

Samantha Submits

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Into the Farm

Samantha parked her car and stared at the three lines formed at the entrance kiosk and wondered if she was doing the right thing. She knew all too well the risks of entering the Domination Farm – her mother made that mistake four years ago and her best friend Deb went in last year, and now they were both collared and trained submissive, but she could not pass up the opportunity to talk to people first-hand on why they were there, why they chose the sexual lifestyle they did. It was, after all, the topic of her master's thesis.

Having cleared her intentions with Mistress Rose some three months ago, Samantha placed the silver cuff bracelet around her right wrist and stripped out of the loose summer dress she was wearing. Underneath, she wore royal blue, thigh-high latex boots matching opera gloves and garter belt and nothing else. It was what all bare-necks and submissives were required to wear at the Farm and they would make no exceptions for her. They did, however, make one concession that she hesitantly accepted if only to be able to get verbal evidence of her trip. Taking a small tag from her purse that read VIP SLUT, she pinned it to the ring through her right nipple, grabbed her recorder and exited the car.

Samantha felt naked and vulnerable as she walked towards the entrance. She felt as if all eyes were on her and she looked around nervously only to find out there were few people paying her any attention at all. Swiping the bracelet across the scanner next to the door, she heard a buzz and pulled it open. Enter into the waiting room, she glanced around at the dozen or so men and women sitting on cushioned benches along the walls while in the middle was a naked brunette kneeling between a man's legs depthroating his cock. As much as she wanted to talk to them all, she had very specific instructions to only ask questions to Dominants and Farm submissives.

After giving the room one more look over, Samantha scanned her bracelet at another door, opened it and stepped out onto the Domination Farm for the first time in her life. She felt her entire body instantly flush with embarrassment as she took in her surroundings. Straight ahead was a row of twenty pillories – more than half of which were occupied by women while men formed lines in front of them. Each of the women had a dick being shoved down their throat with the promise of many more to come.

Beyond the Cocksucking Pillories, Samantha saw a large racetrack. But instead of horses going around, it was men and women in full pony gear pulling Dominants on carts. Walking quickly down Domination Drive, she came to a small building labeled the Main Office. Taking a deep breath, knowing what awaited her within, she pulled the door open and stepped inside.

"Hello," a petite, blue-eyed blond wearing the blue collar of a Farm submissive said to Samantha. "How may this slut help you today?"

Samantha's eyes drifted down to the woman's bare chest where she saw the name Cumbunny tattooed. "Hi. I'm Samantha Collins here to see Mistress Rose."

"Mistress Rose is out at the moment, but should return shortly. Would you like to wait, or come back?"

"I'll wait, if that's okay."

"By all means. You may take a seat over there," Cumbunny said motioning to a row of seats with massive dildos sticking out of them.

"Um, do you have one that doesn't have a dildo sticking out of it?"

“Afraid not. Bare-necks and submissives are required to sit only on the dildo seats. Only Dominants are allowed to sit on regular chairs.”

“I see.”

“There are condoms and lube under each dildo seat for your use. Mistress Rose will be out another thirty or forty minutes so you might as well make yourself comfortable.”

“I don’t see how being stuffed with that massive thing could possibly be considered comfortable,” Samantha said looking at the nearly foot long, tapered dildos adorning each seat.

“You get used to it eventually. Take as much as you can and don’t be afraid to fuck yourself on it. If you’re going to be stretched open you might as well enjoy it, right?”

“I suppose so.” What she really wanted to do was ask Cumbunny – as was her submissive name, why she was a Farm submissive, how she got into bdsm, and a million other questions, but her instructions were clear. No talking to anyone until she met with Mistress Rose first. That was a meeting she was dreading. Shrugging, she walked over to the dildo seats and looked underneath where she saw two compartments built directly into the bottom of the seat itself. The left compartment held a bottle of lube while the right had a box of condoms specially designed for the large, tapered toys used throughout the Domination Farm.

Samantha gave Cumbunny a nervous look as she placed the condoms on the two dildos and generously lubed them. Hovering over the seat, she chewed her lower lip nervously as she lowered herself down until the bulbous heads of the toys were pressing into her pussy and asshole. Adjusting them slightly, she closed her eyes and sank down another five inches. “Uuhhnnn,” she groaned softly as the toys entered pussy and ass at the same time in her first ever double penetration. Her legs were shaking so much she slid down another two inches – the feeling of the dildos stretching her much more noticeable. Leaning back against the wall for support, she held herself steady for as long as possible.

Fifteen minutes passed and Samantha slid down the toys another inch, doing her best not to moan as it was beginning to feel good – much better than she ever imagined being stretched on two cocks would, and despite telling herself a thousand times she would not do it, she began to fuck herself up and down on them until twenty minutes and two more inches later, the door opened and in walked Mistress Rose.

