knew what it was like for everyone else. It was a game of cat and mouse and if she wasn't careful she would find herself caught in the trap staring into the eyes of a cat she just might not like.

The Whore Store was on the opposite end of the Farm, but that didn't worry Nadia in the slightest. What concerned her were more assholes like the last guy jumping out at her from every corner demanding she suck their cock, have sex with them, or god knows what other perverted request.

"Oh, you'll do perfectly!" a woman exclaimed and grabbed Nadia from behind. "Come on, come on, the customers are waiting! We need to get you prepared for the feast!"

"Customers? Feast?" Nadia said turning around to face the slender Asian woman. "Um, who are you? What are you talking about? Let go of me please!"

"No let go," the woman replied. "Sushi Girl not show up and need replacement. Come, come!" she said pushing Nadia in the direction of a glass door. It finally dawned on her what was going on. The Sushi Bar – one of the most popular eateries at the Domination Farm was in need of a Sushi Girl and she had been selected for the honor. If one could call being a human smorgasbord an honor. "Customers will LOVE the welts! Adds character," the woman said as she ushered Nadia into the building.

Not a huge fan of seafood, Nadia had never visited the Sushi Bar, but had heard nothing but great things about it from those that did. And if rumors were true the Sushi Girl did a whole lot more than act as a human food tray. Depending on the number of customers she could very well leave having done her first ever gang bang and then some.

Nadia allowed herself to be lead through the restaurant and into the kitchen. She was placed into a small shower stall and washed thoroughly before being placed on a long serving cart with a wide wooden board on top.

"Put your arms at your side and open your legs a little," Mistress Coy – the woman that ushered her into the restaurant said. "Good, good. You're going to be very popular Sushi Girl!"

Over the next thirty minutes six chefs painstakingly placed sushi from one end of Nadia to the other, covering nearly every inch from her neck to her ankles with Tekkamaki, Toro, Agi, Amaebi, Futomaki, and a dozen other sushi dishes. They strategically placed small dishes of soy, eel sauce, wasabi, and pickled ginger and then called her done. She was rolled out of the kitchen and into the dining area where more than a dozen men and women sat in waiting.

Four chefs – two on either side, lifted Nadia and the board she was lying on and placed it on the large, round table. The diners clapped and cheered the presentation. Once they were left alone to their meal they poured small cups of sake and drank them down before eating. There have been many arguments over the years on the proper way to eat sushi, but the Sushi Bar preferred the hands-on method under the belief that sushi was meant to be finger food and should thus be eaten as such.

"Such a lovely serving platter," a dark-haired woman named Kim said as she lightly dipped a piece of sashimi into the soy sauce. "Oops, I got some on her breast. Better clean that up." She smiled at Nadia as she leaned in and gently licked up the drop of soy. But she didn't stop there. She licked her way to Nadia's nipple and then took it into her mouth, grabbing the ring with her tongue and giving it a playful tug. It was all Nadia could do to remain still.

Spurred on by Kim's actions a blue-eyed blonde named Cindy latched onto the other nipple. "Mmmm," Nadia moaned as she had her nipples sucked for the first time. She was by no means a virgin, but men at the Domination Farm were more interested in getting off than affording any such pleasures to the woman and this was a pleasure Nadia enjoyed thoroughly. She felt a hand moving up her inner thigh and up her moist slit.

"She's already excited," a tall, olive-skinned man named Jacob said. "We better finish the meal so we can move on to desert. You want desert don't you Sushi Girl?"

"Mmm hmm," Nadia moaned. "What...what's desert?"

"Why, you are, sweetie. When we're done eating our meal we get to have our fun with you." He pressed his finger into her pussy and she spread her legs a little more to give him access. The rest of the dinner party decided to take a mouth-on approach to eating their meal and leaned in to eat it directly from the plate – the plate of course being Nadia. Some licked the area clean while others gave her gentle nibbles, hints of what lie ahead.

