

Amanda's Submission

Emily Sinclair

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“I know you and Diana are no longer talking, but I want to pay her a visit,” Amanda said to her daughter’s disapproval. “I’ve got a lot to apologize for and I’d rather do it face to face rather than over the phone.”

“I told you that’s not possible, mom. She’s at a place that will collar and register you as a sex slave at the earliest opportunity. Do you want a humiliating brand on your breast like this one?” Lidia replied, pointing to a colored brand of her submissive name FuckPuppet on her left breast. “Not to mention everything else they can and will do to you upon registration.”

“So, it’s risky, not impossible.”

“I can’t take more time off of work to take you.”

“No one asked you to go, Lidia. But I’m going one way or another whether you like it or not. Now please tell me about the Domination Farm and what I can expect once I get there, or I’ll find someone else who will.”

“Fine, if you’re so intent on becoming a sex slave then I’ll tell you. The Domination Farm is located in Rome, Wisconsin. Once you are in the parking lot you’ll see three kiosks where you sign in and pay based on your status. As you will not get any street clothes back upon entering it’s best to strip naked before getting in line. Cameras and phones are not permitted either. Once you’ve signed in and paid you’ll be given a bracer containing all of your information. Hold on a second.”

Leaving the kitchen, Lidia went to her bedroom, opened the bottom drawer of her dresser and grabbed the sleek silver bracer with circuit board embedded on top and then returned to the kitchen – sitting it on the table in front of her mother. “That is what you’ll get,” she continued. “It contains all of your information and is used to buy stuff on the farm. You can put money on it before entering, but if you don’t and you buy something you’ll go into Farm debt and they’ll keep you there until it is paid off by participating in attractions. And if you want to know what to expect, follow me.”

Getting up from the table, Amanda followed her daughter down stairs into the basement and to a locked door. Unlocking it, Lidia stepped to the side and motioned for her mother to enter. Giving her daughter a curious look, Amanda opened the door and stepped into the dungeon. Looking around, she took in every toy from dildos and plugs to canes, gags and cuff; every piece of equipment from Saint Andrews crosses, spanking benches and fuck machines to kneelers, stocks and dildo seats.

“What is all of this?”

“This is my dungeon, mom. Everything you see here you’ll see at the farm in spades. You see that seat over there with the dildos on it?” Lidia asked, pointing to a metal stool with nubs on the seat and two long, tapered dildos sticking out of it. “That is a dildo seat and the only thing bare-necks and submissives to sit on the farm. That’s just one of several forms it comes in. Do you want to go sit on it?”

“Um, not really. But we both know I can take it after my time with Cortez,” Amanda said, thinking back to being kidnapped by Sebastian Cortez and trained as a sex slave for several weeks. Training which included gang bangs, drinking pee and being fisted in pussy and ass many times a day by groups of men. “Or did you forget about that? I’ve already been trained as a sex slave so I doubt there’s much they can do to me there I haven’t already done.”

“Of course I didn’t forget about it, mom. I have his name branded on my ass as well, you know. And while everything at the Domination Farm is legal, by signing the entry forms you are

agreeing to let the Dominants there do any and everything they want to you whether you want it or not.” While not technically true, Lidia was hoping it would be enough to scare her mother off. Unfortunately, she vastly underestimated her mother’s resolve to make amends for whatever sleight she believed she had committed.

“I don’t care, Lidia. I need to make things right with Diana and I’ll never be able to live with myself until I do. And if being collared and enslaved again is what it takes then that’s what I’ll do. So, will you take me to the Domination Farm or not?”

“Let me talk to Holbert and see if I can take some time off to take you. Things are quiet on the sex trafficking front right now so I can maybe put Molly in charge while I’m away. But if we do this, we do it my way, understood?”

“And what is your way?”

“I go in first and locate her. Once she is found I will bring her to the parking lot so that you can talk. That way you don’t even have to worry about signing in or entering the farm.”

“That’s fine with me. So, when do we leave?”

