

Meadowbrook

Emily Sinclair

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Paige's entire life had been leading to an inevitable outcome most people in their right mind would see as wholly unacceptable at the least and criminally despicable at the worst, but for her it was the only life she had ever known. At nearly thirteen-hundred acres Meadowbrook was the largest farm in the small town of Dentmoore Hollows. It was also the most private. Housing thirty-seven families, it was rumored to be some sort of cult, and their refusal to have any contact with the outside world only helped to add fuel to the gossip fire.

Police. FBI. CPS. Meadowbrook had been visited day and night by every agency permitted to do so in an attempt to find something illegal but all they found were thirty-seven loving families that just wanted to be left alone to live their lives in peace. Thirty-seven families. Thirty-seven Mothers. Thirty-seven Fathers. One-hundred-and-two daughters. Ninety-four sons. Each of them living on a ten-acre plot with thirteen empty houses for future growth surrounding nearly eight-hundred acres of rolling hills, trailed woods, rows of crops, pastures, barns, grain silos and enough livestock to keep them self-sufficient. That is where normalcy ended and the bizarre began. Nudists one and all, Paige grew up knowing that what she saw on every other woman would eventually happen to her and she was okay with it because in her shelter upbringing it was completely normal.

When she hit puberty she was introduced to the boy who, in a few short years would become her husband. His name was Liam and like her he was thirteen. They had known each other all their lives and thankfully, unlike many who call Meadowbrook home, they had crushes on each other long before their marriage was arranged. Sharing a birthday, they were the stars of the day as family and friends showered them with all manner of gifts. Fifteen cakes were baked and devoured. Kegs of tea were brewed and consumed. Burgers, chicken, hot dogs and steaks were grilled to perfection.

Starting at eight in the morning, the party did not slow down until eight in the evening when the birthday boy and girl were given their last gift. Having only known life at Meadowbrook, they already knew what the small neatly wrapped boxes contained. A hush fell over the crowd as they tore off ribbon and paper. All eyes were on them as they opened the cardboard box and withdrew a finely crafted wooden one from within. Flipping the lids back at the same time, Paige looked down at ten small grommets, six barbells and a simple gold band. A chill going up his spine, Liam stared at two grommets, three microdermal anchors and a curved cage made of thin metal bars, and a gold ring inlaid with five small sapphires along the top. Their engagement gifts.

Standing, the young couple wordlessly removed the rings from their respective boxes. Taking his future wife by the hand, Liam smiled. "When my parents told me you were the one I would marry my heart skipped a beat," he said as he slowly slid the ring onto her left ring finger.

Smiling back at her future husband, Paige resisted kissing him full on the lips and instead teased him with a gentle kiss on the cheek. "I can say in all honesty that I dreaded the day my parents would tell me who I was going to marry, but when they told me it was you I knew I was the luckiest girl alive," she said as she slid the ring onto his finger. "I'm not going to lie, I know it's our tradition and I would never think to dishonor it, but I am so scared at what comes next."

"That makes two of us."

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Waking before the sun came up, Paige rolled out of bed and stood in front of the full-length mirror hanging on the back of her door. Naked as always, she let her eyes drift down to

the horizontal and vertical barbells adorning her nipples. After a brief pause they took in the sleek metal shield covering her hood and the five tunnels lining each outer labia tightly ringed together. Today marked the fifth anniversary of when she got them and her eighteenth birthday. But more importantly, it marked her marriage to Liam and the first day of their lives together. She had been looking forward to this day all her life but that did not make her any less nervous. They had been in love with each other since before it was appropriate. They were home-schooled together in the morning and worked the same jobs on the farm in the afternoon. And in the evening when no one was watching they snuck into the woods for some private time. They had no secrets and everything in common, but Paige just could not shake the feeling that there was more to this tradition than either of them were led to believe.

