

# Testing Teagan

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

# Testing Teagan

Copyright© 2021 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](#)

Walking out into the living room Erica saw her younger sister lounging on the couch wearing only a purple thong, remote in hand to begin yet another night of lazy channel hopping. Stepping around her couch, Erica gently tugged the remote from her sister's hand. "We need to talk," she said, her normally soft voice stern.

"About?" Teagan sighed.

"I get that it's hard finding a decent job thanks to Covid, especially for someone with no actual work experience, but we're both vaccinated and the market is opening back up so, while I love you to death I've got to give you an ultimatum. It's your choice, you can have a month to find a job, any job and start contributing to the bills until you can afford a place of your own, or I can hire you on the spot and you can come work for me."

"I'm not into all that kinky shit like you," Teagan replied. "And I'm not working fast food so..."

"Beggars can't be choosers, sis. You have your options. I'm leaving in fifteen minutes so if you want a high-paying job then go get dressed and come with me. Otherwise, you've got one month from tomorrow to find something else. As for not being into kinky stuff like me, that's not what the dungeon videos have been showing."

"D-Dungeon videos?" Teagan gasped. "What dungeon videos? I've never..."

"Please don't lie to me," Erica cut her sister off. "As the poster board sized list of rules says everything taking place in the dungeon is recorded for safety sake and I get an alert every time the door is opened so I know you've been going in there three to four nights a week and taking friends in as well."

"I... that... we... so you've been watching me have sex? What kind of sicko are you?"

"I only saw enough to know who was in there and a bit of what you were doing but I haven't watched everything. Nor do I intend to. What I do know is that like me you're bisexual, like to be fisted and are submissive to the core. Also, Bianca makes for an amazing Mistress and since you've been best friends forever you should make it official. Oh, and let's not forget the five guys that have been gang banging you twice a week for the last seven or eight months. Good thing you're on birth control."

"Actually, I stopped taking it a couple of months ago. But that's beside the point. You've been secretly recording and watching us and I demand..."

"It's not a secret when it's posted in three-inch letters for all to see. And you're not exactly in a position to make demands. So, little Miss 'I'm not kinky' what are you going to do? Take a month to find a job, or embrace your sexuality at the one place in the world designed for it and make a good living doing it?"

"W-What... what exactly would I have to do?"

"Well, as you know I work for DF Productions which is responsible for making all of the sex toys, equipment and furniture used at the Domination Farm and sold worldwide. We're always in need of testers and since I know you can take a small fist in both holes at the same time with ease and a larger one with some work I think you'll be perfect for the job. Basically, you'll spend fifty hours a week testing everything we make."

"And will I be collared like you?"

"Unless you accept the collar of one of the Farm's many Masters and Mistresses, or are registered a Farm slave you'll be required to wear the orange collar marking you as an employee of DF Productions. Like all of the Farm's collars it is leather wrapped metal with powerful

magnetic clast to prevent it falling off or being easily removed. You'll also be required to wear the same bracer as everyone else and to agree to and obey the same rules that have kept the place in business as long as it has."

"And how much would I be paid if I accepted the offer?"

"Pay starts at fifty-five thousand a year which is double the national average for such positions, plus bonus including keeping all of the toys you test, discounts at the Farm's many other shops and free admittance whenever you want to drop by on a day off."

"If I'm collared won't that mean everyone will think I'm submissive and try using me however they like?"

"Come on, sis, you know better than that. You know damn well that no one but the Farm slaves are used without limit and that's only because they agreed to such used by wearing the collar. Specifically the blue one. That being said, if you are registered in the system as submissive then you'll be issued an orange and black collar which means you're a submissive employee of DF Productions and may be used as such in accordance with your limits which are conveniently stored on the chip in your bracer. Anyways, I've got about five minutes before I leave. Are you coming with me or staying home?"

"How long will I have to keep this job if I take it?"

"For as long as you wish to continue living under my roof, or until you find some other means of employment."

"I won't be working directly with you will I?"

