

# **Taming Nadia**

**By: Emily Sinclair**

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# Chapter 1

## Nadia's Late Night Stroll

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Nadia took the book her mother gave her and went to her bedroom to read it – excited at the chance of finally learning the secrets kept from her all of her life. She closed and locked the door so as not to be disturbed and took a cursory glance out the window at the farm beyond. Or at least at what was once a farm. Now it was such in title only. Gone were the rolling fields of green – replaced with paved streets, one and two story log buildings, and completely surrounded by a tall stone wall. She watched the scantily men and women walking to and fro – some wearing black collars around their neck, while those that didn't looked around anxiously, some with fear in their eyes. Her hand instinctively went to the smooth red band around her own neck. It marked her as the property of the Domination Farm's owner, usable by none without permission, and Lidia made it well known that she would never let anyone use her daughter so long as she wore that collar.

Nadia could tell even from this distance which men and women had been claimed at the farm by the tattoo on their right breast. While many wore the black neckband, all collared submissives at the Domination Farm were given a humiliating name so that all who saw them knew what they were. She looked down at her breast and wondered what name her future Master or Mistress would give her.

Nadia closed the curtains – not out of any sense of modesty, no, the lithe twenty year old was anything but modest. How could you be when you had to parade yourself half-naked all the time? She closed the curtains so she wasn't tempted to watch the goings-on around her. She jumped into bed, the jingling of the tiny bells on her fresh labia piercings causing her to flush momentarily. The rings were her idea – her prize for entering the body modification building of her own free will. The bells, however, were the idea of Master Jeromy. They were his way of humiliating the young woman and they did the job perfectly.

She held the book gently in her hands as if it were some fragile thing she would shatter if held too tightly. *Stolen Dayes by Lidia Dayes* the leather cover read in guilt letters. She flipped the book open skipping the junk at the beginning until she saw the dedication page. It was handwritten but there was no way of knowing if it was done twenty years ago, or today.

*For my darling daughter Nadia, and her unquenchable curiosity.  
I hope her search for the truth never diminishes.*

Tears welled up in Nadia's eyes and she wanted to run downstairs and hug her mother tight. But, her curiosity got the better of her and she flipped through the pages until she reached chapter one. The book read like a biography of her mother's life from the time she joined the FBI to her retirement at the Domination Farm with her wife Diana. It told in vivid details all of the kinky and depraved sexual things she did to bring down some of the most notorious predators in US history. It showed a level of sacrifice Lidia was willing to take to get the job done – a level of sacrifice beyond most normal, sane people, but one that Lidia Dayes was willing to make time and time again.

Hours later, when she read the last lines of the book, Nadia set it on her nightstand and paced her bedroom – the tiny bells on her labia piercings singing their musical notes. She spent years begging her mother for the truth of her past and now that she knew it, she didn't know what to think. *Is my mother a hero? She though as she pulled back the curtain to look out at the street beyond. Is she a depraved whore? Am I like her with wanting to be at this crazy place, surrounded by perverts – men and women whose only goal is to collar and train me to be submissive?*

A woman she knew to be Mistress Olivia – one of the Domination Farm's most popular Dominants, led her most current submissive down Domination Boulevard on a leash. The submissive woman was walking on all fours wearing the latex costume of a puppy complete with tailed butt plug and snout. She couldn't see the woman's breast but Nadia was certain there was a name tattooed there. She imagined herself in the submissive's place and her pussy tingled with excitement at the prospects.

"I've spent most of the last two years at this farm," Nadia said as she continued to look out the window. "I've seen men and women collared, taken by Dominants and made into their version of the perfect plaything. I've seen them humiliated in ways that make even lovers of humiliation blush with embarrassment; hell, I've been tattooed and pierced more than once myself because of the rules of this place," she said flicking the platinum rings adorning her rock hard nipples. "And thanks to this collar around my neck no one will have anything to do with me unless mother gives her permission," she sighed. *Probably for the best*, she thought back on the one time she removed the collar and was quickly collared by an asshole. If it wasn't for her mother coming to her rescue she'd be serving him even now.

Nadia paced until she couldn't take it any longer. The sun had set long ago and the streets were silent but for the faint moans coming from somewhere in the distance. They were called streets, but they were nothing more than wide paths cutting the once green fields into its mostly square blocks and Nadia knew them better than anyone. She gave the book sitting on her nightstand a glance and then left her bedroom.

She could hear the tapping of fingers on keys as she descended the stairs. *Mother will be in bed by now*, she thought. *Must be Cockharlot*. Cockharlot was a second generation submissive whose real name was Teresa. Her mother Tawnie carried the same submissive name and passed it down to her daughter when she retired from the farm nearly sixteen years ago. Like her mother, Teresa was a farm submissive and had been since she turned eighteen. Now the twenty-five year old worked as Lidia's assistant, running the office during the late night hours.

"Good evening, Ma'am," Cockharlot said to Nadia.

"How many times do I have to tell you not to call me ma'am?" Nadia replied. "My name is Nadia, use it."

"Yes ma...Nadia. This slut is sorry. Will you punish this slut now for her disrespect?"

"Don't worry about it. I wear a collar just like you. That makes us equals, right?" That was a lie of course. Although she wore a collar she was still a free woman and as such had many more rights and privileges than any submissive.

"Yes Nadia," Cockharlot smiled. She knew Nadia was above her in every meaning of the word, but it made her happy that the young woman thought of them as equals.

"I'll be going out for a while. Whatever you do don't tell my mother. The last thing I need is for her to come looking for me."

"Yes Nadia. Although this slut thinks it's wrong to go behind Mistress Dayes' back, this slut will not say a word to her about this."