When Nadia's legs were finally cleaned off they were lifted and pushed back. Jacob climbed onto the table between her legs and pushed his cock into her. He maintained a slow, steady rhythm so he didn't knock the rest of the sushi off while the others ate. Her breasts were covered in sauce that the women took great pleasure in licking off, always making sure to give her erect nipples a good sucking.

And then it happened. Kim climbed onto the table and straddled Nadia's head. She lowered herself down until her dripping wet pussy was smashed firmly against the moaning woman's lips. Nadia froze. It was the first time she ever had a pussy so intimately close and it shocked her. She never discounted the idea of experimenting with another woman, but she never imagined it would be in a restaurant covered in sushi while a man fucked her and two other women sucked her nipples. She stuck her tongue out, sliding it effortlessly into Kim's moist

pussy. She tasted of honey and rose with the slightest hint of strawberry. It was a pleasant taste and she wagged her tongue back and forth for more.

The seal had been broken, the floodgates raised. Nadia was officially no longer a virgin in any sense of the word. She lost herself in the moment, savoring all the pleasures her diners gifted her with. She could feel the orgasm building. Her legs wrapped around Jacob's back and locked together, pulling him deeper into her pussy. She wrapped her arms around Kim's thighs and pulled her down so she could drive her tongue deeper as she periodically nibbled Kim's clit. The remaining sushi was now on the table, but that no longer mattered. Dinner was over and desert was served.

Jacob filled Nadia's gripping pussy with his load while Kim's juiced filled her mouth. She writhed on the table in ecstasy as hands groped her, tongues licked, and mouths sucked. She felt soft, delicate hands caressing her thighs and a tongue slide along her slit. Although her face was still blocked by Kim, Nadia didn't need to see to know it was a woman licking her. Whomever it was licked all of Jacob's semen out of her, but didn't stop there.

The woman – later identified as Lori, sucked Nadia's clit and pushed one, two, and then three fingers into her. "Mmmm, she's already so loose. She takes my fingers with ease."

"See how many you can get in there," Kim moaned, pressing down on Nadia's face as she had her third orgasm.

"Stop hogging her," a pixie-haired brunette named Claire said. "I want her to lick me before you wear her tongue out!"

"Alright, alright," Kim sighed as she stood on shaky legs and hopped off the table. She grinned at Nadia's face covered in pussy juices as she took a seat to watch the rest of the show.

"I...I need a breather," Nadia begged. "I'll lick and fuck you all, but please, let me catch my breath first."

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"Excuse me, Mistress Coy?" Nadia said to the owner of the Sushi Bar.

"Ah, Sushi Girl! So, how you like it?"

"I loved it! I came to tell you that if you are ever in need of a Sushi Girl I'm in apartment 515."

"Good to know," Mistress Coy smiled. "The guests were particularly impressed with you. Perhaps you'd be interested in signing on as my permanent girl?"

"Would it mean doing that every day?"

"Twice a day four days a week. Are you interested?"

"I think I just might be."

"Well, that saves me the time of hunting down the girl that didn't show. Let me go get your gear and we can get the paperwork taken care of. The dinner rush won't be here for a few hours so we have some time."

"Gear?" Nadia said in confusion. "What gear would I possible have to wear to do this job?" But Mistress Coy wasn't listening. She walked across her small office and opened an oak cabinet hanging on the wall. She pulled out a strip of black leather, walked over to Nadia, and snapped it around her neck. "What...what the hell?" she gasped. "Did you seriously just collar me?"

"I did. You said you want job. Job only available to submissive."

"But I wasn't collared for that meal, why collar me now?"

"I was desperate for a Sushi Girl before. Now I'm not. Either way, you're collared now so all we need to do is get the paperwork out of the way and you can go register yourself."

"Paperwork? What paperwork? I don't want the job if it means being collared," Nadia protested, yet she still made no move to run away or remove the collar as she knew she easily could.

"Let me explain the deal before you go running off," said Mistress Coy. "First, you work two meals per day Tuesday through Friday. In return for your services I'll pay you \$250 per meal. Now that sounds fair doesn't it?"

