

# **Thou Shalt Dominate**

**Crimson Rose**

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“I don’t get it,” Natalie said as she paced the small living room of her apartment at the Domination Farm. “You had to know we would be recorded and blasted all over the internet and TV. You had to know you would have nothing on us when we found out so why command us to come here?”

“Fuck off and die,” her former best friend turned submissive Kim spit back.”

“We sent you here to get you out of the way so I could put your uppity parents in their place,” her other reluctant submissive Lana said. “Now untie us so we can leave or so help me god I’ll have you arrested for kidnapping, torture, forced enslavement and anything else we can make stick.”

“Says the woman that forced me, my family and friends into slavery.”

“You think this is the first time you’ve been seen by millions?” Kim huffed. “We’ve been selling everything you all have done since day one. We’ve made a shit ton off your pathetic asses and continue doing so every passing minute.”

“I guess we’ll have to add that to the lengthy list of crimes you’ve both committed. I want the names of every website you posted us on and company you sold us to right now or instead of a few years of slavery you’ll have a lifetime of prison to look forward to.”

“Go ahead, call the cops. See who they believe.”

“Honey?”

“Yes Mistress?” the woman silently kneeling in the corner replied.

“Please go to the main office and call the police for me.”

“As you command, Mistress.” Getting up, Beth walked toward the door to the tiny apartment.

“WAIT!” Lana shouted.

“Hold on, Jizznympho,” Natalie called out to her fiancé turned submissive.

“Yes Mistress.”

“You have something to say, Milfy cunt?”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Lana answered, the word rolling off her tongue like venom.

“MOM!” Kim exclaimed.

“If you would’ve just stayed with me when we got here none of this would’ve ever happened so shut the hell up! I admit I played a part in everything that has happened to you, your fiancé, family and friends as well as her sister and parents, but it was all Kim’s idea to sell everything on the internet and to a dozen different porn studios. I’ll give you everything you want including the money we’ve made. Just please don’t call the cops.”

“Way to be a fucking sellout mom.”

“Better a sellout than spending the rest of my life rotting in prison because you can’t accept second best.” Looking up at Natalie, Lana continued. “If you agree to untie us I’ll give you everything you want including all the forms Kim forged everyone’s names to, access to our bank accounts where you’ll be free to take the three-point-seven million we’ve made off your videos. And if you swear not to call the police I’ll...I’ll serve as a loyal and obedient submissive until the money keeping us here runs out.”

“We’ve been here for months. You’ve gone through the School of Discipline and came out as rebellious as ever. I have to keep you and Slutty melons restrained every night for fear you’ll run off or attempt to kill me while I sleep. Why should I believe you now?”

“Self-preservation. Please, Mistress, activate my collar to prevent me from leaving the Farm. Command and I will obey without question. All I ask is that you not send me and my daughter to prison.”

“Call me foolish, but I believe you. Since there is only one phone and internet connection I have access to we’re going to the main office where you’ll give me everything.”

“I won’t be able to give you the forged documents without going home, Mistress.”

“Sure you can. Do you still keep the spare key in the false bottom of the plant on the front porch?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Perfect. Then you’ll give my mother permission to search your house for all relevant documents.”

“Those documents aren’t kept at the house, Mistress. I have them stored in a safety deposit box which only I have access to.”

“You’ll still give my mother permission to search the house.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“And seeing as how you’ll have no need of a house of your own, you’ll gift it to Jenna as partial compensation for what you put her through.”

“She can’t give away what isn’t hers,” Kim smirked. “The house is in both of our names and I’d rather die than sign it over to that pretentious cunt.”

“Actually, your name was never put on any of the properties I own,” her mother replied. “I only told you that to get you to stop harping me about it. Now unless you have something constructive to say, shut the fuck up because I for one am getting sick and tired of hearing your incessant whining.”

“What are you talking about? I saw them. I put my name on them.”

“Are you really that stupid to think I’d actually put your name on anything of importance? Besides, something like that is done through proper channels, not at the dining room table. Now for the love of all that is holy, shut the fuck up.” Turning to her Mistress, Milfycunt continued. “I’ll give you everything I can from here, Mistress, but if you want the contents of my safety deposit box I’ll need to go home.”