"No. You'll work for me in the sense that I'm one of the managers but we will not be testing toys or anything else together. Come on, Teagan, I need an answer."

"Even though I don't like it and I feel that you're pressuring me, I'll do it. I'll come work for you if only to get you off my back about finding a job, but don't think for a second that I'm going to enjoy it. Also, I want you to erase whatever videos you have of me and my friends."

"Never going to happen. If you're coming with me then go toss something on really quick. Remember, street clothes aren't permitted in the Farm so keep it to something you can quickly strip out of. Now go."

"Why don't you go and I'll follow in my own car so I'm not trapped there if I don't like it?"

"Because unless you come in with me tonight you'll have to pay the entrance fee which I know you can't afford. If you want to drive that's fine, but we have to go in together."

"Then go start the car and I'll be out in a minute." Getting up off the couch, Teagan ran to her bedroom to change and to make a phone call cancelling plans with her best friend and sometimes lover.

∞ ∞ ∞

"Hey babe, what's up?" Bianca answered the phone.

"Unfortunately, I'm the bearer of bad news. And some good I suppose. Tonight's a no go."

"Erica taking the night off?"

"No," Teagan said as she pulled a summer dress off of its hanger. "She got on me about not having a job and offered to hire me where she works and I accepted so I'll be there tonight."

"You mean the Domination Farm?"

"Yeah."

"Sweet!"

“I don’t have long to talk as she’s driving, but I also need to tell you that she knows about us using her dungeon and has apparently been recording everything we do.”

“I told you we were being recorded and you told me that’s only when she’s using it, Teagan, that she had to start the cameras. Now you’re telling me that isn’t the case?”

“I’m so sorry. I really thought the cameras were something she had to start every time but I think they’re actually running twenty-four-seven.”

“So, she knows about us fisting each other? The gang bangs? You submitting to me? You wanting to be bred? Drinking each other’s pee?”

“She knows about it all. On the bright side she said you were an amazing Mistress and that I should serve you and I’m inclined to agree. But that’s something we’ll have to discuss later as I’m stepping out of the house now and I don’t want her gloating about how right she is.”

“You bet your sexy ass we’re going to talk,” Bianca replied. “Consider yourself my submissive. And my first order is to have fun and experiment to your heart’s content. You know, if you’re serious about being bred like an animal I hear the Domination Farm has a couple of buildings dedicated to that very thing. Of course, one of them is sex with actual animals so be careful which one you enter because from what I hear they both require completion before being permitted to leave.”

“And how exactly do you know that?” Teagan asked as she got into the passenger seat of her sister’s Honda Accord.

“I’m not going to name any names because I don’t want you thinking less of them, but a little birdy with a paw tattoo with trained bitch written around it told me all about going into the wrong building.”

“Oh my god! You mean Natalie?” Teagan asked, referring to the only person she knew other than her sister to visit the fetish resort and the only one with said tattoo on her left hip.

“Are you seriously telling me she actually... with... fucking hell!”

“I know it’s all kinds of fucked up but please don’t judge her.”

“We have sex with her, Bianca. Oh god! What if some of the semen we’ve been eating from her is actually from animals?”

“Humans are animals. That aside, we both know the taste of it well enough to know that isn’t the case. I shouldn’t have told you, but now that you know please keep it to yourself and if you must bring it up then do so when the two of you are alone and for the sake of all of our friendships keep it polite and civil.”

“So, um, what’s the name of the building that she entered?”

“Wow! I guess you really do want to be bred like an animal, huh?”

“Not what I meant. I want the name so I know where to avoid.”

“I’m going to be a jerk and not say. Just know that if you do find yourself in it I won’t judge or think less of you,” Bianca said, eyes focused on the fresh paw tattoo with TRAINED BITCH written around it freshly inked onto her left hip the night before during her first trip to the Domination Farm.

“I have no intentions of having sex with animals.”

“Few that visit do, but it happens more than you think.”

“Okay, I’m getting all kinds of side-eye from Erica so I’m gonna go now and we’ll talk later.”

“Bye and good luck on your first day of work.”