*Fair?* Nadia thought, *it's downright unheard of at the farm. Submissives weren't paid...ever!* "What's the catch? Why would you pay me so much if I'm to be collared as your submissive?"

"Because a well-paid Sushi Girl is a happy Sushi Girl. And unlike most of the cheap asses around here, I believe in paying for good help. Think about it, \$2,000 per week before taxes is pretty damn good money and living on the Farm you have no expenses whatsoever, so that's money in the bank."

"And what will my submissive name be?"

"You'll be given the name Sushislut on your right breast as per the rules and the job is yours for as long as you can draw in the customers. That means you will have to do some hands-on advertising, but I think you're up to the task."

"And if I refuse the job?" Nadia asked as she reached up and worked the magnetic clasp loose in the way only a few knew how. She let the collar hang from her fingers as she stared Mistress Coy in the eyes.

"Then you may go now," Mistress Coy replied dismissively. "Of course, you won't be paid for the meal you've done since you don't work for me, but I guess you can put it down as experience."

"I want to get everything in writing before I put this collar back on," Nadia said. "And I want a copy of all the paperwork for myself and another copy for my mother to hold."

"And your mother is?"

"You'd know her better as Mistress Dayes," Nadia smiled.

"Your mother owns the Domination Farm?"

"She does. That's not going to be a problem for you is it?"

"Problem? Are you kidding me? Having the daughter of the Farm's owner collared and working for me will triple business!"

"Well, if that's the case then I think you can afford to pay me \$3,000 per week, don't you? If not then I'm sure one of the other restaurants or clubs would."

"Alright," you have yourself a deal. \$3,000 per week before taxes, but you had better be the best damn Sushi Girl I've ever seen. Plus, since the welts were such a huge hit with the diners, you'll have to wear them at every meal. I think twenty swats of the cane every day to keep them fresh will do. They want to see them from tits to toe."

"No one ever said anything about being caned," Nadia gasped. "I can't get caned every day, I'd never survive it! Look, instead of doing it every day which would get boring for the customers, how about if we did it once every week or two? You can make a big show of taming the owner's wild daughter and putting me in my place as your Sushi Girl?"

"Hmm, you have good idea. Ok, Sushislut, once a week but you had better put on a hell of a show."

"I'll have people lining up around the building," Nadia smiled. "Now, about that paperwork?"

## Chapter 5

### Nadia's New Life

Nadia left the Sushi Bar with her head spinning and contract in hand. Why she ever agreed to it was beyond her, but something about it just felt...right. As she walked down the paved paths towards the Submissive Registration Office she couldn't help fondle the strip of black leather now secured around her neck by her own hands. And she couldn't help but laugh at her predicament. Only this morning she was tearing off the safety of her mother's collar and declaring her independence and now, only hours later she was a willingly collared submissive. And like every other submissive at the Farm she could now be used by any Dominant that wanted her for whatever reason they wanted her.

"This is it," Nadia said taking a deep breath. She was standing outside of the Submissive Registration Office – the place Dominants took their newly acquired submissives to be registered in the Farm's database. Once registered there was no going back. Once registered you were a submissive in the eyes of the Farm. You could always take the training to be a Dominant, but you'd never wear the red armband. It didn't matter if you never played the role of submissive again, all you'd ever get were the matching purple collar and armband of the switch so that all would know that beneath that Dominant exterior lies a submissive.

Few were the number of submissives that walked through those doors willingly for to do so meant the end of Freedom Road and the beginning of Submission Street. To enter the building was to be registered unless you wore the red armband of the Dominant. As with all things at the Domination Farm, Dominants were exempt from that particular rule.