“I think they’ll be safe there for now.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Turning to the woman kneeling silently in the corner of the room, Natalie’s heart melted at the beautiful woman staring back. Prior to coming to the Domination Farm six months ago her name was Beth, but now, in accordance of the rules governing the bdsm resort, it was Jizznympho. Before arriving at the Farm with the intentions of being trained, the two women were lovers, but now, despite everything they have been through they were engaged to be married. “Honey, please ask Mistress Gwen if she can activate the shock feature of their collars.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“When my fiancé returns I’ll untie you. Until then, I need to pee.” To her surprise, Milfycunt opened her mouth. “If you bite me you’ll regret it.” Moving closer, Natalie balanced herself on the edges of her restrained submissive’s chair and placed her vulva against her mouth. A moment later she started peeing. As expected, Lana gagged and spit a lot of it out which dripped down her breasts and into her lap, but managed to swallow a few mouthfuls. “You’re definitely going to need practice, but not back, slave.”

“Thank you Mistress,” Lana said with the same hint of hatred as before. “Would you like me to go to the Golden Showers?”

“I’ll escort you there myself once your collar has been activated. And you’ll go there once a day until you’re able to drink every drop without gagging, spitting or throwing up.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Don’t think for a second this sudden good submissive act is going to make me go easy on you. Before you go off for urinal training you’ll be caned for the blatant disrespect you’ve shown me and everyone else. And after you’re done at the golden showers and off to the body modification building to get your brand to commemorate the occasion you’ll also ask Master Jerome to brand you with owned slave on your inner right wrist.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“After that you’ll be taken to the breeding barn where you’ll be bred by black men. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“What about you, Sluttymelons?” Natalie asked, turning her attention to her former best friend. “You going to be a good slave like your mother or are you going to continue fighting me?”

“What part of fuck off and die didn’t you understand? Now untie me!”

“Sure. Right after Mistress Gwen activates your collar.” Walking over to a cabinet built into the wall, Natalie opened a drawer and pulled out a chain leash with black leather grip. Going to Lana, she hooked it to her collar and then untied the ropes binding her to the chair. Giving the leash a light tug, she was surprised when Lana slid to her knees and then all fours. “Let’s go turn you into a urinal.”

“Yes Mistress. Before we go may I say something to my daughter?”

“You may.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“Honey, I know submitting to Nat...um, Sluttycunt...dammit, sorry Mistress, this is all new to me and I’m still learning.”

“Don’t lie, mom,” Kim huffed. “You’ve been dominating bitches like her since before I was born. Hell, you even attempted to train me until realizing I’m every bit the alpha you are.”

“You tried training your own daughter to be a sex slave?” Natalie asked her kneeling submissive.

“Yes Mistress. But as she said it didn’t go over very well. Sluttymelons, are you seriously going to sit there and tell me you’d rather spend years, perhaps the rest of your life in prison rather than...”

“I’D RATHER DIE THAN SERVE THAT TWO BIT FUCKING WHORE!” Kim shouted in anger.

“I don’t know what to do Mistress. If you send her to prison then she’ll squeal like a stuck pig and I’ll be arrested as well. And if you keep her here against her will then you’re no better than we are.”

“That’s just it, Milfycunt, she’s not here against her will. She signed the forms and entered the Farm of her own free will. She knew there was a risk of enslavement and here we all are. Come, I’ll let her cool off a few more hours before taking her for her walk.”

“Yes Mistress.” Feeling the leash tug, Lana crawled behind her Mistress out of the apartment, down six flights of stairs and out to the Domination Farm she had come to loathe since being enslaved only a few short hours ago. “My daughter’s hatred for you blinds her, Mistress, and I honestly don’t know if she’ll ever come around.”

“Don’t worry, Milfycunt, I’ll break her even if it takes the rest of her life.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of, Mistress. She means it when she says she’d rather die than serve you.”

“Then perhaps prison is where she belongs.”

“That is your decision to make, Mistress, but I will give you nothing if you turn us in.”

“You do realize me, my family, Beth and her family will get everything anyways, right? I’m only playing along because you almost sounded sincere when you said you’d serve me. But if it means Kim taking her own life then I’ll have no choice but to turn you in.”

“I’ll talk to her, Mistress. I’ll try my best to make her see reason but I honestly believe the only way she’ll ever give in is if she’s serving someone that isn’t you.”

“Then she can serve the Farm. I’ll have her registered right after you’re in the Golden Showers.”

“That is your choice to make, but I fear she’s too headstrong to serve anyone, Mistress.”

“We’ll see.”