“Thanks.” Hanging up, Teagan sighed.

“So, that sounded interesting. Someone planning on becoming a bitch?”

“NO! Wait, are you saying they actually have a place like that? Have you been in it?”

“Yes and no. It’s called the Animal Training Barn and it has been singularly responsible for turning more than sixty thousand men and women worldwide and around eight thousand in our city alone into animal craving addicts.”

“Fucking hell! That is messed up on so many levels I don’t even know where to begin. Wait, isn’t that sort of shit illegal?”

“You would think that but there are actually several states with no laws on the books prohibiting it and since everyone engaging is consenting there isn’t much anyone can do about it. That being said, I know many men and women that have done it and they all seem to love it so if you do decide to get extremely kinky then know that I won’t judge you. Also, we’re not getting a dog so don’t ask.”

“The thought never crossed my mind. And I can assure you I have no intention of ever willingly stepping foot in that building. Or any other but the one I’ll be working at for that matter.”

“You say that now but I can assure you you’ll be entering quite a few buildings to make deliveries throughout the day. On the bright side, as long as you’re wearing the orange collar, and only the orange collar you’ll be free to come and go without having to complete the mandatory events including animal training. Now, normally you’d have to go to the fetish clothing store to pick up your free outfit as soon as we get there but seeing as how it’s all made at DF Productions you’ll get five instead. Three of them will be combinations of normal fetish clothes while the last two will be of the pet variety including anatomically correct plugs.”

“Anatomically correct plugs? What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means you’ll be wearing plugs up your ass anatomically identical to the animal you’re dressed as. Canine, feline, bovine, equine, supine and so on. You may pick which two animal outfits you want. Just know that every part must be worn or you’ll be disciplined.”

“That’s fucked up!”

“It’s just a butt plug, sis. It’s not as if you’re doing the real thing. But it will give you an idea what it’ll feel like if you did.”

“I stand by my claim. Anything else I’ll have to do to humiliate and degrade myself?”

“The entire world of bdsm is open to you, sis, so that is entirely up to you, but if you want my opinion I think you should experiment with everything they have to offer. If not to learn what you like, then at least to figure out what you don’t.”

“Do you wear animal outfits?”

“I do. I actually own one of each we sell. Honestly, I’m kind of surprised you’ve never snooped around and found them in my closet.”

“I’ve never snooped in your room.”

“I know.”

“Let me guess, you’ve got cameras in there too.”

“Got it in one.”

“Where else do you have cameras, Erica? Do you have them in my bedroom? The bathrooms?”

“No. Only the dungeon and my bedroom and bathroom. If you want to make money doing webcam shows, however, I can hook you up with someone willing to install them for a night of sex.”

“Um, yeah, no.”

“Your choice, but several thousand dollars of camera equipment are worth a night of sex with a well-hung bull who’ll be more than happy to breed you.”

“I’m not a prostitute.”

“I never said you were. Okay, so do you have any questions before we get there?”

“About a million. For one, what exactly will I be testing. I know, sex toys, but you also mentioned equipment and furniture.”

“Basically, everything you’ve used in my dungeon and more. Some of it you’ll be doing solo while others will require a partner or partners.”

“Partners I’ll be having sex with?”

“You can’t exactly test out strap-ons alone now can you? Not to mention cock extenders and most of the equipment and furniture, so, yes, you’ll be having sex with men and women.”

“How many, Erica? How many people are you going to make me have sex with every day?”

“First, I’m not making you have sex with anyone as that would be rape and that’s not what I or the Domination Farm is about. You’ll agree to a certain amount of sex as part of your job. And second, it’s not every day. Just the five you’re working.”

“Okay, and what’s a *certain* amount of sex? One? Two? Five? Twenty? How many should I expect?”

“No more than you’ve been doing for months already. I can’t give you exact numbers as it all depends on what you’re selected to test but if you really need numbers then around five to fifteen per week, but some of them will just be there to help you on and off the various pieces of equipment and furniture. That’s not to say you can’t have sex with them if you want, but it’s not necessary or required to keep your job.”

