

# **K9 Slave: Training Zenzele**

**Crimson Rose**

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“Thank you so much for doing this for me at the last minute,” I said, handing my four month old daughter to my twenty year old neighbor Beth. “I know you’re busy with training your step-mother and staying on top of your coursework, but the regular sitter canceled on me and I didn’t have anyone else to call.”

“After everything you’ve done for me, taking care of Jaynie is the least I can do. Besides, I can use all the practice I can get for when mine are born in seven months.”

“Well, when she gets hungry there’s...wait! Did you just say seven months? Oh my god, Beth, are you pregnant?”

“I was going to tell you and Larissa tonight over dinner, but yeah, I’m pregnant. About two months along now. I am also heavily lactating thanks to that fuck up at the Farm when I first got there eight months ago. Haven’t you noticed my breasts are way bigger?”

“You’re here so little and I’ve been so busy I honestly didn’t notice.” Looking at her full breasts now for the first time in months, I could see she was about a cup size bigger than before she went to the Domination Farm to train her step-mother as a slave. And her once perfectly flat belly now had a soft swell to it that made me want to bend down and kiss it. “Well, I guess congratulations are in order. Do you know who the father is?”

“It’s one of eleven men.”

“Nice. I’m surprised that’s all that has fucked you in the eight months you’ve been going to the Farm.”

“Oh, I haven’t been fucked at the Farm since the first day I took TortureTits as I didn’t want people getting the wrong idea and thinking I was more submissive than Dominant. It’s true, I am more submissive, but I don’t need anyone at the Farm knowing that. No, these are guys from college that I’ve been having regular gang bangs with. Steamy. Unprotected. Uninhibited. Balls deep in all three holes at the same time gang bangs.”

“Wait, if you induced lactation at the Domination Farm then where’s the mark of completion. Given the size of your tits you had to have made quota by now, right?”

“Yes Ma’am I have. My hands are full at the moment, but if you would kindly lift my skirt you’ll see it on my right hip.”

“The mark of completion for the Milking Barn goes on the breast, not the hip,” I said with raised brow as her skirt went up. Sure enough the words DAIRY COW were permanently seared into her tender flesh – the thin lines of the scars so perfectly healed each letter was easily readable. “Why is it on your hip?”

“Compromise. I started the lactation training as a bare-neck and finished as a Dominant. Since Dominants normally don’t get the marks of completion, and bare-necks do, we reached an agreement where I would get it if I could choose where it was placed. Honestly, I just want to keep my breasts free from tattoos and brands. Not that there’s anything wrong with it, they look sexy as fuck on you, Larissa and everyone else, but I just don’t want them on me. Anyways, you better get to work before you’re late. And if you run into TortureTits while you’re there give her a kick in the ass for me.”

“Really wish I could, but I’d like to maintain my status as a bare-neck. That being said, I can make her life a living hell in other ways,” I said as I placed the orange collar – marking me as an employee of DF Productions, around my neck. “That being said, the chances of me randomly running into her during one of my brief breaks is pretty low and no offense, but I really don’t want to waste my time with that pathetic cunt.”

“Believe me, I completely understand. I despise her more than anyone or anything and I often wonder if I shouldn’t have just turned her in and let her go to prison.”

“It’s not too late to do that, you know. I still have all those original videos showing her confessing to it. Just give the word and I’ll make copies for you.”

“Nah, I prefer to keep an eye on her at the Farm and with her always in debt to them she’ll never be able to leave even if she wanted to. And believe me, she really wants to get away from that place. Just the other day she...nevermind, you don’t have time to listen to me prattle on about her. Have fun at work and I’ll see you tonight.”

“Honestly, it’s more of a chore than fun. Don’t get me wrong, I love using sex toys as you well know, but work is so...clinical. Anyways, Larissa and I will be home later.”

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Arriving at the Domination Farm, I saw my step-sister Larissa waiting for me by the entrance. Quickly stripping out of my tee shirt and sweat pants, I put them in the passenger seat, leaving me dressed in opera gloves, thigh-high boots with four inch heels, underbust corset and a garter belt in matching purple and black latex. Snapping the Farm-issued bracer around my right wrist, I walked over and gave her a kiss while tweaking her left nipple causing milk to shoot out. “Mmmm, someone forgot to drain their tits today.”

“Didn’t have time. Want to drink some before we go in?”

“No time. It’s already ten till and you know what happens if we’re late.”

“Just a few drinks to lessen the discomfort.”