Sighing, she walked to the window and looked out to the eastern pastures where nearly three hundred seats, flower garlands, a gazebo and several wooden archways had been set up for her special day. Looking off to the distance, she could barely make out the front of the tan brick ranch house she and her new husband would call home. It was where they would consummate their union, have children to keep their legacy alive and grow old together. She had only ever seen it from the outside, but the first thought in her head was whether or not it had a secret room in the basement like the one in her parent's home that she was forbidden from entering. Closing the curtains, she ran her left index finger along the rings in her vulva to the shield over her hooded clit. *Just a few more hours and I'll finally be free to have sex*, she thought as a shiver of excitement made that covered bundle of joy throb.

Hearing footsteps, Paige opened the door and peaked out to see her mother walking in her direction. Leaving it partially open, she stepped back and paced until it creaked open again and her mother stepped inside. "What has you up so early?" she asked.

"You," her mother answered. "We need to talk about what happens today."

"I've been preparing for this day all my life, mom, I know what I'm supposed to do and I can promise Liam will be balls deep the second the rings are removed."

"Glad to hear it, but there are things about our tradition that you haven't been told. Please come with me."

"Um, where are we going?"

"Follow me and I'll answer all your questions." With that Alicia turned and walked out of her daughter's bedroom hoping that she would continue following tradition without question as she did when her mother told her the truth so many years ago. As so many women had going back generations.

Tiptoeing through the house so as to not wake anyone else up, Paige followed her mother to a door in the basement that had remained locked tight for as long as she could remember. It was the forbidden room. She tried getting in once when she was fifteen. The punishment she received when caught by her father was severe enough that she never tried again. Standing three steps behind her mother, she watched as the door was unlocked.

"Go ahead," her mother said. "You may enter."

"You and dad said we were never allowed in that room."

"I'm giving you permission to go in now so don't just stand there."

Butterflies suddenly swarming her stomach, Paige nervously stepped forward. Hand shaking, she turned the knob, pushed the door open and walked into a room she had fantasized about for ages. As someone with access to the internet she recognized dildos, vibrators, butt plugs and strings of anal beads. She also recognized the paddles, ball gag and nipple clamps but all of the equipment and furniture was foreign to her. "W-What is this?"

“This is your future sweetie,” her mother answered as she closed the door behind them. After the ceremony you’ll go home with your new husband as Master and slave where you’ll consummate your union in a dungeon of your own.”

“Master and slave?”

“That has been the way of things at Meadowbrook for five generations. Husbands dominate and women submit. Like your father and I and every other married couple living here you’ll keep your dungeon locked and private from your future children. Starting tonight you’ll obey his every command without hesitation or complaint no matter how perverse. Is that understood?”

“Um, no, I don’t understand at all. What do you mean I’m his sex slave? I never agreed to that! I don’t even know what that means.”

“I just told you what it means. You’ll obey his every command without hesitation or complaint whether you like it or not because your sole purpose in life from this day forward is to satisfy his every desire. As for agreeing to it, this is the way things have been done for more than a century and will not change anytime soon. To that end, after Liam spends the night fucking you however he wishes you’ll spend the next week being gang bang by every adult here that is not family. And that includes women. I know this is a lot to take in but you need to let go of any inhibitions you might have and accept that you’re his property now.”

“A lot to take in? That’s some serious bullshit, mom! What if I don’t want to be a sex slave? What if I don’t want to be gang banged or to have sex with women? I do, by the way. Want to have sex with women because I’ve always known I’m bisexual, but what if I didn’t want to do those things? Are you really going to force me into a life of sexual slavery just for tradition?”

“Of course not. No one is ever going to force you into anything because you’ll be considered a slave for as long as you live here. If you cannot accept that then your only choice is to pack up and move away from Meadowbrook. Just know that if you do you’ll never be welcomed back. You’ll never see me, your father or your brothers, sisters and friends ever again. You will be completely cut off.”

“That’s seriously fucked up! Why the hell didn’t you tell me this sooner?”

“Because tradition dictates mothers tell their daughters on their wedding day so they’re not taken completely by surprise by their new husband’s sudden shift in attitude. You’ve got less than nine hours to decide what you value more; your family, friends and tradition or sexual preferences you may or may not enjoy.”

“You’d really disown me for not being a sex slave? What about Liam? What if he doesn’t want to dominate me? Does he even know this is going to happen?”

“If he doesn’t want to do it he’ll have to leave. If you leave and he doesn’t he’ll be given a new wife and if he leaves and you don’t you’ll be given a new man to marry.”