“Like I said, I’ll have to clear the time off with Director Holbert first. I’ll let you know tomorrow.”

“Thank you,” her mother said. Then if you don’t mind I think I’d like to go get packed for the trip.”

“Didn’t you hear a word I said? I have to first clear it with my boss and you won’t need clothes for where we’re going.”

“No, but it’s at least a two or three day drive to Wisconsin and I’ll be damned if I’m wearing the same clothes three days in a row there and another three back.”

“Fine, whatever. I’ll see you tomorrow after work. And since you now know about my dungeon feel free to use whatever you like. Just clean up after yourself when you’re done. The dishwasher in the small adjoining room is for cleaning and sterilizing the dildos and such. I’ll be out with Molly tonight so you’ll have the house all to yourself until at least midnight. And now that that’s out of the way, can we talk about dad?”

“What’s there to talk about? It’s been three weeks since you rescued me and he walked out and neither of us has heard a word from him since. I’m pretty sure he was serious when he said he never wanted to see us ever again.”

“I just can’t believe he’s leave you over something you had no control over. You didn’t ask to be kidnapped, tortured and raped. And you certainly didn’t ask to have his name branded on your ass. I thought he was a better man than that.”

“As did I, sweetie. As did I. But as far as I’m concerned he’s made his intentions clear and I’ll be damned if I’ll go beg for him back. If he’s the type of man to abandon me at my most desperate then he’s not the kind of man I want in my life.”

“I feel the same way, but it would be nice to have some answers wouldn’t it?”

“It would, but I’m perfectly content living the rest of my life not knowing,” Amanda said. “If he ever calls and wants to sit down and talk about it, fine, but I’ll never take him back after what he did to me. To us. And that’s all I have to say on that topic.”

“Fair enough. I’m going to go take a shower and get ready for my night out. Anything you need before I go?”

“Nah, I think I’ve got everything I need. I know I’ve said it a million times, but I can never thank you enough for everything you’ve done for me. Without your help I’d probably be homeless right now begging for scraps on the corner.”

“I would never let that happen, mom. And like I’ve said a million times, you never need to thank me for rescuing you from a life of slavery, or for letting you stay here with me as long as you need to. We’re family and family...real family, looks out for each other.”

“After our trip to the Domination Farm I think I’ll start looking for another place to live.”

“There’s no rush.”

“I know, and I appreciate it, but I need a place of my own and you need your privacy with Molly. Speaking of which, you better go get ready. I don’t want you to be late for your date on my account.”

“I’ll see you later if you’re still up. If not, I’ll talk to you tomorrow after work. And make sure to lock the door when you’re done playing for the night. I don’t like leaving it open for just anyone to stumble into. Oh, and one more thing, when the door opens it triggers the cameras hidden throughout the room to turn on and begin recording. They will remain active for eight hours so everything you do in here will be filmed and stored on my private server. Diana and I used it to make home movies. I was going to get rid of it, but then Molly liked the idea so I’m keeping it around. But don’t worry, I’ll delete anything you do.”

“I see. Well, I hope you make a copy of it for me before you do,” Amanda grinned. There you go, since I was let go from work maybe I can go into internet porn. There’s a niche for granny porn, right?” she giggled.

“You’re forty-seven. That’s hardly granny material. Besides, it’ll be another four months before I give birth to my first baby. And do you really want to go into porn?”

“It was a joke, Lidia. But then again, if they record everything at the Domination Farm like you say and stream it to a dozen different channels then aren’t you performing porn every time you visit?”

“In a manner of speaking, yes.”

“Then you’re a porn star already, right? Not counting everything those who enslaved you put on the internet.”

“And it’s caused me no end of grief. You have no idea how lucky I am to still have my job at the bureau. Anyways, have fun and I’ll see you later.”

“Be careful sweetie.”

“It’s only a date with Molly, mom.”

“Uh huh. And I know how your dates usually end up. Leave the crime fighting on hold and enjoy your night out.”