Leaning down, I latched onto her right nipple and sucked the milk out as quickly as possible. After about a minute I switched to the left and gave it the same treatment. “I hope that helps,” I said as I swiped my bracer and stepped into the waiting room where about thirty men and women were in various stages of taking long dildos in pussy and ass – the looks on most of the men’s faces saying it was their first time and they were not enjoying the stretch. Going to the door to the left, I swiped again. The door opened and I bolted like a horse out of the gate. The Domination Farm had its pitfalls, but I loved it none the less and thought I found my job growing more boring by the month, I kept it for the sole reason that I did not want to be registered as a Farm slave.

Sprinting down Domination Drive past the cocksucking pillories, Puppy Park and gang bang grotto, I grabbed a light post and skidded around the corner onto Ponygirl Parkway. Staying to the left side of the cobblestone road to prevent anyone from shoving me through the door of the body modification building, I stepped around a Dominant man fucking a submissive up the ass while another thrust in and out of her throat. Whether she belonged to either of them, or was just in the wrong place at the wrong time was anyone’s guess and, honestly, I really did not care.

Running past the Petting Zoo, I recalled the first time I saw my mother dressed as a leopard getting fucked by a well-hung white guy and the conversation we had afterwards when she accepted her new life as a Farm slave. From there she went to the Cummypaws Training Facility where she has been for the last six months being trained as god only knows what sort of animal slave.

Coming to a stop in front of the door leading into DF Productions – the Domination Farm’s own sex toy company, I pulled the door open and stepped in. Looking up at the clock, I breathed a sigh of relief. Three minutes to spare. A moment later, I felt a tap on my shoulder. Looking back, I saw Larissa standing there.

“What’s the big hurry? You know we’re testing the new line of animal dildos today, right?”

“I’m trying not to think about it.”

“Why? It’s not like it’s the real thing. Speaking of which, you know how Aphrodite’s Den has a kennel dedicated to the bestiality fetish?”

“Oh god! You didn’t!”

“What? No. Not exactly anyways.”

“Um, I don’t think I want to hear this sis.”

“It’s not what you think. I shouldn’t even tell you this, but given that we have sex I think it’s only fair you know. Tanya went in there last week and to my shock asked to be fucked by six dogs.”

“Jesus Christ!”

“Yeah, it gets better. I’ll spare you the details, but long story short, she was plugged afterwards and then met up with me in my office. She didn’t tell me she was full of dog semen and I licked her clean.”

“That is so fucking gross! I hope you dumped her.”

“I love her more than anyone. Why would I dump her?”

“She made you eat dog semen.”

“She didn’t make me do anything. She asked if I would eat her semen-filled pussy and I accepted. You’re going to think I’m a disgusting whore, but it was pretty damn good.”

“If she didn’t tell you it was dog semen how do you know that’s what it was?”

“Because she told me afterwards. I was pissed, but I continued licking her clean every day for the last week.”

“Have you had sex with the dogs, Larissa?”

“No. And I have no intentions of ever doing so. I just thought you should know that I’ve been eating puppy semen. But don’t worry, I brush my teeth twice a day.”

“No offense, but I don’t think I can kiss you again.”

“Sure you can.” Grabbing my arm, she pulled me close and kissed me on the lips and I felt disgusted for the first time since we started having sex together about a year and a half ago and she took notice. Stepping back, she huffed and continued down the hall towards the elevators that would take us down to the testing room. The doors opened and I saw a purple and pink-haired woman named Anastasia that had been working for the company for nearly three years now and like Larissa and me, had no limits or restrictions on what toys she used.

“Hi Anna,” I said in greeting.

“Hey Sloppypuss. Gapeyholes. I hear you’re testing out the new animals toys today. Good luck with that.”

“Why? Have you seen them? What are we getting ourselves into?”

“I have not seen them. As far as I know the two of you are the first to use them. Anyways, I’m headed out for lunch so I’ll get off this thing so you can head down.”

“Oh, right, sorry.” Stepping aside, I let her pass and then stepped onto the elevator. The doors slid closed and Larissa hit the button to take us down to sub-floor three. Keeping her gaze turned away from me, I knew I had upset her but I could not help it. The thought of kissing her after she has been eating dog semen made my stomach churn. “I’m sorry about how I reacted when you kissed me, but you know how I feel about that particular fetish.”

“So, does this mean you’re never going to kiss me again?”

“I just need time to process what you told me.”

“Take all the time you need. And you can forget about any kind of sexual contact with me until you’ve made up your damn mind.”