“What if I decide I don’t want to marry Liam and want to marry a woman instead?”

“That’s not how things work and you know it. You’re free to have sex with all the women you want after you’re married to Liam or some other man, but you’ll never marry one unless you leave the farm.”

“You do realize how fucked up this is, right?”

“Fucked up or not it’s how we’ve always done things and it’s how it’ll always be. So, the question is; what are you going to do?”

“I’d like to go have a talk with Liam.”

“I’m afraid that isn’t possible.”

“Why not?”

“Because right now he’s getting a crash course in being a Master so that he knows how to treat you this evening and for the rest of your lives.”

“By whom?”

“Tyler Marshall” her mother replied, referring to a gruff fifty-year farmhand and father of her youngest daughter Chloe. “He’s got decades of experience and will teach him right.”

“This is so messed up, mom.”

“I know, sweetie, but it’s our tradition and once you give it a try I think you’ll like it.”

“What if he does things I don’t like?”

“That’s the sort of thing you need to get out of your hear right now. You don’t have likes and dislikes. You don’t have limits. You’re sole purpose in life from this day forward is to please your Master no matter what form that takes. The sooner you accept that the sooner you’ll be the slave your soon-to-be husband deserves. So, are you going to be his slave or are you going to walk away from everything?”

“I’ve got like eight hours to think about it. If I’m at the altar you’ll know my answer.”

“There’s a lot of preparations still to make so I’d like to know now.”

“I don’t like any of this but I’ll do it if only to not lose everyone I love and care about.”

“That’s a good girl.”

“I’m not finished. Traditions change and I think it’s time ours does as well. If you’re going to sentence every female here to a life of sexual slavery they need to be made aware of this as soon as possible and not on the day of their wedding. Chloe has already gone through the chastity ceremony, but you can tell her what she has to look forward to. And if you and dad won’t then I will. And I’ll also tell my children when they’re old enough to understand so that they can make an informed decision and not a hasty one.”

“That’s not how things work here, Paige. We…”

“I don’t give a fuck how things *were* done. Parents will start telling their kids what this place is really about or I’ll go to the police, FBI, CPS and everyone else willing to listen. I will bring this fucking place down. Now, do we have a deal or does tradition end here and now?”

“I’ll talk to the others but I can tell you right now they’re not going to go for it.”

“Remind them that if they toss me out I’ll go to the police anyways so it’s in their best interest to let things change.”

“The police have been investigating us for generations and here we are. Nothing we do here is illegal. The piercings are done with consent from all parties including parents. You’re not told about your duties as a sex slave until you’re eighteenth birthday. No one under the age of eighteen has sexual contact of any kind. We don’t allow alcohol or drugs harder than aspirin.”

“I can call out one lie right now,” Paige cut in. Liam and I have spent countless nights in the woods kissing and groping and we’ve seen many others there as well. And not that it’s any of your business but I can take four of his fingers up my very available ass.”

“Good to know. I’ll make sure everyone knows to search the woods on a regular basis.”

“No, you won’t. So, are you going to convince the rest of the adults here to change the way things work or does this place get shut down?”

“Like I said, I’ll talk to them but…”

“I’ll be there to see that you do.”

“No, you’ll be getting dominated by your husband and Master. Now, go take a shower and then meet me in the kitchen so we can make breakfast.”

“I’m not getting married until this is worked out.”

“Things aren’t going to change in five minutes. I’ll talk to everyone after the wedding.”

“No, you’ll gather everyone in the northern pasture so we can address them beforehand and if they refuse I’m gone and this place is going down.”

“Fine, I’ll see what I can do. Now please stop arguing with me and go take a shower while I wake everyone up.”

Taking one more look around her parents’ dungeon, Paige turned and walked out before her trembling knees decided to buckle. Today was her eighteenth birthday, the day of her wedding and the beginning of her life as a sex slave and the first time she had ever raised her voice to her mother, let alone threaten her and everyone else at Meadowbrook and every nerve was on fire. Thoughts suddenly shifting to her fiancé, she wondered what perversions Mr. Marshall was teaching him.