“Who are you?” Mistress Rose asked as she walked over to Samantha.

“I..I’m Samantha, S-Samantha Collins,” Samantha moaned.

“Ah, yes. Sorry to keep you waiting Miss Collins but I had urgent business to take care of that could not be put off any longer. Have you conducted any interviews yet?”

“N-No, Mistress.”

“Don’t lie to me. This Farm is completely wired and I will know if you’re lying to me.”

“I..I did not interview a-anyone M-Mistress.”

“Very well. Once you’ve taken both of those dildos completely for at least fifteen minutes you may approach my desk. You will crawl on all fours until you reach the desk and then you will stand up and bend over it. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Mistress.” She felt odd calling her Mistress, but those were the rules and she was not about to risk punishment for breaking them no matter her feelings on the subject. She heard far too many stories from her mother and best friend about the Farm and their punishment practices, and she considered herself lucky she was getting away with only five swats on her ass as part of her agreement with Mistress Rose. “Ahgh! Oh my fucking god!” she groaned as the last inches of the dildos stretched her open. Now, she only had fifteen minutes of fucking herself silly before she could get on with the rest of her deal.

Dismounting the dildos, Samantha dropped to all fours and crawled across the Main Office towards Mistress Rose's desk. Standing up, she bent over the desk as instructed and watched as Mistress Rose stood up, grabbed a rattan cane from a hook on the wall and walked around behind her.

"You know what to say."

"Yes Mistress," Samantha said. She memorized the lines weeks before making the trip to the Domination Farm in order to curtail any further punishment.

THWACK!

"Aahhgghhh!" Samantha screeched as the cane bit painfully into her ass. "O-One! T-Thank... Thank you M-Mistress for honoring t-this slut!"

THWACK!

"Aahhgghhh!" Samantha cried as the cane bit painfully into her ass just below the first swat. "Two! Thank you M-Mistress for honoring t-this slut!"

THWACK!

"Oowww! Three! Thank you Mistress for honoring this s-slut!"

THWACK!

"Ow, ow, ow! Four! T-Thank... Thank you M-Mistress for honoring t-this slut!"

THWACK!

"Aahhgghhh!" Samantha screeched as the cane bit painfully into her ass for the last time. "Five! This s-slut thanks Mistress for the p-punishment!"

"Very good, slut. You took that well. Now, there's only the matter of your one attraction to take care of and then you'll be free to interview any and all Dominants and Farm submissives you like." Mistress Rose walked around the desk and hung the cane back on the hook before sitting down. She then opened the middle drawer of the desk and withdrew five envelopes. "You agree to abide by the rules of the farm and to do whichever attraction you choose without hesitation or complaint?"

"Yes Mistress. This slut agrees to do whichever attraction she chooses without hesitation or complaint," Samantha replied – her full body blush deepening. This was it, the last humiliating thing she had to do to meet her end of the bargain. She tried to mentally prepare herself for anything, but knew it most likely would not help. Unlike her mother and best friend, she was not a submissive and humiliating herself was as low on her list as one could get.

"I have five envelopes here, each of which contains a single attraction that may be completed in one day. You will pick one and that is what you must do to complete our deal. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress, I understand. None of them contain a visit to the body modification, or submissive registration building, right?"

"That is correct." Mistress Rose laid the five envelopes out in front of Samantha whom was still bent over her desk. "Choose."

Samantha stared at the envelopes and then picked up the second one on her right. With it in hand, she stood up, took a deep breath and tore it open; withdrawing the slip of paper within. It read: *Three spins of the Wheel of Sex*. "Three spins of the wheel of sex, Mistress?"

"You will find it on Anal Avenue just passed the cocksucking pillories. You will give it three spins and do whatever it tells you to do. Remember, you have agreed to abide fully by our rules so if you fail to spin the wheel three times, or to do as it instructs you will be registered as a Farm submissive."

"Yes Mistress."

“You may go now.”

“Thank you Mistress. Before I go, may I look in the other envelopes to see that they are all different?”

“You may look in them only if you agree to do whatever is in the last one you open. Deal?”

“Deal,” Samantha agreed, feeling as if she were going to end up doing far more at the Domination Farm than she initially set out to do. Picking up the next envelope, she tore it open. Inside was a slip of paper that read: *Gang Bang Grotto*. The next read: *Lesbian Grotto*. The fourth read: *Temple of Aphrodite*. And the last one read: *Golden Showers*. “They were all different,” she said sounding surprised.

“And the last one?”

“Golden showers.”

“You will find it at the corner of Sadism Street and Masochists Row. Cumbunny will escort you there and then to the wheel of sex and whatever three things the Wheel says. When the task is complete she will return to me and you may go about your interviews.”

“Thank you Mistress.”