“But having sex with the others is?”

“If they’re there to test a toy out on or with you then yes, you are required to have sex with them. And it won’t just be them coming to you, sis. To keep everything fair you’ll be going to them as well.”

“So, how long before I’m trained as a sex slave?”

“If that’s what you want then you should head straight to the registration office so they can get it in the system and issue you a blue collar.”

“That’s not what I want, but I’ve heard the stories, sis. I know it’s only a matter of time before I’m doing things I don’t like and am eventually trained so, how long?”

“If I’ve told you once, I’ve told you a million times, those stories are nonsense. Nothing is done at the Domination Farm that isn’t asked for or agreed upon in advance. You’ll read and sign the same rules as everyone else including me or you’ll be fired on the spot and asked to leave until you do sign them. If you’re a quick reader it’ll take an hour or so to get through it all but I seriously encourage taking your time and asking questions where uncertain. After that I’ll take you to the closet which is what we call the storeroom where all of the clothes are kept. Once you’ve picked something out one will be randomly picked for you to wear tonight. When you’re dressed I’ll hand you off to someone else who’ll give you a tour and get you settled in for your first shift. Any questions?”

“Still about a million but I’ll just wait until we’re there to ask.”

“Fair enough. And for what it’s worth, I’m proud of you.”

“For getting a job?”

“For accepting a job at the kinkiest place on Earth. And for embracing your submissiveness. You really should think about serving Bianca.”



“Already done. We haven’t gone over the details as I just told her while getting dressed, but I’m now her submissive.”

“Congratulations!”

“Um, thanks, but it’s no big deal. I mean you’ve been submissive for years and mom for decades. Not to mention Aunts Sarah, Renee and Jill. I guess it just runs in the family.”

“Now that you mention it, I suppose it does. But you forgot to mention Gina and Michele,” Erica said, referring to two of their female cousins.”

“I didn’t know they were submissive.”

“Well, now you do. Gina has been working at the Domination Farm for the past few months.”

“At DF Productions?”

“Furniture Whores, actually.”

“Furniture Whores? Do I even want to know?”

“It’s where men and women take on the role of furniture. Chairs, tables, footstools and the like for those willing to pay the price of purchase. Contracts can be as short as an hour or as long as a year with the Farm taking twenty percent of the fee and the furniture getting the remaining eighty.”

“I see. And how much does that pay?”

“That all depends on the length of the contract and whether or not sex and other acts are requested, but at a bare minimum a footstool will run you around a hundred dollars an hour, a thousand dollars a day, five thousand a week, eighteen thousand a month and about two hundred grand a year. And that’s just for the privilege of using the man or woman of your choice as a place to rest your feet. Add in sex and any sort of training and those numbers skyrocket.”

“Jesus Christ! Why make fifty grand testing toys when I can make four times that as a piece of furniture?”

“Well, first of all it isn’t as simple as getting on all fours and letting your new owner rest his or her feet on your back. You have to go through months of position, stamina, strength and obedience training. Then there are extensive physical and mental tests. So, sure, you could eventually do that if you want, but even if you started today you’re looking at a year before you’re allowed to place yourself for sale in the shop. Same goes for the Pony Carts, Girl-Mart and any of the other shops submissives, slaves and bare-necks can earn money selling their services.”

“Pony Carts? Girl-Mart?”

“I’ll explain them just as soon as I find a parking spot and explain the elevator ride,” Erica said as she pulled into the parking garage of the Domination Farm.

“Jesus Christ! You’re telling me even the elevators have rules?”

“Everything here has rules, sis,” Erica said as she slowly drove up to the second floor. “Guests are allowed to pick between the elevator or stairs but as employees we’re required to take the former. Before the operator will allow it to descend we’ll have to ride large dildos. But don’t worry, they’re nowhere near as thick as a fist so you’ll be fine. Once both dildos are at least halfway in the elevator will go down at the snail’s pace of one floor every thirty seconds. That being said, help me look for a spot.”