"Thank you Teresa," Nadia said opening the door. She looked out at the dimly lit streets and smiled. Back in the early days of the farm things were well-lit, but during the reign of Mistress Gwen many of the lights were removed to give the place a darker foreboding feeling that was more in line with the type of activities that went on there. Nadia liked going out at night because in the shadows her red collar looked black until you were right on top of her and could get a closer look.

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Nadia was content going for a late night stroll. Not only was it great exercise, the breath of fresh air did wonders for her mind, it also got her away from her mother's watchful eye for a time. She walked down Domination Boulevard and made a quick left onto Anal Avenue to get out of sight of the Main office. Although her mother was fast asleep she didn't want to risk being seen out so late on the off chance she was still up reading or something.

"You, slut, get over here," came a man's voice in the darkness.

Nadia looked around and saw no one else but her. "You talking to me?" she replied.

"Who else would I be talking to you dumb cunt?" the man bit back. "Now get your ass over here. I need my dick sucked and your mouth just volunteered."

Nadia thought for a moment of telling the man to go fuck himself, but the idea of being ordered to suck his cock had her pussy tingling with excitement. She wondered if this is what it felt like to be submissive as she walked over to the man and dropped to her knees. She looked up into his dark brown eyes as she unzipped and unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down, exposing his already hard dick. "I'm not an expert or anything," she purred "but I'll do my best to make you cum."

"And when I do you're going to swallow every drop isn't that right, slut?"

"Yes Master," Nadia found herself saying as she took the bulbous cockhead in her mouth.

"And when you're done I'm going to punish you for referring to yourself as I," he smirked. He was referring to one of the rules Nadia hated most. It stated that a submissive must refer to herself or himself as *this slut* or *this cunt* and never as me or I. Although Nadia wore a collar she was technically excluded from that rule, but she didn't want to burst the man's bubble before she had too.

Nadia sucked the man's cock as deep as she could without gagging on it while the fingers of her right hand fondled his large, full balls. She swirled her tongue around the corona ridge – the highly sensitive underside of the head, and smiled as she felt him swelling even larger in her sucking mouth.

The man had enough fooling around and placed his hands on the back of Nadia's head and fucked his cock into her mouth until it slipped down her throat. He ignored her gagging and choking, his only thoughts on his own pleasure. Thankfully he didn't last long as he started shooting his load right down Nadia's throat. When he was done he shoved her back so she landed on her ass.

"Not bad slut," he said with a wicked grin. "Now assume the position so I can punish you."

"Nadia looked him in the eyes, still coughing and hacking as she rolled over on her hands and knees. Next she spread her legs open side and lowered her head until it rested on her folded arms on the ground, back arched. Although she wasn't a submissive she knew all of the positions. She prided herself on knowing them all and practiced them until she was able to drop into any of the two dozen positions as easily as she drew breath.

"Fucking hell you've got one hell of a sexy ass," the man said. "Maybe I'll fuck you instead. You'd like that wouldn't you slut? You want my fat cock up your tight ass?"

*Your cock is anything but fat*, Nadia thought. But what she said was "No Master. I...this slut doesn't like anal."

"Good to know," he said grabbing her by the hips. He placed his still erect cock against her asshole and pushed. Nadia tried to wiggle free but his grip was too strong and instead of moving forward she found herself being pulled back onto the cock.

"Get...your fucking cock...out of my...ass!" Nadia grunted as the man fucked into her. "You can't...use me without...permission!"

"I can use whatever slut I want to," the man replied. "I'm the master and you're the submissive. Now shut up and fuck yourself on my cock!"

"I'm...I'm the owner's daughter!" Nadia groaned as she felt her asshole starting to loosen.

"The owner's daughter wears a red collar," he said still plowing his cock into her balls deep.

"Take a look asshole. My collar is red!"

He brushed her hair aside and bent down to take a close look at the strip of leather around her slender neck. It was as red as blood, held together by an especially strong magnetic clasp that took a feat of strength to open. "Fucking hell! Why didn't you say so sooner? Why'd you suck my damn cock? You're nothing but a fucking tease aren't you?"

"I sucked your cock because I felt like it. Now get your cock out of my ass and I won't tell my mother what you did."

"What I did? You're the one that got on your knees and sucked me off. You're the one that assumed the position so I could punish you. Go right ahead and tell your mother. There are hundreds of cameras recording every part of this farm and what will it show? It'll show you willingly going along. You got into position for punishment so your punishment is for me to fuck your ass." He said all of this while maintaining his grip on her hips as he fucked into her without mercy. "When I finish filling you with my seed you can run to mommy and tell her what happened. Until then shut the fuck up and take what you asked for!"

Nadia put her head back down on her folded arms like an obedient little submissive and allowed the Dominant man to use her. As her asshole stretched to accept him she found the sensation a little more than pleasurable and despite the humiliation of being fucked in the ass right out where anyone could see it, she realized her pussy was dripping wet.

The man pulled out of Nadia's ass and smiled at the gaping hole as he shoved into her dripping wet pussy. He gave for or five rapid thrusts and buried himself as he shot his second load of the night. It wasn't as large as what Nadia swallowed only minutes ago, but it was enough for her to know he was cumming inside of her unprotected womb. "Aahhhh!" he grunted "Take my fucking seed you dirty cumdumpster!" When he was done he pulled out, put his cock back into his pants, and walked away leaving Nadia still on the ground with semen slowly oozing from her pussy.

Part of her wanted to run back to the safety of home and another part wanted to get up and go in search of more fun things to get herself into. Although the man took great liberties fucking her like he did, she had no intentions of ratting him out to her mother. For one thing she didn't know his name, and for another she wasn't exactly an unwilling partner. She scooped up the semen as it dripped out of her and she licked her fingers clean – adding it to the first load already in her belly.