Nadia took another deep breath and pulled the door open. One more step and her fate was sealed. One more step and the collar would remain a permanent fixture around her neck for as long as she stayed at the Farm. There was still time to turn around and walk away, time to remove the collar and live life as an independent woman. But she didn't, couldn't. For two years she had lived with a collar around her neck. It had become something of a comfort to her, a safety blanket so to speak and she longed for its touch, unable to imagine life without it. She stepped into the building and sighed as another great weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

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"Back again Nadia?" Master Jeromy said as he saw the young woman walk into the Body Modification Building. Master Jeromy was the Farm's resident body artist having tattooed, pierced, and branded more men and women in his twelve years at the Farm than most people do in several lifetimes. "I thought you had enough after the last time."

"I'm here to be tattooed with my submissive name," Nadia replied to his surprise.

"I see. So you finally submitted to someone? Who's the lucky man?"

"Mistress Coy at the Sushi Bar. I'm her new Sushislut. That's my new name, Sushislut."

"Well, Sushislut, go on back to the room and I'll be with you in a minute."

Nadia walked across the small lobby. To either side of her were rows of dildo seats where those waiting had to sit. Prior to a few days ago she hated the seats, but now that she had enjoyed the thrills of sex on a more regular basis she didn't mind them so much. She made her way down the short hallway and opened the door that led into the even smaller room where all of the work was done. Along one wall were glass-front cabinets where Master Jeromy kept his inks, needles, and other tattoo equipment. The opposite wall was a pegboard covered with hundreds of small

plastic packages containing rings, barbells, eyelets, tiny weights, and nipple stretchers. The middle of the room was taken up by an adjustable table and chair. Nadia climbed up on the table and waited for Master Jeromy to return.

"So, Sushislut huh?" Master Jeromy said as he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

"Yes Master."

"So did you get into a fight with your mother or something? After the last time I didn't think you'd ever remove your collar again."

"Something like that," Nadia answered. "I thought it was time for me to be my own woman so I threw the collar away and moved out. I'm in apartment 515 now if you ever want to drop by," she said with a wink. "I'd also like for you to do two other tattoos if you don't mind."

"Mind? Honey I'll tattoo you from head to toe if you ask nicely. What would you like?"

"I would like Jeromy's Jezebel and Coy's Cunt tattooed on my ass under the other name I have there."

"Ah, following in your mother's footsteps are you?"

"Something like that yeah."

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"Well that didn't take long," Lidia said to her daughter when she walked into her office. "So who do you belong to now?"

"I am Mistress Coy's submissive," Nadia answered. "And when you watch the videos as I'm sure you will, you'll see that I put this collar around my neck willingly. Then I willingly entered the Registration Office after which I went to see Master Jeromy to have my submissive name tattooed on my breast. I also got a couple more names added to my ass," she said turning so her mother could see the growing list of names adorning her derriere.

"I thought you hated seafood."

"I do. I'm a Sushi Girl. That means I have to be covered in it, not eat it. There are a few other stipulations to the job but I think I can live with them considering what I'm getting in return."

"And are you happy?"

"Very happy. I don't think I've been this happy in a long time."

"Who caned your tits?"

"Sluttyraven at Slave Seats. I tried the new punishment seat and couldn't stay seated on those nubs for the full minute. She gave me eight swats of the cane."

"Yeah," Lidia smirked "not many are able to remain seated for long. The welts suit you."

"I'm glad you think so because I'll be sporting them every week now as part of my job."

"Oh really? I didn't know you were a masochist."

"I didn't either. I mean, I'm not. Mistress Coy wanted to cane me every day but I talked her into doing it once a week as part of a show for the diners. I have a copy of my contract here and asked that you be given a copy as well so there's no way she can renege on our deal."

"Smart thinking."

"Are we ok?" Nadia asked. She felt as if things were different between them now and she wasn't sure she liked where their relationship was headed.

"Honey, you're my daughter. All I've ever wanted was for you to be happy, to find the life you wanted to live. If being a submissive makes you happy then I couldn't be any happier for you. And you may have moved out, but you're always welcome here. And you can always come to me for anything, no matter what."

"Thanks mom," Nadia said leaning in to hug her mother tight. "I love you so much."  
"I love you too sweetie," Lidia said hugging her daughter back.