

Sentenced to Submission

Alexis Alexandra

~ ~ ~

Sentenced to Submission

Copyright© 2026 by **Alexis Alexandra**. 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](#)

Watching his gorgeous, busty redheaded client enter the interview room, Marcus felt his manhood twitching to life in his suit pants. Standing as she approached the table, he held out and introduced himself. “Morning, Miss Demarco, I’m Marcus Sandoval – the court-appointed attorney you requested. Please, have a seat and we’ll get right to it.”

“Morning,” Daniela said as she shook the public defender’s hand. Sitting, she huffed. “Not sure what there is to discuss, but okay.”

“You’re not sure... you nearly beat a man to death and you’re not sure what there is to talk about?”

“He raped me,” Daniela shot back. “He’s lucky I didn’t rip his fucking dick off and use it to finish the god damn job!”

“That defense might work anywhere else in the world, but here in Grenlet Hollows the laws are very specific and understood by all. Including you.”

“So, it’s legal to just rape whomever the hell you want in this town?”

“That’s not what I said at all,” Marcus said as he placed a thick folder on the table in front of his client. That is the original copy of the town bylaws you read and signed meaning you were well aware of what wearing that red collar around your neck meant before you stole it from your mother’s possessions.”

“Like anyone actually reads that shit! And no, I didn’t know what wearing the red collar meant and no amount of explanation will ever make it make sense.”

“Ignorance of the law is no excuse for breaking it, Miss Demarco. Our laws may be strict – some might even say barbaric, but they work. Grenlet Hollows is one of, if not thee safest place in the world to live and it’s all because of the bylaws everyone living here must abide by.”

“Nothing, and I mean absolutely nothing give anyone in this fucked up town the right to violate another as that man did to me.”

“Except you weren’t violated, Miss Demarco. Wait,” Marcus said, holding up his right hand. “I know what you’re going to say, but you’re wrong and the bylaws you signed prove it. Go ahead, read them for yourself right now.”

“I’m not reading...” WHAM! A hand slamming against the metal table causing her to jump, Daniela’s eyes went to the visibly annoyed man sitting opposite her.

“I said read them!”

“Or what?”

“Or I walk out of here and you spend the next fifteen years behind bars with no possibility of parole or appeal! Which you’d already know if you read the damn bylaws as required. But no, entitled brats like you think you’re above the law and can never do no wrong. Well, Miss Demarco, you royally screwed up and now you’re going to pay the consequences for your actions.”

“What the hell sort of public defender are you? You’re supposed to be getting me off, not... not whatever the hell you’re doing!”

“There is no getting you off, Miss Demarco, and the sooner you realize that, the sooner we can all get on with our lives.”

“Then what the actual fuck are you here for then?”

“Read the bylaws and we’ll talk afterward. Go on, I’ve got all day and neither of us are leaving this room until you’ve read every last word so you might as well get started.”

Clenching her jaw so tight her teeth hurt, Daniela nevertheless opened the folder and began reading the lengthy contract she signed the day she turned eighteen and moved to the small, secluded adults-only town to be with her mother. Written in such a way as to be understandable by even the most ignorant of the law person, there was no reading between the lines or anything left up to interpretation. Heart sinking deeper and deeper into her busty chest with every passing paragraph, it did not take long for the now 24-year-old to realize just how screwed she truly was.

Quietly watching his client read the contract, Marcus waited for the folder to close before uttering a word. "So, what do the bylaws say about the red collar?"

"That still doesn't give anyone the right to..."

"I asked what it said!"

"It says any woman wearing the red collar has been sentenced to serve as a breeding cow and must give herself freely to any man wishing to use her as such without question or complaint. But that..."

"No buts! And no more god damn excuses! What else does it say?"

"It says any woman wearing the red collar that refuses to be used as a breeding cow will be subjected to a public caning and no less than five years in prison or one year of submission."

"And?"

"And any woman wearing the red collar may not remove it for any reason while outside the home until her sentence has been served. And if it is removed her sentence is to start over."

"And what does it say about women wearing the collar that have yet to be sentenced?"

Flipping through the lengthy document, Daniela found the section in question and gulped hard. "Any woman wearing the red collar before sentencing has been given will wear it for twenty years which is the maximum time allowed."

"Do you understand the gravity of your situation yet, Miss Demarco?"

"Bylaws be damned, you cannot legally force me to be a breeding cow!"

"You're right, we can't, but what we can do is throw you in prison for twenty years for attempted murder, another five for removing the collar against the terms of the bylaws, and another seven to fifteen for various other laws you've broken. And as you've just read for yourself, one of the ways we keep our streets safe is by imposing the maximum penalty permissibly by law so you're looking at thirty-two to forty years in prison. Or, you can stop being an entitled bitch and start taking this matter seriously. I'm authorized to give you a one-time plea deal so pay attention. You can spend forty years behind bars, or you can accept eight years of submission where you'll repay your debt to society by serving the communities every perverse desire while remaining free to do as you wish. Within the confines of the bylaws that is."

"Sexual slavery isn't legal!"

"While such contracts cannot be legally enforced, sending you to prison for the next four decades for refusal, or violating the terms somewhere down the line is. This ends one of two ways, Miss Demarco. Most of your adult life in prison, or eight years of relative freedom after which your record will be expunged. You have until Monday to decide."

Knowing that if she accepted the plea deal she would absolutely spend the next eight years being bred and used as a sex slave and that she would be banded in such a way as to make leaving the small town virtually impossible, Daniela's shoulders sank. Forty years in prison, or eight years of relative freedom as a sex slave? "This is beyond fucked up, but I... I accept the plea deal. I accept eight years of sexual enslavement in lieu of forty years behind bars."

“Glad to see you’ve finally come to your senses,” Marcus said as he pulled a sleek red leather covered metal band from his briefcase. “The one you wore that night will be returned to your mother, but this one is yours to wear for the next twenty years. Put it on, strip naked, and then bend over the table.”

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me, Miss Demarco. You’ve accepted the plea deal and with that comes being a breeding cow so do as you’re told or you’ll be disciplined.”

“God, this town is so fucking bullshit!” Daniela said even as she placed the collar around her neck.

“That’s ten swats for not referring to me as Master. You just read the bylaws, Miss Demarco. Is your memory really that bad?”

“N-No Master,” Daniela said as she stood up and began stripping out of her jail provided orange jumpsuit. “I can’t believe this is going to be my life for the next eight years! Reduced to a sex slave breeding cow for any man that wished to pump his load into me! Even my own damn public defender!”

“Better than forty years in prison,” Marcus said as he got to his feet. “At least this way you’ll still enjoy fresh air and the taste of freedom.”

“And twenty years of breeding!” Daniela said as she bent over the cool metal table. “Do you know how many kids I can have in that time? How in the hell do you expect me to take care of kids when I won’t even be able to keep my damn job?”

“We’ll worry about that later,” Marcus said as he stepped behind his bent over client. Wasting no time, he thrust balls deep into her surprisingly tight womanhood. Fingernails digging into her hips, he fucked her as if his very life depended on it. “It’ll take a few days for the deal to go through and for your bands to arrive. Until then you’ll remain in my custody during which time you’ll serve as my personal fucktoy. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Master,” Daniela grunted between hard thrust.

“Good girl. God, I can’t wait for you to start lactating so I can drain those fat fucking tits of your dry!”

“T-Then you... uhn... uhn... oh God yes!” Daniela moaned in pleasure despite the humiliation of being bred like an animal. “I’m already lactating, Master.”

“Is that so, slave?”

“Yes, M-Master. I induced when I was nineteen and haven’t stopped since. That... uuhhnnn... that’s one reason my fat fucking tits are, well, so fucking fat, Master.”

Pulling out, Marcus flipped his client over on the table and then plunged back into her before leaning down and latching onto her large left nipple. The jet of milk hitting the back of his throat making his cock instantly twitch with excitement, he continued drinking and fucking the sexy inmate. Guarantee me your first pregnancy and I’ll get some of the charges dropped so you only have to serve seven years of submission.”

“Deal, Master!” Daniela quickly agreed for no other reason than any amount of time taken off her sentence could only be a good thing.

“Great! I’ll call my wife in to do all the necessary modifications once you’re back in your cell.”

“Y-You’re married, Master?”

“What of it, slave?”

“Is she your slave too, Master?”

“What if it, slave?”

“I was only asking, Master.”

“Yes I’m married and yes she’s my slave. No that’s enough talking. If I hear anything from you besides moaning and groaning you’ll be further disciplined.”

Saying nothing more, Daniela accepted the breeding and just hoped her new owner was a man of his word and actually got her sentence reduced.

∞ ∞ ∞

Her new owner an incredibly horny man with inhumane levels of stamina, Daniela was fucked, milked, and bred multiple times over a nearly 5-hour period. Walking funny, she was actually relieved to be back in the safety of her cell where she could finally get some rest. Unfortunately, she would only get an hour’s reprieve before a tall, slender blonde carrying a metal suitcase was let in. “You’re not my cellmate with that thing so who are you?”

“I’m Amelia Sandoval and at your new owner’s request I’m here to give that stunning body of yours a few modifications.”

“Right. And what exactly will you be doing to me?” Daniela asked as she got to her feet and began stripping.

“You’ll be branded as Master’s property which will then permit me to give you the chastity piercings necessary to prevent anyone else using you until confirmed pregnant by your new owner. As part of that your hood will also be pierced and tagged so everyone seeing you will know you’ve been claimed and are not to touch your pussy. Your mouth and ass, however, are still up for free use by whomever wishes to use them. Any other questions before we begin?”

“Master bred me 6 freaking times in less than five hours. Is he even human?”

“Master is known as Grenlet Hollows’ most virile breeder and has personally bred at least a hundred women.”

“Jesus Christ! How in the hell does he take care of so many kids?”

“He doesn’t. His job is to breed, no provide. As a breeding cow yourself, you should know that better than almost anyone.”

“I was never sentenced as a breeding cow,” Daniela sighed. “I made the mistake of putting the collar on without fully knowing its significance and now...”

“Now you’re a breeding cow for the next twenty years,” Amelia said as she sat up her equipment.

“Amongst other things. So, um, these chastity piercings, what exactly are they?”

“I’m going to place tunnels in your outer labia which will then be loosely barbelled shut to prevent you having sex. Once they heal the barbells will be shortened so you’re locked even tighter. Only Master will have a key and you’ll remain locked whenever he’s not breeding you. Now, I’m going to need you to stand with your back to the wall,” Amelia explained as she pulled several wide leather cuffs from her case.

“Um, what are you going to do with those?”

“Master was right, you ask a lot of questions. The work I’m doing to you requires a steady hand, but that only goes so far so in order to not fuck up and incur discipline you’ll be restrained to the wall for the duration.”

“What if I need to use the toilet?”

“Then you can piss in my mouth! Now for the love of God shut up and get your ass in position before I call for the guards to cane you!”

Saying nothing, Daniela put her back to the wall and let Amelia place the cuffs around wrists, ankles, thighs, waist, and just under her large breasts. She also remained silent when Amelia latched onto her right nipple for a drink lasting nearly ten minutes.